

to be eating up the track in front, and behind, the rails spun out like shining ribbons in the sun. The station and train had already sunk down out of sight, and the grassy horizon on either side seemed to fly away in a kind of gigantic waltz. The wind died away to a dead calm, and in a few moments a little breeze sprang up and blew in at the front windows.

"We are beating the wind," said the engineer. "If we can keep up this pace we shall soon overtake them."

"How long have they been gone?" shouted the fireman above the roar of the engine.

"I don't know," screamed the woman, without taking her eyes from the horizon, where the rails met the sky. "It may have been two hours or more. They were playing in the empty car."

"How did she get out of the siding?" (He meant the car.)

"It's one of the new switches," said the engineer. "Cars can easily jump out upon the main line."

Ah! something ahead. Was it the runaway car? No, the next station. What a terrible pace. Twenty miles already!

"Oh, don't stop!" cried the woman, as she saw the engineer put his hand on the throttle-valve.

"I must, marm. We are getting out of water, and perhaps we can learn something of the runaway."

The sudden arrival of a solitary engine, containing two men and a woman, startled the station-master, and he came out to see what it meant. He seemed to guess, at the truth, for he said:

"After the runaway car?"

"Yes, yes. There were three children inside."

"Oh, marm, I'm sorry for ye. It went past here, going twenty miles an hour. It came down-grade all the way, but the up-grade begins about two miles out. I was inside when it passed, and didn't see it till it had gone past the door."

How long it took to fill the tender? The engine stood hot and smoking by the water-tank, and the water came out in a slender stream, while the poor mother stood looking on, tearful and impatient.

"Good-by! I'll put up the pipe—Heaven help ye!—the up-grade!"

The rest was lost, for the engine shot ahead on and out over the open prairie. The water-tank seemed to sink into the earth, and the shining rails stretched longer and longer out behind.

Ah! What was that? A cloud of steam on the horizon, far ahead. The engineer took out his time-book and studied it carefully.

"Freight No. 6, bound west, stopping on the two-mile siding."

"How swiftly Freight No. 6 rose above the grass and grew big along the way! Listen! A whistle. The engineer whistled in reply and shut off steam. Their engine quickly slowed down, and they could see men leaning out from the other engine, as if to speak to them."

"It's ten minutes back. Running slow on main-line—dead-clear!"

"Thank Heaven!" said the woman. The engineer said nothing; but at that instant the engine gave a great leap and shot ahead, at the rate of fifty miles an hour, up the easy grade. How long the minutes seemed, and yet each meant almost a mile!

Ah! A speck—a black dot on the horizon! The car? Yes. It was the car. It grew bigger and bigger. Now they could see it plainly. But the children! Where were they? The fireman sprang out through the forward window, and ran along the engine and down upon the cow-catcher. The monster began to slacken its terrible race, and in a moment it struck the car with a gentle jar and stopped.

The fireman thought himself a lively man, but the woman was before him and sprang up into the car.

There they lay, safe and sound, in the corner of the car—Mary and Tommy fast asleep, and Kitty watching over them.

"Oh! mother! I knew you would come. Mary and Tommy cried themselves to sleep, and I—I!"

Nobody could say a word. The fireman tried to rub his eyes, and only marked his face with black streaks. The mother laughed and cried all at once. The engineer picked up the little ones and quietly took them into the cab of the engine.

"There, now, my hearties, you have had a risky ride; but it's all right. Come! We're more than thirty miles from home, and it won't do to be late to dinner. Fire up, Jack!"

"Aye, aye, sir," said Jack.—Charles Bernard in July St. Nicholas.

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger. A Word of Criticism.

The Minutes of the P. E. Island Baptist Association are at hand, and I have taken much interest in their perusal. Several things about them please me. Among the rest, I am glad that our brethren there, who have always been so noted for their consistency and attachment to principles, have not fallen into the mistake so many of our Associations advertently or inadvertently have made, of inserting a column in the statistics for members received "by Statement,"—if any one knows what that means—or "Experience." Long may it be before this blot is found in their records.

But I took my pen to make a comment upon their "Report on Home and Foreign Missions." Now it is only the fact, that deliberative bodies occasionally do things hastily, no one seeming to know much about it till it is too late, that emboldens me to venture a criticism here. And yet the matter seems to me too important to pass over. Should it be that I am the one in the wrong, nothing would give me more pleasure than to be corrected.

In the first place then, I think the title of the report a palpable misnomer. I would prefer that such reports appear as "the Report on Missions," simply, for I think it not always easy or necessary to distinguish between what are Home and what Foreign. But here nothing is said of Foreign Missions, except in the way of disparagement, although the report professes "not to wish to lessen the interest taken in Foreign Missions." But the brother who penned that report should bear in mind that nothing is easier than to lessen the interest people in general take in any good object. Any one can do that. Promoting in the same degree is far more difficult.

But further, I regard the statements of the report as decidedly incorrect and injurious. Is it true that "undue attention is paid to our Foreign Missions?" If so, I have yet to learn where, and I think many would like to be informed. Is attention anywhere paid to Foreign Missions, "at the expense of Home Missions?" One thing I am sure of, that, as a rule, those who do most for one are the ones who do most for the other. I supposed it had almost come to be an Article of Baptist Faith, that Home and Foreign Missions react favorably upon each other.

Is it true that "our Foreign Missions have gathered thousands; our Home Missions have gathered only hundreds?" The converse of that would be much nearer the truth so far as the limits of our Convention are concerned. Indeed I know of no place or people to whom it will apply, although I see no reason why it ought not to be so. Is it true that "we have sent more money" to them? Hardly, I think, of P. E. Island, I doubt if it can be shewn to be true, even during a single year. And if we had, is it true that the money accounts for the converts?

Is it true that "the Home Missionary suffers more than the Foreign?" If it be, who that had any name in either framing or passing that report is prepared to say so. We must be Foreign Missionaries before we are prepared to testify as to what Foreign Missionaries suffer. One thing I think may be questioned, whether there have not been "Home Missionaries" on P. E. Island, who even now would hesitate long before exchanging places with any Foreign Missionary, even at "three times" the salary. Neither the suffering nor the success of Missionaries always corresponds, especially with the number of dollars they receive. It seems to me a little surprising that a Report on Missions should undertake to account for success, or measure suffering in just that way only, or even mainly.

Finally, is it wrong for a Missionary who finds it possible to live and labor "at a salary of \$300" to plead for Foreign Missions, even though the Missionaries may be nominally receiving more than he? Have any of our churches or members on the Island injured themselves by contributing to this cause? And has any minister or missionary ever really injured himself by pleading for it? If the principle to guide is only or mainly

equal salaries, where is such communism to end? Surely the brethren of P. E. Island, as a body, do not need to be told that the same amount of money is not always and everywhere of precisely the same value. I myself have known what it is to have a nominal income tripled without the slightest increase in either luxuries, comfort or savings.

It will be a dark day for P. E. Island, when the brethren there seriously undertake to promote their Home Mission interests at the expense in any way of Missions abroad. May those who have always proved so true to all our interests, and whose prosperity and development of late have been so encouraging, convince us, as they so well know how to, that their report was not only hastily prepared, but hastily adopted, and that it by no means expresses sentiments at all general, if really held by any among them.

A HOME MISSION MAN.

For the Christian Messenger. The Letters of "Luke."

These letters have appeared in the Christian Messenger, and it may be assumed that a large portion of the Baptists of our three Provinces, have read them, however, I am aware that quite a number have asked, "Who is 'Luke,' and why don't some one review his articles?" And it seems to me that their inquiries are not likely to occasion surprise. But I do not promise them anything like a satisfactory review; I simply propose to keep them before our people for a week or two longer. And by that time some one may be prepared to do them full justice. Nor am I in a position to tell them all they would like to know of their author. Still I may say negatively he is not Luke the companion of Paul, and positively—judging from his letters—he is a shining light among those he designates "the better part of the Christian world" and of some distinction as a teacher. And, therefore if he does not place beyond doubt that he has undertaken to prove, I am at a loss to know who will establish "Luke's" propositions.

Before stating them he opens his discussion with a paragraph, or two, from the "Call," for "the New York Conference." And by so doing, it is but fair to suppose that he might have said of its authors as some good people say of those who lead in a Conference meeting, "They have expressed my mind much better than I could myself." And had they used a silver trumpet to "Call" the prophets, I do not know, but "Luke" would have borrowed it to proclaim to our Baptist people—"YOU ARE LOSING SIGHT OF THE DOCTRINE OF YOUR LORD'S SECOND COMING!!" Does Luke intimate that we are? Let me transcribe from the "Call," as adopted and re-iterated by him, and then judge. It reads as follows: "When from any cause some vital doctrine of God's Word has fallen into neglect, or suffered contradiction or reproach; it becomes the duty of those who hold it, not only strongly and constantly to re-affirm it, but to seek by all means in their power to bring back the Lord's people to its apprehension and acceptance. The precious doctrine of Christ's second personal appearing, has, we are constrained to believe, long lain under such neglect." Observe, it is not, "the precious doctrine of Christ's corporeal reign for a thousand years." No, the precious doctrine of Christ's second appearing. Does this doctrine "suffer contradiction, and reproach from the Baptists of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island?" If so, let me know and I shall wash my hands clean from this blasphemy. But I have no reason to believe that it does, not any. And as Sir Walter Scott said when dying, "there is but one Book—the Bible," our Baptist people would say there is but one event this side of eternity;—"the second personal appearing of Christ—His Second coming gives value to every other doctrine. If He does not come all is lost, there is nothing to lose, and He had nothing to give. This "precious" doctrine is everything to the readers of the Messenger. And "Luke" has borrowed "a man of straw" from his "American cousins." And for anything I care he may approach him vigorously, and trample upon him triumphantly. But Bro. "Luke" may live long enough to learn that the people for whose edification he

has written are not fairly represented in that "man of straw," who is, by the way, a son of the prophets.

After this expressive, and brilliant introduction he states his main proposition. And to guard against injustice to him I shall give his own language, which is—"Now I believe, and propose to show, that the doctrine thus condemned is not only the doctrine of scripture, but that of the Church of Christ in all ages, I mean to say that the belief in the visible, and external sovereignty of Christ upon earth, for a thousand years after the resurrection of the saints, and the gathering together of all his elect in glory being clearly taught in the Scriptures, has been cherished by the better part of the christian world ever since the days of the apostles." Now "Luke" has undertaken to prove all this. And observe what he proposes to prove or "show." He is to prove (1.) That his "condemned doctrine" is scriptural: "I propose to show that the doctrine thus condemned is not only the doctrine of scripture." And (2.) That this doctrine has been that of the Church in all ages. And (3.) That those who held this doctrine in the past were better than other Christians of same age, and also that those who hold it now are better than any other Christian people of this age.—"Has been cherished by the better part of the christian world ever since the days of the apostles." The better part! "Comparisons are invidious." Yes—and "odious." Yet, according to the author of the letters under review "Luke" is "better" than "John Brown," etc., etc. To be of "the better part," is a cause of gratitude. And the man who is, better say, "I thank Thee that I am not as other men are." I have no reason to suppose that I belong to "the better part." I am so depraved that I will call on "Luke" for facts to prove all that he has undertaken. And as a pledge of my sincerity, I now ask him to publish his testimony from Clement of Rome and Polycarp. And that he may be prompt I inform him that there is not any trace of his condemned doctrine in the writings of either, if Shedd, and Hagenbach are reliable historians. Now Bro. L. these men are worthy of your steel, and your prospects for distinction are cheering. And I will remain, yours,

J. A. McLEAN.

Hillsburgh, October, 1879.

For the Christian Messenger. Delicious Raspberries.

DESCRIPTIONS, FALL PLANTING, &c. BY R. H. HAINES.

The beautiful appearance of some of the newer varieties of this fruit, is causing many persons to engage in its cultivation, who had hitherto depended on the markets for their supply of berries.—Other persons living in the country, away from markets are also at last beginning to realize that the time lost in going a mile or two into the woods or over the fields in search of berries, is frequently greatly in excess of the time that would be required to care for a plot near their homes. They also have the additional satisfaction of having a more constant supply of the fruit if from their gardens, as besides being able to pick it two or three times a day at a moment's notice, they can also, by making a proper selection of the early and late varieties, have a supply of this delicious fruit for a space of nearly two months. This year some of the earliest kinds, such as the "Davidson's Thornless" and "Highland Hardy" were ripe here soon after the middle of June, before the strawberries had disappeared; while a good supply was obtained from some of the later varieties even during the first weeks of August. Then by selecting some of the fall bearing varieties, such as the "Belle de Fontenay," berries can also be obtained during September and October. As there is no mystery or special knowledge required in growing the raspberry, it seems somewhat strange why so many should permit themselves to be deprived so long of the pleasure that may be derived from its cultivation.

Pride of the Hudson.—This is one of the most delicious of raspberries, and one of the largest when grown upon soil that is suited to it. However, as it proves adapted to only a few localities, it should be planted out in a limited way at first, to ascertain whether it will suc-

ceed. Strange as it may appear to the novice, it proves nearly hardy in this latitude, while further south the canes are frequently killed in winter when left unprotected. At first in this vicinity it seemed to be perfectly hardy; but frequently it is found to be advisable to give the plants winter protection.

Cuthbert.—This new variety is one of the most popular this fall, and is being very generally planted out throughout the country. Though it is not always possible to form a correct opinion of a new variety for general cultivation, yet from the success that has thus far attended the cultivation of the "Cuthbert" in a number of localities, it is thought that it will prove one of the best for general planting, with the raspberry as with the strawberry, it is well, if the best success is desired, not to limit oneself to only one variety, but to select some six or eight, or even twenty kinds, and then afterwards to plant out more largely of such of them as give the finest berries, or the largest crops. By this means also one may get a taste of the enjoyment that may be derived from experimenting in fruits. The berries of the "Cuthbert" are of a good red color, of large size, and adapted to either home use or market purposes.

Gregg.—I have been greatly pleased thus far with this mammoth new black-cap. The plants grow with great vigor; while the hardness of the canes, and the fine crops of large sized berries that are produced, promise to make it a favorite both for professional as well as amateur fruit growers. Of the other twenty or thirty varieties on my grounds I might mention the Reliance, Hersting, Caroline and New Rochelle as being among the most noteworthy.

In former years it was the custom, as it was also my own to have all the planting of this and other fruits performed in the spring. Repeated experiments, however in full planting, and the better average success obtained, have now led me not only to practice it largely when increasing the size of my plantations, but also to recommend it this time to others. When planted in October, or early in November, the soil gets well settled around and between the roots, so that the plants are in a good condition to make an early start in the spring. By planting at this time, and a good top-dressing of manure given, nearly twice as vigorous a growth of new canes may be obtained the first year, as if planted in spring. At this time of the year also, while the days are comparatively cool, the plants can be sent almost any distance through the mails in safety, as my customers living in the most distant states and territories seem to prefer it to any other time of the year. Just before the freezing of the ground, the newly set plants may be protected by bending down the longest canes to the ground, and covering them with three or four inches of soil; or by "hilling up" the soil around the shorter canes, removing it again in Spring. This "hilling up" of the soil is also the best way to protect newly set fruit trees, or other fruit plants during their first winter. Saugerties-on-Hudson, N. Y.

Cruelty to Insects.

It is no more strange than true that many children, some old ones too, are prone to treat insects with cruelty. Their legs and wings are often torn from their bodies recklessly.

A ready method of correcting such cruelty would be to instruct such children, so far as they are capable of receiving it, in a knowledge of Natural History.

Jesse writes: "A lover of Natural History cannot, I think, be a bad man, as the study of it tends to promote a calmness and serenity of mind, favorable to the reception of grateful and holy thoughts of the great and good Parent of the universe. He cannot be a cruel man, because he will be unwilling wantonly to destroy even an insect, when he perceives how exquisitely each of them is contrived, and how curiously it is made for the station it is destined to fill in the animal world."

Mr. Moody has just laid the foundation stone of a schoolhouse which he is establishing at Northfield, Massachusetts. Among the articles placed under the stone was Mr. Sankey's voice in "Hold the Fort" phonographically preserved on a sheet of tinfoil. What next?