SAM HOBART,

THE LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEER.

A WORKINGMAN'S SOLUTION OF THE LABOR PROBLEM.

BY

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TO

OFFICERS AND EMPLOYÉS

OF

THE GREAT RAILWAY SYSTEM

THIS STORY OF A LIFE IS

Dedicated,

BY ONE WHO APPRECIATES THE RESPONSIBILITIES
OF YOUR POSITION AND DESIRES
YOUR PRESENT AND

ETERNAL HAPPINESS.

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PREFACE.

THE life of Sam Hobart, the locomotive engineer, is written to portray the possibilities of happiness and usefulness within the reach of a workingman content to fill the sphere of usefulness awarded him, and willing to lend a helping hand to do work for God and man lying near him and waiting for him.

Charles Lamb served as a clerk in the East India Company, and filled such a place in literature and in society as makes us forget how he earned his living, and remember only that he wrote the "Essays of Elia," and lived and labored and companioned with the great of his time, and in so doing became a benefactor for all time. Elihu Burritt was a blacksmith, and became learned in languages and rich in healthful influences that have blessed American civilization, and help now to glorify it in the eyes of the peoples of all lands, and he remained the Learned Blacksmith to the last.

George Stephenson, born in Wylam-on-the-Tyne June 9th, 1781—the engineer of a coal mine, the inventor of the locomotive in 1815, first to drag coal-cars along a tramway, and afterward fastened to a passenger coach in 1828, the year Sam Hobart was born—developed into one of the ablest of engineers and one of the greatest of inventors, and was content thus to remain to the day of his death. When asked to stand for Parliament, he declined, saying, "Politics have no stability;

they shift about like the sand of the sea ; they are all matters of fancy, matters of theory, and I should feel out of my element among them ;" and so he remained George Stephenson the engineer.

Sam Hobart was willing to be an engineer. He might have gone West and occupied great positions of trust, but he was content to allow others to be president, superintendent, or heads of department, and he remain engineer and work as best he could. As such a life is a necessity in the perfection and working of the railway system, the most complete and extensive in the world—a system extending its lines of communication from ocean to ocean and from the Lakes to the Gulf ; a system which is even now pushing its way through Mexico, and must ere long embrace South America, bringing to our tables the grapes and fruits grown in the gardens, vineyards, and orchards of the Pacific coast, beef from the great pasture fields of Texas, coal from the coal-fields, minerals from the mountains, and traffic from India, China, Japan, and South America, because confidence in commerce is built not on money, not on brain, but on Christian character—the writer will be pardoned for believing that this attempt made to portray a railroad man, at work as a railroad man while he earned his livelihood, then occupying spare time and energy in the promotion of such interests as are identified with the weal of humanity, is a healthful contribution to the working capital of the Christian Church, which if properly used must fulfil an important mission among the men of toil, and gird with confidence and hope those confronting fields white with harvests or standing in doors opening to marvellous and unreached possibilities. It is known that over a million of men are employed upon the 125,000 miles of railway in America. Over a fortieth of the population are

engaged in railroad work. The men called and known as railway kings are not the creatures of chance or the accidents of the hour: they are men of destiny, created to untie the perplexing knots which smaller men have tied in the hope of selfishly checking the tide of emigration and traffic, which by their aid has burst through every opposing obstacle and streamed outward and onward, like an unbanked river, rejoicing in its ongoing flow. These men dared to expect great things, and so they went forward to achieve them. They cannot work alone. To make this railway system a success, true and trustworthy men must be found to do the work required. How shall these be grown? is the problem of the future. This book tells how one such man was grown. Let us hope that it may help to build many more.

J. D. F.

(See page 223.) **HEROISM OF RAILROAD ENGINEERS.**

Joseph Augustus Seeds, saving the lives of 600 passengers, but losing his own.

SAM HOBART.

CHAPTER I.

THE MAN AND THE HOUR.

Sam Hobart was associated with power, and believed in power. Like Abraham Lincoln, he had great respect for augers that would bore, and augers that would not bore he had no use for. He had no place in his heart or in his home or on his locomotive for the merely ornamental. To the useful he was a devotee. A mere dilettante, a man who follows an art or a calling without a purpose, was to him utterly valueless. He was a man of purpose. He was well built. He had a stalwart frame, a broad chest, a big arm and leg, thick neck, good-sized head, in voice at times a son of thunder, and at other times soft and sweet-toned as a child; a large blue eye, auburn hair, upper lip shaved, a long flowing red beard beneath it; the step of a giant, the will of a despot, and withal with those he loved the heart of a woman.

In an audience he would attract attention by his gravity of demeanor, a look of being ready for business. He could not bear trifling. He had no wit. He cared nothing for a story that would make people laugh. He was quiet as a locomotive unfired when off duty. But light him up with a purpose, and he moved in such a way and with such a bearing that instinctively men gave way before him. He was distinguished for hard sense and an immense business faculty. As I think of him when first I saw him, I am reminded of the hull of a

steamer brought to the dock to receive its motive power. Naturally he had the framework of a great man. He did his manual labor as did thousands of others. But there was nothing special to write about or think of until he received Jesus Christ into his heart. Then power came to him to become a son of God, "which was born not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God," and the word in him was made flesh, and dwelt among us. Men saw it and felt it. Before this great event he was bold, reckless, hard, and pushing; after the machinery of redemptive grace was set up in his soul, he was thoughtful, prudent, wise, indomitable and benevolent in look, in action, and in purpose. Henceforth he had no ambition in business directions to be more than an engineer. He did not seek or desire promotion. He was content to do his work, and that finished he delighted to engage in philanthropic and Christian enterprises. He was not an inventor, nor had he claims to rank as a genius. He never acquired a competence. He died as he lived, poor in purse, but rich in faith and in good works. He was everybody's man, because he worked for everybody. He was God's man in what he believed to be God's world, and served him with diligence and with delight. He believed in the brotherhood of man. He was not a Chartist, nor a Socialist, nor a Communist. He was an engineer of the Boston and Albany Railroad, capable of fulfilling his high trust and of earning his money, and entitled to his opinions. Anywhere and everywhere he dared avow them, and if men interfered with his prerogatives they did so at their own risk. He loved great, strong, and true men, and mated with the sturdiest characters in the realms of politics, of finance, and of religion, as if they were yokefellows. Henry Ward Beecher, who frequently rode with him on his locomotive, recently said: "If I could have written down in the words used by him the remarkable utterances he made to me regarding God's love for man, and the way to bring men to obtain just and right conceptions of God; if I could record his experiences in seeking to help men and lead them to a higher

life, I could give to workingmen the best book ever written for them."

Rev. J. O. Peck, D.D., of the Methodist Church, for years settled in Worcester, gave a similar testimony; and Edwin D. Ingersoll, Railroad Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., who traversed the field of his labors years after he went higher, said: "I meet with his Christian influence even now, everywhere in New England, and hundreds of railroad men trace their conversion to his labors."

As a railroad man he believed himself to have been born at a propitious time in what he regarded as the railroad century.

It is a significant fact that, though the conception of a roadway on which to move heavy blocks of stone dates back to the time when the Pyramids of Egypt were built; though the Appian Way of ancient Rome, made of solid blocks of stone laid in parallel lines, was the thought, born of necessity, which pointed forward to the railway system now in vogue; though the Dutchmen in Albany, N. Y., and the Yankees at Quincy, Mass., constructed a roadbed, modelled after the Appian Way, from Albany to Schenectady, and from the quarries of granite to the river, yet the world waited until about the year Sam was born before charters were given in England, France, and the United States to construct railways worthy of the name. In 1826 charters were granted by the Parliament in England and by the legislatures of States in the Western Republic to construct railroads. On July 4th, 1828, the year in which Sam Hobart was born, the first blow was struck in the construction of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and in 1830 the Albany and Schenectady Railroad was commenced. In 1831, 384 passengers were dragged daily by horses over its limited line. In regard to the introduction of the locomotive, there is something quiet as strange. The story of George Stephenson's life was a favorite book with the Boston engineer. He never tired of speaking of that boy of the collieries, who was temperate while others were dissipated, frugal while others were profligate, and industrious while others were idle, used of God to

tring to comparative perfection the instrument which has had more to do with promoting the civilization of the million than any other agency apart from the Gospel of Christ.

J. F. Loyson, in his life of Stephenson, gives this graphic sketch of this wonderful fact: "More than two centuries ago a visit was paid a French madhouse by an English nobleman, the Marquis of Worcester. As he passed through the wards, containing the cages wherein the most unfortunate of their species were confined like so many wild animals, the attendant who accompanied him described the various hallucinations peculiar to the inmates of that abode of the hopeless. As they approached one of the caged cells, the steps of the visitor were suddenly arrested by a pitiful cry and the terrible appearance of a man whose cadaverous and careworn countenance peered through the massive bars which his thin, bloodless hands tremulously clutched. The ashy lips from which the cry had proceeded again parted, and a voice hoarse and husky, but fierce in its earnestness, exclaimed, 'I am not a madman. I am the discoverer of a power of incalculable moment to mankind.'

"'What has this man discovered?' inquired the marquis.

"'A mere trifle,' the keeper answered derisively; 'but he wrote a book about it nevertheless. Why, you would never guess what the discovery was—*to use the steam of boiling water for the navigation of ships, the driving of carriages, and a host of other miracles which are equally incapable of performance.*" Such was the fate of him who, in all probability, projected the idea of steam locomotion, Solomon de Caus, a native of Normandy, and such the reception given to a discovery calculated to confer stupendous benefits not only upon France but the world. The age was not, however, propitious to scientific or mechanical research. Supineness in the court and superstition in the Church, together with the antagonism of officials toward anything which took the shape of innovation, conspired to hold back from society for a time the advantages which have since attended the construction of the steam engine.

Confident in the soundness of his conclusions, poor Solomon

de Caus had laid a description of his plans before the King of France; but the mind of the monarch was not fitted to deal with such complicated details as were therein presented, and the readiest way to dispose of the matter was to treat the Norman genius and his discovery with contempt. Turned over to a cardinal of the Church, who became exasperated by repeated and urgent appeals, he consigned him to a madhouse. And Soloman de Caus and his premature project was lost to his country and mankind. It was reserved for the nineteenth century to give a welcome to the locomotive. There is reason to believe that the locomotive was an American invention. It is certain that in 1782 Oliver Evans, of Philadelphia, patented a steam-wagon, the drawings and specifications of which were sent to England in 1787, and again in 1794–95. In 1784, two years after Evans's invention in America, Watt patented a locomotive.

Little or nothing was done with them. For some reason everything seemed to wait the dawn of the nineteenth century.

Richard Trevethick, born in the parish of Illogan, Cornwall, April, 13th, 1771, was an inventor of whom the world has heard much. Though a child of genius, he died penniless. In 1801 he started the iron horse on the public highway; in 1802 he obtained a patent for a locomotive. It was on the 28th of December, 1801, the travelling engine took its departure fom Camborne Church town for Tehidy. "The carriage," says Mr. Davies Gilbert, "broke down, after travelling very well about 400 yards. Then it was forced under some shelter, and the parties adjourned to the hotel and comforted their hearts with a roast goose and drinks, where, forgetful of the engine, its water boiled away. The iron became red-hot, and nothing that was combustible remained either of the engine or the house, thus falling a victim to the punch-drinking propensity of the period."

A similar result might have been reached had not the foster-father of the locomotive been temperate in habit and irrepressible because of his determination and pluck. The steam locomo-

tive, the material transformer of the world, has a remarkable history. As has been said, "It was not born on the rails, but on the common road; and a tremendous baby-giant it was, tearing up its cradle in such furious fashion that men were terrified by it, and tried their best to condemn it to inactivity, just as a weak and foolish father might lock up his unruly boy and restrain him perforce, instead of training him wisely in the way he should go." But the progenitors of the iron horse were like their herculean child, men of mettle. They fought a gallant fight for their darling's freedom, and came off victorious! As with the railroad, so with the locomotive. They attained their place in or near 1828. Then it was that a premium was offered of £500 for the best locomotive that could be produced, in accordance with certain conditions. These were:

"That the chimney should emit no smoke; that the engine should be on springs; that it should not weigh more than six tons, or four and a half tons if it had only four wheels; that it should be able to draw a load of twenty tons at the rate of ten miles an hour, with a pressure of fifty pounds to the square inch in the boiler; and that it should not cost more than £500."

The iron horse was now at last about to assume its right position. It was no longer an infant, but a powerful stripling, though still far from its full growth—as far as six tons is from sixty.

It was October 6th, 1829, when the memorable trial of locomotives took place. It was to continue eight days. The four exhibited were the "Novelty," "Sanspareil," "Rocket," and "Perseverance," built respectively by Messrs. Braithwaite & Ericsson, Timothy Hackworth, R. Stephenson & Co., and Burstall.

The Rocket looked as if it were all funnel—a stunted body with a long, very long neck. Along a level stretch of railroad, two miles long, each engine was required to make twenty double journeys during the day, at an average speed of not less than ten miles per hour. The Rocket made the time and more, but

was not at the outset a favorite ; as people said, " Its appearance was against it."

The Novelty was a favorite with spectators and judges. It looked compact and handy, and its lines were harmonious and in keeping with the purpose for which it had been built. Its water and fuel were carried without the aid of a separate tender, and the weight of the whole was less than three tons. While travelling its experimental journey it occasionally moved at the rate per hour of twenty-four miles, but on the second day of the trial the blast bellows gave out. The boiler of the Sanspareil also showed a defect, and the Perseverance failed because it could not go faster than six miles an hour. The Rocket won the day because it had the " go" in it. It not only made thirty miles an hour, but it drew thirteen tons' weight in wagons at the rate of thirty-five miles an hour. The old engine grew handsomer every moment, and before the third day was over people said, " She did not look so bad after all." The Novelty tried it again, but bursting its pipes ended its hopes. The Sanspareil was similarly unfortunate, and the Rocket, by Stephenson, received the prize.

Could a man at that time have seen in a vision of the future, as Henry George says, " the steamship taking the place of the sailing vessel, the railroad train of the wagon, the reaping-machine of the scythe, the threshing-machine of the flail ; could he have heard the throb of the engines that in obedience to the human will and for the satisfaction of human desire exert a power greater than all the men and all the beasts of burden of the earth combined ; could he have seen the forest tree transformed into finished lumber—into doors, sashes, blinds, boxes, or barrels, with hardly the touch of human hand ; the great workshops where boots and shoes are turned out by the case with less labor than the old-fashioned cobbler could have put on a sole ; the factories where, under the eye of a girl, cotton becomes cloth faster than hundreds of stalwart weavers could have turned it out with their hand-looms ; could he have seen steam hammers shaping mammoth shafts and mighty anchors,

and delicate machinery making tiny watches; the diamond drill cutting through the heart of the rocks and coal-oil sparing the whale; could he have realized the enormous saving of labor resulting from improved facilities of exchange and communication—sheep killed in Australia eaten fresh in England, and the order given by the London banker in the afternoon executed in San Francisco in the morning of the same day; could he have conceived of the hundred thousand improvements which these only suggest, what would he have inferred of the social condition of mankind? His heart would have leaped and his nerves would have thrilled, as one from a height beholds just ahead of the thirst-stricken caravan the living gleam of rustling woods and the glint of living waters." Upon this vision, realized and fulfilled, Sam Hobart looked with pleasing satisfaction and with exuberant hope.

CHAPTER II.

SAM AS A BOY.

The Surroundings of His Birthplace, Brighton—His Early Home—From Cattle-Driver to the Machine-Shop and the Locomotive—Some Notions he Fought when a Boy.

Samuel Brooks Hobart was born in Brighton, Mass., October 12th, 1828. Brighton is the cattle-market of Boston. In the olden time it was more of a centre of influence than it is at the present time. Then drovers gathered their cattle from the hillsides and valleys of New England and brought them to Brighton and distributed them east and west, as the case might be. Railroads were unknown, and the cattle were driven, not brought. Many an emigrant going to the Far West bought there his team and cows, the one to bear his household to their distant home, the other to supply the wants of their table in the wilderness. To the South cattle and mules were driven, and Brighton was the cattle-market most widely known. The drovers, as we have intimated, did business on a smaller scale and on a different basis than at present. Though their responsibilities were not as great or their business so large, they were more exacting, often very profane and dissipated. They worked hard, kept "their eye-teeth cut," and were sharp in trade, and sometimes not over-honest in deal. Into such society this boy came as soon as he could walk. He grew up to be hard, smart, and ready for a job that brought pennies to his pocket and pleasure to his life.

He was not a bad boy, as the word goes—he did not lie nor steal; nor was he specially a good one. It was said of him while very young, "That boy will take care of himself." He did do this, and much more. He took care of whatever was

given him to do. He was naturally a success, because he made a success of whatever was committed to his care. He could fight his way. He somehow came out first, no matter when he started in. He was hard to manage. His mother was proud of him. She believed in honesty, in industry, and scorned lying and meanness. She would not take advantage. Sam agreed with her. Sam was a dutiful son. He would never shirk a task. He was as faithful when alone as when at work under the eye of a master. He became a favorite with the drovers. He would get as good time out of a drove of cattle as any man around. He was a favorite about the yards because he was trustworthy. He was utterly fearless. A wild bull or an infuriated cow found in his unterrified look, his commanding speech, and determined bearing that before which they must yield. As with beasts, so was he with men. Rouse him, get him into motion, and nothing could daunt him. He has entered houses full of fighting, of cursing, and where wild and crazed drunkards were in almost the act of murder, and he was as calm and self-possessed as a rock amid the wild surges of a boisterous sea. He could take a mighty man by the throat with one hand, hold another off, and put down a fight as a man would trample out a fire just kindling into flame.

His schooling was picked up at intervals in the New England school-house. He could read, write and cipher. His book knowledge was limited. His knowledge of men was most profound. He seemed by instinct or intuition to know what was in men. He admired boldness, fearlessness, and fidelity. David Crockett's motto was his: "Be sure you are right, and then go ahead."

A boy ran a great risk that interfered with his or with his friends' rights. He never looked mad when he was going to do a desperate deed. He would come up to a boy that was playing bully over some weaker party, and in a polite way intimate that it would be advisable to "let up" on him and "take some one of his size." "Perhaps you would like to take it up." "No objection," Sam would reply, and with a smile on

his face and with desperation in his heart would *go in* and do his best. There was no fear in his composition. He expected to win. He had great dignity of character, and enjoyed it in others. He never desired that men should try and get down to him; he much preferred climbing up to them, if indeed climbing was necessary. He became a judge of cattle, of their weight and condition; was consulted in the yards when a boy as if he had been an owner. He believed in right as right, and *that right was might.* He was trustworthy to his employers and obedient to his mother. She could rely on him. This characteristic made him largely what he afterward became. His employers rested with faith upon his ability to brush away difficulties and almost defy impossibilities.

He was not the person to give up his purpose if his mind was once set upon having or doing a certain thing. Men saw this in his looks, they heard it in his voice. Believing that it was manly to smoke, he acquired the habit of using tobacco, and thinking it brave to take the name of God in vain, he became when a youth terribly profane.

A friend writes of Sam as a boy in these words:

"He was energetic, never lazy, would travel on foot miles to aid a drover with his cattle for a few pennies, and then be rewarded, as he has often told me, by the man's taking a handful of change from his pocket, and, looking it over, and selecting the smoothest fourpenny bit he could find, and handing it to Sam. Sam would take the poor little piece and rub it industriously on his jacket sleeve to try to bring out the pillars to plainer view, so that he could pass it for six cents, what he feared no person used to handling money would count worth more than five.

"He labored hard when a boy. He would rise early in the morning, and go off on any errand that promised him remuneration. How tired he got, as he walked mile after mile, occasionally running after refractory cattle! Boys do not work now as he worked; they would think they would be killed, he said, with half the labor he performed. This helped to make

him the energetic, persevering man that he eventually became. His indomitable will would carry all before it. Naturally of a hasty, impulsive temperament, he could not brook delay or any obstruction in his path, and if such occurred he would swear till all quailed befor him."

No one can look upon that brave, struggling boy without regretting that some large hearted Christian man had not seen him and invested in him. A Sabbath-school and a Christian teacher of tact and ability would have been of inestimable value to him. Few think of the difference between the growth of a tree that was in rich soil and had good care from the beginning, and a tree unwatched and untended, broken by storms, scarred by rude treatment, and left without being grafted to grow only such fruit as is natural, and is usually small if not mean. There is meaning in the words, "As the twig is bent the tree is inclined." Sam was warm-hearted. He grew up to hate strong drink. But his mind was uncultured and undeveloped to an extent that always gave him a sense of poverty in mental calibre and filled him with sorrow.

Investments in youth pay as do no other investments. It is a noticeable fact that in Great Britain and in the older portions of the United States men are bestowing thought upon the development of the brain, and the culture of the young life committed to their care. The history of the Adams family in Massachusetts rivals anything in the annals of English life, where the elder Pitt wrought in the younger and made him at twenty-three the best Minister of State England ever had. The same spirit lived in and blessed Disraeli, whose father lived and wrought in his boy and made him the glory of an empire on whose realms the sun never sets. The same is true of the Gladstone of the past, and of the Premier whose name and fame will forever be associated with the brightest annals of English history.

Gardner Colby came to Boston the poorest of the poor. His mother believed in him and built on him. Having given his heart to Christ in his youth, his whole nature opened south-

ward, and the warm breath of heaven made flowers of beauty, of culture, of love and of service for Christ and man bud and blossom in his young life. He lived for the youth of America, and so gave his name to the college in Waterville, Me., where he was born, and wrought in the Theological Seminary of Newton, where he lived, and, dying, left children cultured, benevolent, and enterprising, to perpetuate his name and widen the channel of his beneficent thought.

Brooklyn, N. Y., holds to her heart the name and fame of one of the most modest and unassuming of men, who has given to colleges, to hospitals, to retreats for the young, the aged, sums of money that astonish by their magnitude and at the same time inspire by their large-mindedness and comprehensiveness of aim. People everywhere who had admired the giver were made to prize as never before the value of early training, when they learned that an unpretentious Methodist minister was his father, after whom he named a hospital that shall for ages attest the son's devotion to the memory of one who led him when a youth into the paths of promise, and of devotion also to the needs of humanity for whom Christ died.

Seth Low is the product of home training as well as of the money of A. A. Low. Wm. H. Vanderbilt, with his culture and large nature, has carried into a nobler and higher realm the name and fame of his father Cornelius, and is doing a still grander work in building up boys not only to be millionaires capable of managing great affairs, but in seeing to it that they are fitted to welcome great trusts and become pillars on which society builds its noblest superstructures. Time and space alike forbid our dwelling longer upon what investments in youth are to humanity and to Christianity. Had Sam Hobart, with his might, with his genius for being good and doing good, been blessed with early advantages similar to those placed within the reach of many who secure them, and, thank God, of many who welcome them, it is impossible to describe what might have come from it.

Wm. E. Dodge has just gone home to God, rich in fame and

in good works. Forget it not: the tree was cared for from the start. He gave his heart to Christ when a boy of eleven. He grew up with Christ and in Christ, and blessings came to him because he knew how wisely to use them, and like a fountain on a mountain that sends forth streams on every side, he blessed humanities everywhere, and was God's benefaction to all men. Sam Hobart, deprived of such watch—care and culture, had to get on as best he could. He had love as good and as strong as the richest and the best. In the homes of the poor are compensations which outweigh in value all that wealth can bring. There are no poorer children than some of the children of our wealthiest people. Business, fashion, and the responsibilities of life cause them to commit the care of children to servants while they give themselves up to society. The mother of wealth who, on one occasion being compelled to put her child to bed, learned by the language and conduct of the child that he was being exposed to terrible temptation, and clasping him to her heart resolved that henceforth society should be poorer that the child might be enriched with love, with care, with kindness, became wise none too soon for her own good and the happiness and prosperity of her child. The children of the poor at least can have their mother's society, and if their mothers be cultured, ambitious, and withal Christian, they are rich indeed. It is not money, nor libraries, nor horses, nor great opportunities that make great men and women. It must be in the child, if greatness ever distinguishes him.

Abraham Lincoln delighted to dwell upon his obligations to that stepmother who helped him to books, to schooling, to society, for which his soul longed while living in the log-cabin with a father who thought little of the boy's great need; while as long as there is a place in the world's history for what is noblest and best in our life the memory of the mothers of Washington and of Garfield will remain as illustrations of the way in which there has passed into the highest place of renown, that which glorifies the family and the school-house of America. Some of the noblest young men in our colleges come from some

of the poorest of our homes, and are sons of mothers who kept their boys with them, breathed into their ears the story of their ambitious dreamings until they resolved to climb the steeps of success. All this Sam had. His mother was an unambitious, strong-minded New England woman, and her boys fill honorable places, because of the mainspring of purpose that came from her resistless will. In her society he learned to scorn meanness and to hate servility. Would that she had led him to Christ! Then might he have carried into the places of honor and trust the influences acquired at the hearthstone, to be practised round the world.

CHAPTER III.

THE MACHINIST AND FIREMAN.

From the stock-yard and cattle-pen Sam passed to the machine-shop. His ambition was to become a locomotive engineer. To reach that position preparation was a necessity. He carried into the shop a tough and wiry frame, a good eye, a hand that only needed training to find skill. In a short time he made himself friends and a name. With open eye and with attentive brain he took in all that passed before him.

The fireman was the engineer in embryo. In that responsible place his mettle was tested and his skill was developed. There are firemen who work by the day or month as firemen. Sam was never among them. From the day he crossed the threshold of the machine-shop, indeed from the day he first saw the locomotive careering over the highway prepared for the fiery steed, he determined to ride it, to master it, and to be identified with it. He wanted to be an engineer, a locomotive engineer, and that satisfied him. Can we believe in such a nature? There are millions such, or society would be a wreck. There are men who desire to drive horses, and care not to own them. These men win fame as drivers. They have a place in the world which they like, and which other men covet, because they can drive. Their ambition is to drive a horse on the race. They care for nothing else. They exercise the horses, live with them and for them, that on the course, in the eye of thousands, amid cheers and wild huzzahs they might first cross the line and be crowned as victors. A locomotive to a man that loves it is like a fleet courser. Now, horses are not all alike. Every one is peculiar to himself. He has his moods, his way of working, his spirit, his gait, the

moment when he will stretch himself to his utmost capacity, and when all the go in him comes out of him.

Men that own horses delight in them. Owners love their horses as though they were human. They call them pet names. They like to drive them occasionally, and feel the tingle in the hands which comes from the mouth of the steed to the hand of the master. But there is a man nearer to the horse than his owner, and that is his driver. The horse and man are almost one and inseparable.

Enough has been said to reveal the idiosyncrasy of this man of the locomotive. That matchless piece of mechanism was to Sam Hobart a poem, meat and drink. He studied it. He understood it through and through, from boiler to throttle-valve.

Every locomotive has its peculiar nature. There are some locomotives that always want to run away. There are others that always seem to be getting ready to stop. There are times when a locomotive will do marvellously well, and there are other times when it does marvellously ill. Then the fireman is alert. He puts oil here and there, tightens a nut or loosens it, puts coal in, or what it requires, and at last the thing is all aflame with energy. As fireman Sam was a success. He was lithe of limb, quick of eye, and ready of hand. He could be all over a locomotive when at its utmost speed.

From the first he worked for his engineer, and his engineer in a short time began to work for him. Gently he backed out the machine. The puffs of steam were given as intimations rather than as threats. From the machine-shop to the position of fireman seemed to him like promotion. It was a step on. He delighted to see his locomotive in perfect condition. A fireman's position is peculiarly responsible. On our best roads he does not clean the engine. Wipers do that. But he sees to it, and superintends it. He mounts the engine when fired up, and takes it from the round-house to the track. He waits for the signal. Then the engineer steps on board and takes, as we might say, the reins. As fireman Sam gave his engineer a cordial greeting, and ministered to him without waiting for

suggestion, direction, or command. Superintendent, president, and directors, or whoever saw his engine saw that labor had been bestowed upon it. Its brasses shone with golden lustre, its iron rods and bars and cranks and pistons glistened with silvery sheen, and its heavier parts and body were made as beautiful and bright and fresh-looking as possible. Before he took the machine out, every screw and nut and lever and joint were examined and oiled. We can imagine Ginery Twitchel, whose eye never omitted any detail, saying to the engineer, "Your locomotive looks well this morning." "Yes. It is Sam's pride. He keeps it in apple-pie order." Thus the ambitious fireman was rewarded. This faithfulness and service opened the path to promotion. The engineer took pains with him, and helped him on. Sam soon came to know how to handle the monster with safety and skill. The locomotive was his passion, whether at rest or fired up and quivering with the tremendous energy, which if unbound would wreck whatever was near, and under control was the servant of man. It was the embodiment and personification of power while flying on its iron way, or while standing at the station snorting like a war-horse, as if smelling the battle from afar. A fireman's position requires nerve, a clear head, a quick brain, coolness in the midst of peril, a steady hand when dangers have to be met. Now he is throwing wood or coal into the furnace, which devours material with fierce rapacity; then he is compelled to walk out on the side of the heated bounding force to give a little oil where the friction is great; then back he flies to his place to ring the bell while crossing a highway or dashing through a town.

Enter the round-house where the locomotives are kept, and there is much to interest. In it are these tremendous engines, with that in them which if neglected might wreck the building and the engines, of which there are usually a multitude. Sam has just come in from the road, where with lightning speed they have men fulfilling their mission and are now disgorging their fire and water and preparing to rest; some are letting off

steam with a fiendish yell unbearably prolonged; some are in the hands of the wipers, the firemen superintending and perhaps attending to some needed minutia; others are undergoing the necessary repairs, and a few are ready for instant action.

Among these helpers Sam was a hale fellow well met. He was quick to learn because ready to take a suggestion, and thorough in the performance of the duties enjoined upon him. His engineer could repose implicit confidence in his discretion, fidelity, and trustworthiness, and so took pride in him. From his boyhood up "he studied to be quiet, to do his own business, and to work with his own hands," as the apostle commands. He believed there was a place for him, work for him to do, and that he had a mission to fulfil. What was true of him he felt to be true of every other man. In his estimation the dignity of labor finds its exponent in the fact that every trade, profession, art, and employment is an essential link in the chain that binds society together. He felt that it was a mistaken notion that forever associates labor with a curse. He was not miserable, because he had something to do. He had only contempt for loafers, and wasted no pity upon those who were ever h ping upon the miseries of the workingman. He denied that here were menial employments, in the sense in which the term is used. We all serve. Menial pertains to service. The employer serves his servant as much as the servant serves the employer. Christ illustrated this truth when he washed his disciples' feet and said, "Let him that is chief be as he that doth serve." This was the secret of the success of young Hobart.

As a fireman he was faithful and trustworthy. He made his engine his pride. He was prompt, respectful, and obliging. He filled his place, and sought to fill no one else's place. He did not seek to be superintendent or president, but simply fireman, and desired to learn all that could be known about the management of the engine. He never saw an open door that he did not enter it. His engineer reported him to the superintendent as fitted for an engine, while Sam was busy with his

work and not dreaming of promotion. He went higher because the place called for him. He did not cry for the place. There was not a lazy hair in his head, nor a lazy bone in his body. In his estimation, the most miserable men on earth are those who have nothing to do. They are in the way when they seek society, for society has bread to earn and duties to discharge. At home they are miserable. Idleness is the sepulchre of a living man. Every individual is so constituted that if he will not work he shall hasten to destruction. It is the grain between the upper and nether millstones which saves the machinery from ruin. So it is the work placed before us that keeps the machinery of life in running order and makes men happy. "Look," said Sam to a comrade when a fireman, "at the laborer confined to his house. He has bread and sources of comfort, but he pines for occupation. 'The sleep of a laboring man is sweet.'" Sam had no sympathy with one who was wishing he had nothing to do, that he had money enough to live without work. He said, "You are mistaken. Imagine yourself inheriting money on the condition that from this time you ceased laboring. Hitherto you have been engaged in a machine-shop. Your companions and friends are there. But you can no more be permitted to touch or use a tool. You try staying at home. Your mother complains that you are in the way. They wish to clean up the house, and want you out of it. You saunter forth and enter a store; the merchant is busy. He will wait on you, but cannot afford to have you lounging around. You go back to the shop. Your companions have no time to waste upon an idler, and no respect for a drone in the great human hive. You try reading, and are not used to it. Your bones ache, your head feels uncomfortable. The world is busy, and you are unemployed. There is one of two things that would occur in one month's time. You would rush into dissipation to drown your bodily suffering, or you would put your inheritance to use and go to work." Sam was right. Food received in the body requires exercise to aid the digestive organs. It is equally true of mental food. There is no place in this wide world for an idle man. He is refuse, and the

sooner he finds it out the better, when the money he keeps from circulating will find its way into the channels of usefulness. The man who does not labor, for its own sake and the blessings that follow in its train, is diseased either in body or soul. Dissipation may destroy the constitution and rob the body of its strength and energy, and for a time the system may need repose; but as soon as it regains health it will demand occupation. The bees understand it: they kill off the drones.

"No," said the friend, "that theory must be given up." "Well," said Sam, "I don't believe it. If the bees don't do it, then all I have to say is, I shan't think so much of the bees. 'For he that will not work, neither shall he eat.'"

Another mistaken notion which Sam was fond of fighting was that men are unhappy because of their peculiar occupation. He declared that his acquaintance with men forced upon him the conviction, that with rare exceptions, every man is doing that which under all the circumstances he is best adapted to do, and that he would not be as happy anywhere else as where he is. He knew there were places he could not fill. He was very proud of Hon. Ginery Twitchel, who passed from a stage-driver up the grade to being railroad president, and then graduated and went to Congress. He was familiar with the history of Tom Scott, the railroad king of the Pennsylvania Central, or of Cornelius Vanderbilt, both of whom climbed up from the humblest of beginnings to their distinguished positions; but Sam Hobart knew that he was plain Sam Hobart, and that he could not do their work. So when a boy he sought to fill his place, and filled it to the satisfaction of all parties. He believed that in his humble sphere God gave to him just as many sources of innocent happiness as he had given to anybody. Happiness is within, and not without. The discontented imagine that happiness must be found in a change of position or of occupation rather than in a change of opinion. There is no good reason why the coachman should not be as happy as the dainty lady whom he serves. There is no reason why the hod-carrier may not be as happy at his toil as is the mason whom he waits

upon, or the architect in accordance with whose plan he helps to build. It was Sam Hobart's feeling that the duties and responsibilities of the president of the railroad would be too much for him. Would that his faith was more widely diffused. Society would hear less of complaint. There would be fewer grumblers and less tumult. Now, alas, in many instances a mechanic acquires wealth. His son inherits his traits of character and habits of mind. But the father scorns the idea of bringing the boy up to business. He must make a gentleman of him. God makes the gentleman. Man oftentimes makes of a good youth, by false training, a spendthrift, and mayhap a prodigal and a drunkard. The ocean of the mercantile world is strewn with the wrecks of young men who ruined their hopes because their parents had heaped up fortunes for them. Happy had it been for them had they been constrained to toil as their fathers toiled before them, and to make their fortune that they might enjoy it. Providence rights the wrongs of the workingman by building up those who toil and by casting idlers down. It is known that the sons of wealth who with competences have inherited sloth come to want, as a rule, in the course of three generations, while "the thoughts of the diligent tend only to plenteousness." From them come the inventions which lighten labor and hasten on the chariot of plenty. From them come those vast schemes which have belted society with the bands of prosperity and girded society for its beneficent tasks. Said the great Alexander: "It is a slavish thing to luxuriate, but a most royal thing to labor. The man that luxuriates is the man who is a slave. The man who labors is in truth the king, for he alone is king of himself, while the king who is not king of himself is but a royal slave. The entire truth is summed up by the wise man: "Seest thou a man diligent in his business: he shall stand before kings, he shall not stand before mean persons." That is, diligence shall cause him to be a necessity to society. The world stands in need of the product of honest toil, and the vineyard waits for laborers. So there was a place for Sam Hobart.

CHAPTER IV.

SAM BECOMES A LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEER.

SAM is twenty years of age, and is promoted from being fireman to being put in trust of a locomotive. It was 1848. Railroading was then in its infancy in the West. The East was educating the West. The men of the East were sought to fill places of trust in the West. Sam's eyes soon saw the laying of the first track on the road that was in due time to bind Boston and San Francisco together with bonds of iron. Then it was pronounced visionary to attempt to climb the Berkshire hills, and when achieved and the road was completed it was regarded as great an exploit as to build the Pacific Road and climb and scale the Rocky Mountains. A boy of twenty in charge of a locomotive was a novelty. Jealousies were kindled into flame by it, and men of age were not happy at the progress made by the youngster. Sam was compelled to conquer his place, and to hold it by reason that he was equal to the position. He did not step to the first place at once. He crept up. He walked in due time; he was content. He knew that "A rolling stone gathers no moss," and a man who often changes his business is most likely to remain poor. Said the sagacious Richard:

> "I never saw an oft-removed tree,
> Nor yet an oft-removed family,
> That throve so well as those that settled be."

It is not because of any property he acquired by remaining in one place and contenting himself with one kind of employment, but because of the influence he acquired by maintaining a good character through all these years, that he deserves mention.

At the commencement he was put in charge of a locomotive as a guard, then on a freight, and soon on a passenger train; and so he went on until at last by common consent the best place was assigned him. It was said of him that his train was sure to pull through. In the midst of terrific storms, when deep snows impeded their progress or blocked their path, and it was known that Sam was with the train, people said: "*She will come through if it's among the possibilities.*" Men were accustomed to speak of the fertility of his inventive genius, his powers of endurance, his good-nature and indomitable pluck.

He believed in success. There is sense in the saying, "Keep thy shop and thy shop will keep thee." He stuck to the one business; he meddled with nothing else. He was master of every department. He knew how to calculate for frost and heat, for rain and snow, for the spring of the road and for the lack of it. He knew little of what the books said of it, but everything which experience and observation could teach. As a result, he knew that he knew what to do and how to do it.

> "Perseverance is a Roman virtue
> That wins each godlike act and plucks success,
> Even from the spear-proof crest of rugged danger."

As a manager of the locomotive he was an expert, and for many years he had the latest improvements submitted to his inspection and committed to his charge. He loved a good engine as other men love a horse, or a dog, or a gun. It was his joy to be with it. He liked the regularity with which it ran to and back from Worcester to Boston like the beat of a pendulum swinging through its iron arc. He loved the excitement of seeing the train loaded up, the hurrying of passengers, the rolling of the baggage, the start, and best of all, the race. He delighted in the bound and speed of the fiery steed. He would touch the levers as delicately and with as much grace as a good reinsman would handle the lines. The sound of the whistle, the clip-clap of the wheels rattling on the iron track had a music for him more enlivening and bewitching than ever

accompanied the organ's peal. It is not strange, for a wonderful thing is that engine, the emblem and exponent of the hour, "the thing of iron and of fire, with a banner of light, an eye like a star; with sinews of brass and steel, and breathings of flame." See it standing on the track, pipe puffing, steam fretting to be free, reminding one of the horse described in Job, whose neck is clothed with thunder, which paweth in the valley and rejoiceth in his strength. He saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha! and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains and the shouting, and is impatient to go forth to battle. "It glides upon those two iron bars from winter to summer, from day to night, from morning to evening." "It plunges like a strand of thunder through the mountain gorges; it leaps across the wide valley. Its shaft glitters in the mines; its voice is heard in the shop; its banner is everywhere. It has forced its way to the far hamlets in the quiet vales, and they have felt the thrill and the jar of the great world." It is wonderful how that hissing, panting thing of iron has revolutionized the world. Benjamin F. Taylor has in his wonderful way written of the engine, and asked, "Did you ever creep gingerly —should there be another '*ly*' to the gingerly?—up to the deck of a railway car when the train was moving, say twenty-five or thirty miles an hour? And did you look way on beyond the train, where the two iron bars—that noblest couplet in the great epic of the time—were welded lovingly together, without hammer or furnace or pin, but just beneath the wonderful, invisible fingers of distance, till they lay there a huge V upon the bosom of the prairie? And how marvellously, as the train moved on, those stubborn bars swayed round to a parallel, as lightly and noiselessly as a brace of sunbeams, flung from a mirror swinging in the wanton wind, sweep round in the blue air! And did you 'mind,' not a spike wrenched from its good hold, not a tie *un*tied, not a timber splintered! There must be a charm in those fingers indeed."

No one that ever rode upon the engine can forget the sensation of pleasure, of exultation, of exuberant joy experienced, as

fear is forgotten, and one is given up to the excitement incident to the situation, when in fancy you keep time with Saxe in his Rhyme on the Rail, as you go

"Singing through the forests,
Rattling over ridges,
Shooting under arches,
Rumbling over bridges,
Whizzing through the mountains,
Buzzing o'er the vale,
Bless me! this is pleasant,
Riding on the Rail."

At times you feel like shouting, "Stop the train! Let us off! Conductor, captain, somebody, anybody, there's a village on the track. The meeting-house, the grave-yard, red-faced stores, presto, you are there, they recede, and you pass on. Every one has looked up. The very ground has shaken beneath giant structures, and you, the freest, the wildest, the most impetuous creature that ever moved through space, are identified with this marvellous product of skill. Look again. This time there is surely something on the track again. It's a fly, it's a frog, it's a child, it's a man six feet high—a D.D., a P.M., an M.C. On we go. We have passed him, we have left him. Five feet high; four feet high; a child, a frog, a bug, a nothing. The D.D. dwindled down; the P.M. is past minding, and the M.C. is microscopic curiosity."

"Lo! there 'the breathing thought'
The poets sang of old,
And there 'the burning word'
No tongue had fully told,
Until the magic hand
The bold conception wrought—
In iron and in fire it stands—
The world's embodied *thought*.

"Lo! in the panting thunders,
Hear the echo of the Age!
Lo! in the globe's broad breast, behold
The poet's noblest page!

For in the brace of iron bars,
That weld two worlds in one,
The couplet of a nobler lay
Than bards have e'r begun!"

The locomotive engineer rides this poem, this epic, or this monster—call it what you will—he rides it as a thing of life. The signal comes to him, not in a loud shout of command, or a trumpet-blast, but by the silent hand of time as indicated on his chronometer. But how, it may be asked, does he know precisely the hour at which he has to start, the stations he has to stop at, the various little acts of coupling on and dropping off carriages and trucks, and returning within fixed periods so punctually, that he shall not interfere with, run into, or delay the operations of the hundreds of drivers; whose duties are as complete, wise, important, and swift as his own. The reply is framed in the perfection of system attained in railroad management. Without this there would be endless confusion and untold and unnumbered disasters.

Sam recognized this fact, and made use of it. The responsibility of making a time-table devolved upon another. The obeying of it devolved upon him. He knew that the difficulty of running so many trains and making them dovetail into one another so that the regular traffic be not interfered with, and that excursion, special, and other irregular trains be provided for, required a calculation, a skill, a comprehension of detail, for which he had neither ability nor ambition. Being carefully hedged in, as we have shown, with strict rules and regulations, the engineer knowing his duties well, and feeling perfect confidence in himself and his superiors, looks at his chronometer, and at the proper time mounts to his place. The fireman, putting a finishing drop of oil into some part of the machinery, takes his station beside his mate, eases off the brake, looks at the fire and waits upon the monster, as the engineer waits for the signal to start. The clock strikes. Sam lets off his shot whistles and lets on the steam. The first is a soft pulsation, a mere puff; but it was enough to move the ponderous engine as if it had

been the spirit of life. Another, and gently it pulls out the train. All are aboard. Everything is ready. Another puff of greater strength sends forward the engine with a sudden grandeur of action that enables the engineer to show off the points of the powerful steed.

As an engineer, he began first in the yard. Then he took a freight train. It was seen that he could move a train and not jerk it. He never went too far or stopped too soon. He was expeditious. He was safe. He attended to his business. At length, an engineer being sick, he was placed on a passenger train for the day. The skill acquired in the yard and with freight trains enabled him to move out of the depot quickly and stop at the stations without a jar. That night the conductor reported him as a success for the passenger train. "Why," said he, "no old engineer that I know of can do any better, if as well. He did not seem to start, but to insinuate the idea of motion to his iron steed, and so glide softly away. As a result he was transferred to the passenger trains, and kept his place for evermore. He never forgot his obligations to the men who advanced him, and in this showed good sense.

America in 1848 was the El Dorado of the workingman. Here was thrift and plenty, while terrible convulsions were shaking the old world. Italy, France and Hungary were being ploughed with excitements that gave birth to republics and shook the foundations of time-honored despotisms, papal and other. In England the working classes were crying out for deliverance. It was on the 10th of April, 1848, the great petition for the charter became the jest and sport of men. How wild their hope, how bitter their despair. One wrote in behalf of the charter these words: "Had not freedom, progression, expanding, descending, been the glory and the strength of England? Were Magna Charta and the Habeas Corpus Act, Hampden's resistance to ship-money, and the calm, righteous might of 1688—were they all futilities and fallacies? Ever downward for seven hundred years, welling from the heaven-watered mountain peaks of wisdom, had spread the streams

of liberty. The nobles had gained their charter from John; the middle classes from William of Orange; was not the time at hand, when from a queen, more gentle, charitable, upright, spotless than had ever sat on the throne of England, the working masses in their turn should gain their charter?" They were to go in a procession 250,000 strong to the very doors of the House of Commons, and demand their rights.

The day came. All England was aroused. Thousands of special constables were enrolled. The practical common-sense of the people refused to side with outlaws, and to expose themselves to French and Irish interference, and so the masses would not rise. Whatever sympathy they had with Chartists, they did not care to show it. And then futility after futility exposed itself. The meeting, which was to have numbered its hundreds of thousands, did not number its tens of thousands. The broadest and the wisest saw that all was up, and cried, We are all "humbugged and betrayed," and the meeting broke up pitiably, piecemeal, drenched and cowed, body and soul, by pouring rain on its way home—for the very heavens mercifully helped to quench the folly—while the monster petition crawled ludicrously away in a hack-cab to be dragged to the floor of the House of Commons amid roars of laughter—"inextinguishable laughter."

Thus wrote Charles Kingsley in "Alton Locke," of a movement engaging the world's thought when Sam Hobart at the age of twenty, became a locomotive engineer. Boston is the workingman's paradise. Here every improvement is welcomed. The inventive spirit is encouraged. The man of the forge or of the loom, of the spindle, of the shoe-shop, and of the carpenter's bench, comes into association with the noblest, the most enterprising of the land. Sam felt it and gloried in it. He was an American out and out. He saw the possibilities within reach, and the open doors to usefulness and power inviting attention at every turn. Some one has said: "Everybody has his animal period, when he can only eat and sleep; intelligence slowly dawning on his mind. Then comes his savage period, when he

knows nothing of rights, when all thine is mine, if he can get it. Then comes the barbarous period, when he is ignorant and dislikes to learn; study and restraint are irksome. Nothing is sacred to him—no time, nor place, nor person. He grows up wild and reckless." Through these periods, companions say, Sam passed. Some called him a "boy," claiming that he got more than his share, as they thought, and was selfish, grasping, and unfeeling. Well, if that was true of him at any time he soon passed beyond this stage. The pushing boy that would not be sat down on—that as apprentice, as fireman and as engineer, did his best—soon attracted notice. Discouragement had never entered his soul. He knew what it was to be an apprentice, and he misjudged. He knew also what love, confidence and respect from those set over him was. He never forgot it. The story is told of John Morrissey and Tom Hyer. Both were fighting men. Friends were anxious that they should have "a mill," or prize fight. Tom Hyer never came to time in any way pleasing to Morrissey. One day they were on a steamer sailing up the Hudson, and John said to Tom, "Do you know why you and I have never fought?" "No." "Well, I do." "Why?" "Because there are just two men in this world," said Morrissey, "who know that I can whip you—one is you and t'other one is me." He believed that he was equal to the situation.

Some declare that when his work was done he went the rounds with wild and rude associates—visiting theatres, brothels, dance-houses, and the like. Nothing could be further from the truth. Such men never climb the steep ascent to positions of trust. They go down and they end in disgrace. Their wrecks line the shore of life's sea. It is easy to go down. The broad road is an inclined plane. The descent is easy and natural. The current in Niagara River is not more certain making toward the cataract and the headlong plunge to utter ruin than is the path of the young mechanic that squanders his evenings and wastes his opportunities.

Sam became a Freemason when young. He was welcomed

to the association by men who appreciated his worth. The symbols, the humanities, the fraternity, the stand-up-to-a-tireness of the order delighted him. He travelled through the West as an engineer. To the shops, to the depots of the great railways he went no more certainly than he visited the lodges of the fraternity. In this order he learned the value of brotherhood and how to minister to the distressed and afflicted. For years this was his religion. He fought his way through difficulties made strong by the fact that the eye of a great order was on him, and that within the lodge-room he had bosom friends. His reverence for his mother and for himself made him respect women. Lectures he loved on scientific subjects. As the years went on, Boston became the battle-ground of liberty. Faneuil Hall and Tremont Temple, the Meronian, where Parker preached and where Channing and Culver and Gilbert and others met to compare notes and plan for the protection of the weak, were favorite resorts for the young and aspiring engineer. All this time he was the champion of the work that had fallen to him to do. He believed in the management and in the road he served. When other men would find fault with the company, with the road, with the equipments, Sam would stand by them and defend them. He knew enough to praise what he had and make the most of it. That fact became known. When his brother engineers would declare that on such and such roads men were treated better or paid more wages or had less hours, Sam would reply, "Boys, I have seen many of them, and to me there is no place like home."

"Easy enough for you to say that, Sam Hobart, who are advanced and petted and favored by every one," replied an associate. Sam's reply was, "Boys, I get what I can. If I have won confidence, I try to deserve it. I am grateful for the friendship of my superiors in position, but after all this is not all. This is a good road. There is not an improvement which we do not have, and not one of you makes any special time but it is noticed.

"Do you remember how, when the yard was full of trains during the last snow blockade, the call came for men to work extra time? You know who found excuses for not going. Those of us who went and who worked all night and helped to clear the yards, and took the kink out of the tangle of tied-up trains, were thanked by the superintendent, who was out all night and worked with us as if he were one of us. For one, I like such employers, and am going to stand by them."

As when Jesse sent David to find out how his soldier brothers were getting on, green-eyed jealousy was suspicious, insinuating, and mean, so then and there men were found who saw in Sam's willingness to help, only a spirit that sought promotion. Nothing was further from the truth. *The spirit of help was in the man.* He enjoyed the excitement of desperate and difficult work. He went at it with a will, and kept at it until victory was achieved. "Napoleon," it is said, "on the battle-field was equal to thirty thousand men." Sam, on an engine in a snow blockade, was an inspiration to all called to work. He was master of the situation, and superintendent and directors knew that everything possible would be done. Let one man or a half dozen men arise, who believe that the world is not the devil's world at all, but God's; that the multitude of the people is not the ruin, but, as Solomon avers, the strength of the rulers; that men are not meant to be beasts of prey, eating one another up by competition, as in some confined pike pond where the great pike, having despatched the little ones, begin to devour each other, till one overgrown monster is left alone to die of starvation; but rather, that every man has his place, and a right to fill it. Let a few men who have brains and believe that, arise to play the men, and there is a place for them in this great, free-hearted world. Sam believed it, and in the heartiest way gave assistance to all in his power. Prompt to the moment, quick to discern a difficulty and find out a remedy, brave in the midst of peril, and always pushing for the main chance, he came to be recognized as one on whom, in an emergency, men might lean. Having achieved this, he was

satisfied. He dare be true to his own class and seek such improvement as came within his reach. He sought to befriend the helpless and improve the condition of those about him. This made him friends in his own circle, and gave him introductions to society about him. It is not who a man is thought to be, but what he is within, that determines his position in society. The world knows us better than we think, and weighs us with wonderful precision.

CHAPTER V.

THE RAILROAD ENGINEER TAKES A WIFE.

If this were a romance instead of a biography, I would describe Sam at this period of his life in the railroad world as being what Stephenson had been in England, or what Elihu Burritt, in another sphere, became in America. I would picture him mastering arithmetic, algebra, philosophy, and the higher mathematics, until he attained the power of weighing a star, calculating an eclipse, or telling how many cubic feet of earth there was in an embankment, or what proportions were essential to the solidity of a bridge. But this cannot be done, because it was not true.

The time for free libraries and free reading-rooms had not come. Railroading was not then what it is now. There was then no room for the engineer where, apart from wicked companions, he might culture his brain and find that for which his heart yearned. Sam was an engineer. At the outset rough, profane, faithful to the road, and kind to his companions, but not a genius, not a model. Afterward, how he regretted wasted opportunities all know who heard him speak.

"Young men," he would say, "what are you doing? Books are within your reach. Are you not living without them and growing up in ignorance as if they were not? If so, you will regret it. What you neglect now can never be made up to you. What you obtain now of knowledge, of science, and of the wisdom which is from on high, will always enrich you." Later on he went in for improvements. It is not necessary that we enter into the particulars of his private life. His mother is still living, though in enfeebled health, and he has several brothers and a sister. His wife writes:

"A *kinder, truer, more loving husband* than *Samuel Brooks Hobart ever* and *always* was, would be difficult to find; and better companions to a man's earthly lot, than Sarah Jane Marston, of Newton, Mass., and Annette Snow, of Lunenburg, Vt., the world does not furnish. They lie side by side with him at Mt. Auburn, and share with him, I trust, the blessedness of the heavenly home; and what does it matter to the world that I unceasingly mourn his loss?

"Yours in sorrow deep,

"MARY J. HOBART."

From the first his home was to him a delight. He lived for it and lived in it. He was glad, when the day's work was done, to give his arm to his wife and walk out to gaze upon the beauties of sea and land, of garden and field.

Boston, then as now, was beautiful. Nature had blessed it, and art came to adorn it as best it could. He delighted to visit the hill in South Boston which overlooks the harbor, and describe the scenes of the Revolution, where Putnam was in Cambridge, Warren at Bunker Hill, and where a camp of our revolutionary sires saw from the Heights the British furl their flags and steal away, because of the tactics of Washington and the bravery of those that stood about him. The monument at Bunker Hill thrilled him with patriotic emotions. Boston is the workingman's paradise. There a man is a man. Faneuil Hall, consecrated to free speech; the Capitol, in which the noblest orators living or dead have spoken; Tremont Temple, where Nathaniel Culver preached, and Music Hall in which Theodore Parker stood forth as the prophet of liberty; churches in which Sharp and Neal and Stone and Pierpoint and Channing made the welkin ring with words that leaped in echoes round the world—these were his delight.

Mt. Auburn, too, he loved. The chapel in which the statues of Otis and John Adams will ever instruct and inspire, Harvard College and the gallery of portraits in which are pictures of Bowdoin, Franklin, Whitefield and others, these places were known to him and were loved by him.

Fifteen months of wedded bliss came and went, bearing with them wife and child, and he was a widower and alone. It was to him a sad and empty world. He needed Christ. He was like parts of a machine not joined, and so not at work. Fortunately, God gave him in Miss Snow, of Lunenburg, Vt., a second wife who proved to be a great blessing. The woman's life introduced him to the Green Mountain State, and its wonderful scenery, enlarged the range of his vision, and gave him an acquaintance with improving friends. He loved her and all that belonged to her. He delighted to take his vacations by going with her to the old home. At last she sickened. Through her I came to know her husband. Dr. O. S. Saunders said one day, "You have a great friend in Sam Hobart, an engineer of the Boston and Albany Road, and his wife is very sick. I wish you would go and see her." I went. I found her sitting in her large rocking-chair beside the window that overlooked the railroad, waiting for Sam's return. Soon the whistle sounded. Her eye brightened. She looked out of the window, kissed her hand to the red-haired engineer who, with his cap and overalls on, looked the workingman. Quick as a flash he went past. She turned with a pleasant, proud smile saying, "He always looks for me, poor fellow. I can't wait here much longer for him." The scene reminds us of William Guild, who was engineer of the train which plunged into Meadow Brook, on the line of the Stonington and Providence Railroad. It was his custom, as often as he passed his home, to whistle an "All is well" to his wife. He was found, after the disaster, dead, with his hand on the throttle-valve of the engine. Bret Harte thus describes the scene:

"Two low whistles, quaint and clear,
That was the signal the engineer—
That was the signal that Guild, 'tis said—
Gave to his wife at Providence,
As through the sleeping town and thence
Out in the night,
On to the light,
Down past the farms lying while he sped!

"As a husband's greeting, secret, no doubt,
Yet to the woman looking out,
Watching and waiting, no serenade,
Love song, or midnight roundelay
Said what that whistle seemed to say,
To my trust true,
So love to you,
Working or waiting, good-night it said."

So was Sam Hobart's greeting to her. How sad she was when she said, "By and by there will be no one at the window here waiting for him." Then turning to me, I said, "Are you ready to go?"

"Would be, if he were ready to follow on."

"Is he not a Christian?"

"No, far from it; but as good a man as ever breathed to me and mine." After prayer I went forth to other duties, and forgot the incident. In a day or two I received a message from the engineer, asking me to take a seat on his locomotive the next time I went to Worcester, as a recognition of my kindness to her he loved.

His home life was the theme of remark, not only among his comrades and friends, but among men of wealth and position. His widow delights to think of his goodness, and to describe him as being the most tender and devoted of husbands. She writes:

"His second wife was an invalid for years. Consumption was her disease. Nothing could exceed the kindness with which he ministered unto her every want. Nothing that her palate craved or her necessities required was ever denied her. A mother could not have watched over an infant with greater solicitude. Attentions paid to her were never forgotten.

"This devotion so impressed his friends that one of them wrote him the following letter, inclosing one hundred dollars, which he well knew Sam could find abundant use for:

"'My dear Sir and Brother: Inclosed please find my check for $100, which you will please accept as a slight token of sympathy and regard. The fidelity you have shown to your

wife during her seven long years of suffering is truly commendable, and excites the warmest admiration of your friends. That you will get your reward both here and hereafter, there cannot be the slightest doubt. I can but refer, my dear sir, to your kind attentions to *me* in *my* last sickness with feelings of unmixed gratitude; for these, and for your unvarying friendship during the whole of our acquaintance, I feel I owe you a debt that money does not pay. With these greetings I can but express my hearty sympathy with you and your beloved wife, and with an earnest prayer that she may be yet spared to you many years, I remain

"'Yours fraternally.

"'WORCESTER, April 21, 1868.'

"The same friend presented him in 1860, just as he was about uniting with the Church, with a copy of the New Testament, beautifully printed in large clear type, and bound in four volumes. These books were a great comfort to him, as he ever after in his daily home readings read from them. They must have been read through many times."

At home Sam wore a troubled look. His wife was full of anxiety about him. Though at times he was desperate and gave loose rein to passion and profaned God's name in the most terrible way, so that those next him turned from him and left him to *blow out* (as they say of a locomotive), he felt humiliated by his conduct, and saw that he had disgraced himself and offended God. His wife's sweet ways and fervent prayers were telling on him. Months before I spoke to the engineers, the impression came upon him that he must go to church. He dressed in his best and started, not vouchsafing to tell whither he was going. Passing down Harrison Avenue he came first to Harvard Street Church. This was closed for repairs. Now, thought he, I have one more Sabbath. I will go home, and turned to do so. Instantly a voice seemed to say to him, "*Go on.*" He dared not resist. He continued down the avenue until he came to Rowe Street Church, into which he walked, was shown to a seat, and listened attentively to a sermon delivered by Baron Stone, D.D. The next Sabbath, Harvard Street

was opened, and it being the chosen place of worship of his wife, he took a seat and made that his Sabbath home.

In the *Christian Union* of November 19th, 1870, among the Lecture Room Talks, by H. W. Beecher, is this reference to Sam Hobart.

"I think some of my pleasantest experiences in life, in a common way, are likely to be on locomotives. I had the pleasure, yesterday morning, of riding out of Boston as far as Worcester on one of the locomotives; and on going up to South Framingham I was reminded of a conversation I once had there. I was reminded of it, indeed, before I left Boston, because I met in the Boston depot the man with whom I had it. Several years ago, I was waiting to go over to Marlboro. A young man asked me if my name was not Henry Ward Beecher. I said it was. He asked me if I had any objections to riding with him on the machine. I said, 'None at all.' I accordingly went forward with him, and before the train started he broke the matter which he had on his mind. He said he had a great deal of trouble in regard to his soul's salvation, that he did not seem to get much rest, and wanted some instruction. And so, having such a ride as Philip never had with the eunuch in the chariot, I rode over the hills and along the vales with him, preaching Christ. After coming home I sent him a number of religious books. When he came to me yesterday, in the station house in Boston, I remembered him, though he commenced to explain who he was, and that we had once had some conversation. He was my blood-brother, and I felt the kinship. I went forward to see his engine, for I take more pleasure in riding if I see the machine that is going to draw me. I wanted to see what its name was, where it was built, what its peculiarities were, and so on, and then, too, who was its engineer. I knew him of old. He is a large, florid-faced, frank, but firm man. You would not like to run against him, but you would like to lean against him. The moment he saw me, he called to me and said, 'Come, get up and ride with me.' 'Certainly I will,' I said, and I had hardly sat down

before he broke out to tell me what the Lord had done for his soul. He gave me a very interesting history of his experience. He told me how he had been for some years secretly believing that he was a disciple of Christ, and doing many things which he recognized as belonging to a Christian's life, though he was not willing to come out and make a profession of Christ before men. How at last his heart became so full that he could not conceal his faith any longer, and he went and joined a Baptist Church. He said he had 'gone down into the water (I knew what he meant), 'and that now he was a joyful and earnest Christian.' He told me in the course of our conversation a very interesting fact, which I will repeat.

"'There was a time,' he said, 'when there was not a man on that road that he knew of who professed Christ; but now,' he said, 'we have fifty men on this road who are professing Christians; men that do not drink, that do love God, and profess his Son, Jesus Christ. And more are coming.' And then he told me how he worked with them. Said he, 'It does not seem as if it was right to try and give a man the whole of religion at once, all in a heap. He will not read a full chapter, but if you take him right he will read one verse, and after a while he will read two verses on his own account, and then he will read on a little more. And so he will go along step by step. Get him to leave off tobacco, and then he will leave off something else. And when he gets agoing, shove him along, and keep him a-moving.'

"He showed good mother-wit in the methods he pursued in working for men. He took men on the subject of religion as merchants and others take men in business. They do not come up to a man at any time and disclose their whole plans at once. They study their times and plans. They frequently confer together as to the best way to approach a man, and gradually win him over and carry him along with them. He said he had studied men to get at the best mode of dealing with them, and had exercised his skill and judgment in reaching their convictions, and then when he had got them started on the right

path, had kept them moving along, and finally brought them to Christ. So we went to Worcester, talking all the way ; and it was a good meeting to my soul."

It was during the time intervening between Mr. Beecher's sending him the books and when he last saw him, that I met him, and saw him surrender his soul unconditionally to Christ. One night I remember to have seen him in the Temple prayer-meeting. Great numbers of workingmen came, and he came with them occasionally. There was a good deal of feeling in the congregation. Sinners were coming to Christ.

Seeing him while a hymn was being sung, I went to him and spoke to him about his soul. My rebuff I will never forget. The sequel makes it bearable, and may help some who are discouraged by the reception given to their earnest pleadings to go on.

"Have you made a profession of religion?" I asked him. He said with some emphasis, "*I have not.*"

"Have you given your heart to God?"

"No, sir, and don't want to do so at present."

I could say no more, and went on with a great sorrow in my heart. It did not drive him away. He always seemed to feel that I was his friend, and afterward he thanked me for coming, saying, "When you spoke to me, I did not want to be made an example of, but when going home I blamed myself for my rudeness ; I could see by your looks that it cost you a great deal of love for your Master and for souls to come to me, and that you deserved something better than a repulse, and in my heart I thanked you, and rejoiced that some one had taken an interest in me.

"I was then under conviction. My wife was dying. My heart was breaking. When she told me of your prayer in my behalf I determined to see you. The result was I was ready for you when you came. I had spoken of you to my wife, told her how your appeals to sinners affected me, and yet how blind I was. My heart revolted. I did not want to be converted in God's way, but in my own."

It was in the fall of 1867 that I accepted his invitation to take a ride on his locomotive. I knew that Mr. Beecher was interested in him, that he had sent him books and had given him money to aid poor families in distress, whose husbands he was helping on to their feet.

All this struggling for a higher and better life told on his looks. It softened him. He spoke in a lower tone and with more gentleness. He was master on the locomotive, whatever he might be elsewhere. You saw it in his stride and heard it in his voice. Never can I forget his bearing on that crisp and cold November morning when I entered the depot, thinking if all was well I would ride to Worcester on his locomotive.

On inquiring, I found that it was his train, and went up and spoke to him as he stood in the door of the depot waiting for the fireman to bring up the engine. He was well dressed, and looked as if he might be going to take a seat in a palace car. "Good-morning, Mr. Hobart," I said. He looked round, recognized me, and said, "*Good-morning*," with a great heart in his salutation. "Going to Worcester?" "Yes." "Take a ride with me?" "If agreeable." "Perfectly." The engine was coming up. Taking my satchel he introduced me to his assistant. The boy bowed without noticing the newcomer. Sam saw it, and said:

"Take off your hat." He took it off. "Take off your glove." He did so. "Shake hands with the gentleman. This is the minister that visited my wife."

At once the fireman put his heart into look and hand-shake as he said, "I am glad to see Mr. Hobart's friend."

My satchel and umbrella were placed in the chest or box where the engineer carried his clothes and dinner. Then the fireman took a piece of cloth and spread it on the seat at the right of the locomotive—and asked me to be seated, to put my feet up so. I put my feet up so—to hold my hands in such a position. I held them as directed and waited, not knowing more than Paul what was to befall me. Sam then put on his overalls, cap and gloves, and was ready for business.

The half-past eight bell struck. The whistle sounded, the train started. Coming by the house near the track on the right, I remembered the window, as I saw the engineer looking for a farewell from his wife. His face was out at the door, hers was at the window. He bowed, she kissed her pale hand, and he went to his work. At the Providence crossing all came to a stand-still. Flagmen, trackmen, and others saluted him, and he bowed or spoke to men, never as a sycophant, but always as a friend. Across the Providence track we went at regulation pace, then we started to make time. How we flew! Towns were like beads strung upon the thread of this railroad track. The foliage of the trees was in variegated colors. Everything was robed in beauty; distant mountains, "blue hills," quiet lakes, all attracted notice as we dashed on. I have said he was proud of his locomotive. I think he loved it as a friend. He handled the machine with great strength. The sensation produced was delightful and soul-inspiring. We passed Brighton and the Newtons, and were just making for the open country, when I saw him spring. He whistled up the brakes. He had no air brake then. There was commotion everywhere. The fireman grew white. As soon as I could speak I inquired the cause, and he replied in his quick way, "See the flag!" I had not seen it. It was too far away for my unpractised eye. But the engineer saw it, and stopped in a brief time. Soon a man came, saying, "A train is on this track, and is trying to get back." Sam at once replied, "All right!" and, turning to me, said, "No danger. That train cannot stay on this track. There is some trouble. I will go and help them;" and, whistling up the brakes, he took the flagman on, asked him about matters, and crept on at a slow pace. In a few moments we reached the curve. He sent the man on, and, almost before we had turned the curve, he whistled up the brakes, and we swept on. Turning to me, he said, "This comes from having a clear brain. A man muddled with beer or whiskey is not safe in such a place." My admiration for the man kindled into a glow, and I said to him,

as soon as we got straightened out, and were flying on again: "Sam, why don't you let the Lord Jesus run you as you run this locomotive?" "Can't do it, can He?" "That is what He is for." "You don't know me. I am a very profane and wicked man." "Yes; but He wants you, and died for you, and God says, 'He came unto His own, and His own received Him not. But as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name; which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God.'" "Where is that promise?" "In John's gospel, first chapter, eleventh to the thirteenth verse, inclusive." "Can I pray?" "Jesus commands you to try, saying, 'Ask, and ye shall receive, seek, and ye shall find.'" "But I am terribly profane." "Yes; but if you will give Christ welcome to your heart, He will take that all out of you. Try it."

In due time we reached Worcester, and we parted, with the assurance from him that he would bend his knees in prayer before God that day in his room at twelve o'clock M., and I was to meet him at the throne of grace. That day Jesus came to his help, and he never uttered another profane expression.

The next night, on his return from Worcester, he came to my house. He wore a changed look. We went direct to the parlor, when I inquired as to how he had got on. His reply I can never forget. "The profanity is gone, but I am in hell." "Not if you will confess Christ with your lips, and believe on Him in your heart, for with the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." His reply was, "I am ready for this." "Then let us pray." Down he dropped upon his knees, confessed Christ as a Saviour, and gave himself to Christ.

He did not at once make a profession. He did not attend the Temple. The wife he loved was a member of Harvard Street, and out of respect to her, and because of his sincere love for her pastor, he continued to worship there. His wife died October 5th, 1868. After this he was much with us. He

often spoke. But he did not join our Church. He presented himself for membership, and was baptized by Rev. S. W. Foljambe, on the first Sabbath of 1869. It was to him a wonderful day. Then he was buried to the world and rose to a newness of life. He had been a lion for Satan. He was henceforth to be a lion for *Christ*. He was, said a judge of human nature, "A man you would not like to run against, but one you would like to lean upon."

In due time he married again. This third wife is now his widow. She had been a school-teacher, and was blessed with advantages which were of incalculable benefit to her husband. He was proud of her gifts, and gloried in her graces. To her pen we are indebted for this sketch. She said:

"He found his work all around him, his meat and drink it was to do the Master's will. Stronger than any earthly love was his love for Christ. Sweeter than food or rest or any earthly enoyment was labor in his Saviour's cause.

"He was ever obliging and willing to do any favor for any one needing it. I never knew him to give reluctant consent or to deny his efforts, if it were possible for him to give them, even though at sacrifice on his part. Only the last Thanksgiving Day, he declined taking from home his usual dinner, because a friend in Worcester had engaged him to dine with him. Hearing of a family in distressed circumstances—the husband and father sick with rheumatism for six years—he gave up his Thanksgiving invitation, and spent all his leisure time in visiting this family and talking with them of Jesus, returning home wonderfully blessed in spirit though, after his two long rides and his all day fasting, physically weary and hungry.

"He would often, after his day's labor was ended, walk a mile or two to see people in whose case he had become interested, or to help in the conduct of a meeting of any evangelical denomination. Baptists, Methodists, Congregationalists, Adventists, all were glad of his cheerful help, and all loved him as a dear brother in Christ. His labors in the temperance cause were unwearied. He always felt that he did not know how to

address a temperance meeting, from the want of personal knowledge, having never been a drinking man; but he could see the effects upon others, and he felt the deepest sympathy for those whose appetite was becoming their ruin, and he labored for them individually with the greatest patience.

"He grew in grace daily, his progress was wonderful. He lived very near to Christ. By prayer, by reading the Bible, and comparing passage with passage, he became acquainted with what God requires of His children.

"He had a little room in his home which he made a very Bethel of. Every morning he retired to it, and the tones of his voice could be heard in earnest pleadings with his God, as a man talketh face to face with his friend; and from this room he would come forth with eyes suffused with tears, while his countenance glowed with joy, and the tenderness of his manner would tell of the sweetness of his communion with his heavenly Father. Thus fortified and prepared, he would go forth to his daily labor.

"He carried all things to God in prayer, and acknowledged God's interest even in the most trivial affairs of life. It was his custom to kindle the kitchen fire every morning, and for this purpose he would always collect together his shavings, wood and coal the night previous. One morning being in unusual haste, things, as we say, wouldn't work: the wood was green, and the fire refused to start. Immediately his thought went forth to God, and he prayed, 'O Lord, Thou knowest I am in haste; Thou canst make even green wood to burn as well as dry; if it be Thy will, aid me now.' Need we say the simple, child-like prayer was accepted of the loving Father, and the fire immediately kindled? It was even so.

"And this was only one of many, many instances of direct answers to his prayers.

"When the Westinghaus brake was first applied to his engine, he felt some fear of trusting it, especially at one place —the Providence crossing, I think, where it had never been tried, and where much depended on the perfection with which

the train was brought to a stand-still. He asked for permission to use the brake at this place, and it being granted, he made this a subject of earnest prayer, well knowing that things which to man were new and strange, to God were all open as day. He then made the attempt, with his reliance on God, and was successful; and to God he gave all the praise. 'He left his dying testimony that his Bible had enabled him to run his train in the name and fear of God, and that he never went around a curve in the road without asking for the guidance and sight of that eye which goes in advance of all earthly vision, and had never pulled the throttle of his engine without feeling a responsibility to God for the long train of immortal souls under his care and guidance.'

"It was not enough for him to read his Bible at home, but he requested one to be purchased to carry on his engine. This was done about five years ago, and ever since it has been his daily companion; several times read through, as pencil marks indicate, and the sweetest passages appropriated, as other pencil marks show—now blackened by smoke, and worn with use, it is cherished as a sacred treasure by one who, in Worcester, was associated with him in Christian work.

"When he reached Worcester, it was his custom to repair to the bath-room where, after removing the smoke and dust gathered in his ride, he would have another season of prayer and reading 'God's Word;' and then to the room where the 'Young Men's Christian Association' held a noon prayer-meeting, conversing on the way with any whom he met. His power of illustration was very great, and he was never at a loss for a simile to point his argument, nor for words to clothe his thoughts; and so, his 'glowing utterances thrilled all hearts,' and helped to give life and interest to the meetings.

"Often after the meeting closed, he would talk with one and another till three o'clock, before he would get the opportunity to eat the little cold dinner which it was his custom to carry daily. Then taking charge of his engine at half-past three, he was due in Boston shortly before five, and he reached his home

usually by half-past five; then supper and a little rest, and he was again off to attend some religious meeting, or to visit some family in sickness or poverty.

"Thus he spent his days, rising early, that he 'might have more time to pray,' as he often said, and retiring late after a day filled with good works. As one recently said of him, 'He has done the work of two men for more than a year past.' And this very extra labor, coupled with disease, made him an easy prey, and ere we thought of it the Lord pronounced his work done, and called him home.

"His general intelligence was remarkable, his eyes and ears were ever open, and he managed to acquaint himself with almost everything that was going on. His argumentative power was so great that we often thought what a capital lawyer he would have made; or, better still, as we saw love to Jesus so shine out in his character, what a preacher might he have become! Indeed, one of his dreams was of some day retiring from the road, and securing a little place in the country, with a small patch of ground to cultivate for support, and to go around in the towns and villages, as layman, seeking to lead souls to Christ. But the dream is past—the Lord has done better for him and taken him to the mansion of which he so often and so confidently spoke. A few months ago, he removed from one residence to another, which was, in some respects, more eligible. After he had got things settled to his mind, he met a friend one day to whom he told how pleasantly he was situated, and what a nice home it seemed; but then, said he, what is that to my heavenly home—the mansion my Saviour is preparing for me! So heavenly-minded was he, that almost his entire conversation was of divine things.

"He lived religion in his home. He never went into the presence of his wife in dirty garments or with soiled hands. His home was his castle. His wife was the pride of his life. As he arrayed himself in his best garments to win her love when he wooed her, he entered his home, and walked the streets as a well-dressed gentleman. As a result his wife was proud of his

attentions. Flowers he loved, the fruits of earth told him of God.

"One friend who met him but once, and then only for a short time, writes: 'How often I have thought of what Mr. Hobart said about the tomato. That if we got a plant and set it out, we should not go in the morning to look for a tomato, but that first we should look for the blossom, then the bud, and then for the tomato; he said it was just so in coming to Christ, do not at first try to do some great thing, but first *believe*, and then, before you know it, you will be working for Him, and bringing forth fruit to His glory.'

"Also, in speaking of using the light you have at first in divine things, without waiting for an increase, he said: 'When I first began to run upon the railroad we had a very little light, a mere lantern, to see by, and we did the best we could to run by its light; now we have those large head-lights, which all have seen, and which throw their rays for a long distance upon the track.'

"Since his death we have heard of one friend who in presenting himself for church-membership said that a few words which Mr. Hobart said to a company of inquirers, gathered together in a little room in Tremont Temple, were the means, by God's blessing, of letting light into his mind. Mr. Hobart said: 'All you have to do is to *believe* and *receive*; the friend did this, and immediately rejoiced in salvation.'

"Once, visiting in Vermont a Christian woman, he found her mind beclouded, worrying because heaven was not open to her view. He said: 'When wife and I started for this mountainous region we journeyed along for some time through a very flat country, talking pleasantly of the things that presented themselves. We knew where we were coming to, and that by and by the mountains would rise before us, but we did not try to see them till we came to them, and then in all their grandeur they stood on every side, and we could not help seeing them if we would. So now in our Christian life let us take and enjoy the comforts God gives us day by day, and live upon Him

wholly, trusting that by and by, when in our life's journey we reach the borders of that heavenly country, the eye of faith, trained to spiritual vision, will clearly distinguish and accept the home prepared for us by Him who loved us and gave Himself for us.'

"His humility was very marked. 'He sought not for great opportunities of usefulness, but was willing to do the little things.' It had been his custom for years past to take a fortnight's vacation at the end of summer, and among the green hills of Vermont to seek renewed strength. But his zeal in the Master's cause allowed him but little rest. He would hear of one and another whom sickness had laid aside, or whose heart had grown cold in the service of Christ, and he must be off to see such, and conversing with them try to lift their hearts above their sufferings in the first instance, and to stimulate to renewed consecration in the second. And then he would use his influence for an increase of meetings for conference and prayer, and these would be held and well attended, and much interest would prevail. The last season he was absent from Boston fourteen days, including the two days spent in journeying to and from his destination, and in that time he attended fifteen different meetings, besides visiting and holding direct personal religious conversation with a large number of individuals, both those professing Christianity and those who made no profession. He felt that he had done the Lord's service, but he failed to secure that rest which his physical nature required. And so he lived. He daily prayed that he might 'put his hand in the Saviour's hand, and be led by Him,' and the prayer was truly answered, for no one could live nearer to the heart of Jesus than he manifestly did.

"He was benevolent so far as his means allowed him to be. Never allowed the contribution box to pass him unheeded, and never turned away from the plea of poverty and distress, if he could conscientiously relieve it. On one occasion Rev. H. W. Beecher in riding with him became so interested in his account of drunkards trying to reform, and others in distress,

that, on leaving him, he handed him twenty dollars to be expended, as he thought best, for the relief of such distressed persons. This money, with five dollars given some time after by another minister, was most sacredly devoted to the use designed. He kept a record of every dollar's outlay. Whenever he gave any of it away, he would say, 'That is the Lord's money. I have prayed over that, be careful how you use it'; the last dollar of this money was given away about two months and a half before he was taken ill."

Sam having become a Christian led a Christian life. He carried the golden thread of Christian love through all the web and woof of his existence. We have seen him as he appeared to Mr. Beecher, to his wife and friends. He appeared a Christian because he was one. His Christian power was a growth. He became a potential force among railroad men, and was known far and near as the Christian engineer.

CHAPTER VI.

SAM'S TACT IN PREACHING TEMPERANCE.

Sam had tact as well as talent. This was shown quite as much in his enthusiastic admiration of other people as in his influence over those who needed help to get out of the mire and get upon the rock. There are men who desire to appear as bottom, sides, and top to every enterprise with which they are identified. It was never so with Sam. He was as good a listener as he was a talker. Nothing pleased him more than to hear railroad men praised for being valiant for the truth. The Christian engineers on the different roads were brothers indeed. On my return from England I told him of an experience I had coming one night from London to Liverpool, which pleased and encouraged him. It was on the evening of September 1st, 1868, after having met in the great temperance fête at the Crystal Palace some 35,000 temperance people, who had come from all parts of Great Britain, to plan for further work and to report on what had been achieved. It had been a wonderful day. I had attempted to speak to the great crowd and, wearied with toil, had sunk back in the corner of the car to sleep. After a time I was disturbed by a man saying:

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, sir. Nobody wants to ride in a car scented up with the smell of whiskey. It is a disgrace and a shame to see a man pull a bottle and drink in an open car like this."

I opened my eyes and saw that a finely-dressed man had uncorked a bottle of whiskey, and was handing it to gentlemen in the car prior to helping himself.

The man replied, "What business is it to you?"

"Business to me! I will tell you what business it is to me. I am a passenger on this car and have a right to ride in safety. Who knows what peril may sleep in that bottle! It may make you a demon. It may make your neighbor a conspirator. There is enough of devil in that bottle to convert this place in an hour into a hell. Business, sir! I would have a right to fight a rattlesnake let loose, or hinder you from letting one loose. I tell you there is a venom in strong drink as perilous as there is in a rattlesnake."

The man protested against such treatment, but his antagonist appealed to us if he was not in the right.

One man replied, "I think whiskey may be good as a medicine."

"Yes," said the first man, "my physician orders me to drink."

"Nonsense," said the champion of temperance. "A plenty of men have followed such prescriptions and are in a drunkards' hell to-night. They *are wailing in a drunkards' hell, sir*," said the man, slapping his knee.

Things looked desperate. Then I was appealed to. I stood by the advocate of temperance, and in speaking had to strain my voice as hard as when I spoke in the Crystal Palace.

"Give me your hand, stranger. I heard you to-day. Now help, sir. Let us persuade these young men to toss the bottle out of the window."

He then told them his experience. It was a familiar one. He thought liquor would do him good, would steady his nerves, would help him to hold a place; "but," said he, "gentlemen, it lost me everything and it nearly cost me my life. Then a man came to me in the shape of a minister of Christ, though he wore a smock frock and was a working-man as I am, but he came fearlessly and determinedly, and he said, 'Joe, stop!' I said, 'I can't.' 'With God's help you can.' 'How will I get that help?' 'By prayer.' 'When will I pray?' 'Now.' I tried it and got over it, and have kept on by the help of God fifteen years."

"Who are you?"

"I am the engineer that runs the officers' train. When they want to make great time I make it, and they keep me for their train."

Before he had completed the story the bottle had dropped out of the window.

"It was a great victory," said Sam, "and it came because the man was utterly fearless in standing by what he believed. He told the truth in regard to what was in that bottle. There was not only misery and poverty in it, but he was right when he said there might be murder in it."

"Then he described a man whom he knew well and had just come from helping. He came home, sober and in his right mind. A neighbor came and invited him to take a walk. He had formerly drank, but for some time had been an abstainer. His neighbor insisted that he should take a single glass of ale. He did so. The appetite was roused within him. In a moment it flamed up and swept him away from his moorings. He suddenly asked for whiskey. His friend remonstrated. It was too late. He claimed that he was his own master. He drank it. He called for more. His friend saw that he had cut loose, and naturally became alarmed. He tried to get him home. He might as well have tried his hand on an infuriated tiger as upon this madman. He grew more and more furious. At last his friend became his enemy, and he tried to kill him. He was arrested, thrown into prison, and the next morning the friend took the blame upon himself, and asked that his friend be discharged. It was done. But the injury went on. The appetite demanded more, and I have just come from his house, where he is raving with delirium tremens; and it all finds its origin in that glass of ale."

Then he expressed his mind very freely in regard to those temperance lecturers who are ever seeking to make a plaything of drunkenness and a sport of the drunkard. He could not bear it. He believed that drinking was a crime as well as a disease. Men knew that when they tampered with strong drink

they surrendered to something stronger than themselves, and which was only bent upon their destruction. The engineer was very radical in his views on this subject.

He opposed the use of tobacco because it leads to temptation. It was amusing to see him call up a fireman or brakeman and argue against the habit. They would claim it kept them from strong drink because when asked to indulge they could take a cigar instead of beer or whiskey. "Yes," he would say, "but why tamper with appetite? To acquire the habit a deathly nausea must be overcome, and when the victory is won it reduces the strength, beclouds the intellect, stunts the growth, and renders men brutal in their habits. No one can enter a smoking-car without feeling that men degrade themselves by the use of tobacco almost as much as by the use of strong drink. They purchase cigars in saloons where liquors are sold, and very often a man who goes in to purchase a cigar is induced to drink before he comes out. The fact that a man enters such a place is damaging to him.

"Besides, a man cannot ask God's blessing upon this self-inflicted curse. If he has ever used intoxicating *beverages* the very sight of the decanters, the smell of the liquors, become an overmastering tempation, and he falls, perhaps not to rise again."

Sam knew that when, in Tremont Temple, a plea was made against liquor and tobacco, men have come forward and given up tobacco which would fill a peck measure. They would sign the pledge and agree to abstain from the use of *all* intoxicants, opium, and tobacco. As a rule the men who went back to tobacco went back to rum. They who kept the appetite for tobacco under were masters of the situation.

Tobacco, previous to his conversion, was his solace, and the pipe his companion. To the use of tobacco he charged the violation of the command which reads, "*Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His name in vain.*" He believed that if railroad men would give up tobacco they would, as a rule, abandon profanity. They congregate together,

smoke, tell stories, and indulge in the use of language which destroys their influence and dwarfs their powers. He joined the Temperance Society of Tremont Temple, whose pledge was:

"For the sake of God and humanity we promise to abstain from the use of intoxicating liquors, opium, and tobacco."

Hundreds took this pledgeat various times and broke it, but Sam kept it. When he gave up tobacco, *he gave it up*. No one ever saw him petting his sin or tampering with it afterward. He broke off all connection with it and fought it as an enemy. It was his theory that the use of tobacco is the first step in the ruin of uncounted numbers of the youth of the land. Tobacco he regarded as an abomination and next to rum. He delighted to relate how his pastor gave it up because of his influence, so that he could say with Paul, "Be ye followers of me, even as I am of Christ." He traced the downfall of many a minister to the inordinate love of tobacco, which awakened an appetite that made a demand for beer or wine for the clergy, and beer and whiskey for the working-man. It was a source of gladness that in Tremont Temple, when the floor under the *régime* of a minister who used tobacco was a disgrace, because of the influence of his pastor, became clean, and the church in which were members whose example favored the use of the stimulant, as a rule became abstainers and put their shoulders to the wheel of the car of prohibition and became a power in the cause of temperance. The popular pastor of a neighboring church used the weed. Sam loved the man. He often had him ride with him on his locomotive that he might talk to the man who preached to an immense multitude on Sabbath and lectured to vast numbers in the cities and towns of New England during the week. The fact that he unblushingly entered the smoking car, lit a cigar; that he would sit around stables and talk and smoke with horsemen, hurt Sam. He told him so. He said, "I have no need for your preaching until you illustrate in your life the gospel of my Master."

"Plain talk, Sam."

"Ah, sir, if you knew the injury your example is doing, and that thousands are forgetting your words and are putting their feet in the tracks you make in the broad road to death, you would feel that what I have said is true. Men follow what you do, not what you say."

The warning was unheeded, but the subsequent history of the man shows how much it was needed. He lost his place in the church, went to a hall, drew a motley crowd of pleasure-seekers about him, held them for a time, and then broke away from all restraints of the Gospel and went into exile; where he remains, unhonored of men, and lost to usefulness.

Sam lived the Gospel of Christ. On one occasion, when in Vermont, he was welcomed by a minister whose mouth was full of tobacco.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Hobart. There is great need of a movement in favor of temperance up here."

Sam eyed him, saw him expectorating tobacco juice, and in a polite and quiet way walked on. At night he was to speak. The house was crowded. The minister presided. Sam told this story:

"My pastor was up in the northern part of New York to speak on temperance. A minister of great prominence welcomed him. The minister was an inveterate user of tobacco. My pastor gave up tobacco to save a son of a deacon from making him an excuse for intemperance. He has fought tobacco as relentlessly as he fights rum, because by striking tobacco he hits the idol of vast numbers in the church."

The minister who was by his side began to move uneasily. His mouth was full of tobacco and he could not expectorate without drawing attention to himself. Sam went on:

"My pastor told this story: A man given up to strong drink, who was bringing ruin upon his family, was remonstrated with by a man who used tobacco. He said:

"'Neighbor, I have come to see you. All the neighbors are worried about you.'

"'Why?'

"'Because you are drinking up health, property, and happiness.'

"'I am no worse than you.'

"'Than me; what do you mean?'

"'Simply this. You use tobacco and I use rum. Your wife knows that you dirty your house more than I do mine; and when they ask you to give up tobacco you say it is necessary to you. That is what I say about rum.'

"The man went home under conviction. He called to his wife and inquired:

"'Have you been telling of my filthy habit?'

"'Certainly; I was telling the wife of our neighbor who drinks not to think she had all the trials; that I had mine, and that I thought the use of tobacco was worse for the house than drinking, but not so bad for the man. Look at that spittoon. Think how our clothes are scented by the fumes of tobacco. You don't get crazy from the use of the weed, but go without it and you act like a fool or a madman, and it must be had.'

"'Wife, you are right. Bring my box and pipes.'

"She brought them. He worked at the fire diligently while she was away, and when she came he had got up a good blaze. Taking the box of tobacco and pipes he threw them on, and while his idols were burning he asked his wife's pardon for having been so oblivious to the comfort and neatness of his home. The next morning he called again upon his neighbor.

"'Good-morning, my friend.'

"'Good-morning.'

"'I have come to talk to you about your peril because of the use of strong drink. Its effects are telling on you.'

"'No worse than yours.'

"'Why?'

"'You use tobacco and I use rum. Yours is as much an appetite as mine, and I think quite as disgusting.'

"'You are mistaken, neighbor.'

"'In what?'

"'I don't use tobacco.'

"'Since when?'

"'Since yesterday. I gave up the practice that I might have power with you. Now, neighbor, let us both be clean.'

"'Agreed.'

"The men signed the pledge and kept it, and the minister who had greeted my pastor so warmly felt the rebuke and became a champion of cleanliness which is next to godliness."

"Hold up, Mr. Hobart. I am converted," said the minister in the desk with Sam. "Henceforth I will be free."

He gave up tobacco and his influence has been ever since of the most salutary character in Vermont. His signature was the beginning not only of a temperance revival which opened the eyes of many Christians to the evils of tobacco, but led great numbers to believe in a Christianity that demands a clean body as well as a soul washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb.

Neal Dow describes an interview with a tobacco-smoker, and he pictures this scene:

"Suppose that I begin the practice. My lips are livid, my face is pale, the anguish of a most painful death agony comes upon me. You are standing by and encouraging me, and doing your best to keep my courage up. You speak of the rewards sure to come. An appetite that is injurious, health-ruining, and beauty-blighting." The man laughed at the ridiculousness of the position, yet thousands by their example are leading millions astray. God purposes to bear us triumphantly over temptation and not sink down into it, and the slavery to tobacco with many is but a prelude to the rule of strong drink.

In speaking of this, Sam said: "Christ, who associates us with Himself in the words 'Lead us not into temptation,' understood the full force of its meaning. We do not; we cannot. With God's clear vision—which ranges through the infinitudes of measureless space, which looks down upon the heights of heavenly fruition and up through all grades and classifications of untold and hellish misery—Christ saw temptation in its fierceness, in its malignity, and in its ubiquity. He

believed that the prayer implied peril. He knew that perils existed for railroad men to an extent that few appreciate.

Temptations are within and without. They come from the lusts of the flesh and the lusts of the spirit. Every individual is exposed to peculiar temptations. The smoking-room is made foul in many ways. As a rule those who frequent it are impure. Their conversation reveals it. Hence Sam would advise the young men to rest with a book instead of with a pipe. Such a statement as this concerning a State Inebriate Asylum impressed him. Since its establishment 39 ministers, 8 judges, 40 merchants, 226 physicians, 240 gentlemen, and 1300 women have been ministered unto, and without exception all trace their fall to the yielding to temptation.

To Sam there was significance in the supposition that the word "lead" should be translated into "*leave.*" "Leave me not in temptation" is a prayer which many young men need to make. They are surrounded with the impure and unclean. Their language is profane and vile. As has been said, after his conversion he found his happiness and chief occupation, when away from his place of business, in seeking to comfort the afflicted and the distressed, and save the lost. He had for many years a passion for souls. He sought to save drunkards and sinners of every class through Christ. He believed in the blood that washes sins away. At the noontime hour, in the daily prayer-meeting at Worcester, at eventime when laborers were going home, he was ever on the alert for the lost and undone, and in the morning at the opening of the day he was known to go to men and give them a good start by a word of encouragement and an assurance that he should be around to see how they got on. He was instant, in season and out of season, striving to save men.

Though a locomotive engineer he was more than that in the estimation of every one. Christ was added to the man. The people saw it and were glad. The head of the freight department, the superintendent of the shipping department, the men of position and the men of toil alike, recognized his worth, and

paid him that respect which is born of merit and esteem. He was not a politician and cared nothing for ward caucuses.

He was a Mason. He attained distinction in the order, but after his conversion he gave his heart to other service, and without doing anything against the order which once claimed his affections, he told those who came to him that he found more complete satisfaction in Christ and in the church.

He was a reformer. He was a natural enthusiast in whatever he gave his heart to, and he gave his heart to advocating temperance. He had a fondness for personal visitation. Like Thomas Guthrie, D.D., he was fitted to get the best out of bad men. He knew that they had a good side, and how to reach it. One morning he met a man who had once been the owner of several carts and wagons, and who had hauled vast amounts of freight; but had lost nearly all through drink. Sam had been in his house, helped the family, and provoked by his kindness the wrath of the drayman. The threat had been made that if he met Sam Hobart he would "hammer" him. The engineer saw his man coming toward him in the early morn. The drayman was cross and nervous. The engineer was kind and calm.

"Good-morning," said Sam; and he stretched out his hand.

"You were in my house!" said the drayman.

"I was, and a sorry house I found it. Come, stop drink and build up. You have poured horses and carts enough down your throat; by sobriety and industry get them back and rebuild your home."

The words, so full of the inspirations of hope, touched the heart of the man. He asked him to forgive him for his rudeness; he told him his troubles and wet the sidewalk with his tears. Sam encouraged him, got him reinstated as a drayman, watched over him, and had the pleasure before he died of seeing him thrifty and prosperous once more. It was the most lovable feature in his character that he knew how to appreciate that which was praiseworthy in others, even if by praising the faulty he revealed his own lack. His exceeding gentleness, his patience, his consciousness of the difference between womanly weakness

and manly strength, must have made him a very lovable man, the memory of whose kind actions forms a legacy of priceless value. Once in our house, I remember that he called with his wife and found the house full of company. They were urged to lay aside their wraps. But the wife saw that they were not dressed as she felt they should be, so expressed a desire to go home. The objection was brushed away in his mind, but not in hers. Never will I forget how delicately he approached her and said, "I think you look very nicely; plenty well enough; but if you feel uncomfortable, we will go home." Her answering look of gratitude is in my mind's eye now, and soon she laid aside her objections and they both enjoyed the evening. There was a man, some might call a rough mechanic—one who could breast any storm or dare any danger or endure any hardness—as pliant, as thoughtful, and as yielding to this loving wife as it was possible for a young lover to be in the first flush of boyish excitement.

This was the man in action. It will repay us to go with him into the new life opening to him. Religion joined the different parts of this strong nature; the stone which he had rejected became the head of the corner, and made him a working force for God among men.

CHAPTER VII.

SAM AT WORK FOR GOD.

SAUL of Tarsus was a leader in the ranks of sin and Satan. Converted to Christ, Paul the apostle became a leader in the work of saving men. The lion in the ranks of the ungodly did not become a lamb. He remained *a lion, only he changed sides.* The power, the courage, the push he put into the service of Satan he gave to Christ. In Jerusalem, in Antioch, in Rome, in Athens—everywhere he was a stalwart for God.

Sam Hobart was like Saul of Tarsus in the world, and, when converted, Paul himself was not more resolute, more self-denying, more indomitable in purpose than was this railroad engineer. He began doing the work next to him. At that time it was not fashionable to profess Christ on railroads.

Sam was converted in 1867. He joined the church in 1869. He got to work as soon as he could. But his way was hedged up. Well do I remember his coming to me and saying, "I can't do anything with railroad men in the church. They are not wanted." I replied, "You are mistaken. We all want you. We know what you are worth—what religion will do for you and what you can do for religion." He smiled that incredulous smile and said, "The railroad men understand it." I said, "Bring them to the Temple, and we will welcome you with enthusiasm." Sam said, "I will try you." Soon he came. About sixty men followed him one night into the Meionian. I heard their soldier-like tramp as they came down the hall. Soon the face of Sam Hobart was seen in the door. The engineer with a door for the frame made a picture never to be forgotten. I was in the midst of the sermon. I stopped and

said: "Come on, Mr. Hobart." He gave the invitation, "Come on." I asked that the front seats be cleared of people and given up to the railroad men. In they came. Some with their hats on, some with them off. They filled up the seats. I said:

"Well, Mr. Hobart, what is your desire?"

"That you should pray with these men."

"Kneel down then," was my request.

"Kneel," said Sam.

Down they went like soldiers. Some of them had still their hats on. Sam shouted:

"Take off your hats. Don't you know enough to take your hats off before God?"

Off came their hats. All bent their heads in prayer.

"Pray, Brother Hobart," was my request. He prayed. And what a prayer! He was at home at last. The entire congregation had bowed with him. Sam pleaded like a mother for a child. His soul was melted into exceeding tenderness. Tears ran down his cheeks. He told of the men, of their struggles, of what religion had done for him, of what it would do for all.

Others followed. Then, when we arose, after a few remarks explaining the way to take Christ for help, for victory, for restraint, for guidance, we had testimonies, and some wonderful conversions followed. This opened Sam's eyes. He believed in a free church for the people, and despite of all that could be said, he joined it. It was up-hill work in Boston. It is fashionable to believe in morality, but not in Christianity. The faith in temperance was great, but not in much besides. Sam saw men being mowed down in great swaths by ungovernable appetites, and believing that nothing apart from faith in Christ and the help resulting therefrom could save them, he contended with all his might for the reception of Christ into the heart, that they might obtain the power to put temptation and appetite and inclination down.

It is said that the Ohio finds its origin in a fountain among the Alleghenies, so small that an ox can drain it at a draught.

May it not be true that the mighty movement among railroad men found its origin in the prayers of Sam Hobart? The Boston and Albany road had a library and reading-room for men. There was no Christ in it, and no room for Christ. Sam believed in a personal God for the person of a man. He said it. At times he would picture the needs of the men about him and the difficulty of reaching them.

Now all is changed. Then all was deadness. Sailors had chaplains on men-of-war, and Bethel stations and chaplains on shore for the men of the sea. But railroad men as a class might say, "I looked on the right hand and on the left, and behold, but there was no man that would know me; refuge failed me; no man cared for my soul."

M. R. Davenport, of Erie, Pa., in speaking of this time, said: "I remember well being at a convention of Young Men's Christian Associations in a town I will not name, where we wished to hold an open-air service for railroad men. There was one place in the town well adapted for the purpose—an open platform covered by a roof, a place used for a railroad passenger depot. A request was made for it. No man on the road dared grant it. They did not want it noised abroad that they had refused to grant it. I think they would have responded favorably to an organ-grinder, but they refused us."

That town was no exception. Christ was ruled out.

Sam's conversion meant that Christ had gained admission to the ranks. He pleaded the cause of his fellow-men.

Methinks I hear him now, almost in the words which O. R. Stockwell, of the Railroad Branch of the Young Men's Christian Association of the City of New York, used in London in 1881, when, in answering the question why we should be interested in railroad men, he said:

"A large proportion are young men, many from homes where they have been taught the Word of God; not a few of them have Christian parents, and large numbers are graduates from Sunday-schools. We only see the external of the man as we are brought into contact with him; the very nature of his

work, always exacting, often exasperating, leads to profanity, and the work he must of necessity perform on the Lord's day in a very short period tends to a disregard of that day we are commanded "to keep holy.'"

Satan's agents are at work all along their lines of travel, seeking to throw them from the straight and narrow way. It is the influence of his surroundings that has a tendency to lead him downward. He is almost entirely isolated by his circumstances from elevating influences. I have found, from an association of over fifteen years with this class of men, that they are superior in judgment and common-sense. Their mode of life is a training-school; they are men of quick perceptions, reach conclusions very readily, and when fully convinced what is the right step, generally take it; conscientious many times to a fault, yet they appear hardened to almost every one but the close observer. One reason of this is, they feel that their services are not appreciated by the public. They very seldom receive any recognition for their faithfulness. It is not every man who is willing to make the sacrifices that many of these employés do. And we are but poorly paying a debt of gratitude when we attempt to do anything that contributes to their welfare and happiness. It is only within the past few years that the attention of the associations of the United States has been turned in this direction, little realizing the great magnitude of their work and the large number of employés. Nearly one fortieth of the population of the United States are employés of the railroad corporations, and there are very few towns or cities without representatives from this class. The effort to provide a moral and social influence among them is not a new thing. In 1854 Messrs. Peto, Betts & Brossy, the contractors of the Victoria Bridge, opened a reading-room for their employés at Point St. Charles, Montreal, Canada, believing that the character and service of their men would be improved if this provision was made for their leisure hours. Other rooms were opened. But the project languished for want of adequate care. In 1872, in Cleveland, Ohio, a movement was made by the

Young Men's Christian Association for railroad men. Mr. R. F. Smith, Assistant General Manager of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, in a letter commends the movement, and says it was the first room of the kind opened where the religious element was introduced. And herein was the hiding of its power. The General Superintendent of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad, at a reception given to Mr. Charles Fernond during his visit to the United States, said in 1879, "Fifteen years ago it was a common thing to see railroad employés go out upon their trains under the influence of liquor, and profanity was characteristic of railroad men." It was at this time Sam established in Worcester a daily prayer-meeting for railroad men. It is believed to be the first. He and those with him called on God in faith. Special subjects of prayer were brought before them.

An instance is before me. Sam came and said: "I want you to go with me and see an official on one of our railroads. He is drinking fearfully. He is on my heart. We are praying for him. But I cannot go alone. You know the Master sent his disciples out two by two. I want some one with me for this job." I went to the office, and saw the head man in liquor. His brain was not seemingly affected, but his countenance showed dissipation. As we entered, the man in a gruff voice said, "Well, Sam, what is wanted?"

"Just a moment of your time," said Sam, with a face full of suppressed emotion.

The man came out from behind the desk and said, "Well?"

"Permit me to introduce you to my pastor; we have come to see you on a very important matter."

Turning to me he said, "Well, sir, what is wanted?"

I replied, "Sir, my friend Mr. Hobart has been greatly troubled because of your intemperance. He feels that you stand on the verge of ruin, soul and body. He has tried to speak to you and failed, and has asked me to come and say a word in the name of our common Master."

The man looked dumbfounded for a moment, and turning to

Sam said, "Good friend, I am obliged to you. If ever a man needed prayer, it is me. Appetite has me in its grasp, and I seem unable to master it."

"You can't hope to do it in your own strength, and so we have been praying that you might turn to the great Helper, our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ," said Sam.

"What do you want me to do?"

"Sign this pledge, and rest in God for help."

"I will do it."

He signed the pledge, and had help of God, and won the victory. It was the beginning of a movement among officials and among the men.

The work begun by Sam alone was taken up by the Young Men's Christian Associations, first in Cleveland and afterward in different portions of the country, until the seedling planted in faith has grown into the banyan-tree of hope, and at this hour thousands gather beneath the sheltering shade of blessed and immortal hope.

Sam's prescience was wonderful. He believed that Christian railroad men must carry the interests of railroad men in their hearts. He claimed that the officials of the railroad lines ought to take an interest in their operatives. While it is wise to house locomotives, it is unwise to leave the men who run them out in the cold, cold world, to go to places of vice such as curse every large city.

He saw that there were two classes of men who are weak and little: one is weak and little by nature, consisting of such as are born with feeble powers, not strongly capable of self-help; the other is little by position, comprising men that are permanently poor and ignorant, and it was his belief, even before he knew God, that "it is not the will of our Father who is in heaven that one of these little ones should perish." Hence he was a philanthropist before he was a Christian. He saw and felt that in a society wherein there is a preference for the mighty, where power is worshipped, where selfishness has such room to swing in, trampling upon the good if they be weak,

and helping the bad if they be strong; where justice is little honored though much talked of, it comes to pass that a great many little ones from both these classes actually perish. Theodore Parker expressed his mind when he said, "You go to our churches; the poor are not in them, they are idling and lounging away their day of rest like the horse and the ox." This class of men are perishing—yes, perishing in the nineteenth century—perishing soul and body, contrary to God's will, and perishing all the worse because they die slow and corrupt by inches. Many of our houses of public worship would be well named "churches for the affluent." Yet religion is more to the poor man than to the rich. What wonder, then, if the poor lose self-respect when driven from the only churches where it is thought respectable to pray?

"Here are the sons of the poor, vagrant in your streets, shut out by their misery from the culture of the age, growing up to fill your jails, to be fathers of a race like themselves, and to be huddled into an infamous grave. Here are the daughters of the poor cast out and abandoned, the pariahs of our civilization, training up for a life of shame and pollution, and coming early to a miserable end." These facts were patent to him. They made him uncomfortable. They taught him that in the realm near him were unsolved problems which had to do with his inner life. He knew that there was work waiting for him. Christianity, like the eagle's flight, begins at home. He knew that he ought to be pure and Christian as well as manly, and be booted and girded and road ready for the work waiting to be done. Such sentiments thrilling along the lines of human thought sought admission to his heart and caused him to enter the Masonic lodge, the Workingmen's Club, the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, and whatever other organization gave opportunity to proffer a helping hand to men that were down, and to find companionship for his soul with those who were bent on doing good.

He loved the Christian Church, and denied the premise that Christian churches were not open to all, and that Christian

ministers were not anxious to save all. He pointed to the churches he knew, with their wide welcome, and to the ministers who preached "Christ the workingman's Friend and Saviour, the great Reformer and the true Conservative, the inspirer of all new truths, revealing in his Bible to every age abysses of new wisdom as the times require, and yet the Vindicator of all that is ancient and eternal; the true demagogue, the champion of the poor, and yet as the true King, above and below all earthly rank; on whose will alone all real superiority of man to man, all the time-justified and time-honored usages of the family, the society, the nation stand, and shall stand, forever." He did not believe in trying to do God's work with the devil's tools. With the friend of workingmen in England he could exclaim, "These are strange times. I thought the devil used to befriend tyrants and oppressors, but he seems to have profited by Burns's advice to 'tak a thought and mend.' I thought the struggling freeman's watchword was, 'God sees my wrongs.' He hath taken the matter into his own hands. The poor committeth himself unto him, for he is the Helper of the friendless. But now the devil seems all at once to have turned philanthropist and patriot, and to intend himself to fight the good cause, against which he has been fighting ever since Adam's time. I don't deny that it is much cheaper to be reformed by the devil than by God, for God will only reform society on the condition of our reforming every man his own self, while the devil is quite ready to help us to mend the laws of earth and heaven without ever starting such an impertinent and personal request as that a man should mend himself." Against the gospel that demands the surrender of the carnal heart he stood for years immovable and in favor of the gospel that flattered the human heart and paid a premium on morality and good works. Now he knew better.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEERS.

This mighty organization, which at one time had 13,000 engineers on its roll, was formed in the city of Detroit in August, 1863, as the Brotherhood of the Footboard. Its motto is, "Sobriety, Truth, Justice, Morality;" and its rule, "Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you, and so fulfil the law." To become a member, a person must be twenty-one years of age, must be able to read and write, and must be of good moral character, temperate in his habits, and a locomotive engineer in good standing. Every member must so conduct himself as to secure the confidence and esteem of his employers. If a member wilfully or maliciously injures his employer's property, or defrauds any one, or engages in the traffic of intoxicating liquors, he is subject to expulsion. The insurance department of the Brotherhood has been very useful. At the death of a member his widow or heirs receive $3000. They claim to have paid nearly one million dollars to the insured, and disbursed to the needy out of their hard earnings $50,000. "We have reclaimed the fallen, reformed the drunkard, and furnished the public and railroad companies with a better, more skilled, and trustworthy class of engineers than they had previous to the inception of the Brotherhood."

This is the process of action taken by the Brotherhood whenever a difference arises between a company and its men. The men are instructed first to exhaust all their own efforts in coming to an amicable settlement with the company. Failing in that, they send for the Grand Chief. It is his duty then "to go and use all honorable means in his power to prevent rupture between the company and engineers." There is a committee of

thirteen, selected "for known ability and judgment." If the Grand Chief fails, this committee is convened, and the matter laid before them. If they by a two thirds vote decide that the men have good grounds for striking, the men are so notified, and that entitles them to be sustained by the whole Brotherhood.

President Arthur, Chief of the Brotherhood in 1877, argued that this opportunity for combination is the only weapon engineers have against the oppression to which they would be subjected if left to face immense corporations only as individuals. He claims that the method of operation is such that a strike will only occur in an extreme case, and he says he believes strikes have been averted by it on thirteen different roads in the last three years. He charges railway managers with tyrannical and unreasonable conduct, abusing their men, discharging them without a hearing, etc. As long as this overbearing spirit is manifested, he says, we shall have strikes. "I would say to railroad managers, be honest and just toward each other and to your employés. Cease your suicidal policy of cutting rates, and submit all differences that may arise between you and your employés that you cannot adjust to a board of arbitration composed of three disinterested men, one to be chosen by each party and the two to select the third, and their decision to be final. In my opinion it is the only fair way of settling disputes and a sure prevention of strikes."

In conclusion, after some references to the strength of the Brotherhood, he says: "Our meetings are opened with prayer, and the open Bible upon our altar, which we recognize as the emblem of our Order, and upon which our institution is founded, and by it we are taught. 'Come, and let us reason together.'"

In 1865 it took the name it now bears, and became a Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. At the outset Sam joined it. In 1865, when the trouble arose with the Michigan Southern and Northern Indiana Railroad, and the conflict came on between the employers and the employed, Sam, who through this

organization sought to elevate the character of the class of workingmen to which he belonged, and not to interfere with the vested rights of capital, called a halt and determined for himself to be true to his class and at the same time remain faithful to those who had trusted and befriended him. He kept his love for both classes, and was alike trusted by both. In 1866 the Brotherhood came to Boston. They uncovered their purpose. The press proclaimed it. The citizens one and all indorsed it. They saw in it a movement which, headed right, would make locomotive engineers self-respecting and self-sustaining, causing them to seek to promote temperate habits and develop manly characteristics. To them as a class are intrusted interests immeasurably great. As General B. F. Butler said, in his address when he welcomed them to Lowell, Mass. :

"The locomotive is the great precursor and herald of civilization. More has been and will be done to bring out the resources of this country by the extension of railroads than anything else.

"To the men who are put upon the engines, to whose fidelity, capacity, integrity, sobriety, and coolness the lives of more men are intrusted every day than were ever intrusted to the commanders of any army, is the country most indebted. [Applause.] It only requires one ride on the engine to see the necessity for all those great qualities in the men who control the trains.

"It has been proved by statistics that there was greater loss of life, in the proportion to the amount of travel, by the old stage coaches than occur now by the railroad. There can be but one answer to that, and in this place I would say that I have just returned from travelling forty-five hundred miles by railroad, without an accident or shock in any form, and therefore when I was told that you desired to have a word from me I felt it my duty to come."

Charles Wilson, G.C.E., recognized the support of the railroad officials who had taken the time to investigate the workings of the institution.

"They have approved of what appeared to them to be a guarantee for the good behavior of their engineers, and now are apparently anxious for the success and perpetuity of the Brotherhood. They desire that the fact that an engineer belongs to the Brotherhood should be a sure recommendation that he can fill any position for which he might apply. Nothing can accomplish this end so quickly as the hearty co-operation of the railroad officials with the efforts of the Brotherhood.

"Let it be understood that the official under whom you are working holds you strictly accountable for the good conduct of your associates or fellow-employés, and you will be very cautious whom you admit as members of the Brotherhood. I am pleased to see that some divisions take action in regard to the misconduct of their members while on the road. I lately received a notice of the expulsion of a member, and the cause assigned was that he had been guilty of running on the time of a passenger train. I was forcibly impressed with the justice of the decision in this case, and I think all neglect in the performance of duties to the company should be immediately noticed in the division. In this way you will carry out your professions, and command the respect of all.

"The public have manifested a great interest in our success. The good impression your delegates made in the city of Rochester during our last annual session will not soon be forgotten by its citizens. The contrast your delegates presented to a like number of locomotive engineers that could have been collected a few years since was apparent to every one, and the advantage of having such men to occupy the responsible position of engineer commended itself to all.

"I do not wish to be understood as claiming that an engineer cannot be a well-behaved man without he belongs to this organization; but all engineers of much experience very well know that a few years ago, when a party of engineers met, the first thing thought of was to 'come and take a drink.' Although I am obliged to confess that this is too much the case

now, yet all will agree that great improvement has been made within a few years; and I think this Brotherhood is entitled to full credit for what has been accomplished in this reform. If any position requires sober men it is that of locomotive engineers, and everything should be done to secure such men to run trains. The engineer that uses intoxicating drinks to excess is not fit to be intrusted with the lives and property of the travelling public. The public fully appreciate the advantages of having good men, and I think that you can safely rely upon them for their influence and support, if you merit it by your good conduct.

"It is absolutely necessary to the maintenance of your position to have a sentiment inculcated and universally acknowledged that the position of a locomotive engineer is of such a responsible character that no railroad official will be justified under any circumstance in employing any man to fill that position unless he shall be a man that possesses every requisite quality, both moral and mechanical.

"I have been led to make these remarks from the fact that many men are hired to run engines that are universally known to be men of no moral character, some of them apparently not having much regard for human life, and with no mechanical knowledge of the powerful engine intrusted to their care. It is idle for managers to deny this, as the proof is abundant, showing how these irresponsible men get positions, and are retained in them to the exclusion of good and reliable men. If this class of irresponsible men are just as good engineers as you are, then your efforts are all for nought; and the official does not perform his duty by hiring good men and paying liberally, as there are plenty of those ready-made engineers that can be hired for half price. The knowledge acquired by years of experience is in emergencies worth more to the company, as well as to the passengers on the train, than all the wages the engineer will ever receive while running an engine.

"The truth is, there is not importance enough attached to your position; neither are you held to as strict accountability

as you ought to be. If it were possible to make your position properly respected, and you were paid wages sufficient to enable you to save a surplus for old age, and ample time was allowed to keep your mind as well as your engine in good repair—I say, with these facilities and privileges offered you, you ought never to ask to be excused for neglect of duty on your part. You should not attempt to perform the duty of running an engine without a thorough understanding of all that pertains to that important position; and any answer or act on your part that indicated incompetency should be a sufficient reason for your rejection or dismissal. I cannot imagine any position in which a man can be placed that requires better judgment, and fuller knowledge of the duties he will be called upon to perform than that of a locomotive engineer.

"The recent railroad difficulty has been the cause of some slight trouble within our ranks; but all will eventually admit that it has afforded us a lesson that will be of great advantage to us in all our future proceedings. It has developed resources that no one could have anticipated."

The words "to excess" in the address Sam did not like. He claimed that they were misleading. "It is impossible to play or tamper with strong drink and remain safe. No one knows what is 'to excess.' At one time a man can stand more than he can at another time. What would not be '*to excess*' in health and strength might overcome and overturn him in sickness and weakness, and yet it is in weakness and sickness his need for it appears to be greatest. No; leave liquor alone," said Sam. "Sleep, rest, keep well in body and sound in mind, and trust to the Lord and not to stimulus."

A TRIBUTE TO DEAN RICHMOND.

"In calling to mind the men that have been our friends and upon whom we have leaned in every emergency to assist in maintaining the right, I know you will pardon me if I mention the name of Dean Richmond. He was emphatically the poor

man's friend. To him we are indebted in a measure for the good standing we occupy to-day. I think that the example of organization on the New York Central Railroad has had a good influence upon other sections of the country. He was the president of the road throughout the whole history of our organization, and no narrow suspicion ever entered his mind that the engineers would make unreasonable demands if they were combined in a Brotherhood. He took as much pride in the improvement made in the conduct of the engineers as any member of the Order. Death has removed him from labor on earth, but his memory will ever be cherished with the most grateful recollections by all engineers who had the pleasure of his acquaintance, and who have been partakers of his liberality in the capacity of employés under him on the New York Central Railroad. It is fitting for all to pause at the death of one that, possessing both power and wealth, apparently did not enjoy either when the one deprived the humblest of his rights, or the other deprived the poor of the necessities of life.

"I regret that we have so few engineers that seem to feel any interest in the welfare of their old associates. H. G. Brooks, Esq., General Superintendent of the motive power of the New York and Erie Railroad, with a few others, are honorable exceptions. Let us resolve that we will not disappoint the sanguine expectations of our friends, so that they, seeing our good intentions, will be willing and desire to assist us in every laudable undertaking."

These words struck a responsive chord in the breast of the great-hearted engineer. He believed in men. He believed in a place for every man, and every man for his place. He was content to be an engineer. He did not seek to be superintendent or president, but simply engineer. It was his ambition to be the best engineer on the road. He felt the weight of responsibility committed to his keeping. When he drew out of the depot with a train crowded with passengers, among whom were some of the noblest in the land, though they never thought of the engineer, the engineer thought of them, and

recognised the fact that their lives were committed to his care. His faith in man came to him before he reposed faith in Jesus Christ. He gladly applauded the reference of the G. C. E. to Dean Richmond, and proudly claimed that Boston and Worcester could match his devotion and kindness in the unselfish life of Ginery Twichell a man who began as stage-driver and grew to be one of the first railroad presidents of the Union. Sam believed in railroad men as a class, and sympathized with the sentiment expressed by O. T. Johnson, F. G. E., when he said :

"A fraternal relation is one around which cluster the best feelings of our nature, and the brother who becomes duly impressed with a true sense of the obligations of this relationship can neither be controlled by selfishness nor indifference. Brothers, let there be an end to strife which may have heretofore existed between us, for we are brethren ; yea, let us leave off contention before it is meddled with.

"We must, if we would be men, be sober, temperate, and chaste. The drunkard is a curse to himself, his family, his friends, and the world. He renders himself wretched in this life, and unfitted for the life hereafter. The intemperate man is only one step behind the drunkard ; if he does not pause, he must shortly overtake him. The unchaste man must bring upon himself certain disgrace ; he is a scandal to his kind, and will be despised by the good and pure. Brotherly love should dwell among those who meet with us here, and among the entire fraternity of engineers wherever it exists. Kindly sentiments for each other, for the world, should illuminate their hearts, and burn brighter and brighter throughout all time.

"We profess principles which should destroy the stubble and chaff of dissension, and refine the powers and faculties which constitute the dignity and glory of man. In 'union is strength' is a common axiom. We must be united in the cause, not only in our corporate capacity, but in our deeds. A single member, if he labor with a will, may accomplish much in the field of frater-

nity ; but a host, united in a perfect phalanx in the service of the Brotherhood, may revolutionize the world, and in the course of human events we shall find our hope fully realized and our labor crowned with success. The Brotherhood will be equal to if not foremost in the ranks of other organizations already established for the good of mankind.

"To enjoy more fully the desirable connection which our frequent intercourse affords, we should ever grace our conduct to each other with mildness, generosity, frankness, and confidence, and ever be ready to perform the same office to others as far as in our power, without pride and arrogance, always remembering that cordial affability generally begets esteem. To those that are erring from the strict path of rectitude, we should be assiduous in imparting warning, reproof, and instruction.

"Toward those who are elected our officers, let us exercise a beseeming degree of respect and deference, that they may find we have set no idle value upon the offices they fill. By our own voice they preside over us ; as such, consequently, we virtually engage to accept their instructions in all that pertaineth to the good and welfare of the Brotherhood. Hence, members of the Order are expected to welcome official admonition, reproof, and advice. I mean no slavish, mental, or bodily fear, or adulation, no sacrifice of conscience or judgment, but a readiness to hear the inculcations of the true principles of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers."

Through Sam Hobart's influence the following address was delivered to the Brotherhood in Boston, Nov. 18th, 1866 :

"And every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate."—1 Cor. 9 : 25.

"The words of the apostle deserve to be imprinted on the memory and engraven on the body of every workingman.

"Temperance is scorned because its value is overlooked. Men fail to appreciate what it helps them to win. They ignore

the truth, that every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate.

"We know that the combatant for the prize ring is temperate. That he abstains from the use of intoxicating drinks, and from tobacco; that he eats sparingly and very carefully, in order that his blood be not weakened, and that his strength be not injured.

"We know that men who climb the hill of distinction, and are to-day the foremost men of the times, won the mastery, not by dissipating their strength, but by husbanding it. They held themselves in check, or in restraint, in order that they might employ their force in a given direction.

"The idea contained in the word Temperance is habitual moderation in the indulgence of the natural appetites and passions. The purpose of this moderation is set forth by the champion of the cross. It is to win the mastery. A temperate man is not an indolent man, nor is he a moderate man, in the common acceptation of the term. He may make good time; indeed, he can make the best time because he is temperate. This thought is not welcomed, nor is it believed in this land of wild enterprises and gigantic undertakings. More than that, and worse than that, it is ignored. Men drink to obtain the mastery. Intemperance could not be tolerated if this opinion did not prevail, that stimulus is conducive to success. The theory prevails, in the West more than in the East, that stimulus is essential to success. How large a proportion use intoxicating drinks and how many use tobacco is best known to you. The reason for this indulgence in rum and tobacco is to win the mastery. You claim it steadies the nerves, clears the brain, takes away all thoughts of danger, and enables you drive your heated courser along his iron way with lightning velocity.

"Statistics assure us that a large proportion of the accidents on railroads and rivers are the result of stimulus. We have seen it on the steamer as on the rail-car. The engineer gets excited. He is asked to compete; the fire burns within; the brain feels it, and at once the steam is turned on and every-

thing is pushed forward with all possible haste. The effect is so apparent that on some of our best managed roads an engineer is not employed who is accustomed to the use of intoxicating liquors. Statistics prove that temperance is the key to success in avoiding accidents, in protecting life, and in promoting the interests of the public.

"Notwithstanding the lesson taught by figures, men at their toil preach that they who would gain this mastery must be intemperate. Benjamin Franklin proved the contrary when he worked as a printer in London. The English printers drank their beer. He drank clear, cold water. At length an Englishman accosted him with the question, 'Why don't you drink beer?' 'Can't afford it,' was the reply. 'You have more money than I have, but I can't afford the strength—I desire to keep myself strong.' 'Ah,' said the Englishman, 'beer makes strength.' 'No it doesn't,' said Franklin. 'It does,' replied the Englishman; 'this makes me drink it.' 'Then I will show you,' said Franklin, 'that I am stronger without beer than you are with it.' There were printer's forms made up, type enchased in iron, and ready for the press. 'Carry that across the shop,' said Franklin. The beer-drinking Englishman attempted it, and with great difficulty succeeded in carrying a single form. Franklin took two forms, one in each hand, and bore them without difficulty. The proof was apparent, and a reform was worked in the shop.

"This lesson is taught by the All-Wise Ruler in various ways. The universe pushes on toward its distant goal, because of restraining forces which hold each star and sun and planet in its given orbit.

"A star or a planet bent on self-indulgence and breaking forth from the restraints of gravitation, would, unless checked, shatter into atoms the systems which sweep on in their shining pathway which the Creator has prepared for them.

"Do we turn to nature, we find this truth illustrated in many ways.

"Undue excitement reacts, and begets weakness. Temper-

ance and moderation is health. A field can be forced to yield great crops, but unless its wasted energies are supplied by rest, its strength departs and barrenness ensues. An apple-tree seems to possess intelligence It will tell by the tinge of its flower, and by the brightness of its leaf, and by the quality of its fruit, whether it has been intemperate or not. If this year it is intemperate in yield, next year it will resemble the drunkard getting over the effects of his debauch, and will be unable to perform the task allotted to it. In its growth we see the same truths. A restraint upon those forces which seek undue indulgence, such as in limbs seeking to disturb the equilibrium of the parent, or in a disposition to pour all of its rich fluids into the harvest of a single year, will detract from the symmetry, beauty, and health of the tree. Hence a wise horticulturist will preach Paul's sermon to his orchards, vines, and plants, claiming that they who would win the mastery must be temperate. Hence he will watch his trees and shrubs, and when they are unduly excited, will bud, and check their proclivities, knowing that by so doing he protects the future from the disasters resulting from the imprudence of to-day.

"These thoughts were suggested by a contemplation of the object of this and kindred organizations. You desire to promote the growth, intellectually, morally, and physically, of the class of which you are representing. In no way can you do so better than by conforming to the principles enunciated in the words, 'And every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate.' The words do not declare that every man who desires the mastery is temperate, nor that every man who is trying to obtain the mastery is temperate, but that every man who rationally and truly striveth for the mastery is temperate. Perhaps we should gain a better idea of the mastery to be won by considering very briefly the railroad interest represented by you.

"Some may object to this language, and claim that locomotive engineers do not represent the railroad interest. We all remember the story of the organist and the boy that filled the bellows.

At the close of the performance the boy came round and said, 'Didn't we play splendid?' 'We! What did you have to do with the playing?' 'I blowed,' replied the boy. 'Go away,' said the organist, 'you didn't do anything with the playing.' The next occasion that presented itself the boy thought he would see whether or no he was of any importance. So, in the midst of a splendid performance he stopped blowing, and of course the music collapsed. 'Blow! blow!' he cried. '*Say we, then,*' said the boy, and the organist was compelled to shout 'We,' before he could go on. It needs no argument to prove that our railroad system depends upon the character of our locomotive engineers more than any other class. The Worcester Railroad makes temperate habits a *sine qua non* in its engineers, and so perhaps do other roads. The result is seen in the fewness of accidents and in the regularity of trains.

"The locomotive is a school ever crowded with scholars, who graduate from it to fill other important positions in other ranks of life. During the engineers' strike on the Michigan Southern Railroad it surprised every one to see how many conductors, master mechanics, and other officials had served their time on the locomotive.

"During the early history of the war, all remember the incident when General Butler found an old locomotive in the shop at Annapolis, out of repair, but essential to their march. 'Does any one here know anything about this machine?' Charles Homans, a private of Company E, of the Massachusetts Eighth, eyed the machine for a moment, and said, 'Our shop made that engine, General; I guess I can put her in order and run her.' 'Go to work and do it.' Charles Homans picked out a man or two, and began at once to obey the order. Locomotive engineers are found in every rank of railway life. Their very education enables them to take responsibility; to keep their wits about them; and if they have an inclination to study mechanical engineering, there is no limit to their acquisitions, nor to the doors thrown open before them

for advancement. In 1860 there were 31,185 miles of railroad, in 1883 over 125,000. A railroad map discloses at a glance the extent of this system. It interlaces New England; its iron bands unite the East to the West, and will, ere long, pass through the gates of the mountains and belt the continent. This has been the product of less than forty years. In 1826 the first sod was cut on the line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. It was on the 4th day of July, our natal day in more senses than one. The road was originally planned for a horse track only; but the introduction of steam locomotives from England encouraged the attempt to run them on the line, and in 1830 a small engine constructed at Baltimore was put upon the road, which still exists and is preserved in the company's workshop as a very interesting relic. Although the traffic was great, the engine appears to have been only partially worked, the trains having also been moved by horses.

"Contemplate the fact. In 1826 Stephenson was compelled, against obloquy, to oppose the attempt to draw trains by stationary engines by the aid of ropes, and his prophecy that this iron horse would yet be completed to move at twelve miles an hour and drag a load after him was received with roars of laughter. In 1830 the New York Central Railroad was begun. In 1831 twelve different railroad companies were incorporated, and from this time railroad enterprises were multiplied with great rapidity. In 1832 the most important lines were commenced in Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey. Behold the tree grown from the seedling. To-day the West and East are neighbors. We build the factories, weave the cloth, make the shoes, and other notions; the West grows the wheat and corn on which we feed. Were it not for the railroad, there can be no doubt cities would still hug the Atlantic border and the banks of rivers, and the vast West with its inland towns would have remained an uninhabited wilderness.

"We read much of the famine in India, in which over two millions of human beings have starved to death. What is the cause? The answer is plain. There is no means of communi-

cation, and so, while food abounds in one department it fails in another, and they starve for lack of means of communication. Imagine our railroad system broken off. The East would starve and the West would be reduced to first principles, and would become naked as savages before they could protect themselves.

"Years ago the surplus products of Ohio had accumulated beyond the means of transport, and wheat sold in the interior at thirty-seven cents and Indian corn at ten cents. When the Erie Canal was opened, and soon after the Ohio Canal, prices were raised more than fifty per cent. Now that the means of transportation have increased, the price of flour in the interior has more than trebled, while on the seaboard it is higher than ever before.

"Land has risen because of railroads, from $1.25 to $20 and $30 per acre. Between 1850 and 1860, the prices of farms throughout the West have doubled. And of about 9,000,000 tons, the produce carried from the West to the East, the railroads carry two thirds. All the lines are stocked with freight, and at times places like Toledo or Cleveland get blocked with produce. We have hardly an idea of the elevators and of the means employed to lighten labor. The future resources of America are such that, with all the products of skill we shall be unable with our present facilities to do the business that presses upon us at every turn.

"As has been said, 'A vast amount of produce is destroyed yearly from the inability of the carriers to carry it forward. The owners are ruined. The parties in the Eastern States who advance money on their produce charge excessive rates to cover the risks of failure.' The result is, the producer, the merchant, the railway company, and the consumer are all directly injured; but the indirect injury extends far beyond this. The whole produce of the West, and consequently the entire cultivation of America, is affected. If the produce cannot be carried, it can only find local markets. If it only find local markets, prices must abate. If prices abate, the stimulus to

cultivation of land is lost. If the land is not required for cultivation, in the same proportion it diminishes in value. The prosperity of the West, the value of its produce, the value of its land, and the extent of land cultivated and the provisions in the East, together with the demand for the product here produced—all depend upon the increased facilities for the conveyance of produce, and those facilities railroads must afford.

"The occasion, then, that invites our thought materially interests all classes of men. Without railways the States of the great West would have been nothing. With railways they are what they are. With a proper development of the railway system, they may be ten times, nay a hundred times greater than they are.

"The want has been expressed for a combination for the due development of traffic. It is proposed to bring the immense chain-work of Northern railroads into closer communication with the Southern system, and to establish railway intercourse across the continent—from the shores of the Atlantic to the shores of the Pacific.

"Napoleon tried to grasp the key of commerce and compel the nations of the earth to pay their toll for the transportation of goods and people into their treasury. The failure of his Mexican scheme and the opening of that land to the energy, the enterprise, and the civilization of the United States, proves that God's purpose is to keep the control of this Western continent in the hands, not of the Latin, but of the Anglo-Saxon races. Sir Morton Peto, in his invaluable treatise on the railway future of America, expresses a conviction which deserves consideration. He declares the great means of developing the railway system is co-operation. A system which will place the various great lines of railway in a position to carry any amount of passengers and freight traffic is essential to the prosperity of railways and the advancement of this country.

"'The fact is, the American railways have been made and are conducted too much in detached portions, and too little on a large and liberal system of co-operation. The wide extent,

the enlarged resources, the rapid development of this territory accounts very much for this. But the American railways must be worked as one system. This result may be accomplished by substituting for a system of jealousy, rivalry, and opposition, one of common understanding, comprehensive alliance, friendship, mutuality, and interchange—each line acting as a part of one great entire whole—the railways in fact considering themselves not a system of States, but a system of United States.'

"That this result is being achieved there can be no doubt. The railroad conventions prove it. The gathering of different organizations similar to your own establish the conclusion that a community of interest is felt to be an element and source of strength.

"Let the work go on. Let schools be established for the perfection of men in the practical work at hand, and for the education of the mind in all that appertains to their given pursuits, and great good will be obtained.

"From this hasty sketch of railway interests it is evident that the highest incentives to exertion, to temperance, to the obtaining of skill, of information and of culture, is held out to those who have turned their attention to this important branch of industry.

"In engineering, as in all other employments, culture pays. The man who labors with his hands and does not work his brain must forever live from hand to mouth. It is brain work attended with hand work that makes Titans of men. The physical necessity of mental activity in every practical sense confers upon the mind the power to determine our stature, strength, or longevity, to multiply our organs of sense and increase their capacity in some cases to 30,000,000 their natural power.

"George Stephenson, born June 9th, 1781, near the Wylau Colliery, was the son of the fireman of the pumping engine. At eighteen years of age he could neither read, write, nor cipher. He had mastered the steam-engine, could take it in

pieces, but he could not read. An evening school was started in the colliery. He seized the opportunity, broke the fetters that bound him, and became a master mechanic. His skill in applying ideas at last arrested the attention of the owners of the colliery, and he received the appointment of chief engineer at £100 per annum. From that moment his progress was rapid. He built his first locomotive, obtained the prize, and became the founder of the railway system. What was the secret of his success? He was temperate. In the midst of his occupations he cultivated his powers and became a gentleman. The result was, he became conscious of his power and possessed confidence in his own judgment, which enabled him to carry out principles to their legitimate extent, but from which feebler or more practical minds usually shrink.

"Instances abound in this country more surprising than this. How many a poor boy has kept himself aloof from society that would degrade him, has husbanded his resources, his time and money, until he has worked his way from the lowest to the most exalted positions!

"In my mind I see a man who is the president of a Western road who began as a brakeman. But he was an elegant brakeman. His work done, he sought pleasure in study, and attracted the attention of a railroad official, who promoted him, and on and on he went until he has won the name of Railway King.

"Forget not that in this country every railroad constructed calls into development vast areas of unworked wealth; it also calls for men to manage and control it. Men are the powers that carry forward enterprises.

"Clang, clang, the massive anvils ring;
Clang, clang! a hundred hammers swing;
Like the thunder rattle of a tropic sky,
The mighty blows still multiply;
Clang, clang,
Say, brothers of the dusky brow,
What are your strong arms forging now?

"The world asks that question, and listens for a reply.

"How truthfully Elihu Burritt, the Learned Blacksmith, describes the movement of the Iron Horse, with bones of steel and muscles of brass, that will run against time with Mercury or any other winged messenger of Jove.

"He brings out his huge leviathan hexoped upon the track. How the giant creature struts forth from his stable, panting to be gone. His great breast is a furnace of burning coals; his lymphatic blood is boiling in his veins; the strength of a thousand horses is nerving his iron sinews. But his master reins him in with one finger, till the whole of some Western village —men, women, children, and half their horned cattle, sheep, poultry, wheat, cheese, and potatoes—has been stowed away in that long train of wagons he has harnessed to his fiery steed. And now he shouts, interrogatorily, All right? and applying a burning goad to the huge creature, away it thunders over the iron road, breathing forth fire and smoke in its indignant haste to outstrip the wind. More terrible than the war-horse in Scripture, clothed with loud thunder, and emitting a cloud of flame and burning coals from his iron nostrils, he dashes on through dark mountain passes, over jolting precipices and deep ravines. His tread shakes the earth like a trembling Niagara, and the sound of his chariot-wheels warns the people of the distant town that he is coming.

"Think of it: on these fiery coursers ride these men, now down to peril, if not to death, and now on to safety and repose. Such men should be self-restrained. Their brain should be cool, their nerves under supreme control; and only the temperate attain this mastery. Contemplate the scene. In the night time, as in the day, their iron horses rattle on their iron way. It is a luxury to listen to the chime of that mighty chronometer. We hear the beat of great pendulums swinging through their iron arks—East and West—Boston and Chicago—further to the westward still goes the train—

"Swinging through the forests,
Rattling over ridges,

Shooting under arches,
Rumbling over bridges,
Whizzing through the mountains,
Buzzing through the vale,

and pushing on through the Golden Gate to the shores of the blue Pacific.

"Whether we sleep or wake, whether we journey or stay at home, the morning train, like the flying spindle, is carrying the thread of traffic through the woof of commerce. As regular as the sun rises or sets this work goes on. To the engineer more than any one else we intrust our property and our lives. Commerce and humanity are alike interested in promoting your mental and moral welfare.

"But there are other interests. Christ has claims upon you. Your immortal souls are to be saved or lost. Your influence on earth and your happiness in eternity depend upon your acceptance or rejection of the Gospel.

"You know the value of that single burning lamp of the locomotive as you plunge into the darkness of the natural night.

"There is a moral night of denser gloom. It is rayless only as the light brought by Christ sheds its radiance upon your path.

"You know the value of the signal when danger threatens you. Christ has given you the signal. A while ago a terrible storm gathered in the sky, and the torrent filled the streams which in maddening fury swept away the bridges. There were but a few moments between the crash and the coming of the express train. A poor frail woman left her child, took her lantern, and, amid the driving wind and pelting rain, swung the light and gave the signal. Yonder comes the train. Behold her in the path, swinging her light. The fiery horse comes on. Nearer and nearer it comes. At last the whistle sounds Down with the brakes! and that passenger train is saved. That work can be understood. Christ has encountered greater peril than that frail woman. He stood in the path and permitted the

bolt to fall upon him, that he might sound the alarm and kindle in the path of danger the warning light.

"It is said that on the Dayton and Cincinnati road, during one of the freshets of the spring, a bridge was washed away by the swollen stream. The track-master failed to ascertain the fact, and so the signal-master telegraphed all right to the Dayton office, and the train left the depot. Soon the peril was discovered, and a report was sent on, but it was now too late. There was no intermediate station, and the train was doomed unless some unlooked-for Providence should save them. Alas, no help came, and blindly at full speed the locomotive leaped into the chasm, and many lives were sacrificed. Imagine the feelings of that track- and signal-master. They should have known the peril and sounded the alarm.

"Would you win the mastery on earth? be temperate. Would you win the crown that never fadeth? then add to your temperance, patience; and to patience, godliness; and to godliness, brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness, charity.

"Accept Jesus Christ as the way, the truth, and the light, remembering that whatsoever worketh in this way worketh safely; whosoever believeth this truth, obtaineth thereby eternal life, and whosoever accepts the guidance of this light entereth a path which shall grow brighter and brighter unto the perfect day. Do this for the world's sake as well as for your own. You must exert an important influence over those with whom you mingle. Let it be felt in the cause of Christ, and thus shall you secure the broadest, fullest, and freest development on earth, and the trials and cares endured here will form a fitting prelude to the rest prepared for the people of God hereafter."

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad opposed the organization of the Brotherhood, and substituted an *Employés Relief Association* instead, in accordance with this following plan. It was organized May 1st, 1880, and incorporated by an act of the Maryland Legislature May 3d, 1882.

The object of this association is to provide a fund for relief in cases of sickness, injury, old age, or death, to the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad employés and their families. The full payment of all benefits for sickness, accident, or death is guaranteed by the company, which at the outset gave the sum of $100,000 as a basis of operations, which amount is invested in securities which yield a revenue of six per cent per annum. This, together with the amounts received from members as dues, forms a fund to meet the demands made by members upon the funds of the association for the payment of benefits. Every able-bodied employé of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad not over the age of forty-five years, and who passes a satisfactory physical examination, is eligible for membership. Blank forms are supplied by the officers of the road, which must be filled out, giving the name, residence, age, occupation, department of the road employed in, the amount be deducted monthly from his pay as dues, and the name of the person or persons to whom, in case of his death, his benefits shall be paid; and all applications made by minors must bear the written consent of the parent or guardian before the applicant can become a member or enjoy any of the benefits of the society.

When the association was organized it was optional with the men to join or not, but by a later order of the Baltimore and Ohio Company all new employés must subscribe to the relief features before they can be taken into the service of the company.

Membership—Assessments.—When a man passes the physical examination referred to, his application is forwarded to the secretary, and in return the applicant receives a certificate of membership stating the number of benefits the holder is entitled to receive. The company grants to all its employés who are members of the relief association and to their families transportation over the line of the road at half rates, and to secure this half-rate ticket the employé is furnished with an order by his superior officer to the nearest ticket agent, stating to what point and for whom he desires this ticket, the department of

the road employed in, his occupation, and the number of his certificate of membership; but he cannot secure this ticket unless he can produce his certificate of membership, showing that he is the person who is entitled to receive it.

The assessments, which are deducted from the pay of the members on the pay-rolls, are divided into two classes, known as first and second class. The first class consists of men who are connected with the running of trains, such as engineers, firemen, conductors, baggage-masters, brakemen, switchmen, and flagmen; the second class, of officers of the road, clerks, agents, telegraph operators, machinists, and all others not connected with the running of trains. As members of the first class run a much greater risk of meeting with accidents than those in the second class, they are assessed more per month than the latter. The amounts thus collected from the pay-rolls are deposited with the treasurer of the Baltimore and Ohio Company, upon whom all requisitions for disbursements are drawn, and the vouchers thus drawn, after receiving the signature of the chairman of the Committee of Management and the secretary of the association, are payable by any agent of the Baltimore and Ohio Company or can be negotiated through any banking institution.

The members are assessed in proportion to the salary received by them, under the following schedule:

First Class.—Those receiving $35 and under, $1 per month; those receiving $35 and not over $50, $2 per month; those receiving $50 and not over $75, $3 per month; those receiving $75 and not over $100, $4 per month; those receiving $100 and upward, $5 per month.

Second Class.—Those receiving $35 and under, seventy-five cents per month; those receiving $35 and not over $50, $1.50 per month; those receiving $50 and not over $75. $2.25 per month; those receiving $75 and not over $100, $3 per month; those receiving $100 and upward, $3.75 per month.

Benefits Derived.—Take the case of a brakeman who, say in coupling a car, gets his thumb mashed and is unable to per-

form any manual labor for a period of twenty-five days, excluding Sundays. He reports the accident to a medical inspector, who examines the case and reports it to the secretary. For this the sufferer receives from the association the sum of $25, and as railroad companies pay only for service actually performed, the man gets from the relief association fund what he would not otherwise have—the means to support his family while he is unable to work. He is under no expense for medical attendance, as the association has an able corps of medical inspectors, besides contract physicians along the line of the road, and, when attended by one of the latter, the bill for attendance is not rendered to the individual, but to the Relief Association.

But should a brakeman be killed—after the fact has been proved that he was killed while in the discharge of his duty, the association pays to his widow or the beneficiary named in his application for membership, the sum of $1000. There are two rates for accidental death, one rate being $500. For this he paid the association at the rate of $2 per month. It is provided, however, that no claims for accidental death can be paid until all the heirs of the deceased file with the secretary a paper satisfactory to him releasing the Baltimore and Ohio Company from damages; and if a member while in the discharge of his duty should receive any injury, and files a suit in any court against the company, he will not be, according to the constitution of the association, entitled to receive any of the benefits promised by the association. Take the case of an engineer who in the discharge of his duty is injured and is totally unable to perform any manual labor for a period of twenty days. He pays into the association the sum of $4 per month, and is therefore entitled to receive twice the number of benefits received by a brakeman, and he receives the sum of $2 for every day thus totally disabled. Should he meet with an accident which would cause his death while in the discharge of his duty, his heirs would receive the sum of $2000. A conductor pays $3 per month, and if sick twenty days would re-

ceive the sum of $30, and were he to meet with death by accident, his heirs would receive the sum of $1500. There is insurance for sickness as well as accident. Take the case of a brakeman who is sick for a period of ten days, and unable to perform his usual duties; he will receive the sum of $10, and were he to die from natural causes his heirs would receive the sum of $200, being at the rate of $100 for each rate. An engineer dying from natural causes, his heirs would receive the sum of $400, being four rates at $100 each.

All claims presented and allowed by the association on account of death are paid within sixty days from the date or receipt of notice of death.

Medical Attendance.—The association is under contract with three hundred and eighteen physicians along the line of the road to attend upon members in case of accidents, and also with the most prominent hospitals in Baltimore, Washington, Wheeling, Pittsburg, Columbus, and Chicago, where disabled members may be treated at greatly reduced rates, and also with the Baltimore Eye and Ear Infirmary, where members receive board and indoor treatment at the rate of $4 per week. They also receive board and the best of medical treatment at the hospitals referred to above at the rate of $2.50 per week, which amount may be paid out of the allowance from the association.

As shown by the first report of the secretary, dated May 1st, 1881, there had been issued 14,439 certificates of membership, and the gross receipts to December 31st, 1880, amounted to $88,543.26; the disbursements to $41,503.14; leaving a balance of $47,040.12, which amount was used to liquidate claims made or to be made on account of disbursements to members prior to December 31st, 1880.

All the salaries of the secretary, medical inspectors, clerks, and all other expenses of the association are borne by the Baltimore and Ohio Company, and therefore the funds of the association are under no other expense than for the payment of allowances to members and physicians' fees for attendance upon disabled members.

FINANCIAL REPORT.—Between May 1st, 1880, and December 31st, 1880, 1685 claims for allowance and 352 bills for medical attendance were paid, the whole aggregating $41,503.14; and from December 31st, 1880, to April 30th, 1881, 699 claims for allowance and 182 bills for attendance of physicians were examined and paid, amounting to $25,077.48, making a total disbursement of one year of $66,580.62.

The second annual report of the secretary, dated October 1st, 1882, covered a period of twenty-one months, as the fiscal year of the association was changed so as to correspond with the fiscal year of the Baltimore and Ohio Company. This report shows a balance on hand, December 31st, 1880, of $47,040.12, and receipts from all sources, $345,088.30—$322,038.20 of this amount being received from the members as premiums. The disbursements for the same period were $302,617.69, leaving a balance of $89,510.73, and six months' interest, $2500, making a balance, September 30th, 1882, of $92,010.73. But this amount does not represent the actual balance, for from it were to be deducted $40,473.60 for benefits due and not yet paid, and $21,424.46 insurance reserve, leaving a net balance of $30,112.67; and this balance, by the provisions of the constitution, is to be used "to reduce the next year's contributions or to increase the allowance for natural death or in promoting the interests of the association." By this report the number of members of the association is stated at 28,706, embracing "ninety-four per cent of all employés in the service."

By these two reports the association has paid 91 claims of accidental death, amounting to $94,500; 189 claims of natural death, amounting to $48,300; 3972 claims of disablement from injuries, amounting to $50,520.67; 2606 cases of physicians for services rendered in above cases, amounting to $20,096.29, and 9094 claims from disablements by sickness or injuries not received in discharge of duty, amounting to $127,689.39, making a total number of claims examined and allowed of 15,952, and a total amount paid of $341,106.35.

The affairs of the association are controlled by a committee

of management, which includes the president of the Baltimore and Ohio Company and nine other members, four appointed by the company and five elected by the contributors. The immediate management is under the control of a secretary, who is elected by the committee, and to whom all the business of the association is intrusted.

Savings Fund and Building Features.—There is also connected with the Relief Association another feature known as "The Savings Fund and Building Features," whereby all members of the Relief Association or their families may deposit any sum over $1 and receive interest upon it at the rate of four per cent per annum. The association will also advance to members sums ranging from $100 upward at the rate of six per cent per annum, which advances can only be used for the purpose of purchasing or building homes. The Baltimore and Ohio Company is responsible for all moneys deposited, as also for the prompt payment of the interest on money deposited. Every subscriber to this feature is provided with a pass-book. When he wishes to make a deposit, it is made to a bonded agent of the Baltimore and Ohio Company, and when the depositor wishes to withdraw money he draws a check upon the association or an order upon the secretary. The secretary furnishes him with a check or voucher, which is payable in the same manner as vouchers for sickness or disablements in the relief features.

The company also extends to the members of the savings fund who wish to secure homesteads along the line of the road or improve those already owned, "a reduction of twenty-five per cent from its regular rates on all building material entering into the construction or improvements of such homesteads and on all household effects."

If from the undefined and crude hopes of the engineer struggling for a place in the railroad system, such a system could find general acceptance, we can see that it would be helpful to the many and injurious to none.

CHAPTER IX.

THE CONFLICT BETWEEN LABOR AND CAPITAL.

The Principle that ruled his Life and made him a Blessing.

Sam was in a tumult. He was a man of influence, yet he seemed left to himself. His wife, the idol of his heart, was in consumption. His hope built on everything else than Jesus' blood and righteousness was failing him. Masonry brought him but little comfort. His relations with workingmen were not satisfactory. Sam was not a Communist nor a Socialist nor an International. He was an engineer on the Boston and Albany Railroad, and was true to their interest.

It is said that a drop of water falling into a bay changes the tide-currents of the ocean, and that the sound of the human voice changed into echoes passes through waves of air and disturbs the condition of society and the destinies of men. Certain it is that the conflicts ravaging Europe produced an impression upon the minds and hearts of the workingmen in America. Communism was in the air. Agitation was the rule. "Organization" and "combination" were the talismanic words ever on the lips of the discontented and the ambitious. Sam believed in doing his duty, and being content with filling the sphere in which circumstances placed him. On one occasion, when in a company of workingmen, one had contended that the engineers and brakemen ought to share in the profits of the road, and "that all legalized charter corporations, such as railroad, banking, mining, manufacturing, gas, etc., under the present system of operation, were the most despotic and heartless enemies of the working classes; that their acts of tyranny and oppression have been the cause of demoralizing

thousands of honest workingmen, thereby driving them to acts of madness, desperation, and crime." Sam shouted out, "There, you have copied that from the charter of the 'Internationals,' and it never ought to be permitted to take root in American soil."

"You are too late," said another. "It has taken root in my heart, and in the hearts of thousands more."

"Go slow, boys," said Sam, with that pleasant smile which preceded his best utterances as the lightning's flash precedes the thunder's roll. Then pulling a printed slip from his pocket, he said: "Here are the words that our young friend quoted, and many more like them. In it we are earnestly requested to unite as speedily as possible for the purpose of forming a political party, based on the natural rights of labor. '*Let us make common cause against a common enemy.*' These are dangerous words," said Sam. "Dangerous for us who have only our labor as capital, dangerous for our employers who intrust their capital to our keeping. This avowal reveals the milk in the cocoanut and deserves to be pondered and condemned." Again he read: "It is the purpose of the workingmen's party to confiscate, through legislation, the unjustly gotten wealth of these legalized and chartered corporation thieves that are backed by the Shylocks and moneyed syndicates of Europe and this country." Then folding up the paper he looked the men in the eye and said: "That is Communism. That means blood. It means the loss of confidence on the part of the employers and spending the strength for nought on the part of the workingmen. You are being misled by agitators. The devil is at the bottom of the whole business. There is no love in it, no kindness, no honor. It is pandering to the worst element in our natures, and no one knows what will grow out of it. They have just gone through a crisis in Europe. The result is, thousands of the dissatisfied are pouring into this country. The war has given them a field suited to their bloodthirsty natures. They could join the army, though, as a rule, they made poor soldiers, because they object to government and authority, and

in the army there must be discipline. Hence they desert, take a new name, and become bounty-jumpers.

"We had two of them on the train the other day. For a time it seemed as if they would clean out the officials and take possession."

"Tell us about it," shouted a half dozen at the same time.

"Well," said Sam, "I saw then what it was to contend with an unchained devil. They had boarded the train at Framingham. The conductor came to collect the fare. They replied:

"'Guess this road can afford to carry us free.'

"'Fare, gentlemen,' said the conductor.

"The men looked up, and with an oath told him to go to perdition. The conductor called a brakeman, and demanded the fare. They refused. The train was stopped, and they attempted to put them off. Out came their revolvers. Then came the fight. The bell-rope was pulled. The engine was stopped. I was called in. There was a train full of passengers, frightened and helpless. Every one was afraid of being shot, and no one wanted to mix in the fight. The conductor and brakeman were being beaten, and the car was being emptied of men and women—"

"Well, what did you do?"

"I took hold as best I could, and saved the conductor's life and endangered my own. One of the men I threw off the train in a disabled condition, and the other we took to Worcester and locked him up. Imagine ten thousand such desperadoes loose in a town. That is what this doctrine of the Internationals means, and the time will come when, if this doctrine spreads, America will have trouble. I am in sympathy with the words posted on the gate where a crowd of these workingmen, so called, were to assemble to listen to inflammatory appeals.

"'Stand still where you are,' said the paper, 'and think before going further in this path of danger. An hour's work may cost millions of money and hundreds of lives. All the lives lost will not be on one side only, and the money will come back on the people to be paid out of the taxes to be imposed

on all. Powder burns more than one hand when it is used. Keep on the side of law, and keep the law on the side of laborers. If they want to right their wrongs, they must keep in the path of right.' This is true. There is a great deal of talk about capital being the enemy of labor. That is not true. Capital and labor must work together. The capitalist and the laborer are partners now in business, and it requires good faith on both sides to make business profitable. Neither prospers alone. It is my faith, men, that we should beware of men who talk violence, riot, and bloodshed."

"Are you not a member of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers?"

"*I am.*"

"Would you as an engineer give up your engine if ordered to do so for the good of the Order?"

"What! betray a company that took me when a boy into their employ, and have brought me up and opened every path of promotion and prosperity to me, treating me with uniform kindness from the first to the present? Would I leave this company's interests to be sacrificed and join a party determined to make war upon them because of the behest of some one at a distance? *I would not.*"

"Then you are not worthy to belong to the Order."

"*I am,*" said Sam. "My reason for saying so is this: A man must be true to the trust given him if he would be of value anywhere. Some claim because I am a Mason that I am bound to do wrong. I would not do wrong for Masonry, knowingly, nor for anything else. A false man is never a true man. In joining the Brotherhood I joined to help my fellow-craftsmen, not to injure the company. It is my faith that the better engineers we are, the more value we are to the company. If we let go of this purpose we are lost. It seems to me that you are all in peril. At times I have been under conviction. Those words of the preacher in his sermon to us still ring in my ears, 'Accept Jesus Christ as the way, the truth, and the life. Jesus was true to God and true to men. Whoever

accepts the guidance of this light entereth a path which shall grow brighter and brighter unto the perfect day. Do this for the world's sake as well as your own.' "

"You a preacher, Sam!' "

"No; but I am thinking that we are treading very close to danger. The best way for us is to work on, keep the wheels moving, and avoid everything that makes an unfriendly feeling with those who have all the risks of business both for themselves and for workingmen. Turn away from bad advisers, and above all, don't unchain the tiger."

These words cost him much sorrow of heart. The isolation of a man that will not bow down to the image set up by other hands, gets into trouble in Boston as in Babylon, where, because of such a refusal, Daniel was cast into the lion's den.

Sam's apprehensions were well founded. It was in 1866 when these words were spoken. He had defined his position. He stood with the men who stood with him.

Let us close this chapter by quoting from "The Annals of the Great Strikes in the United States," by Hon. J. A. Dacus, Ph.D., in which the battle between capital and labor of 1877 is described. Truly did he say the events where phenomenal.

"A republic still regarded in the light of an experiment, having lately terminated a long and fierce sectional conflict by engaging in one of the greatest wars of modern times; having achieved order, reconciliation, and peace between all sections; having demonstrated the greatness and magnanimity of the people; having extorted from the enemies of liberal institutions acknowledgments that self-government was a possibility; having accomplished all these things, this republic suddenly startles the world, drowns the noise of strife on the Bulgarian plains and among the Balkans, and draws exclusive attention to a social *émeute* on this side of the Atlantic, unparalleled in the annals of time." . . .

"Sudden as a thunderburst from a clear sky the crisis came upon the country. Hundreds of thousands of men belonging to the laboring classes, alleging that they were wronged and

oppressed, ceased to work, seized railroads, closed factories, foundries, shops, and mills, and laid a complete embargo on all internal commerce, interrupted travel, and bid defiance to the ordinary instrument of legal authority. Commencing at Camden Station, Baltimore, July 17th, 1877, and at Martinsburgh, West Virginia, in three days the movement had extended to Pittsburgh, Newark, Ohio, Hornellsville, N. Y., Fort Wayne Ind., and a hundred other points. State militia forces were encountered and repelled. The whole country seemed stricken by a profound dread of impending ruin. In the large cities the cause of the strikers was espoused by a nondescript class of the idle, the vicious, the visionary, and the whole rabble of the pariahs of society. No standing army was available, and these classes absolutely controlled the country."

PITTSBURGH IN THE HANDS OF THE MOB.

Without attempting to give a history of the strike, let us, as an illustration of the manner in which Sam's forebodings were realized, glean some of these terrible facts from the narrative. "At noon Friday, July 20th, the strikers and other workingmen held a meeting in the yards of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, which was attended by a vast crowd of people. Then the State militia came in and took their places along the tracks. The citizens of Pittsburgh as a mass were decided in expressions of sympathy with the strikers. The spirit of the Internationals was revelling in fiendish delight. Women taunted soldiers and encouraged the *canaille* to deeds of violence. It was a repetition of the scenes witnessed in Paris, in those terrible days when the Commune rose in 1871, only on a less scale. It was a new experience to meet with women in mobs. But they were abroad now, and exerted an influence for evil that can scarcely be estimated. All night the uproar was continued. Pittsburgh was fast becoming drunk with passion—dark, unrelenting, devilish passion, that would hesitate to commit no crime, shrink not from any deed of horror. . . . The law-

abiding citizens were in a state of alarm and trepidation. 'They stood,' in the language of Statius, 'in silent astonishment, and waited for the fall of the yet doubtful thunderbolt.' But the surging masses of the strikers and the mob were neither silent nor astonished. They neither knew when, nor cared how, the impending bolt would fall. Vast multitudes of men of the lowest character, largely of boys from sixteen to twenty, actuated by the most brutal passions, were assembled for the sole purpose of inaugurating a reign of terror among the people, and to light the torch of destruction in the city. Clamoring for a redress of grievances which they were unable to formulate or distinctly specify, the mighty throngs of uneasy spirits who had been called into action in consequence of the railroad strikes, were preparing to commit the most heinous crimes against the peace and order of society. These men had no grievances to be redressed. They were the vagrants of our modern social organization. They prated of the downfall of liberty, when in truth they did not have a comprehension of the meaning of the word. Liberty is a proud spirit; it regards government as the true instrument of human happiness, and resists it only when it becomes manifestly prejudicial to happiness. It is consistent with a sense of duty and a willingness to bear just restraint, and uncombined with these it achieves nothing lasting.

"It was an hour fraught with momentous events. A city containing a population of more than 120,000 was without law, in the complete possession of a vast mob, armed, vindictive, and cruel. The demoniac yells, the loud profanity, the terrible threats, were united to swell the awful volume of angry noises. It seemed as if the infernal regions had been emptied of its myriads of fiends, who were released for the purpose of enacting on earth the orgies of hell. Men, women, old and young, high and low, both sexes, all conditions, all orders, all classes in life, came forth and joined the angry, surging tide of humanity that incessantly ebbed and flowed through the streets of the fated city.

The strikers were resolute and determined. But the chief danger was in the presence of an immense number of vagrants and tramps, idle miners and roughs of every character. Strange to say, there was a large element in the population of Pittsburgh, who had the reputation of being respectable people —tradesmen, householders, well-to-do mechanics and such— who were witnesses of the progress of the turbulent mob, and who not only did not protest against their proceedings, but openly mingled with them and encouraged them to commit deeds of violence.

"Stores full of arms had been burst open and robbed. Whiskey flowed in streams, and men and women drank to their fill. Immense amounts of valuable property, arrested in transit, filled long lines of freight cars on the railway tracks and were burned. Splendid stores and luxuriously appointed mansions were all placed at the mercy of a mob which had set law at defiance. Municipal government was at an end, police authority despised, and even the government of a great State openly defied.

THE STORM BURSTS.

"It was half past one o'clock Sunday morning, July 22d, when the fire-bells rang out; the awful announcement was made that the depot and cars and city were being fired. The militia were driven out of the city. The machine-shop, elevators, car-sheds filled with freight cars, the great hotels were on fire.

"About noon Sunday a mass-meeting of citizens was called and a committee composed of bishops, clergymen, and others was appointed to confer with the mob. They would not hear them. The property of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company was being wholly consumed, and the mob would not allow one drop of water to be thrown upon the burning, seething mass. Then the work of pillage began. Cars were broken open and every one helped themselves as they desired. Fat Irishwomen were seen carrying a pair of white slippers suited to a delicate

lady; another would roll a barrel of flour along the sidewalk; boys hurried through the crowd with large-sized family Bibles as their share of the plunder, while scores of females took and carried off whatever they could lay their hands on, without regard to utility, and thus it went on until at last the citizens arose, formed a vigilance committee, and prevented further incendiarism. The reign of the mob was over. It came to all that hell was not paradise. The citizens who were in sympathy with the strikers at the outset had been alienated from them by the deeds of the communistic mob, and the revulsion was so marked and so dangerous in its symptoms that the lawbreakers naturally felt alarmed. Thus this spirit of violence sped westward. In Kansas City, Mo., reason resumed its sway, and at a meeting held on July 24th, between the executive committee appointed by the strikers and the arbitration committee, the strikers passed a resolution declaring their desire to see business resumed on all the railroads throughout the land, and expressing confidence in the justice and fair-mindedness of the railroad managers, and declaring their readiness to resume work; and so the strike which began without reason ended without redress of injuries or advancement of wages."

Had Sam's advice been taken when he plead for brotherhood among engineers and for respect of property and law, this strike had been avoided.

The charge is made that Colonel Thomas A. Scott was responsible for the destruction of property at Pittsburgh. "He could," says a writer, "have arrested the progress of the strike; he could have ended the conflict; he could have calmed the rising storm of heated passion; he could have swept away the volumes of human misery that were rolling on; he could have extinguished the little flame that threatened to become a conflagration; aye, with a word he could have stayed the stroke of the angel of death which waited to descend upon scores of wretched beings, driven by hunger to desperation. But he would not." That is one side. Let us behold the other. In a letter published in the New York *Herald* July

25th, 1877, he says: "I see an account of an interview with P. M. Arthur, of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, in which he states that if Thomas A. Scott had gone himself to Pittsburgh, bloodshed and arson would have been averted. 'Whenever the officers of a road have met the Brotherhood and have evinced a disposition to treat with us, we have had no strike; it is only whenever they have refused to arbitrate with us that we have had a strike as the only means of redress.'"

"In response to this permit me to say," said Thomas A. Scott, "that this whole statement is most unfair to me and the company. The first intimation of this strike was given me after I had retired for the night at a point on the Delaware River twenty miles from Philadelphia, and the strike was inaugurated without any attempt to have a conference with the officers of the company. So much was this the case that the Superintendent of the Pittsburgh Division had started East with his family and was on his way to Altoona, where the strike took place, and the trains of the company were stopped. . . . At all times and under all circumstances, when the men in the service of our company have come to meet the officers of the road for conference they have been promptly and courteously met. It is not more than a month since a large delegation of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers had a conference with me at the office in this city, where everything pertaining to the question of reduction was fully discussed, the result of which was that the men, representing, as they stated to me, the engineers and firemen, addressed me a letter stating that the reason given for the reduction of wages caused by the great depression of the business of the country was entirely satisfactory to them, and that they would stand thoroughly and firmly by the company."

This proves, as Sam delighted to say, that there was no trouble in getting on with employers, if employés would remember that the interests of capital and labor are identical, and that men occupying positions of responsibility have oftentimes more trouble than those whose responsibilities are less.

The riot at Pittsburgh and the disasters which came upon the Pennsylvania Railroad Company broke the heart of President Scott. It is said that when he visited the Iron City after the calamities had come upon it, as he rode through the streets he wept like a child, and exclaimed, "*This is enough to break one's faith in human nature.*" The iron entered his soul. He was never the same man after it. He who had served the nation as assistant secretary of war and had revealed traits of character so invaluable that the nation without him would have been poor, and who had built up the Pennsylvania Railroad and planned connections for it through the south and west, which made it a felt power in the nation, saw in the four million of dollars of property consumed because of the lawlessness of men that which blocked the path to enterprise and put far off the consummation of the hopes of which he had dreamed and for which he had toiled.

THE FAITH OF WILLIAM H. VANDERBILT REWARDED.

On the New York Central Railroad every effort was made to induce the employés to swerve from their loyalty and surrender to the communistic spirit of the hour. Those who remember the faith of William H. Vanderbilt, the president of the road, in the men who worked it, will recall how he stood almost alone in the nation, unshaken in purpose and undismayed by disaster. Though commerce was arrested and industry paralyzed and property was being reduced in value or rendered utterly worthless, he remained uncompromising and firm. Henry George in "Progress and Poverty," p. 84, described the condition of affairs when he said: "A strike, which is the only recourse by which a trades-union can enforce its demands, is a destructive contest; just such a contest as that to which an eccentric called the 'Money King' once in the early days of San Francisco challenged a man who had taunted him with meanness, that they should go down to the wharf and alternately toss twenty-dollar gold pieces into the bay until one gave in. The struggle of endurance involved in a strike is really what it

has often been compared to—a war; and like all war it lessens wealth. And the organization for it must, like the organization for war, be tyrannical. As even the man who fights for freedom must, when he enters an army, give up his personal freedom and become a mere part in a great machine, so must it be with workmen who organize for a strike. These combinations are, therefore, necessarily destructive of the very things which workmen seek to gain through them—wealth and freedom." Every one saw this truth standing forth in startling proportions. Peril was in the air. The country became alarmed. The trunk line of the Pennsylvania Road was broken. The Erie Road was in the hands of the mob. So was the Baltimore and Ohio. Let the New York Central go and all was gone. New York, Philadelphia, and even Washington were at the mercy of men without character, without property, without responsibility. William H. Vanderbilt saw the peril and stood like a rock in mid-ocean, undaunted and undisturbed by the wild waves of riot that threatened him. It was then proven that nothing is so great as greatness, and nothing is so small as smallness. As in the days when John Jacob Astor was in the zenith of his power, men came to him and demanded that he should divide his property with the mob. His reply was, "That would do you no good. You don't know enough to keep wealth if you had it. I should get it back in a little time, if I gave it to you. I am now but your agent, and I am doing the work so well that I keep the wolf from your door. You had better let me alone. You will make by it." The old man spoke wisely. So William H. Vanderbilt grasped the situation and became the big brother of the concern. While Pittsburgh was in flames and the riot was in progress, William H. Vanderbilt telegraphed his superintendent, J. W. Tillinghast, then in Buffalo, saying: "I have every confidence in the good sense and stability of a large majority of our employés. The whole country is now looking most anxiously on them, and I feel confident that they will sustain their reputation and that of the road by making common cause; having the fullest

assurance that when the business of the country will justify it, they will receive compensation accordingly."

Z. C. Priest telegraphed that "on the Eastern Division a large majority are well informed and have a reputation they do not wish to tarnish." This faith held them. President Vanderbilt was at Saratoga and stood firm. July 23d came. Though his men had been driven out from their shop and the demand had been made for a restoration of the former rate of wages, he said, "The proposition could not be entertained for a moment. The owners of the road could not consent to let the employés manage it." "There is a great principle involved in this matter," said Mr. Vanderbilt, "and we cannot afford to yield, and the country cannot afford to have us yield." "I put great confidence in our men. There is a perfect understanding between the heads of departments and the employés, and they appreciate, I think, so thoroughly the identity of interest between themselves and us that I cannot for a moment believe they will have any part in this business. I am proud of the men of the Central Road, and my great trust in them is founded on their intelligent appreciation of the business situation at the present time. If they shall stand firm in the present crisis it will be a triumph of good sense over blind fury and fanaticism. Our business relations with all our men on the Central are shaped, as they fully understand, by the emergencies of the business situation. Their hope, like ours, is for better times. We have simply done what we have been obliged to do, and they comprehend this thoroughly."

"In case of trouble, what then, Mr. Vanderbilt?"

"We shall run trains just as long as the public authorities afford us protection from desperadoes. The railroad is an institution for the accommodation of the public, and as such is entitled to public protection. When we can no longer run our trains we shall close our shop, but we shall control our roads so long as we run them. No demand made in a juncture like the present or accompanied by a display of force or intimidation, will receive any consideration at our hands, and so far as

the Central is concerned we do not expect any trouble. The persons, I notice, who are doing much of the mischief are not railroad men at all, and I expect that our Central employés would defend the property of the railroad rather than take sides with the rioters. They are men generally who are proud of their road, and whose instinct would lead them to fight for it rather than against it." Notwithstanding there was said to be a strike, Mr. Vanderbilt did not believe it. He stood by the men and said, "I am not informed of any strike on the part of Central employés. They had been driven out of the shop by a crowd of rioters and had been forced to stop work. That was all there was of it."

REPORTER. "What about the demand for an increase of twenty-five per cent in wages?"

MR. VANDERBILT. "I have received no such demand from the men of the Central. A despatch was received last night embracing something of the sort, but I would not insult the men of the Central by attributing it to them. He believed that the rioters belonged to the communistic classes who were determined to pillage and destroy, and the government must protect business. He still had confidence in his men.* The conditions of law and order are to be sought for. The entire

* As the proof-sheets of this book come before me I read on this May 3d, 1883, the story of his retirement from the position of railway president, after expressing his sincere thanks to all the employés of the different companies for the assistance and co-operation they have rendered him in the performance of his duties, and the following timely words of regret from the directors associated with him: *Resolved*, That the directors learn with regret the determination of William H. Vanderbilt to no longer act as president of the company. For nineteen years his administration — first of the Hudson River Railroad Company and subsequently of the consolidated New York Central and Hudson River corporation — has met the unanimous approval of the stockholders. The record shows a business success unexampled in the management of companies of this character, due mainly to the skill and fidelity with which he has conducted the affairs of the corporations.

difficulty springs from outsiders, and should be so dealt with."

The country became alarmed. Chicago, St. Louis, Pittsburgh, and Baltimore had been terrorized and threatened by the mob. In the mean time the inhabitants of the great cities saw that the public was quite as dependent upon the railroads as the railroads were upon the public. The famine of India would be reproduced in America in four weeks if the lines of railways were broken. They hold the keys to our warehouses. They control our supplies of fuel and food. Sam Hobart saw it in 1867. Everybody saw in 1877 that if the capabilities of the railroads were destroyed, in a short time bread riots, starvation, bloodshed, carnage, and suffering would become terrible facts. Hence all breathed freer when the words, "The strike is ended," were seen on the head-lines, and it was known that danger was averted for the moment. It might spring up again any moment. Confidence in employers and in employés was a necessity, and the religion of Christ can alone meet this felt want.

Among the utterances Sam delighted to quote was this: "One set informs the world that it is to be regenerated by cheap bread, free trade, and that peculiar form of the freedom of industry which in plain language signifies, 'the despotism of capital' and which, whatever it means, is merely some outward system, circumstance or 'dodge' about man and not *in* him. Another party's nostrum is more churches, more schools, more clergymen—excellent things in their way, better things than cheap bread or free trade, provided only that they are excellent—that the churches, schools, clergymen, are good ones. For my part, I seem to have learned that the only thing to regenerate the world is not more of any system, good or bad, but simply more of the Spirit of God."

Though when the storm broke upon the land Sam Hobart was in his grave, it is apparent that had he been in health and strength he would have been a peacemaker between employers and employed, and if peace had been impossible he would

have stood with those who stood with him and who leaned upon him with assuring confidence, as the men of the New York Central stood with Mr. Vanderbilt. Such men are invaluable at any time and in any place. On men thus principled business interests rest with assuring confidence, and to them rewards for well-doing come in time and in eternity.

CHAPTER X.

THE REPRESENTATIVES OF OUR COMMERCIAL LIFE—THEIR OPPORTUNITY.

Europe is not made of the men who bear the burdens of our commercial life. They are the "epistles" of the nation, known and read of all men. They are composed of employers and of employed. Of men who produce, whether in the factory or in the field, and who handle commodities, whether in the store, in the warehouse, or on the thoroughfares of transportation and exchange. All are linked together. Try as much as men choose, it is found that society is composed of a system of mutual interdependence. The president of the railroad and the switch-tender, the engineer and the fireman, the conductor and the brakeman, the manufacturer and the operator, the people who buy and the people who sell, the people who raise grain and they who eat it, are identified in interest. This truth we are apt to forget. Ever and anon Providence lifts the cover off from society, and humanity stands unroofed before the people as it always is before God. We see the palpitating heart, the active brain, the implacable will, and get conceptions of the forces which influence, mould, and fashion the destinies of men. We look down into depths of struggle, of strife, of poverty, of trial, of wearying care, of distress, of perplexity, and of doubt, of which we had no conception. Every individual knows much about his own troubles, but he knows very little of those which beset and give distress to his neighbor.

It is natural for all to think much of their own cares and not to think of those which come to their neighbors.

The sorrows of the poor are on the world's broad tongue. They can be heard. Society's ear is open to them. The press

voices their murmurs and articulates their distress. At times the opinion prevails that there are no other sorrows except those endured by the struggling sons of toil. Few think of the sorrows of the rich. Little is said about the perplexities of the employer. We forget that capitalists are compelled to contend with capitalists as man contends with his fellow. That a railroad president, representing millions of money and thousands of men who seek employment and stock held as a chief dependence by widows and orphans, is compelled to cope with another president as an individual and as the head of a rival corporation, while at the same time he is under obligations to protect the interests of stockholders as though he was personally interested in their individual profits and losses. Who ever thinks of the cares that infest the rich, that rob them of rest, and that fill them with anxiety, more because of those dependent upon them than because of themselves? And yet these men who stand at the head of affairs in banks, in stores, in factories, in railroads, and in numberless other positions of trust, are our epistles as much as are the men who march in trades-unions or who clamor against a fall in wages.

This society forgets, and yet it deserves to be remembered, that the helpless may be helped, the wants of the needy supplied, energies directed, and efforts to better one's condition encouraged. It is often said that Christianity and trade do not go well together. It is beginning to be apparent that trade cannot get on satisfactorily without Christianity. There is a moral law. There is a spiritual realm. It surrounds us. It is a part of us. Violate its laws and society is dismembered. If employers ignore the rights of the weak and the poor, God becomes their champion and spoils those who spoiled them.

If the employed trample upon the rights of employers, burn, rend, and destroy in their mad folly, and they are not restrained, society is robbed of every claim to respect. An opportunity has come to unbend. In the past there has been growing up a caste feeling; workingmen have divided themselves off into classes. These men have acted as though they lived in a world

by themselves, and somehow could manage and control the business which devolved upon others. All this Sam fought with all his might. He did not believe that boards of direction could afford to ignore the interests of those represented. He felt that the true rule was the golden rule, "As ye would that others should do unto you, do ye even so unto them." This he said has been understood to apply to those who stood on a level, but not to reach up or down. Moral law plays like a piston, up and down. It comes from God and descends to the lowest, the weakest, and the most dependent. The time has come when employers should put themselves in the place of the employed, and when the employed should put themselves in the place of the employer. The noble manner in which this principle has been illustrated in the management of some of the great manufacturing interests of the land deserves all praise. No greater mistake was ever made than the one contained in the supposition that men of property have no interest in the people who toil. How absurd the theory. The most of them came up from the small to the large, because they proved trustworthy. Society has to lean on something, and will lean on the best it can find. If you want confidence, deserve it and you will have it, was Sam's principle of action. Could workingmen hear how they are praised in the home-circle for well-doing; could they understand how true it is that the men who are successful employers must be in sympathy with the wants of men employed, I am sure thousands of hearts would be opened toward them which are now closed.

Each class of employments has its peculiar advantages and its peculiar dangers. As each approaches the highest point of development, they draw nearer and nearer toward one another as the opposite sides of a pyramid, far apart at the base, meet at the top.

There are those who make ignorance of everything outside of their business their glory. They shut their doors to all the world beyond a narrow circle. Over the gates of their minds they write "*No admittance* except on business." They live in

a narrow world. History is a blank, poetry an untravelled wilderness, and science an unexplored realm. Books and knowledge and wise discourse and the amenities of life are like words in a strange tongue. To the hard, smooth surface of their souls, nothing genial, graceful, or winning will cling. They cannot afford thus to live. God is above them and asks for love. Humanity is beneath and around them and cries for help.

Suppose men of wealth should strike. Suppose the owners of railroads should refuse to run them, the men who handle grain should refuse to buy it; suppose the men of wealth should imitate the men of poverty, what would become of us? It is a fact that a man worth millions is under no greater obligations to use the means in his possession wisely than is the man who only has his labor to depend upon. The man with five talents who used them did wisely; but the man with one talent who hid it in the earth did foolishly. If men of wealth, of position, and of power should refuse to put forth exertion, our cities would be filled with starving multitudes, our farmers would be impoverished because of the lack of ability to exchange their crops for money necessary to supply the waste of machinery; our miners would be out of employ, and death and destruction would come upon all classes.

The value of commercial integrity as a source of thrift is overlooked. There are those who trust to shrewdness and sharpness, and suavity rather than to honor, honesty, and uprightness. It is a mistake. The merchants who deal with men as if they never expected to see them again, cannot compare with those who seek to do a safe business by giving satisfaction as an inducement to trade on the morrow. The merchants of France and Italy are not expected to tell the truth. The result is apparent in the lack of wholesale establishments. Paris and Rome are not commercial centres and never can be until truthfulness and integrity become their characteristics. The same is true of men who toil. The man who seeks to do no more than he agreed to do, who is ever playing sharp and

shrewd with his employer, will not be able to compete with the man or men who make the interest of their employer their interests. "What is the secret of your success?" said a man to Deacon John G. Whipple. "My employers know that I attend to their business and that on quarter day they get every dollar that is due them." That was only a part of the truth. He was as true to the men with whom he did business as to those who employed him. Every one trusted him because he was true to every one.

Such a man is a success no matter where he begins. A man who does with perfect accuracy and thoroughness what his hand finds to do, what is ordinary and established in the routine of business, and has always a sure and piercing glance ahead and around, is sure of success. In every walk of life there are certain minutiæ which are visible only to the man of insight, and to be seized only by the man of tact, but which are yet the tender, scarce perceptible filaments leading to fortune's mines. If you know not how to seize those, no matter where you start, you are sure to meet with defeat; but if you know how to seize them, start where you may, the smiles of fortune may be secured.

Let love exist and let it be without dissimulation. Cleave to that which is good and right and true, and abhor that which is evil. This do because such characteristics ennoble and enlarge men.

"Do you not believe that the illustration of the teachings of the gospel is the main safeguard of the country?" said a father to his son.

"I do," was the reply.

"Why, then, do you not seek to help the country by living in conformity with the teachings of the Word of God?"

"Because I am not pious."

"But you ought to be pious."

"I know that; but I am not, and until I am I will not enter upon such a life."

Does not that opinion prevail? Is not God's government

ignored because men do not profess religion? We cannot afford to have it ignored. This is professedly a Christian land. Is it so? Does a youth find here an open door to be and do all that he finds within himself the capacity of being and doing? All know he does not. The way to apprenticeship, to trades, is blocked by men who object to new-comers because of the peril threatening wages. The dog in the manger that could not eat hay and would not let the ox do it was as generous, as wise, as far-seeing as is such a man.

Despotism in the small lives in communities. It is seen among men who control wages as well as among men who pay wages. It is impossible for liberty to exist in the large when it is rejected by the individual. Hence the make-up of our great cities creates uneasiness and apprehension. A city is connected by a myriad net-work of electric communication with all parts of the country, and the powerful and assimilative influence of intercommunication with all parts of the country is ever operating. The nerves of the social body, diverging from the sensorium, lie along the channels of commercial, literary, and religious correspondence, affiliating every village, neighborhood, and hamlet in sympathetic and dependent existence, and diffusing the influence of wealth and arts and letters to the farthest bounds of the state, and a reacting influence of every event occurring in every part of the land, and almost of the world, vibrates along these nerves and is tremblingly felt at the centres of trade. Let us remember this. Let not the head ignore the hand or the heart or the foot. Let the head, the heart, the hand, and the foot be in accord. "Charge them that are rich in this world, that they be not high-minded, nor trust in uncertain riches, but in the living God, who giveth us richly all things to enjoy; that they do good, that they be rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate; laying up in store for themselves a good foundation against the time to come, that they may lay hold on eternal life." * Honor all men and cultivate respect for all classes. Poets,

* 1 Tim. 6 : 17.

orators, sculptors, painters, artists, writers, mechanics live and thrive in cities and in the land because each is necessary to all. The providence of God summons the representatives of our commercial life to posts of responsibility and of influence such as the men of Babylon, Tyre, and Sidon never knew. When I think of what is to be the future of America, if the men who now live shall find it in their hearts to respect the rights of their fellows; when her wildernesses shall be converted into fruitful fields, and her deserts are made to bud and blossom as the rose; when the mineral, the agricultural, and the manufacturing wealth of the nation is developed; when cotton-field shall wave greetings to wheat-field; when the toilers in the South shall vie with the laborers of the North in promoting the advancement of every healthful enterprise; when the men who stand at the gateways of traffic in the East shall faithfully represent the men who work on the vast prairies and deep-flowing rivers, among the mines of the Western mountains, and on the shores of the Pacific, then shall come such a largeness of blessing as shall fill the garner of national hope, and glorify a people called of God to lead the highest and best thought of the ages.

An opportunity to proclaim the friendship of God to all has come. God cares for the poor. Proof of this fact is found in the very construction of society and in the declarations of the Bible, from Deuteronomy to Revelation.

God also cares for the rich. The crown of the wise is their riches. To him that hath shall be given, and he shall have more abundantly. They are held responsible for the use or abuse of their trust. If they are not faithful in the unrighteous Mammon, He will not commit to them the true riches. God holds all responsible for the use or misuse of their powers. No man, no city, no state occupies an isolated position. Sodom and Gomorrah, Nineveh and Babylon went to the wall, not because they lacked position or were not well situated for trade, but because they neglected opportunities to advance the interests of the race.

Trade finds its foundation stone and its security in confidence

derived from conduct which harmonizes with the claims of the gospel. Commercial honor is a power as well as a praise. With that preserved inviolate, a man may be poor in purse but of inestimable value in the community. To sustain and help such fortunes are pledged. It is possible for all to obtain the boon. These opportunities are within more than without. The country holds thousands who are ready to pay for capacity linked to honor and trustworthiness. Have you that which meets the demand? New doors to usefulness are opening every hour. Grand opportunities are ever presenting themselves to men who have the discernment to see them and the capacity to meet the requirements of the position. Let us rejoice that there are about us so many models of excellence. Christian men stand as pillars of support in this land which uphold the nation's name and fame. Be workers with them. Lead forward in the way of life.

"Ah, the wrongs that might be righted,
If we would but see the way;
Ah, the pains that might be lightened
Every hour and every day,
If we would but hear the pleadings
Of the hearts that go astray.
Le us step outside the stronghold
Of our selfishness and pride;
Let us lift our fainting brothers,
Let us strengthen ere we chide.
Let us, ere we blame the fallen,
Hold a light to cheer and guide.
Ah, how blessed, ah, how blessed
Earth would be, if we would try
Thus to aid and right the weaker,
Thus to check each brother's sigh;
Thus to walk in duty's pathway
To our better life on high."

An opportunity for the display of love has come. Let it exist. There is but little of it in comparison with what there should be. That man that manifests an interest in another's

welfare, that greets employer or employed with a smile, that is not afraid to sacrifice self for the good of another, will succeed.

This insight is the gift of God. Believe in him and serve him, and it shall be well. Refuse to serve him, and it shall not be well. God never forgets. How wonderful the words of Jacob to Simeon and Levi at the last: "Instruments of cruelty are in your habitations. O, my soul, come not thou into their secret; unto their assembly, mine honor, be not thou united: for in their anger they slew a man, and in their self-will they digged down a wall."

Will the conduct of men be forgotten, who for selfish purposes have turned back the wheels of progress and brought starvation and penury to thousands of homes? Will he not say again: "*Cursed be their anger for it was fierce, and their wrath for it was cruel*"?

The key to prosperity is within our reach. It is knocking at the door. It is ready to enter in and shed the glad smile of its benefaction over home and workshop, over store and factory, over field and mine. It has been ordained that honesty, industry, integrity, fair dealing, and brotherly kindness enable any man to unlock the gates which to others are locked and barred, providing the conditions of honesty are met. It is never found in unsettling values nor in dishonest practices. Just balances and just weights are essential to the prosperity of all classes. Honesty is more than the best policy; it is duty. Take from the nation "the wisdom of the wise and the understanding of the prudent, and it hasteneth to ruin." God holds each one responsible for using time, talent, and money for the advancement of man's highest interests. God summons his children by the voice of truth to sublime endeavor. It is because God does not die, but lives in the darkness as in the light, and watches from on high to reward honesty and integrity and to frown upon trickery and fraud, that no matter how the pendulum swing of human opinion falls away from the correct standard, it must come back, and that society learns that nothing is surely and safely settled until it is settled right. In a

room filled with pianos, whoever strikes a key causes every similar chord to yield a responsive tone, and so good deeds exert their influence. Christ touching the key-board of our lives strikes chords that run through the world.

A missionary mingling with all classes declared that in his opinion nothing was wanting to secure continued prosperity but that each man would go to the help of his fellow, according to God's law of brotherly kindness. Let fidelity characterize capacity, let honor distinguish the trusted. Sam used to love to say that because these principles find embodiment in human action there is prosperity. Nearly every good and trusty mechanic has all he can do. Let laborers of every class make it for the interest of capital to employ labor and there will be no hard times. The winter of neglect will change to the summer air of brotherly kindness.

CHAPTER XI.

SAM'S FAITH, OR WHOM SHALL WE TRUST?

In Sam's estimation, nothing was nobler than a trustworthy man, and he believed that in answering this question "Whom shall we trust?" we permit the noblest characteristics of manhood to engage the thought, and give to the possession of the individual the key which unlocks the riddle of another's life and solves the mysteries of his own.

Trust, whether exercised in another or reposed in one's self, is never an accident. It is a plant of slow growth, reared with diligent and unwearying care, and is easily injured, and may be quickly destroyed. It is essential to life. The fact meets us at the threshold of existence, and in many ways occupies our attention from the cradle to the grave. Men are strong or weak, noble or mean, brave or cowardly, because of what they confide in or trust. Faith grows out of trust. Government finds here its corner-stone, and its administration depends entirely upon what men build their hopes upon and in whom they trust. No question can be freighted with graver responsibilities, no matter where asked or by whom answered. Man is so constituted that independence in an absolute sense is an impossibility. Circumstances beyond our reach control us. Ties which other natures have interlaced with our own being bring us into subjection. Trust is essential to individual life. Society is its outgrowth, civilization and Christianity its fruit. Trust is the girdle of strength for individuals and nations. Diffuse it broadcast, and there is peace. Destroy it, and there is war. Trust makes fraternity, freedom, and prosperity possibilities. Distrust uproots the foundations of social order, re ke

society with revolutions, and writes its plaintive story on the faces of men, on the street and in the home. Laws regulate and govern its growth. Obey them and life becomes fruitful of buds and flowers. The soul twines its tendrils about strong supports, which carry the fruitage of life into the ripening sunshine of love, and cause the child of promise to walk the roadways of God.

Disobey these laws, trifle with this instinct of the human soul, and you wound and demoralize the spiritual nature, change society from being an Eden into a desert, and convert the heir and prop of your existence into an Ishmael, whose hand shall be against his fellow because he has learned to regard the world as his hunting ground and man as his foe. No trust tells a sorry story, whether seen on the sign of the village store, on the shrewd and suspicious look of a community, or in the revolutionary and unmanageable spirit that distinguishes so large a portion of the world. Society is made up of systems of mutual dependencies. In a civilized state men and women must trust. Only savages can profess independence, and they are savages and are not independent. The Indian warrior links his interests with those of his tribe, compels his wife to carry his game, cook his meal, and hoe his field. *Whom shall we trust?* has sounded all along the centuries. It was heard in Eden, and its voice reverberates over desert wastes. It is a personal question. As trust in the individual comes from what God has done for him and from what he has by God's help achieved for himself, so when we ascertain who are worthy of trust, we find out the individuals with whom God is well pleased, and who are honored as instruments in carrying forward enterprises which benefit mankind and bless the world. Every Christian man or woman may say by action as well as by speech, "I am no accident. As creation implies a purpose, my being here means something. I am part of the plan. I am a link in a chain. I am a unit of universal being. God has use for me. There is something for me to do. Something that would have been left undone had I not come.

There is a place which I can fill better than any other man in the universe. Let me do my duty, improve my opportunity, develop all of my powers of body, of mind and soul, and use them skilfully and wisely, and God will be honored and humanity will be helped."

The recognition of this truth concerning himself and his place enables him to regard with favor the mission of every other man and the importance of his place. Trust is, then, a seed of God's own sowing. The more of it there is in the world, the more will earth become like heaven. The more will God rule and the louder will grow the refrain, "Trust in the Lord and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed." This was Sam's faith. This faith made the man. He had no sympathy with those who believed that the old times were better than these, and who are ever wishing that they had from the graves some of the men who, being dead, yet speak. Often he would say to the men about him, his face glowing with serene satisfaction and happiness, "Never were there better times than these. Never were the boughs of the tree of life so full of flowers and fruit. Never were there so many trustworthy men on the earth. Never was there so much of moral influence permeating the affairs of men." Of the extent of trust it is impossible to form an adequate conception. It is the bond of union among men. It is the soul of commerce, the parent of enterprise, and the reward of toil. It whitens every sea with our mercantile marine. It nets the continent with railways, it girdles the globe with its electric bands.

The lighthouse system, so perfect and so extensive, illustrates this principle. Because of it men dare the perils of the deep, and put their lives and fortunes into the keeping of those unknown to them. Sam often referred to it, and grew enthusiastic one night, as from Narragansett Beach he saw the revolving light, warning off "*The Graves*," where so many good ships had gone down.

"But," said he, "we would be nothing without trust.

Every engineer who drives his locomotive out on the iron track feels that eyes are on him and that every one trusts him. He has in his hands the lives of hundreds of confiding men and women. Switchmen, flagmen, and men at other points are all working under one law."

Pulling a letter from his pocket, he said: "This is wonderful. It came to me from the other side of the globe. It cannot speak nor walk nor move, and yet it is carried by men of other languages and of other systems of faith, because trustworthy men live all along the way. Why," said Sam, "it is possible to draw a check on this bank almost anywhere and find it honored. The other day in the horse-cars, I saw an Irishwoman approach the car and unwind a bundle. Out rolled a great, red-faced, chubby-cheeked boy. 'Put him out at such a street, conductor,' said the woman. The little fellow had perfect faith, and rode without fear. Two old women were in the car. They both took the boy in charge and peppered the conductor with questions as to whether they had reached the street, whenever they approached a new corner; and though the conductor told them the place was a mile away, they kept saying in their softest tones, 'You are not forgetting the boy, conductor?' And when at last the street was reached he shouted out the name, lifted out the boy, and found the old grandmother at the crossing waiting for him, because trust is a fact at both ends of the route. To the steps of a rail-car comes a blind father, led by the hand of a loving daughter. She has only time to open the door, bid him good-bye, and say, 'Some one will give you a seat,' and leap off the train. The car is full of men. Nearly all rise, and prove that the daughter's faith is not misplaced. This faith and trust is the birthright of love. In the home it came to us and taught us trust in every form. It is this that makes a mother of a refined and cultured nature, who is a companion to her children, who lives with as well as lives for them, who obtains and keeps the confidences of the child—a blessing beyond compare, the most precious of earth. "It was way back there in childhood," said

Sam, "my mother implanted in my heart this principle of trustworthiness. She believed in me and, in the home, wove linked armor for my soul."

Sam used to be often asked to look after some young man that came to Boston. Frequently he would say, "This is not the place to do that work; it is among the hills of New England. A boy trustworthy at home will be trustworthy here. A boy that cares not for home, for his word, for trusts there, will be a scoundrel here." It is possible to stand by a boy, to take stock in him and thus to aid him. This story touched Sam's heart: A father related to him his failure to stand by his boy. "When quite a lad," he said, "my son came home from school with a flushed face and with a distrusted look. He had his books with him. I asked him what was the matter. He replied: 'I have been wrongly treated by my teacher, and am not going to school again.' I rebuked him, took ground against him, sided with his teacher, and said: 'You will go to school to-morrow morning, and I will see that you do so.' My boy pleaded earnestly and tried to prove he was right. I would not listen to him, and the next morning compelled him to go with me. On entering the vestibule of the house, with a strange look in his eye which I never saw before, he stopped and said, 'Father, I cannot enter that schoolroom until they set me right. *I would die first.*' I turned and looked at him, and saw something about the boy which told me to stop. I paused to think. This gave him a moment to explain that there were several boys who knew all about the case, and if I would go in and ask them to tell the story before the teacher I would learn the truth. In I went, and frankly told the teacher what had occurred. He called up the boys. They confirmed my son's story. The teacher saw his mistake and at once went out and brought him in, and set him right before all the school. He did it so handsomely that my son never afterward felt any bitterness toward him; but I have ever been conscious that from that day to the present my son has never felt toward me as before.

"If, on the other hand, I had said, 'I will see about this. I hope there is no mistake about it, and if there is not you shall be upheld,' the boy would have been satisfied and he would have been bound to me with hooks of steel."

"I can understand it," said Sam, "and well remember when a man said to me he had faith in me, and that I was to be advanced because of it."

"Trust is a duty," said Sam. "No one is fit to live who refuses to exercise it, and yet it is easily wounded, and when once injured can never be repaired or restored. The wonder of human skill is the Etruscan vase, once shattered into a thousand fragments and yet apparently restored. It is still a broken vase. You feel it, if you cannot see the fractures; but you know they exist and that it is not what it once was. Trust once shattered is ruined, because a portion of its component parts is destroyed. Lose confidence in an individual and you cannot get it back. You may act as if you had it back, but it is pretence, and a hollow mockery. You may strive to look it, but he knows you are acting a part. To tamper with trust is to trifle with one of the most precious qualities with which life can be enriched.

Convince a man that he cannot succeed and his muscles relax, his arm is paralyzed, his will loses its mastering volition. Endow him with trust, and what cares he for seeming impossibilities. He laughs at them and cries with Job, "Though he slay me yet will I trust him, and will maintain mine ways before him," and with Job holds on in the world's despite, while fortune mocks, and wealth betrays, and friends desert, and kindred turn their back upon the suffering one, knowing that in God's good time, not a moment too soon, not a moment too late, it shall be found that those who trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion; for as the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so is the Lord round about them that fear him and that put their trust in him. The mountains may depart with the mists that hang about their summits, the heavens may be rolled

together as a scroll, yet he that keeps his trust in God and truth shall not be confounded.

The older Sam grew and the more he mingled with men, the more he felt that he could trust men whose faith and life enabled them to repose trust in God. "A man," said Sam, "who so lives that he can expect God to bless him, will find support. God is a shield to them who put their trust in him." By this Sam did not imply Christian characteristics alone. There is a faith which comes to men in critical times. Irving's story of Columbus sailing over an unknown sea, and despite the objections of his crew and the opposition of his companions resolved to keep one bold course westward until he should reach land or get back to Spain, was the personification of trust.

It is impossible to follow him as he sails in among seaweed, which resembled submerged meadows, and listen to the crew at open defiance as they call to mind some tale of a frozen ocean where ships were said to be sometimes fixed immovable, or of the sunken island of Atlantis, fearing that they were at that part of the ocean where navigation was said to be obstructed by drowned lands and the ruin of an engulfed country; to see him pass day by day in pressing westward, believing that he should succeed because God willed it; and when the dangers thickened and perils increased, who can fail to gaze with delight upon the man as he rises in the majesty of faith and tells them it is useless to murmur, that he is determined to persevere until, by the blessing of God, he shall accomplish the enterprise.

No wonder he bowed himself before God when the cry of "*Land!* LAND! LAND!" rang through the night air. In spite of every difficulty and danger he had accomplished his object. The great mystery of the ocean was revealed; his theory, which had been the scoff of sages, was triumphantly vindicated; he had secured to himself a glory durable as the world itself. We rejoice with him as on Friday morning, October 12th, 1492, he first beheld the New World. His

victory was complete. His thoughts and feelings must have been, as Irving declares, tumultuous and intense.

This faith helped Abraham Lincoln, when the stars of hope had almost faded out of the nation's sky, to hold on and still hold on. The Governor of Illinois had sent him a despairing telegram, saying, "Man the forts with raw recruits, and send every soldier ready for action to the field." Lincoln telegraphed back, "Hold on, Dick, and see the salvation of God."

It was this faith which made Nathan Hale, in the gray morning, on the ladder leaning against the tree from which his lifeless body was so soon to hang, say as he looked at the weeping women and tear-dimmed eyes of the wagon-boys, "I regret that I have but one life to give my country."

It was this faith that enabled Stephen to talk with God while stones hurtled through the air, and to pray, "Lay not this sin to their charge." Just as did his Master when hanging on the accursed tree cry, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do."

It was one of Sam's quaint sayings, "There is nothing smaller than a small man, and nothing poorer than a poor man. He is small in brain power, in will power, in capacity. He is poor because of this. Poor in purpose and in plan."

The great man has all the powers of manhood in large measure. He has great affections, great thoughts, good judgment, mighty force of will, great foresight, marvellous impulses, and tremendous self-control. There have been great wrecks because some man great in almost everything weakened when he came to hold the helm in the midst of great temptations. In the oft-quoted words of Sidney Smith: "The meaning of an extraordinary great man is, that he is eight men, not one man; that he has as much wit as if he had no sense, and as much sense as if he had no wit; that his conduct is as judicious as if he were the dullest of human beings, and his imagination as brilliant as if he were irretrievably ruined. Having this many-sided nature his sympathies are broad. He touches life at all

points; he feels with the child, with the mother, with the veteran, with the feeble, with the strong, with the joyous, with the afflicted, as the broad ocean holds in its close embrace the island and the continent.

> "The great man forgets himself. The man whose eye
> Is ever on himself doth look on one
> The least of nature's works, one which might move
> The wise man to that scorn which wisdom holds
> Unlawful ever."

Trust the trustworthy, was to Sam a privilege quite as much as a duty.

There is a minister of Christ who well remembers and often refers to his fidelity when another minister betrayed him, and when brethren on whom he had leaned with absolute confidence failed him. Then Sam arose in his might. He revealed his greatness, his faith, his constancy, and his nobility. He said then, with an emphasis that will never be forgotten by those who heard him, "*We should trust those who voice by their speech and illustrate by their conduct the purposes of Almighty God.*" Faith is God's measure of a man. It ought to be ours. The victors to-day are those who believed in God in spite of failure, obloquy and reproach. They saw their work in the light of duty and moved on in the strength of God. Monuments begin to thicken on our squares and in our parks, built to perpetuate the memory of those titled sons of God who have wrought a great work and obtained their crown. Lafayette is immortal because he early saw in this new world an area for freedom, and left behind him the splendors of his palatial home that he might enter the wilderness, as did Jonathan of old, and strengthen David's hand in God. Howard is immortal because in the poorest prisoner he saw a brother, and in the pest-infected city he heard the wail of suffering and want and went to its relief. Our best and noblest men are not trusted because of any claim of infallibility, but rather because of a humility and of a felt dependence upon God, which makes

them, no matter what their purpose be to-day, determine to keep their heart open for a better purpose to-morrow. It was these acts of Sam Hobart, unnoticed at the time and apparently unthought of by the men, that come out and shine in the clear light now that the actor is removed, as do the stars shine forth when the sun retires from view; which make him immortal in the love of all who knew him, and deserving to have his name enrolled among the titled ones of earth.

CHAPTER XII.

THE WORK AMONG RAILROAD MEN.

The Need of the Work—Edward D. Ingersoll—The Story of His Life and Work.

Christ is a necessity for men who toil. This Sam believed and this faith he avowed. How dark was the hour before the dawn! The uprising had not then taken place. Dwight L. Moody was sounding the alarm, and Ira D. Sankey and P. P. Bliss and many more were beginning to fill the air with notes of enlivening song. Little was done. Much was hoped for, and supplications earnest and fervent were being poured into the ear of God. There was need of it. It was seen that Europe is pouring upon our shores, by the tens of thousands, men trained to wrong ideas under its despotisms. These men become a disturbing element in our midst; they are gathering to-day in our great cities; they are forming secret societies which hold that the greatest crime which can be committed is that of owning property and being prosperous above themselves. These men claim that all men should share alike; and if by the end of the first year, one should spend his patrimony, and another should double his, there should be a new divide for the next year. These men, whose doctrine is that right in property is wrong in principle, are teaching it to wrong-headed men, who are operating our railroads and working in our manufactories. They are fomenting disturbance, teaching that there is between capital and labor an irrepressible conflict. They are sowing the wind, and expect to reap in the whirlwind. They fatten on spoil; they delight in riot. They have nothing to lose and everything to gain by disturbance.

Railroad men became convinced of the need of Christ to resist this influence. As W. R. Davenport, of Erie, Pa., said, "they have seen that they cannot afford not to invest their money that this work may be carried on among their employés.

"You remember that, more than three thousand years ago, a shrewd Egyptian monarch observed that a certain young prisoner was a wonderfully 'lucky fellow,' that what was in his hand prospered, and this monarch took this young man out of prison, lifted him up to be his prime minister, and put everything under his hand, and only in the matter of the throne was the monarch the greater; and the Lord prospered everything under this young man's hand. Now, railroad corporations seem to have made a similar discovery of late and have been calling Christian men from one place and another and placing them in the highest positions of trust; trying the experiment tried so long ago by this old heathen. And what has been the result? It is astonishing. These men, without fear of God before their eyes, but having a great deal of regard for the stockholders, have found that what has been placed in the hands of these sons of God has prospered; therefore, they search out these Christian men and put them in the highest positions, and then reap a reward of gold, verifying that which the Word of God says: 'Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is.' The International Committee can tell all how wonderfully the Lord has brought about an affirmative answer to this question, from East and West, from North and South. And no longer do the officials ask it with doubt. The shrewdest men, the most careful managers, are now ready to appropriate money for this purpose; and the response they make to their stockholders is: 'We are making money for you by it.'"

Christianity as a police force is seldom praised. It is a great mistake to forget our obligations to what is being done by the churches of Christ in creating a moral sentiment that acts like a breakwater against the increasing waves of barbarism.

"Can you protect a railroad? Tell me that. What will

protect one train and get it over the road in safety, if there is a band of ten men on the length of the line determined to ditch that train? Tell me, if a hundred men cannot on a thousand miles of railroad make it impossible to operate that line?

"Gentlemen, I want to repeat here, to-night, that the most dangerous, the most difficult property to handle on this continent, is the railroad property, and there is no class of property in which we have a deeper interest.

"'Now, then, what is the fuss about this matter?' The fuss about this matter is just here: that Europe is emptying her people, that she does not want, here—her convicts, her Communists, her Nihilists—by the ten thousands; they are coming here for no good, and they seek the employment congenial to them. You say: 'What is to be done? They will get employed.' Yes, they will get employed. 'Our railroads will not know them, and so will hire them.' Yes, they will hire them. And then these men will foment disturbance; they will strive to create strikes; they will strive to embarrass all healthy business operations; they will do it secretly; darkness is what they like. 'Well, then, what is the remedy?' I asked a business man this question last night—a man of large experience and extensive travel. I spread this thing out before him carefully, and said: 'Now, sir, what is the remedy?' He was not a Christian. He moved uneasily in his seat two or three times, and said: 'There is none; I do not see any.' But, friends, there is just one remedy; I see no other. This country can be saved from this thing only in one way—by the Power that upholds the world, and by no other power. We must oppose this satanic influence by that Power which alone has proved greater than the power of Satan."

Receiver J. H. Devereux, of Cleveland, attended, as deputy from Ohio, the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, held in Boston, October, 1877. Alluding to the railroad strikes of last summer, and the call suggested by them for greater effort by the churches among certain classes in the community, Mr. Devereux said:

"I propose to give you, at the instance of sundry members of the Convention, some personal experience and some personal knowledge on the subject covered by the resolution introduced by the Lay Deputy from Pennsylvania.

"West of Pittsburg, and a little north of it, upon the lake shore, is a city of 150,000 inhabitants, with a suburban population of perhaps five thousand. The main trunk lines of railroads running through the country traverse it. It is well known as a prosperous commercial and manufacturing centre.

"Now, right here, gentlemen of the Convention, understand that the class I am speaking of at this time is not the pauper or the vicious element. It is a vast assembly of men, scattered from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Lakes to the Gulf, numbering half a million or more. The politicians will tell you they are voters. They are a class of men who, less than any others, have no opinion that is forced upon them by prescription. Particularly is this true in regard to their religious opinions. You must give a reason, and a very good one, for whatever belief you are desirous to impress upon them. I am speaking of a class of men who are mighty in their passion when they are aroused, and gentle when their hearts are touched. On Monday morning, in this city that I am speaking of, a railway officer, responsible for two roads and for about six thousand men upon them, went to his office. Of course he knew much that had happened before he went there. He heard on that Monday morning, that on the public square of that city, the Saturday night before, there had been a meeting of so-called laboring men, though they were not so, in the higher sense. There had been some twenty-five hundred men assembled there, and it had been deliberately proposed to go from there to Euclid Avenue, and sack the city. The next morning (Sunday) came the news from the City of Pittsburg.

"On Monday morning, the air was quivering with excitement, the whole city seemed to be paralyzed; and well it might be, for there were in that city only two hundred policemen, and no military force worth speaking of. Two lines of road

were in the hands of those who were called 'strikers.' Not a single wheel was moved, business was paralyzed, and apprehension sat upon the face of every man.

"When this railroad officer found out how things were, and how the men upon the other road were taking things into their own hands, he also learned that his own two roads, upon which his men yet stood firm, were being threatened by a mob, or a crowd, if you please, from the striking roads; and he learned that they were coming down there to force his men to quit work, and to enforce what they called 'their rights.' That was a supreme moment; it was a moment for action. It took but a short time to determine that, God helping him, that President would prevent the mass meeting which it was determined by these men that they should hold on the square. Ten thousand men, at least, would have been there, more or less excited, more or less drunk, more or less angry. What could two hundred policemen do against such a force as that? It was not a crowd of men who could be driven by clubs. Many of them had been soldiers, and were used to arms. Moreover, they were ignorant, and they believed they were right; and if a man believes he is right, he will sometimes sacrifice his life. I firmly believe that if force had been used at that time, a great amount of blood would have been shed, and Cleveland would have been in ashes. I draw no fancy picture.

"What did this railway officer do? He went down substantially alone, only one officer of the road going with him. As he approached the shops, he saw the procession, and his own men being forced out two by two. It looked bad enough. Men from the other roads had determined that the men employed upon his roads should not work. They were gathered in the machine-shop. There were some three thousand. The railroad officer stood upon a platform. And what did he urge? Simply the gospel of Jesus Christ. He held up Christ to these men, and appealed to them as Christian men, urging the principles of the gospel as his argument against their proceedings.

"The passions of the men were very strong, but he had not

spoken long before sour faces grew brighter, and the evidence of passion died out. All went down, for Jesus had been appealed to. Jesus spoke to these men. They became silent, and when the matter was put to vote by the leader of the crowd, 'Will you stand by the proposition of the President?' there was a loud shout of 'Aye!' When the question came whether any were opposed to the proposition of the President, there was the silence of the grave. Then this railroad officer said to these men, 'Now that you know you are in the right way, I want you to swear to me an oath this day. Those men who will regard the law, who will not commit any acts of violence, who will protect every life and every piece of property in this city, as if it were his own, hold up your right hand.' And every man's hand went up.

"That was the wall that was drawn around that city, and I tell you, no set of men could prevail against it.

"I shall not go into detail, although I want it to be understood generally that there was no miracle about this. This work was not the outgrowth of a moment, but of years. These men were ready to hear this word, for they had been prepared to hear it. One man's conversion had been the cause of leading thousands of railroad men to Christ, and thus it was easier to address them. I have been reproached since I have been here, because I have given encouragement to the Young Men's Christian Association. It was through their influence that this change had been brought about. I am here neither to praise nor to apologize for any institution. I am here because I am of the Church of Christ—of this church; and I am speaking of the progress of the work of the church, and of the need of missionary effort existing in the West.

"Now, what we propose to do is this: to extend this railroad department of the Young Men's Christian Associations throughout the country among the railroad men; and we say to the railroad officials: 'Gentlemen, if you have a right to build a snow-shed with the company's money, when your line runs through the Sierras; if you have a right to expend money

in any other way to prevent destruction and detention, then you have the right, yea, more, you are solemnly bound to protect us whose interests have been handed over into your hands —our bodies, our property, our families, everything. And you not only have the right, but a solemn responsibility to take care that these influences which have been found to be saving influences in the past shall be perpetuated and extended on every line of railroad that carries our food and our fuel to us. We demand it of you.' And what reply shall they make? The logic of events has closed the mouth of every one to any other reply than 'Yes.' There is no other answer."

FURTHER TESTIMONY CONCERNING THE LATE RAILROAD STRIKES.—From the report of the Pennsylvania State Young Men's Christian Association Convention (October, 1877), in *Harper's Weekly*, we extract the following:

"Mr. W. R. Davenport, an old railroad man, gave the testimony that, during the Pennsylvania Railroad strike, the Christian men were those upon whom the railroad officers relied. The most influential men were the Christians, and their influence was greatly felt." Another officer, holding a position of responsibility in railroad service at a place where the Railroad Young Men's Christian Association has long been active, writes: "In regard to the part Christian men took in the strike, I can speak of what I know. These men were forced to quit work, but openly denounced the action of the strikers; and all went to their homes, except a few who stayed among the strikers to wield all the influence for good that lay in their power. Through the influence of these men the saloons were closed, and all riotousness was kept down. Men who are not Christians have come to me personally, and of their own free will said the Christian work among railroad employés has saved more than it will cost to prosecute this work for a hundred years. Religious services were held every day and evening during the strike; and I believe many of the men will date their conversion from those meetings. It was through the influence of Christian railroad men that strikers returned to

work." An officer of two railroads in Columbus, Ohio, writes: "The Christian railroad men in this place did not, to my knowledge, take any part in the strike." A Christian gentleman, who had the best opportunity to see and know, writes from the same place: "I do not know of a single railroad man, who professes to be a Christian, that took any active part in the strike. One was arrested for participating in it, but, upon trial, fully exonerated." A manager of an important railroad in one of our large cities, where there was a total suspension of trains, writes: "All of our men known to be pronounced Christians had no sympathy with any lawlessness, and kept clear of it. They freely expressed their disapprobation of all such proceedings, and openly declined to take part in the same. There were those among them who took occasion respectfully to join in a request for an advance in wages; but it was in the more excellent way; and when a respectful answer was returned, showing good reasons why their request could not be granted at this time, they cheerfully accepted the situation, and continued to perform their duties. These carefully disclaimed any intention to strike, and though compelled, during the most threatening period, to quit work, they returned when notified, without waiting for a reply to their petition." An officer of the Pennsylvania Company, in the same city, writes: "I have to report that the inquiries started to find out what part the Christian railroad men took in the strike have resulted in obtaining very satisfactory reports; and that is that *not one* of the men who attend the noon-day meetings at our shops took any part whatever in the strike or, either by word or action, encouraged the strikers, but, on the contrary, they kept up their prayer-meetings throughout all the excitement." A gentleman of Martinsburg says of the meeting of the Railroad Young Men's Christian Association, on the Sabbath afternoon when the trouble was most serious: "The attendance was large, and the meeting one of the most impressive I ever attended. What touched me particularly was the many earnest prayers of the railroad men for the officers of the

railroad company, that they might be given wisdom to guide them in their trying positions, to do just what was right, and that they, as employés, might be restrained from all excess and violence, and prove faithful to their duties." A railroad man in Baltimore writes: "I am satisfied that none who were looked up to as Christian men before the strike were at all engaged in it." A member of the Railroad Young Men's Christian Association, of Altoona, Pa., writes: "It is with great pleasure that I bear testimony to the calmness, discretion, and good conduct of our Christian railroad men during the excitement caused by the strike. Our religious meetings were held as usual, and were quite well attended. Although quite a number of railroad employés have been discharged for taking part in the strike, I am glad to say that no active member of our Association is among the number." A superintendent in the extensive railroad shops of one of the trunk lines writes: "I don't know of one Christian that took part in the strike. We found the Christian men ready to work; and those that were made watchmen during the week of the strike were chiefly the Christian men." From the same point, one who has been in the employ of the company twenty-five years writes: "There was not one of the Christian men here, who, during the strike, was not on duty. They went home peaceably, and stayed until sent for to come to work."

These facts make us turn with delight to the origin and growth of the Railroad Department of the Young Men's Christian Association as outlined in the report of Edwin D. Ingersoll, Railroad Secretary of the International Committee.

"A library for railroad men was established by officers of the Passumpsic Railroad Company at St. Johnsbury, Vt., in 1850, another by officials of the Vermont Central Railroad Company, at Northfield, Vt., in 1852, and another by Messrs. Peto, Betts & Brassey, contractors, while building the Victoria Bridge at Montreal, in 1854. Many others have since been established throughout the country. A few of them survive. The great majority of these library organizations are

dead, and in many cases nothing can now be found to show that they ever existed. With possibly one or two exceptions, the interest in and use of the libraries that are still in existence are less than they were at first. As a rule, they were used only by men of good habits and of some literary taste. There was not sufficient social or other influence connected with them to draw men away from evil resorts; there was no aggressive reformatory force.

"At Cleveland, O., in April, 1872, there was a union formed on this old plan of reading-rooms and libraries for railroad men, with the active Christian work of the Young Men's Christian Association. A secretary was employed to do what one man could do to make the library and reading-rooms attractive to railroad men. He went out after men who did not come to the rooms until personally invited, or until they came to return the repeated calls of a personal friend. He visited them in their homes and in the places of their daily toil: on the engine, in the caboose, in office, shop, yard, or switch house. Wherever a railroad man could be found, he got a pleasant word and a hearty invitation to come to the rooms when off duty. If sick or injured, at home or homeless, whatever his position, creed, or nationality, the railroad employé received, not only the best surgical and hospital attendance, but the loving personal service of Christian brotherhood.

"But this service was not limited to one man's ability. The Association idea was developed and utilized, and the efforts of Christian men in railroad service united, to carry out and put in operation the means and methods of the Young Men's Christian Association. Committees were formed, trained, and set at work. Gradually, but steadily and surely, the secretary multiplied his effort and ability, thirty, sixty, or a hundred fold, by the voluntary efforts of men, whom he had interested one by one, and then formed into working committees. The secret of his power was found to be not so much in his personal work as in his ability to find, train, stimulate and help other men, and set and keep them at work. Now, committees have

charge of Sunday services and cottage meetings in the homes of railroad men; committees of their comrades visit and minister to sick and injured men; committees procure libraries; committees arrange entertainments, lectures, concerts, medical talks, and practical talks on topics relating to railroad service. In short, the moral power of the best men in railroad service is united and made an effective force to reach and influence the whole body of railroad men, including employés of express, telegraph and palace car companies. Educational classes are formed, or secretaries and their assistants give private instruction to men who cannot attend classes in penmanship, arithmetic, telegraphy, stenography, mechanical and free-hand drawing. Many men whose early educational advantages were limited have been helped to hold their positions, or to promotion. Men physically disabled for train service have been taught telegraphy or stenography, and so are earning better support for themselves and their families than they earned as brakemen before they were crippled. Enthusiasm is kindled. The rooms of the Railroad Branch of the Association become social headquarters for railroad men; conversation and amusement rooms attract men who have no use for prayer-meetings, classes, or even for reading-rooms and libraries. Gradually they become interested in social or musical entertainments, or in illustrated newspapers and magazines. Each is encouraged by the secretary to read something, and his attention is called to something that will interest him. Soon amusements are less attractive or needful. He has learned to desire and use something better. Thought is stimulated. His social instincts are satisfied with healthful associations. Beer gardens and billiard rooms are less attractive than our rooms. The man becomes a better man, a better citizen, a more intelligent, faithful and loyal servant of the corporation.

"Such results in various places have led railroad managers to say of this work, 'It pays spiritually, it pays morally, and it pays financially,' and to emphasize this testimony by largely increased appropriations.

"The true place of these organizations, as branches of the Young Men's Christian Associations in their respective cities, has been definitely settled. After numerous experiments in other directions, both by the companies and by the men—now in the opening of reading and bath rooms independent of all religious influence or control, again in the establishment of separate organizations, without affiliation with the local Association or the International Committee of these societies—the great advantages in stability and efficiency to be derived from union with the Associations are at present almost universally recognized and appreciated by both employés and officials.

"During the first five years, 1872–'77, organizations were formed at Altoona, Pa., Baltimore, Md., New York, Columbus, O., and Detroit, Mich., the two latter employing secretaries. Interest was awakened and something done toward organization at Jersey City, N. J., Springfield and Boston, Mass., and at Toronto, and St. Thomas, Ont. Mr. Lang Sheaff, whose salary was paid by a few gentlemen of Cleveland, visited these places in 1875–'76, under the direction of the International Committee. The good results of that visitation are still apparent.

"In January, 1877, Mr. Morris K. Jesup, of the International Committee, procured from the President and Vice-President of the New York Central and Hudson River, and the Presidents of the Pennsylvania and the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Companies, contributions, which, with his own, justified the Committee in employing their present Railroad Secretary.

"At that time only three local secretaries were employed—at Cleveland, Columbus, and Detroit—ten railroad companies contributing less than $3000 a year toward their support.

"In the past five years, 1877–'82, the principal railroad centres of the United States and British Provinces have been visited, many of them very many times. Several strong organizations have been formed, employing from one to five secretaries and assistants. The number of secretaries and

assistants is now (June 5th, 1882) forty-six, with money waiting for six more, and support partially secured for ten or twelve more. Contributions of more than $50,000 are already secured for the support of the local work for the current year.

"There have been some wrecks, and some other organizations have failed to come up to the measure of their need or opportunity.

"The service on the part of secretaries has been greatly improved. The standard of five years ago no longer satisfies railroad officials or the International Committee. Some men of rare tact, consecration, and ability have been led into the work, and are being greatly blessed in it; others have been moderately successful and are trying faithfully to meet the demands of the work. Those who think that they know all that there is, or that they need to know, or whose education is deficient, or who do not manifest tact or adaptability to this peculiar work, or who are not born leaders, are gradually dropping out of the service. On the whole, the secretarial force in this department is not only all that can reasonably be expected for the salaries paid, but is a vigorous, able, and consecrated band of pioneers in a new field of Christian effort, whose labors have already called out strong testimonials to the value of the results accomplished.

"In Chicago, eleven Presidents, Vice-Presidents, General Managers and General Superintendents of leading Railroad Companies, compose the Advisory Committee of the Railroad Department of the Young Men's Christian Association. They testify in the strongest terms to the value of the work done, and recommend that the amount expended last year ($7500) in this department of the Chicago Association be largely increased.

"In Albany and Troy, N. Y., Springfield, Mass., Rutland, Vt., and other places, leading citizens are serving on committees with railroad officials and men in the management of this work.

"At Galion, O., East St. Louis, Ill., and Elmira, N. Y., buildings have been erected specially for and dedicated to the

work of Young Men's Christian Associations among railroad men. Similar buildings are about to be erected at Troy, N. Y., and St. Albans, Vt.

"In Toronto, at the house of Hon. William McMaster, senator, some seventy-five leading citizens met the secretary to hear reports of and consult about this work. The result was the appointment of a large committee of the most influential men in public and private life in Toronto, Col. C. S. Gzowski, A. D. C., chairman, to present facts and testimonials of this work to Managers of Canadian railways, and to presidents and directors in England, and to ask for similar appropriations for the support of this work on their roads. At the request of this committee, the International Committee wrote to leading officials and directors of railroads, at places where this work had been in operation long enough to enable them to estimate its worth, for their opinion of the value of the work as an investment by railroad companies. Replies came from every point, and are unanimous in tenor and spirit, all testifying to the value of the work and its wholesome influence upon railroad employés. Similar testimony to the value of the work spiritually, in additions to churches of men who were beyond the reach of the church in any other department of its effort, and of church members aroused to newness of life and service, comes from pastors and church officers in all parts of the country.

"The secretary has travelled more than 30,000 miles a year, made public addresses, held conferences with officials and men, and written letters till it was impossible to keep a record of their number, and yet is utterly unable to meet the calls that come for help in the organization and supervision of this work.

"Men are willing and anxious to take hold of the work, money is forthcoming to support secretaries and erect buildings for local work at various points, promising young men are giving themselves to the work for life as secretaries, and results are delayed for want of intelligent aid and guidance in organization. Some places have already suffered, mistakes

have been made, and partial failures warn us to be more watchful and helpful. The best results appear where this supervision has been most constant. There is work waiting and urgent, for at least three secretaries in this department, while as yet the Committee has means to support but one."

A brief history of the railroad secretary and the work achieved will appropriately conclude the chapter.

Edward D. Ingersoll in 1877 was appointed Secretary of the Railway Branch of the Young Men's Christian Association. He was born in Stockbridge, Mass., June 12th, 1836. His father was a minister and related to the great preacher who is known as the father of the man that has by his infidelity earned the right to wear the mantle of Thomas Paine. As the railroad secretary says, "the man rejected Christ, trampled on the overtures of mercy, and has gone on from bad to worse until he has fought with all his might against God, as is in the nature of an Ingersoll."

This trait of character was illustrated by a locomotive engineer by the name of Ingersoll on one of the roads in Ohio. He was ordered to wait for the superintendent's car at a given station. He was told to take it to a given place as fast as possible. There was no bell-rope to the engine, and the superintendent sat in his car alone. The engineer started, put on steam, and opened the valves and let her go. The passenger coach bounded and leaped, swaying from side to side, causing the superintendent to be thrown from side to side and bob up and down like a ball shaken in a bottle. Reaching the station the superintendent came out, his hair on end and his face pale with fright and rage, saying, "What on earth did you go at that rate for?" "You told me," said the engineer, "to go as fast as I could, and you ought not to tell an Ingersoll to do that unless you meant it."

The characteristics of the engineer have been conspicuous in the life of the secretary. He began his career as a wild and wayward young man. He entered Union College and enjoyed for a time the watchful care of Eliphalet Nott, its illustrious

president. He was converted in 1856 and joined the church, but did nothing for years. He had a name to live but was dead. In 1872 he was living in Cleveland. Lang Sheaff, the Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association, failing to get workers to go to Norwalk, Ohio, because he had no better, asked him to go and help in a meeting. This was said on Tuesday. Ingersoll thought little of the invitation. Friday came and he was urged again to go. He went. On his way the responsibilities of the work touched his heart and awed his spirit. Depressed and bent with the weight of the great trust reposed in him he entered the hall and took his seat upon the platform. The room was crowded to the doors. He spoke. God owned him. Souls were struck under conviction. They made him stay. Business to him became of no account. His work surprised and enthused him. From Sunday to Thursday he spoke every day with increasing power. Railroad men were converted in large numbers. A patent case claimed his attention in Cleveland. He returned, but God loosened the chains of his captivity in business and permitted him to enter into the service of the Master untrammelled. He returned to Norwalk and stayed a month. His destiny was sealed. His course in life was determined for him. In 1874 he came to Syracuse and became the leader of the work for the Young Men's Christian Association. There he developed and revealed his power to organize for victory, and there he remained until January, 1877, when he became railroad secretary in accordance with a resolution of the International Committee passed in 1875. To him we are largely indebted for the interest taken in work among employés by railroad corporations. He knows how to appeal to employés and at the same time how to represent their interests to employers. To-day the great railroad corporations give their support to this work to an extent which promises great future harvests. The leaders recognize the fact that drill a man as best you may still you must depend in the last resort on his own intelligence and will. Sobriety and moral principle contribute their quota toward the production of dividends, and

a good workman who is also a good man counts for something in financial estimates. It is important that the hand on the throttle-valve be not guided by a brain muddled with drink. "No position, not even leadership in battle, calls more imperatively for firm nerves, well-poised faculties and entire self-command. Railway corporations have souls enough to know what affects their purses, but we should fail to do justice to many of the managers of the great lines if we did not concede to them a sincere interest in the welfare of men. When William H. Vanderbilt distributed one hundred thousand dollars among the servants of the company of which he is the head, as a token of his appreciation of their fidelity during the week of the riots, he showed his sense of the value of moral principle in men who work for daily wages. There are instances of heroism in the lives of these men, and often in their dying."*

Doc Simmons, the engineer on the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad, who at the disaster at New Hamburg went down with his locomotive and would not leave it and was found with his hand on the throttle; Gould, the brave engineer on the Boston and Stonington Railroad, who loved his wife and signalled to her by the whistle at night as Sam Hobart kissed his hand to his when he passed, preferred death at his post to an escape with added risk to the passengers—are thus referred to by Bret Harte:

"And then one night it was heard no more,
From Stonington on Rhode Island shore;
And the folks in Providence smiled and said,
As they turned in their beds, "The engineer
Has once forgotten his midnight cheer.
One only knew,
To his trust true,
Gould lay under his engine dead!"

Heroism is heroism in men begrimed with oil and smoke, as well as in men who carry swords and epaulets. And if the

* Harper's Magazine for Jan. 1883, pp. 264-5.

Christian Association address the better side of the natures of this large and growing class of workers, they will render an essential service to society. The interest in their welfare has taken a very practical form. In June, 1882, there were reading-rooms at thirty-three railroad centres for railroad men, of each of which a secretary has charge. An aggregate of $30,000 is annually appropriated by the companies for this truly Christian labor.

"Mr. Ingersoll," says a leading railroad manager, "is indeed a busy man. Night and day he travels. To-day a railroad president wants him here; to-morrow a manager summons him there. He is going like a shuttle back and forth through the country, weaving the web of the Railway Associations. In Indianapolis twelve railroad companies aid in the support of this work of benevolence. In Chicago, the president of one of the leading roads, the general superintendent of another, and other officials, have served and are serving actively on the Railway Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association. The stuff these men are made of may be seen from some of the reports to the Altoona Convention. One spoke thus: "About twelve years ago we organized, in Stonington, Conn., a midnight prayer-meeting of railroad men. It was the hour before the starting of the steamboat night train. The first night one man was soundly converted, and continues a living witness for the truth. I run a midnight train from Providence, and speak almost every Sunday, and many of our railroad men attend. I am forty-six years of age, and have been twenty-seven years on the road and four years at sea. My engineer is a Christian, and I feel safe behind him." Are the passengers of the midnight train worse off because the engineer and conductor are such men as these? A railroad secretary who represented Indianapolis said: "A member of our association was killed last week, and I was called on to bury him. It was a very sad duty. He was a Christian boy, and there are men here who heard him pray. Going home from the funeral, one of the boys, not a Christian, said: 'The Railroad Christian Associa-

tion is doing more for our railroad men than anything else in the world.'"

From the Third International Conference Railroad Department of 1882, we make liberal extracts which bear upon this subject. R. B. Paul, Librarian of the New York City Association, says:

"The founders and friends of Young Men's Christian Associations have wisely regarded the library as an important agency in their work. It is a tool indispensable to the best and complete working of a railroad association. What shall we aim to make the peculiar feature and excellence of this library for railroad men? Evidently it should not be composed of books suitable for scholars, philosophers, and men of studious life; nor will mere sentimental works like the latest sensational novels answer. But the books should be adapted to the tastes of practical men of common sense, who are grappling with the stern realities of life, and who want to devote their spare moments to reading which will help to advance them in their work, and give them agreeable pastime. The aim should be to make the library exert an elevating influence on the man. In order to do this the grade of books should be a little above the average grade of the readers, not below them. It will then be educating in its influence. We will not attempt here to specify the works on general literature, science, etc., which should characterize such a library, but will content ourselves with naming that class of books which will be specially practical in a railroad library and interesting to railroad men. It will not be amiss to say that experience shows that the Bible is the favorite book. Hence there should be shelves for the Bible in as many languages as there will be found readers, and such popular expositions as will invite a closer study of the Word of God and aid those who are engaged in Christian work. It is, however, to the professional feature of books that will be of practical service to engineers, mechanics, firemen, and other employés, viz.: books which relate to the steam-engine, telegraphy, civil engineering in some of its branches,

car building, track-laying, iron, steel, color-blindness, etc. Such books on the shelves will entice many men in subordinate positions to work their way up by study and application.

"We will mention a few authorities on Railroad Science, naming those first which are published at a moderate price, below five dollars:

"RAILROAD SCIENCE.—Auchincloss's Link Valve Motion; Bourne's Catechism of Steam Engine; Bourne's Recent Improvements in the Steam Engine; Bourne's Hand-Book of Steam Engine; Barlow's Strength of Timber; Bender's Proportions of Pins Used in Bridges; also, Proportions of Continuous Bridges; Barry's Railway Appliances; Bauerman's Metallurgy of Iron; Baker's Actual Lateral Pressure of Earthworks; Cluman's R.R. Engineer's Practice; Cooke's The New Chemistry; Combustion of Coal; Car Builders' Dictionary (R. R. Gazette); Clark's Works on Iron Bridges and Roof Structures; Chevereul's Contrast of Colors; Davidson's Linear Drawing and Practical Geometry; Davidson's Linear Drawing and Projections; Davidson's Drawing for Machinists and Engineers; Dresser's Principles of Decorative Design; Ede's Management of Steel, 5th ed., 1873; Engineering Specifications and Contracts; Fairbairn's Iron: its History, Properties and Process of Manufacture; Forney's Catechism of the Locomotive; Ganot's Physics, last edition; Hamilton's Useful Information for Railroad Men; Haswell's Engineer's and Mechanic's Pocket-Book; Kirkman's Railway Accounts, Revenue; also Railroad Expenditures; Lardner's Scientific Hand-Books; Mahan's Civil Engineering; Moore's Universal Assistant, 100,000 Receipts; Molesworth's Pocket-Book of Engineering Formulæ; Pope's Modern Practice of the Telegraph; Richards' Steam Engine Indication, by C. T. Porter; Reynolds's Locomotive Engine; Reynolds's Railway Brakes; Rankine's Rules and Tables; Rood's Modern Chromatics; Shreve's Treatise on the Strength of Bridges and Roofs; Simms's Practical Tunnelling; Spon, E., Workshop Receipts; Stewart, Balfour, Lessons in Elementary Physics;

Stewart, Balfour, Conservation of Energy; Stewart, Balfour, Elementary Treatise on Heat; Thurston's History of the Growth of the Steam Engine; Thurston's Frictions and Lubrication; Thrupp's History of Coaches; Tyndall on Heat as a Mode of Motion; Welch's Designing Valve Gearing; Wilson (Robert), Treatise on Steam Boilers. Two works by F. B. Gardner, published by the Hub Publishing Co., New York, will, we doubt not, be found useful to painters, viz: "Lessons in Lettering," and "Studies in Scrolling." A few higher priced works are very desirable; we append the prices: Appleton's Encyclopædia of Drawing, $10; Ball's Elementary Mechanics, $4; Clark's Manual of Rules, Tables, etc., for Mechanical Engineers, $7.50; History and Description of the Pennsylvania R.R., illustrated, $20; Rankine's Civil Engineering, $6.50; Stoney's Theory of Strains in Girders, $12.50; Trautwine's Civil Engineer's Pocket-Book, $5; Vose's Manual for R.R. Engineers and Engineering Students, $12.50. To these should be added: Knight's Mechanical Dictionary, $24, or Appleton's; Spon's Dictionary of Engineering, say $45; Weale's Series of Scientific Works contain a number that would be suitable for such a collection.

"The question of color-blindness among railroad men is one of vital importance to the great travelling public, one in which personal safety or peril is involved. We know of but two treatises in English on this subject, but every railway library should have one or both. The earliest treatise is by Prof. Holmgren, of Upsala, Sweden, and was published in 1877, entitled, 'Color Blindness and its Relations to Railroads and the Marine.' A translation was published in the report for 1877 of the Smithsonian Institute. Since Prof. Holmgren's work was published we have had Dr. Jeffries' 'Color Blindness, its Dangers and its Detection,' in which he copies a good part of Prof. Holmgren's book; but Dr. Jeffries has made 10,000 tests of his own, of which he gives the results.

"But we must not forget works of a more entertaining and general character, that will relieve the leisure hours

of the railroad man, and awaken in him more ardor for his work.

"RAILROAD LITERATURE.—Adams, C. F. Jr., Railroads: Their Origin and Problems; Adams, C. F. Jr., Chapters of Erie; Adams, C. F. Jr., Notes on Railroad Accidents; Audubon, Life of; Beckman's History of Inventions; Blackwell's Great Facts; Brassey, Thomas, Life of; Brunel, Isambard K., Life of; Brunel, Mark Isambard, Life of; Craik's Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties; Edgar's Boyhood of Great Men; Edison and his Inventions; English Hearts and English Hands; Fouchaud's Lives of Illustrious Mechanics; Howe's Memoirs of the most Eminent Mechanics; Light for the Line, or Life of Thomas Ward; Locke, Joseph, Life of; Men who have Made Themselves; Railways (in Library of Wonders); Read, Nathan, His Invention of the High Pressure Engine; Reynolds's Engine Driving (English book); Reynolds's The Model Locomotive Engineer (English book); Rogers's The Law of the Road, or Wrongs and Rights of a Traveller; Smiles's Brief Biographies; Smiles's Industrial Biography; Smiles's Lives of the Engineers, in 5 vols. $12.50; Smiles's Self-Help, Character; Smiles's Thrift; Stephenson, Robert, Life, by J. C. Jeaffreson; Stimson's History of the Express Companies and Origin of American Railroads; Stuart, C. R., Lives of Civil and Military Engineers of America; Taylor's The World on Wheels; Timbs, J., Inventors and Discoverers; Timbs, J., Wonderful Inventions; Trevithick, Robert, Life of, with an Account of his Inventions, by F. Trevithick; Tweedie's The Life and Works of Earnest Men; Worcester, Second Marquis, Life of, with Century of Inventions; Wrigley's The Workingman's Way to Wealth; Wynne, J., Eminent Scientific Men.

"Many, if not all, of the scientific publications named, can be purchased at Van Nostrand's Scientific Bookstore, or at E. Spon's, New York City. We have indicated with as much fulness as our space will allow the lines of books for such a library as will meet the requirements of railroad men."

O. R. Stockwell, Railroad Secretary, New York, gives his experience:

"When I went as secretary to New York City, the Railroad Branch had no membership. The Company was contributing liberally, but some felt that the men would be driven from the rooms if they were asked to contribute to the work. We arranged for a sustaining membership, the men contributing just as they feel able; and the result is that we have secured a membership of 250, the annual income from which is about $600. The attendance, which the year previous was about 2500 monthly, has now increased to over 3000.

"In attempting a Bible Class we at first tried it on Sunday, but we found that we could command a better attendance Wednesday noon, and so changed to that time. Through its influence many Christian men have been stimulated to work for others. We have a circulating library of 540 volumes.

"I feel that the library is one of the most important adjuncts in our work. We do not want books that will please and cater to a low order of intelligence, so much as books that will educate, refine and cultivate a moral sentiment in a man's heart. While I was secretary of the Columbus Association a brakeman asked me to select him a book from the library. He was given to drink. I selected a book that would be entertaining, and yet would exert the right influence; and when he brought it back, he said: 'Stockwell, any man who reads that book will never touch another drop of liquor.' I have often placed the same book in the hands of young men in New York City, some of them Roman Catholics, although it is written by a Baptist minister's wife, and they say that they never read as good a book before, or one with a better moral. We don't want books simply that at the end of the month we can make a good report. We could get any amount of yellow-covered literature that would be read with avidity. But we want books that will be like an electric light in a dark corner, and that will make a man better for his family and for the community, not books that will lead men downward."

Frank W. Smith, of Toledo, said :

" In our place we asked for magazines, *Harper's*, *Scribner's*, and *All the Year Round*, and we received something over a thousand copies. They were placed in the switch-houses and round-houses, and were not to be returned, but to be passed from one man to another. Among the magazines were a few religious peridoicals. The devil said : ' Frank, don't put in that religious magazine ; the boys will not read it.' I said : ' Get thee behind me, Satan,' and then I put the magazine on top. This was one of the strongest temptations I had when I sent out these magazines, and I conquered it only by placing the religious magazines on the top."

W. J. Orr said :

" I visited a man on the Great Western Railway who had been sick for three weeks. He was a Roman Catholic, and was fond of reading. I took *Scribner's Magazine* and slipped inside some little religious papers. I said to him : ' Here is *Scribner's*, and I have slipped a couple of tracts inside, you do not object ? ' and he said : ' No.'

H. F. Williams said :

" Railroad men need an intelligent understanding of the work they have in hand. The man who has a practical education will better fill any position he is called to than he would without it. The employés of a road give character to the road ; and when we elevate them to a higher standard we are doing that much toward giving to the stockholders an equivalent for the money they contribute for the support of our work. The tendency of any man's life who is a specialist is to narrow him down. Put a man at the throttle of an engine, let him stand there year after year, doing the same work, running over the same road, even whistling at the very same points, and that man's life is being contracted by constantly doing this one work. We ought to offer a helping hand to such men to break the treadmill monotony of their lives. The word education means to draw out as well as to put in knowledge : the educational part of our work should both put some-

thing into a man's life and draw something out, making him not only useful to himself, but useful to others.

"I know there is a temptation to make the Association room simply a pleasant place of resort, but we want our rooms to be more than that: we want them to be educational centres. The very pictures on the walls should be made a means of education. Instead of getting railroad advertisements around our rooms, we ought to seek, as many Associations are wisely seeking, to put the right sort of pictures before the men, and thus put good thoughts into their minds which may be drawn out to a purpose by and by. We cannot maintain classes in the railroad work in the same way that we can in the city work. Our men are not permanent, but are liable to be moved from division to division, and so we have to do the educational work in such a way that each lesson will be complete in itself.

"One day a Division Superintendent came into our rooms, who was interested in a car-coupling arrangement. I suppose there are hundreds of different kinds of car-couplings. This gentleman had thoroughly familiarized himself with the different patterns of couplings, and at my request he promised to tell us something about them. We called a meeting, endeavoring especially to reach the brakemen; and it was one of the most interesting meetings we ever had, both to the superintendent and the men. He enjoyed it quite as much as they did. I heard them talking about car-couplings many times afterward in the yard. This shows that other lines of work may be taken up besides class-work. A vocal music class, for instance, could be very well maintained. An occasional lesson in penmanship may be given. I have also thought I would like to try a class in business forms. I was connected once with a very interesting spelling class, using a little book with specimen words in it. We combined spelling with penmanship by having the pupils write out the words. We have a very careful and conscientious surgeon connected with the road, who gave us some very practical lessons, explaining from charts the circulation of the blood and describing

the most prevalent kinds of injuries. He rolled up the men's sleeves and tied up their arms and showed them how to stop the flow of blood. He gave them a prescription for a liniment, and I was very much interested afterward to find how many of the men were carrying it with them. But let us never forget that we want to show the men the Lord Jesus Christ. It is far easier to reach worldly people through our educational features than by presenting Christ, and we are tempted to be drawn away too much to the secular side. The Lord has given us golden opportunities to get hold of men through this educational interest, and let us make these but stepping-stones to better things.

"How can this work be organized? or, What can the secretary of a local organization do for railroad work, where a branch has not been established? That is to say, How is the railroad work to be commenced in a new place?"

Mr. Ingersoll.—The first thing is for the secretary of the city Association to make the acquaintance of Christian railroad men. Seek them out. Go to the pastors and ask them if they have any railroad men in their churches. You will always find one or more, and every one you find will give you the name of another one. In that way you will get track of a number of Christian railroad men. Then, in personal intercourse with these men, one at a time, get them into this work, and afterward get them together. Give them the literature pertaining to the railroad work of our Associations; reports of conferences held, bulletins of railroad branches, anything bearing upon the work that would interest them, and give them a clear idea of what is being done in this department and how it is done. Seek to impress them with the fact that the Christian railroad man has more influence over his unsaved comrades than any one else has. Bring the matter to their conscience as a duty that no one else can perform. Show them what has been done by Christian railroad men in other places, and say: "Don't you think that such a work ought to be done here?" They will say: "Yes." Then ask: "Don't you think you

ought to do it!" It will not be long before the Lord will help you to lay it upon the hearts of one or two, or more. Then you have a nucleus for your committee. The first and simplest work for them to do is to hold cottage meetings in the homes of other men. Two Christian men can commence that work anywhere. It does not involve any expense; it needs nothing but willingness and love for souls. I don't care how hard a case a railroad man may be, two Christian comrades can get his house for a little prayer-meeting; and no kind of effort has been more wonderfully blessed in our railroad branches than this same work.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE WASTED SUBSTANCES.

The Story of Edward H. Uniac's Fall and some of the sad Incidents in Sam's Work.

SAM lived amid the surging currents of evil. Though the prohibitory law had been nominally enforced, this truth pressed upon his attention and gave him alarm, viz., *that men were in danger of going wrong because they were wrong, they loved evil.* In the story of the Prodigal Son, the younger boy is called, by common consent, "The Prodigal Son," because he "wasted his substance in riotous living." He deserved the name. Such a man is prodigal. A man that lives for self; that consumes his substance in gratifying inclination or appetite; who reads, not for improvement, but for pleasure; who worships God, even without a thought of helping any one, is a prodigal.

There are those who, for God's cause and man's good, give their all, and leave themselves impoverished in purse, though enriched in character, who are called prodigal by those who regard as saved what they enjoy, and as lost what they bestow upon others. These make a mistake. Christ said, "Freely ye have received, freely give." The man that does this wisely, carefully, and discriminatingly, is a benefactor, but no prodigal. A prodigal is one who expends money on other things without necessity and foolishly. Wasting substance is prodigality. The word is sometimes misused. We speak of the man of genius as one on whom nature has been prodigal in the bestowment of her gifts. This can never be true. When the man misuses these gifts, then he is prodigal of his genius.

Yet it is not nature that is prodigal, but the man. Nature is liberal in the bestowment, man is prodigal in the expenditure. We justly speak of a spendthrift as prodigal, because he wastes what he distributes.

There is a thought suggested by the words "wasted his substance," which saddens the mind and pains the heart. The word implies recklessness, thoughtlessness, if not absolute and intrinsic wickedness. A man cannot become prodigal so as to spend his time or squander his talent or his money without necessity and without a purpose to do good except he first cut loose from moral restraint and determine upon a career of personal gratification without regard to future responsibilities or opportunities. The career of the prodigal is easily traced. His pride led him to say, "I know the world better than others. The advice of the aged is very well for those who need it, but I need it not, and will have none of it. Money is made to be used. The only use fit for it is to procure enjoyment. I can get more pleasure out of my money away from home than at home." Indeed, the restraints of home are unbearable to the child so soon as sin takes full possession of the heart. Is there a boy who feels that a mother's eye gives pain, a sister's confiding look brings reproach, who dislikes family prayers, who hurries away so as to avoid them? such a one is becoming a prodigal. He feels that home is a prison, and the rendezvous of the wild and dissipated, paradise. Such are in danger. The prodigal went into a far country and there wasted his substance. There was no purpose to do well. It is possible to lose a fortune and not be blamed for it. It is impossible to waste a fortune and not be called a prodigal. The wrecks of misfortune line the shore of life's sea. The number of mistaken and disappointed men is legion. They are everywhere. Success is the exception and not the rule. But this utterance does not condemn mankind. Thousands of our most successful men have clambered to the heights of success up the steeps of difficulty and amid the pitfalls of failure, and have won position, distinction, and fortune. Others

that have toiled just as hard and just as wisely have been overwhelmed by misfortune and are regarded as failures, but are not prodigals.

Some of the men who have gone down into the vortex of bankruptcy have been far-seeing, prudent, economical, and wise. But business is dependent upon others. There is a network of influences which distinguishes financial transactions, which extend far and wide beyond the reach and control of the individual. Ships freighted with rich cargoes may go down into the sea. Railroad stocks, promising great dividends in the future, may prove worthless at a given time. Men in whom unlimited confidence has been reposed suddenly fail and become bankrupt in character as in purse. A failure under such circumstances may be all that is left to honor. A man might deceive and become rich. If he is true he must go to the wall, not necessarily to stay there.

The business man learns by his mistakes quite as much as by his successes. It is not dishonorable to fail. It is dishonorable to squander and waste. Whoever tries and fails, reveals a purpose which is commendable, and is honored; and though such a one becomes bankrupt, yet, if he does as well as he can, society covers him with the mantle of charity, and, hoping for the best, lends with pleasure the helping hand.

Not so does society feel toward the man who squanders opportunity and patrimony, and by inattention to business and by riotous living sows his fortune to the wind, and in due time reaps the whirlwind of disappointment, chagrin, and want.

You feel that a prodigal is destitute of self-control, of a beneficent and ennobling purpose; that he tries not to help, not to build up, but to injure, to tear down, and demolish. Well can I recollect the impression made upon my young heart by a prodigal son whom I saw when a boy. He was the heir to a fortune, and married a fortune with his wife. He seemed to feel that there was no end to his income. He drank fiercely and squandered lavishly. For a time he was the ringleader of a class of dissipated followers. He was notorious for having

spread a hundred-dollar bill on a slice of bread and butter and eating it in the midst of a drunken revel. He died from the effects of his dissipation, and was buried. The remembrance of the manner in which he was despised is still fresh. His widow, impoverished by his prodigality, was compelled to live in penury, and her life was overshadowed by the terrible disgrace.

In his life there was not a single redeeming trait. His companions were ashamed of him, and his former friends left him in disgust. Self was his idol, drink his passion, and pleasure his highest aim. He lived like a brute and died like a brute.

All have possessions with which they may be prodigal. They may have talents, and by using them foolishly and for unwise purposes, waste them. An individual is under obligations to hold all his powers of body, mind, and soul in abeyance to the highest needs of God and humanity. Whoever refuses to do this is prodigal. There are individuals prodigal of opportunities. They are placed in stores, in shops, and offices. They have been trusted. They prove false to the trust reposed in them. They neglect to do as well as they can. They do what they are required to do, and no more. If asked to do a favor outside of their peculiar place, they regard it as an insult. The result is, they are dismissed when there is a slack of employment. Their narrowness and meanness has made them prodigal of their opportunities. They have wasted them in attending to self-interests. They have themselves to blame for their being out of employment. They regarded to-day's privileges as of no consequence, and seemed to feel that the time for distinguishing themselves was coming, and so by inattention and by negligence they extinguished the fires of hope and squandered the blessings intrusted to their keeping. Whoever acts thus is prodigal and will come to want. On the other hand, we have seen a man in a store who could and would do anything that needed to be done. He was a man of all work. He could keep books, collect accounts, lift a package, run an errand, stay late and get up early. He was careful

to improve every opportunity and to use his talent for his employer's advantage. Such a man cannot be spared. The chances are that he will become a partner in the business. Such succeed. Their success is a certainty.

Christian loafers are pious prodigals, and are great pests. They have nothing that they will do, but sponge a living under the pretence that they have a call which forbids their working. The world is full of them. They make a zeal for God a cloak for dishonesty toward men. They borrow money without a thought of paying it, and claim that they are giving their time to the church, and so are justified in cheating you. Such disgrace Christianity, and waste their little substance because of their false views of duty and right.

Consider what was the substance of the prodigal. His substance consisted not alone of the money he carried with him from his father's house, but largely in what he had in himself, apart from money. He had something in and of himself. *The health of body* which gave a tinge of beauty to his cheek and elasticity to his limb, and strength to his frame, was a part of his substance which he was under obligation to himself and to God to husband with care. He wasted it. Dissipation tells its sad story for him as for others. It always tells its sad story. Hide it you cannot. Compare the look of the dissipated youth, who wastes his nights in revels, who invades his hours of sleep, who changes night into day and day into night, whose haggard look and hollow cough and laggard step point unmistakably to an early grave; with the bright eye, the quick step, the hearty laugh, the joyous face of the man whose evenings are passed at home, with pleasant books for companions, to whom sleep brings rest and refreshment, and to whom the morning comes with cheery voices sounding in the ear, and pleasant duties engaging the thought —this man is frugal of his strength and time, the other is a prodigal.

Vigor of mind is also a part of a man's capital. Whatever clouds, deadens, or impairs the intellect, or distracts the mind,

wastes a man's substance, and impoverishes him as surely as does the scattering of money or destroying of property.

Let us ask whence comes this tendency to prodigality? The answer is at hand. Not from what is without a man so much as from what is within. Dram-shops abound and will abound so long as society remains at heart what it is. But they would not last a week if society could be Christianized. But do not Christians indulge their appetites, and make drinking respectable? We answer a thousand times no. There may not be moral power enough in churches to throw off the body of this death, and wine-drinking and intemperance may be tolerated; but intemperance is a sin, and whoever is intemperate is a sinner, and it is a shame for him to do the devil's work in the garments of a professed Christianity. Prodigality comes from forgetfulness of God, from ignoring the responsibilities of life, from seeking the things of self, and from living selfishly rather than for God.

INTEMPERANCE A CURSE.

Boston and New England were startled by the fall of *Edward H. Unise.* His story interested Sam and enabled him to portray the peril in strong drink with tremendous power. Sam declared that strong drink was a *devil.* He described not only the insidious approach of the destroyer, but the cunning it gives its victim and the utter overthrow of truthfulness, of honor, of uprightness.

Edward H. Unise left Ireland for America a boy of fifteen. He ran away from home. The hot Celtic blood that coursed his veins predisposed him to temptation. On board ship he obtained his first sip of grog. A sailor gave it to him, and he drank it from a dipper with the men. He liked it. He wanted more. He landed in New York with a purpose to see the sights and enjoy the world. Intemperance was the gate to pleasure, and he entered it. The broad road to ruin may be entered anywhere and at any time. That young man is the representative of a great class. Sam felt it. On one occasion,

when the wreck and ruin of this bright young life was engaging public thought, Sam in the presence of a great number of railroad men sketched the story of the young man and plead with them to shun the rock on which his bark of life went down. This is the story in outline. Uniac came to America fresh from the blessings and benedictions of a Christian home, endowed with ability to climb to the highest round of the ladder; he yielded to temptations, and afterward in a letter wrote: "When I think of the advantages that were presented to me in my young days and see how much I might have accomplished had I been true to my home education, I feel keenly the truth of Whittier's words when he says:

> "Of all sad words of tongue or pen
> The saddest are these, '*it might have been.*"

"The light of the wicked shall be put out." "The truth of this text," said Uniac, "I know and can verify. I have walked for years in darkness without one single ray to light my pathway of sin and crime. There was a time when I walked in the light, when the songs of birds were hymns of praise and the winds sighed the love and greatness of God. Mine was the peaceful life of innocent childhood. I had a mother to direct me into the paths of piety. I had a Christian father, and every Sunday found me at the foot of the altar, filling up my young soul with divine truth and love. But how sad the story! I turned from the right to the wrong, and entered the ways and wickedness of the world. I followed its luring phantoms until my light was extinguished and I groped amid the dark *débris*, plunging ever down into places of still deeper darkness."

He studied law and won position at the bar. Drink undermined his strength. He married and became the father of two children. Drink broke up his home. His wife parted from him. He enlisted as a soldier. He was promoted over and over again for valor and reduced to the ranks because of drink. He was wounded. He was captured. He was carried to Richmond and suffered in Libby and Belle Isle. In six months

starvation took him down from weighing one hundred and thirty-eight pounds to weighing less than eighty pounds. Still the love of drink held him. He was exchanged. He went to Camp Distribution. There John B. Gough saw him and described him. "His hair was matted, a dirty rag was bound about his head, his eye was bloodshot, his face bloated and his whole appearance spoke of utter neglect." Being interested in his apparent abandonment, Gough inquired of an officer who he was. His reply was: "He is the worst man in the company and the most brilliant, but is so given to intemperance that nothing but a miracle can save him." Uniac heard Gough and came to himself. On the way to the meeting he overheard a soldier say, "There goes a subject for Gough's lecture." These words cut him to the quick, and he thought to himself, "Is it possible? Have I sunk so low in the scale of humanity as to be pointed at by my companions in crime? By God's help I will try to be a man once more."

His description of the scene is worthy of being introduced. He said, "Gough was in the midst of one of his most powerful appeals. When pointing his finger almost directly at me, he said, 'You can be a man; you have an immortal spirit beating in your bosom which must live forever. Will you try? God will help you. Good angels will help you, the prayers of God's people will help you, and you will be successful in the struggle.'" He signed the pledge. Mrs. Gough offered him her hand, saying, "God help you to keep it." He replied, "Thank you, madam, I will remember that."

He won a victory. He enlisted as a worker in the Christian commission. He came to Boston, and in the lecture field became the rival of Gough. He went from town to town and State to State. He never overcame his appetite, and here it was that Sam Hobart became interested in him. He often saw him on the train. He often listened to him. He recalled with horror the fact that when weak and faint he went into a drug store in Boston, and in accordance with the recommendation of a friend asked for quinine bitters. The clerk took down a

bottle, and Uniac taking it in his hand said, "Do you know me, sir."

The man said, "Yes; this is Mr. Uniac, the temperance orator."

"Well, then, you know," says Uniac, "that I can take nothing that has alcohol in it; have these bitters anything of the kind in them?"

The apothecary answered, "Not enough to hurt anybody, if there is any. There may have been a few drops when they were first made, put in to keep them; but, still, knowing you, I can cordially recommend them to you."

Uniac bought them, tasted of them, and went to Connecticut. He spoke and fainted. Brandy was given to him, which caused every nerve of his stomach to open its mouth and cry for drink. He came the next morning back to Providence, went into a saloon, drank nearly a tumbler full of raw whiskey, and taking a bottle with him came to Boston drunk. Sam wept over his fall. So did thousands. The story of his relapse ran like wildfire. Uniac went from bad to worse. He at times gained a mastery for a day, and then went down for a week. He came to the Temple one Sabbath morning. The pastor saw him, and calling a deacon said: "In yonder corner is Uniac; go to him and stay with him until the close of the meeting, and bring him to my room."

It was done. Then and there his weakness was revealed. He would not take Christ for strength. The devil held him and made him reject the offered help of God. How we prayed for him. How Sam described the weakness of the inebriate as he related this story of his persisting in obtaining strong drink. It was on an April morning in 1869 that a friend started with him to go to John B. Gough's near Worcester. When they arrived at South Framingham Uniac wanted drink, and was so determined to have it that force was required to resist him. At Worcester he was threatened with delirium tremens. In accordance with medical advice wine was given him. He then escaped and drank freely. He went to Mr. Gough's, ate din-

ner, came back, went to the theatre, and then escaped his friend and was found in the bar-room just raising the liquor to his lips. "Stop!" cried the friend. This is the description of the scene: "I spoke sharply and told him that I had lost all confidence in him. He appeared to feel very badly, and wept like a child and said, 'If you cannot trust me, there is no use of my trying to reclaim my lost position.' I talked plainly, telling him, if he did not try I should, and that he could not have any more drink. He gave me one of his defiant laughs, and said he would have it if he lived, and that I did not know the cunning of the inebriate. I told him that if that was the case he would not live, for he should go to Boston dead or alive without liquor. For two minutes he looked me in the eye, as only a drunken man can. At length, with his eyes still fixed on me, he said, '*Do you mean that?*' I answered firmly, '*I do.*' He said, in a subdued tone, 'I am ready to go.'" They came to Boston. In the morning he got up early and said he was going to the Maine Depot to meet a friend. The next heard of him he was intoxicated. They found him. They put him on his feet. Back to drink he went. Matters went on in this way until one morning a friend received a note saying, "A man in the police station desires to see you." The friend hastened thither. The prisoners were in the dock. He looked in and among the array stood Uniac; his face bloated, his eyes bloodshot, hair dishevelled, clothes torn and dirty, and a look of despair in his eyes. He was taken out, carried to a private asylum; the light of hope once more flickered in the socket. It was but for a moment. He used opium. He went and drank, came back and slept the sleep that wakens only upon the dread realities of eternity.

This long story was known to the engineer. It nerved him. It made him more desperate with weak men. It fired his imagination. It caused him to pray against rum—at the Bethel temperance meetings, in the Temple, at Worcester, and everywhere. If a man bolted with friends as was Uniac could be carried down, none were safe out of the arms of Jesus. This

Sam saw. This he said, clinching his exhortation with the words, "He that trusteth his own heart is a fool. Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."

On another occasion he came into the meeting and with thrilling effect related this incident. A young man fresh from the country was gazing one evening listlessly at the windows of a pleasantly lighted room when he felt a gentle tap on the shoulder. He turned. A friend said, "Come. I am going in for a few moments; will you not come?" He hesitated; his mother rose before him as on her dying bed he promised her that he would never sit at a gaming-table, nor look upon the wine-cup. Notwithstanding this promise he went in, again and again; he was in a good position. He has lost it. I have just come from him. He has the delirium tremens. I have seen him pointing his attenuated finger toward the door and exclaiming, "There they are. Don't you see them? Oh, keep them off. There they come. They are on me. They have got me." He shrieks and promises, "*Yes!* Yes! I will play one more game with you, for you have my soul. I know you have." Contrast that man with our honored deacon, George W. Chipman, who came as a young man to the city from Marlboro. The first night he went out, his companions led him to the threshold of a theatre. He stopped. He stood. He saw his mother's beautiful face and, turning, said, "I promised her not to go there, and I will not." He was asked to drink. His vow kept him as he strode on to usefulness and to eminence. Temptation is a fact. It meets us everywhere. It sounds like the great sea to some. It is like the great sea to millions. Every man may be broken by it, unless God keep him. Every enterprise may be wrecked by it, unless God delivers it. Only those who take Jesus for strength get the victory. There is no temptation taken you but is common to man, but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able to bear, but will with the temptation make a way to escape that ye may be able to bear it. Faith in God would have saved Uniac. Well has it been said:

"I would not give much for that virtue which has never been tried. Give me rather the virtue whose battered and bruised shield has arrayed itself against the hosts of evil. Give me the man who has been baptized in the fire of temptation and come out like refined gold."

CHAPTER XIV.

TEMPERANCE AN ADDED FORCE.

Henry Wilson—The Peril in Wild Oats—Lessons Learned at the Farm School.

Sam delighted to do honor to those who deserved honor. Foremost among these in his estimation stood Henry Wilson, an illustration, known and read of all men, of the fact that temperance was an added force.

Henry Wilson began at the bottom. His parents knew poverty because of the curse of rum. He once said in Tremont Temple, "From my cradle to this hour I have seen, felt, and realized the curse of intemperance. When my eyes first saw the light, when I came to recognize anything, I saw and felt some of the evils of intemperance; and all my life long to this hour and now, my heart has been burdened with anxieties for those of my kith and kin that I loved dearly."

Sam dwelt sadly on this great sorrow in the life of the son, Henry Hamilton Wilson, which illustrates the danger in strong drink. Mr. Wilson's father loved liquor. He did not. He had no relish for it. But his boy suffered from his grandfather's weakness and, giving way to the use of intoxicants, went to an untimely grave.

This fact stares all workers in the face. In Brooklyn, N. Y., was a man perfectly temperate. His three boys were hopeless drunkards, as was their grandfather before them. Mr. Beecher described the condition of them, saying sometimes for days the peril threatened them. They bemoaned it. They fought against it. They yielded to it. They died drunkards because of their grandfather's sin. Unine over and over again would

go to a friend and cry for help. He would not dare go alone. The approach of the devil was like an armed guard. It was impossible to obtain deliverance unaided.

Temperance is an added force. Hence the apostle says: "Add to your faith virtue, to virtue knowledge, and to knowledge temperance."

"Temperance," Sam would say, "is not religion. It cannot take the place of religion. It is one feature of religion. It is a strand in the rope, a block in the superstructure, a branch of the tree. Faith is the foundation of Christianity. Love is the dome of the grand superstructure, through which the light of God irradiates the building from which comes the glory and the mantling of beauty."

Temperance is essential to manliness. Nothing is more common than to see the young refuse to heed the injunction: Add temperance to other virtues. Sam could not abide the tendency in young boys to use tobacco. He protested against the keeping of cigar-stores open on the Sabbath, where thousands of children take the pennies designed for the treasury of the Lord and drop them into the tobacconist's hands for that which threatens to stunt the growth and destroy the promise of those who otherwise would be the hope of the church and the world. "I know what you think," said Sam. "You declare we want to know the world. We want to have a good time. We have not sounded the depths of pleasure. We are not ready to give up pleasure for piety and the world for Christ. How Christ mourns over the fact that so many parents side with this tendency to sin, saying, 'Boys will be boys,' and declaring that children must not be brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and must not be held by too tight a rein while young, and that they will get over their folly when they have sowed their wild oats. Alas, *wild oats* grow. They bring forth harvests, as the weak and dissipated wrecks of humanity about us on every side declare." The poor were not, in Sam's estimation, in greater danger than the rich. How he delighted to describe the life of Senator Wilson. Beginning the poorest

of the poor. Early learning to read. Receiving as his first text-book and as the guide of his youth a New Testament, he started out under the benediction of the heavenly hand. Having reached his majority he learned the shoemaker's trade, and became a good manufacturer. While others were idling away their time, he was reading and working. At twenty-one he was conversant with American history and with wide realms of literature. As soon as he earned money he went to school. He worked for his board that he might discipline his mind. He grew mentally as he grew physically. He joined a debating society and learned to think on his feet. He became a power in his neighborhood, in the town, in the State and in the nation, because of his growth intellectually and morally.

He was temperate. After he had been a member of the Legislature and while the excitement of anti-slavery agitation swept the land, he went to Washington to carry a petition against the admission of Texas as a State into the Union. He was asked to dine with John Quincy Adams. At the table, wine was urged upon the rising politician. Henry Wilson refused it, and, imitating Daniel at the court of Babylon, won favor with God and man. Wilson spoke of this as one of the strongest temptations of his life. Mr. Adams afterward heartily commended him for his consistency. When elected to the United States Senate he gave his friends a dinner at Young's Hotel. On that occasion some jeeringly asked, "Where are the wine-glasses?" and spoke of the occasion as a dry affair. Henry Wilson rose and with a great deal of feeling said: "Gentlemen, you know my love for you, my obligations to you. Great as they are, they are not great enough to make me forget 'the rock whence I was hewn and the pit from which I was dug.' Some of you know how the curse of intemperance overshadowed my youth. That I might escape I fled my early surroundings and changed my name. For what I am, under God, I am indebted to my temperance vow and my adherence to the same. Call for what you want to eat and, if this hostelry can provide it, it shall be forthcoming. But wines and

liquors cannot come on to this table with my consent, because I will not spread in the path of another the snare from which I have escaped."

All applauded him, and Senator Wilson became the pride of the workingmen and the stalwart leader in the cause of temperance in Washington as in Boston, and for him Sam Hobart had unbounded admiration. Senator Wilson had a warm place in his heart for the brave and faithful engineer. In some things they were alike. They loved God and delighted to work for men. The necessity of adding temperance to other Christian and manly virtues was ever a present fact with this worker for God. He knew that it was fashionable to be intemperate. Intemperance is not regarded as a sin, but rather as a sign of a generous nature. Temperance is looked upon as an evidence of narrowness, of weakness and puerility, instead of being proof of wisdom, of strength, of manliness. Drinking customs have invaded society. They threaten the thrift and prosperity of the men of toil. Many a man drinks up chairs, sofas, mirrors, wife's clothes, children's shoes, and goes on in poverty, whereas he might with temperance enjoy it all.

This story illustrated the truth in one of Sam's talks: "An engineer, through rum-drinking, had lost his place. He was turned away. Railroad men cut him on every side. One day he was leaning on the counter and was about to drink as Sam entered the saloon in search of him. The wife of the saloon-keeper brought in her beautiful child and stood her upon the counter, saying, 'Papa, see baby's shoes.' Just then the little barefooted child of the engineer came in and said, 'Papa, come home.' Sam, looking at the little red feet, said: 'Bob, your girl needs shoes quite as much as the saloon-keeper needs your money.' The man looked at his child. He broke down in grief and said: '*Sam, I am done.*' He took the little child in his arms, put her cold feet in his bosom, and carried her home; signed the pledge and that night Sam gathered a little collection to give them a start." "Temperance," said Sam, on another occasion, "is essential to manly development. In-

temperance weakens the system, destroys the intellect, and ruins the soul. Contrast the offspring of the temperate and intemperate parents." Sam had visited the Reform School at West Borough, and his attention was called to the diminutive forms of the children of intemperate parents. The devil knows it; and as this Republic has to do with the world's progress Sam saw in the use of ardent spirits the degeneracy and the destruction of thousands who otherwise might aid in promoting its interests. Temperance gives skill to the hands, clearness to the perception, value to the judgment, and power to the will. Intemperance destroys it all, and casts down its votary into the vortex of ruin. Parents should think of this. "Recently, in a neighbor's house I saw," said Sam, "a boy reeling around the room.

"'What are you doing?' shouted the father in anger.

"'Doing?' said the lad, 'I am walking as father walked last night.'"

It was as good as a picture to see the tear in Sam's eye as he told the story and asked prayers that the father might feel the terrible rebuke which came from the lips of his child. Such facts as these illustrated the truth that temperance promotes clearness and vigor of intellect. Daniel Webster achieved his noble stature and his magnificent frame previous to his surrender to the use of intoxicants. Havelock and his regiment proved that the temperate are more healthy, more ready for duty, and more enduring than the intemperate. In Russia when soldiers are sent north, an officer smells the breath of every man and keeps home every one who drinks intoxicants.

Thousands perished in our army because of drink. Defeat after defeat came to our arms because of the indulgence on the part of the officers in strong drink. General Butler found that drunkenness was sapping the strength of his army. He found that soldiers concealed liquor in gun barrels, and in one way or another thousands were drinking. He issued an address. He plead with officers and men to abandon the use of liquor for the sake of the flag as well as for their own safety, and led the

way in total abstinence. The tide of drunkenness threatened everything. When checked, victories came. It is probable that Commodore Foote did no work as valuable on his gunboat at Fort Donelson as when on his way he held up before U. S. Grant the importance of his abstaining from every form of *intoxicating beverages.*

It is admitted that indulgence in drinking may unduly excite the intellect for the moment and aid it in bearing an undue strain for a time; but no man that uses tobacco or intoxicants understands the pleasure derived from the play of the united forces of mind and body and soul as does the temperate man whose imagination kindles under the inspirations of truth and under the direction of the Spirit of God. Temperance enables the individual to use the powers committed to his keeping. A man falls into the gutter overcome by liquor. Liquor overcomes. It does not help. It disgraces women, no matter how wealthy or how refined, as it disgraces the ignorant sot. This fact Sam illustrated by an incident which had just come to his notice. A friend, knowing his skill in managing the intemperate, invited him to an elegant home. He entered a parlor more beautiful than anything he had before seen. Around him was all that wealth, guided by an elegant taste, could desire. Large and comfortable chairs, sofas of the most costly description, and book-cases filled with rare books surprised and delighted him. On the walls were the most costly of paintings purchased in Europe, where the appetite for strong drink was acquired, not by the man, but by the woman. To her he was introduced. She admitted her degradation and contended that she was utterly helpless. Sam took her at once to Christ. "Take my Lord, madam, for temperance as I took him to overcome profanity, and you will be all right. You know Paul said, 'Every one who striveth for the mastery is temperate.' You are to make a struggle to be temperate."

"Yes; that is the difficulty. I cannot live without stimulus."

"Die, then," said Sam.

"And be damned and go to hell?" said the lady.

"No," said Sam, with the pleasantest of smiles, "die and go to heaven, and get out of hell."

"Wouldn't I be damned if I should die as I am?"

"Yes, but you need not die as you are. Whosoever confesses Christ as a Saviour shall be confessed by Christ before his Father and his holy angels. Confess Christ and then take him for strength, and you won't be sick and you won't be harmed. But if you should be sick and die Jesus will take you to himself. You see you are his after you give yourself to him, and he is responsible for your salvation and preservation."

"It is a new view, Mr. Hobart. I see my way out through God's help."

Together they prayed, and she began the fight in the name of God, and won the victory, and the home was saved.

Ever after, that woman welcomed Sam, not as a railroad engineer, but as her deliverer and benefactor in the Lord.

In Sam's estimation temperance was essential to piety. He had no use for an intemperate minister or for a physician that for any reason would prescribe the use of stimulants. He believed more were ruined than helped by it.

Add temperance to the attainments of childhood because of the influence a child can wield. Sam met a little girl carrying a pail of beer home. He spoke to her and said, "I am sorry to see you in such business."

"I am sorry to be in it, Mr. Hobart. Come with me and persuade my parents to give up drink."

Sam accepted the invitation. He found father and mother thirsting for drink and eagerly waiting for their child's return. Hearing the footfall of a man they feared punishment for sending their child for drink. In went the child, after her came Sam, with his pleasant, cheery smile, "We have brought your beer."

"Have some with us, Mr. Hobart."

"Can't afford it."

"Why, you are better off than we are, and yet we afford it; don't we, mother?"

"We use it."

"Yes, and pay for it."

"Yes, and go without much else. Look at me," said Sam. "I have good clothes. You have not. If I drank my clothes up I wouldn't have them, would I?"

"Certainly not."

"I have good furniture; you have not. I would not have it if I drank it up. I have a good business. You have not. I would not have it if drink made me untrustworthy. I have the respect of children. You have not, because you drink. Friends, give it up; save what you waste in drink, and in time you will have a good home, a good position, and a pleasant life." Turning to the little girl he said: "Now let me empty out the beer. I will give you what it cost; and with that start and go on to victory."

They refused, and drank the beer, and Sam came and told the story and asked us to pray that the seed sown might bring forth fruit. Weeks went on. The little girl came to our school. She learned the song, "Put away the bowl," and one day sang it with wondrous power. The arrow entered the mother's soul. She gave up drink. The father came home. He was sober. He heard the child sing, "Jesus, lover of my soul." It awakened memories in his heart. He called his child to him. She sang for her father. She asked them to come to church. They came. Sam met them. All sat together in the house of God. They were pricked to the heart. They turned to Christ. They were redeemed, and Sam rejoiced because of what a child can do when temperance was an added force. Sam believed and therefore spoke. He believed in standing together with Christ. Hence he worked with God as he worked with men. *Sam believed in the pledge.* He always had one in his pocket and asked men to sign it, promising to pray for all on the list. He said we must stick together, and told how in climbing the Alpine glaciers the guide fastens to

himself the rope and fastens it to every other man, believing that there will be strength in mutual support. If one slips, all the rest hold him up. What that rope is to the men going down, that a pledge and agreeing to stand for each other is to a temperance organization. Gough was saved in this way. It was because when he signed the pledge the man said, "*Come and sign and be one of us,*" that he went home saying, "*I am one of them.*" All that night he struggled. The next morning, very weak, he went to his work, saying to the man in the office,

"I have signed the pledge."

The man replied, in a brutal way, "I have heard so."

"I intend to keep it."

"So they all say," replied the brute.

Gough was alone. Wife dead, child dead; and deader than all was the man in the office from whom he expected help. He went to his task faint-hearted. He began to work. He held in his hand the piece of iron to turn the screw in the clamp that held the book, for he was a bookbinder by trade. The iron changed into a snake. On one end was a tail which began to twist and turn. On the other end came a serpent's head with open mouth. In his hand the writhing thing moved and struggled. It nearly tore out the palm. He saw his peril. He cried for help. Just then, as he looked into the vortex of delirium tremens, he heard a step and a man cried out:

"Good-morning, Mr. Gough. Glad to see you. Came round to see you. You know you are one of us, and I came to see you and to say that my name is Jesse W. Goodrich, and that I will always be glad to help you. How are you?"

Gough looked up. The iron was iron. The words had lifted the falling man to his feet. He stood upon the rock of temperance, and was helped to save thousands because on that eventful morning Goodrich stood by Gough. "There is," said Sam, "in one of our towns a movement that promises to spread. They work and pray for the intemperate. The result is the saloons are being closed up, and notwithstanding the hard

times there is but little suffering among the working people. A reading-room well supplied with books and papers and made attractive in many ways has been opened day and evening, and is preferred to the saloon. Families have been reunited, men have become able to support those dependent upon them, public charity has been less needed. The sots of the gutter appear in good clothes once more, and the houses of God are filled with devout worshippers.

"God will help us all," said Sam, "if we will all help God. The power to do well is within our reach." This illustration pleased him, and to it he often referred. A castaway ship was floating on an apparently shoreless sea. The cry was for "Water, water!" A ship came in sight. It approached them. They signalled for help.

"What do you want?" asked the captain.

"Water," was the reply.

"Dip and drink. You are sailing on the Amazon, and have been there for days."

So with us all. God is about us. Cry unto Christ, and temperance can become an added force.

CHAPTER XV.

A PROBLEM HARD TO SOLVE.

"*Is intemperance a disease or a crime?*" asked Sam one day.

"A mighty problem, Sam," was the reply.

"Ah, but I want to know," said Sam. "That it is a sin there can be no question, for Paul says, 'Know ye not . . . that drunkards shall not inherit the kingdom of God" (2 Cor. 9 : 10).

"What is a drunkard? Is it a man who gets drunk? If so, millions go to hell. Or is it a man that chooses the wrong in preference to the right and puts his heart into disobeying God and wrecking his hopes here and hereafter?"

"Well," said Sam, "without deciding as to who is guilty of the sin of drunkenness, were there no other reason for pressing the claims of temperance upon the attention, that were enough. *The drunkard is shut out of heaven and is doomed to an eternal hell.* Whether all intemperate people can be classed with drunkards must be decided at a higher tribunal."

Sam was full of this theme. He had just come from an engineer's home who was fast hastening to ruin. He had promised reformation again and again. He had signed the pledge and yet he was down once more. Intemperance is horrid in its workings and more horrid in its results. The Bible is full of warnings for the imperilled, and of offers of help to the degraded and the fallen. For the wounded it furnishes the balm of Gilead, and to the sick it sends Christ, the great Physician. The apostle ranks drunkenness with other gross sins and crimes. Society at the present time is disposed to treat it as a disease, and to class drunkards not with crimi-

nals, but with unfortunates, with lunatics, with paralytics, with half-witted people. Intemperance, in other words, is spoken of as a disease. Drinking is not regarded as a sin, so long as it is held in check and is under restraint.

A drunkard's peril is felt to begin when drinking passes into intemperance, and when appetite gains control of the victim. Is this a safe view? Is it the correct opinion to hold and to proclaim? Or does the individual begin to be intemperate when he begins to indulge in the use of intoxicants. In approaching this subject, I do it with the sincere desire of doing good.

Differences of opinion abound. I will not characterize nor describe them. Let us call attention to this question, Shall intemperance be treated as a disease or as a crime? That it resembles disease none can doubt. It produces terrible and loathsome sickness. Nothing is more repulsive than the drunkard getting over his debauch. He has been locked in the embrace of a stupid sleep. He begins to come back to consciousness. He yawns. His stomach can retain the poison no longer, and ejects it.

He cannot bear water. His whole diseased nature cries out for rum to satisfy the wants of a prostrate system. His fancy is distempered. His nerves are unstrung. He is miserable, and would be an object of pity were it not that he went into danger warned and made the bed willingly on which the laws of nature compel him to recline. That intemperance produces disease there can be no question. The symptoms are very manifest. These are some of them: It creates an appetite and forms a habit which induces a man to drink at stated periods. At times it is moderate in its demands. It asks for wine only at dinner. Again it makes periodical attacks. Some men drink to intoxication once a week, others once a month, and others once a year. But the watcher within rings his bell at the moment and sends the victim after his potion. If there is one that begins to give way to the rule of appetite the fact may be known, because it bestirs itself at certain times and in

certain places. Whoever finds the desire for drink returning at stated intervals, is warned of his danger. He must deny himself if he expects to escape confirmed intemperance. If he associates drinking with sports and pastimes, if he looks forward to convivial pleasure with anticipation of delight, he is in peril. Some contend that they are safe, because they only take the social glass when the day's work is done. Is any one safe? Millions are to-day wailing in a drunkard's hell because they once fearlessly trod the edge of this precipice. They went one step too far, and went down. A distinguished United States Senator wrecked here his bark of hope. He began to use wine with jovial companions in the evening, after business was over. He began to be a drunkard then. Nothing is better known or more absolutely proven than the inviolability of nature's laws. Now, drinking intoxicants, no matter how small the quantity, produces an appetite. That appetite influences the individual. If tampered with, it produces a diseased state of the system. Men who drink tell us that there are hundreds of nerves that seem to rouse up like beasts, and cry with one voice at certain periods for drink. They will not be content with anything else. The stomach becomes diseased—this affects the imagination. Pain, uneasiness, and distress is the result. Intemperance, if it deserved to be called a disease, is the product of sin. Some one asks, Can that be disease which people insist upon having? Whoever saw a man expose himself recklessly for the purpose of taking a malignant disease? Yet here is an ailment which destroys men and women by the thousand; it produces poverty, distress, cruelty, and death to all the nobler powers of the mind and heart; it wrecks the frame, breaks down the constitution, and places some of the noblest of the land in the vortex of ruin, and yet many forget to warn against it. We warn against yellow fever, against malignant forms of disease of every class. We build up great institutions and make ships lie by in quarantine, and yet permit this plague of intemperance to go on unwarned

against, and see children, men, and women expose themselves without remonstrance.

The objections to treating intemperance as a disease are many, and some of them are well taken. The moment you talk about it as a disease rather than as a sin against God and a crime against man, you pity it, if you do not pet it. You throw away moral power which you need to combat the influence of the monster. A man has the fever and ague. He does not feel disgraced by it. He is diseased. He is sick, and feels that he ought not to be found fault with because of that. Call his intemperance a disease and you place him in the same situation. Call it a sin. Denounce it as a sin. Take ground against it, and you may save the man.

By so doing we tell the truth by act as well as speech. We do not abandon moral suasion for legal suasion, nor do we turn the minds of the people away from their duty of remonstrating against indulging in drink because we at the same time oppose those who place the pitfall of destruction in the path of the unwary. By treating intemperance as a crime you array society against it. You destroy the feeling of commiseration which the victim delights to cherish. You array the nobler nature against the baser, the higher against the lower.

"The trouble is," said Sam, "the drunkard don't care whether you call his appetite a disease or a crime. His heart is gross, his ears are dull of hearing, and his eyes are closed lest he should be saved. He wants drink, and drink he will have, cost what it may."

"Not always, Sam."

Then I told him of my experience with a man who was the son of a Congregationalist deacon, who had married a beautiful woman for a wife, and began to drink. Children grew up about him. His home was a wreck; never will I forget the sight my eyes beheld, as I entered it for the first time. The man was a confirmed infidel, so called, when sober, and when drunk was apparently religious. Hence his wife, at the close of a sermon said:

"The next time my husband is drunk I want you to come and see him."

I replied, "I don't want to see your husband when drunk; let me see him when sober."

She said, "No. When sober he hates you. When drunk he likes you and imagines you could deliver him."

"All right, I will go."

In a few days, on a snowy day in November, a little barefooted boy rang the door-bell. The girl told of the pitiable object. I went and saw him. He said:

"My father is drunk, and my mother says you said you would come and see him."

Calling the little fellow in and after getting him a pair of stockings and shoes we started for the drunkard's home. We found him sitting on a broken chair at a broken table, eating from broken dishes a drunkard's meal. He was wild with drink. His abode was a drunkard's home.

A little pale-faced child lay on a broken lounge, covered by the thin dress of the mother. The children crept about the room in fear of their natural protector, who had been changed by strong drink into a tyrant. We talked about his sin. We did not pity him—we condemned him. We pointed out the result of his sin. He began to apologize for it. He said appetite had mastered him. He could not pass a rum-shop without entering it. We called the longing for drink sin as the desire for murder is sin. The act of drinking is a crime as the commission of murder is a crime. Then we held up to him the picture of the past and the possibility of the future, and asked him to stand with us in opposition to his sin. He did so and was saved, though the appeal to him as an unfortunate had ever failed. It is true that if you cannot get men to feel that drinking is a sin and a crime, it is impossible to exert a restraining influence over them.

"All right," said Sam, "go with me and see my friend. Try him. He hates rum when he is sober. He will for days tell me of his fear, as would Uniac, and then he will go down.

He is not one of your animal drunkards who drinks to be drunk, nor a rowdy drunkard who goes on a spree to smash things, but he buys it and goes home with a sad look in his eye, shuts himself up in his room, and drinks. He is there now. Come and see him."

Never can I forget the look of his wife as we entered. The home was neatness itself. The man was in a room alone. As we entered Sam said:

"John, I have brought my pastor to see if we can't help you. We have been asking whether intemperance was a disease or a crime."

"It is both," said John.

"Both?"

"Yes, both. It begins a sin, and it ends as a disease."

"True; but the sin does not die while the disease is active."

"No; it is both a disease and a sin."

"Well, then, of one thing you may be sure. The Lord Jesus was a Saviour from sin and a healer of disease."

"Drink is a devil," said John. "It is a sin, a disease, and a devil."

"Well, Jesus cast out devils."

"Is he in the business yet?"

"Yes."

"Then I am his man."

"Agreed," said Sam. "Will you obey orders?"

"Yes," replied John, as if he meant it.

Sam turned to me and said:

"Pastor, will you take the job off from my hands?"

"We will take it to our Lord."

Then opening to Mark 5:2 I read of the man who met Christ coming out of the tombs with an unclean spirit and no man could bind him, no, not with chains.

"He is worse than you, John?"

"Yes; worse until the delirium comes on."

Now this man went and worshipped Christ. Let us do the same thing.

John looked and said, "But I am half drunk."

"God knows it," said Sam.

After a moment I added, "Let us pray together."

All bowed, and after a short prayer we asked the man to take Christ as his Saviour from the power of rum.

He did so, and we came away. Months passed. The man was saved for a time. At length, to finish the story, Sam came and said: "John has begun again."

"Begun to drink?"

"No; but he is being tempted. He says he dare not go by a certain saloon."

"Bring him here."

He came. His face wore a troubled look. He told his story. "I always begin to drink at one place. It has been so for two days that I dare not walk that way."

I said, "Give Jesus glory right there. Call on him in prayer at the very door of the saloon, and let him deliver you and shame this lurking devil."

The next day at high noon in the crowded streets a man was seen on his knees crying to God for help. Men came out from the saloon and found John in prayer. They asked him what was the matter. He told them. His old companions helped him on his feet, walked him off, and he was victor once more.

There are many kinds of drunkards. There is the social drunkard, who will not drink or smoke alone. With him it is not a desire. It must be a sin. Then there is the respectable drunkard, who drinks as a help in business or because it is fashionable. If he can be persuaded that he is mistaken he can be made an apostle for the cause. The literary drunkards are the men who drink in order that through the exciting and stimulating effects of intoxicating fluids, whose effects alone they seek, the "intelligence may keep pace with, and on certain occasions be made to outstrip itself." Such forget the law, "that they who gain the mastery are temperate."

The use of ardent spirits, employed as an auxiliary to labor, is the most fatal, because the most common and least suspected cause of intemperance. It is justified as innocent; it is insisted on as necessary. But no fact is more completely established by experience than that it is utterly useless and ultimately injurious, besides all the fearful evils of habitual intemperance to which it so often leads.

There is no nutrition in ardent spirits. All that it does is to concentrate the strength of the system for the time beyond the capacity for regular exertion. It is borrowing strength for an occasion which will be needed for futurity, without any provision for payment, and with the certainty of ultimate bankruptcy.

Among this class are the mightiest intellects of the time and age. They are in the immediate and active performance of the highest works of their calling, and the most arduous tasks of their brain. Names like Webster and Byron and Edgar A. Poe give dignity to their class. Their tasks are herculean and their gifts of intelligence almost superhuman. Now they begin to see, to feel, to know, that there is yet the unattained within the scope of their minds, greater speed in their mental machine, that cannot, they think, be reached without the addition of extra fire, over and above that immense evolution of the latent powers, set in motion by the undying forces of an immortal mind.

They do not drink in crowds. They take their bottle of ale to the study and drink it off quietly and deliberately, and delight themselves in the beautiful fancies that come and go flitting before them, creatures of the brain waiting to tenant the world as creations of the pen or of the speech.

This class must be treated carefully. The world wants their power and is willing to pay any price for it. You see representatives of this class among the paid contributors to the press. You will find them in retreats for drunkards, in insane asylums, and in prisons. Some of them have fallen very low. They are brilliant with the pen and in speech. Their produc-

tions are eagerly caught up by the press. They work with resistless energy. They seldom fall very low or commit great excess. The same great mind which called for stimulants bids them beware, and continues to be their controlling power. They drink for their brain power, forgetful of the fact that the world can get on without their splendid productions while it ought not to be compelled to get on without a decent character behind their brilliant reputation. To save them requires great wisdom and friendly remonstrance, backed by deeds of love. No taunts, no discouragements, nor bars, nor bolts; but a never-failing, never-wearying, affectionate care unto the very end, though he "sin seventy times seven." They are not as easily reached by human sympathy or appeal.

Another *species* is described as the *inner-man* drunkard. They are endowed with the highest types of intelligence, but superadded to that and towering far above it, and domineering over it, is the most exquisitely sensitive organization of the inner man that is created, and it is born unto grief and sorrow as the sparks fly upward.

This form is accompanied by the most terrible moral sufferings on earth, and if unwashed of sin and unredeemed, their anguish in hell must be indescribable and beyond compare the most intense of all.

Is there a talented and witty youth that finds in the delirium of intoxication, whether of tobacco or rum or opium, a pleasure that is indescribable? Your joy is the prelude to a terrible sorrow, and the heaven you find in intoxication points to a dreary drunkard's hell. The sorrows already experienced are as nothing in comparison with those ready to begin.

Abstinence from drink puts to sleep the nerves that, when aroused, like a million of serpents open their mouths and cry for drink. One glass wakens them and makes the man their victim. Call it a crime. Treat it, as does God, as a sin. Put it on a par with fornication, idolatry, adultery, abusers of themselves with mankind. Place the drunkard where God places, him, among thieves and outlaws and revellers and extor-

tioners, and then you may reach him by law as well as by moral suasion. Call it a crime, and what looks worse?

What sin compares with it in harvests? Look at the reports of the police, and see that it furnishes nearly all of the occasions of arrest. Its fires feed and sustain the brothel. It arms the midnight assassin and gives courage to the garroter. Of twenty-four men in Charlestown prison for wife-murder twenty-three were drunk. It was this that steadied the hand that aimed the pistol whose bullet pierced the heart of Abraham Lincoln. It binds shackles about the limbs, and turns the key that pushes the bolt of the prison. And yet men say, "I am going to enjoy my liberty, and drink." Follow him.

I chanced to be in a station-house when a fine-looking man was led in. His name was called. The flask of rum was taken from him, and he was remanded to his cell. How cruel to treat a sick man thus.

Treat intemperance as a sin and a crime, and you can hold up their only remedy. Then men will preach against it in pulpits and talk against it in Sabbath-schools.

Think of the picture presented by the Rev. William M. Thayer of the Alliance. He was speaking to a Band of Hope, when a young man of thirty-two entered, took a seat, and listened, and at the close of the meeting walked up to say, "I am a drunkard beyond recovery."

He was of a wealthy family. He had formed the habit of drink. Since his return from the army he had pawned clothes for rum. He was then shirtless and stockingless. Poor man. He is but a specimen of a mighty class. He wept because he had not been warned when young. Let not our young thus speak in after years.

Remember, three fourths of the crimes committed are the result of intemperance among the old and the young alike.

"The remedy," said Sam, "is to stop drinking by the help of God in the same way that any other sin is abstained from. You are to break off your sins by righteousness, by Christ's help."

True; and yet the misfortune is that such is the effect of drink, that when a man is free from it he thanks himself, and when drunk he prays to God for help.

Then get men to take Christ as a Saviour against all that destroys and as a helper to do good in the world, and drunkards will be redeemed and go battle-harnessed into the fight for temperance and for whatever glorifies God and helps man. On this ground Sam came and took his stand, and became a potential force in the fight against the demon in strong drink.

CHAPTER XVI.

SAM'S LOVE FOR THE YOUNG.

Barzillai Snow, his Brother-in-law, Dying like a Hero.

Sam's love for the young was a distinguishing trait in his character. He delighted to twine the tendrils of their young natures about the rugged strength of his life.

The story is told of Daniel Webster, that on one of his summer excursions into the wilds of New Hampshire, he became interested in his guide who led him to the best brooks for trout, and placed him at the best points on the runways for deer. The guide was not only expert as a sportsman, but evidenced an inquiring mind which charmed the great statesman, and so he revealed himself to the stranger, told him that he was a senator from Massachusetts, and offered to show him the wonders of the Capitol in return for the expert manner he had exhibited to him the glories of the wilderness.

Months passed. At last, one morning, a tall, awkward-looking man was seen at the Capitol, inquiring for Daniel Webster. Men jeered at him, but he heeded them not, for he was content with his acquaintance, and knew that in due time he should receive a welcome. Hours passed. At length the Senate was in session, and this uncouth and quaint-looking backwoodsman stood at the door of the Senate and inquired, "Is Daniel Webster in?" "He is," replied the door-keeper. "Please give him this card." It was done. No sooner had the noble statesman glanced at it than he rose, went to the door, grasped his friend by the hand, placed him beside him at his desk, and after a little time went with him to the cloth-

ing-store, dressed him up in new clothes, took him to his house, and lifted the unknown stranger to his own high companionship, and proved himself as good a guide in Washington as the guide had proven himself to be in New Hampshire. This may be fable; it may be fact; but it illustrates the feeling that thrilled the heart of Sam Hobart when he invited his brother-in-law, whom he had learned to love, up among the hills of Vermont, to come to Boston and engage in railroad work.

Barzillai, son of Zenas and Roxanna Snow, was born in Lunenburg, Vermont, December 3d, 1840. His mother died when he was four years old. He remained with his father on the farm until he was twenty-one years of age, in accordance with the good old fashion, after which he went from home to work for wages. During the war he enlisted as a nine-months man in the 13th Vermont Regiment, Company K, Capt. Ford. This regiment was present at the battle of Gettysburgh and helped drive Lee across the river, being in the front ranks. Though Gettysburgh was the culminating battle of the war, it was by no means the end of the rebellion. New York was full of riot, and her foreign population, led on by infuriated traitors, not only burned orphan asylums and trampled upon innocent children, but determined to resist the draft, by which it was hoped the depleted ranks of the army might be filled up and the war brought to a speedy close. As a result, Gen. B. F. Butler, the terror of the enemies of the Republic, was ordered to New York to quell the riot and hold the city in subjugation. The 13th Vermont accompanied him and evidenced in the city the same characteristics which had distinguished them in Virginia and at Gettysburgh. Their term of service expired in August, 1863, but they cheerfully remained until their work was done, after which they received their discharge and returned home. In September of the same year, Mr. Snow came to Boston and engaged as fireman for the Boston and Albany R. R. at the invitation of Mr. Samuel B. Hobart, his brother-in-law, and at the urgent request of his sister. For one week he worked as fireman under the eye of him who had

loved him from his youth. He was an adept at work, and soon mastered the business and became able to guide the iron horse, and so entered upon the discharge of the responsibilities of his profession as engineer.

John Smith was his second teacher. Mr. Bacon was his third. All were kind to him and were held in high esteem by him. The young man did his work well. He did not seek to get on too fast, nor did he shirk any task or responsibility incident to his position.

His advancement was rapid. The eye of Mr. A. B. Underhill, the Master Mechanic, was on him, and he was soon summoned to come up higher, I believe against the protest of his brother-in-law, who feared he was not ready for the offered position.

There are some facts connected with this portion of his apprenticeship which deserve mention. He neither used tobacco nor spirituous liquors. He was pure in thought and speech. He was once complained of for using profane language to one above him. When summoned before the Superintendent, the manner in which he said "I never swear" convinced the officer that there was a mistake, and the charge was dropped.

He had his eyes and ears open to acquire knowledge of his business. He soon mastered the locomotive, inside and out, and understood it. He loved his work and became an enthusiast. As a fireman he would do his best to keep the engine up to time, and as an engineer he was prompt and attentive to business. As engineer he went first upon a switching engine and moved freight for some time in the railroad yard. From there he went on to the night freight, and was afterward placed as engineer on the Grand Junction, running from Cottage Farm to East Boston, and connecting with the Fitchburg, Lowell, Boston and Maine and Eastern Railroads. He was economical. He saved his earnings, and husbanded not for himself but for others. His father and brother both were helped by him, and their farms are to-day more secure to them because of the diligence, economy and forethought of this

busy engineer. He loved. This was his chief characteristic. His friends were to him all the world. Those who befriended him were never forgotten, and by industry and calculation he sought to deserve the confidence and regard of those with whom he labored as well as those by whom he was employed. As a result, his promotion was rapid. The position he held when he died was one of great responsibility, and he filled it to the satisfaction of all. He never grumbled or complained. When a conductor had been all night battling with sleet and snow and tempest, in the morning when they came off conqueror he said, "*that engineer did his work in a superb manner. He never found fault or got excited during the entire night, but met difficulties and mastered them and brought us through.*" It was a splendid compliment and fairly and bravely won. Judging from what he had accomplished, there is hardly anything he could not have been.

He was converted in his youth, but had wandered. The gospel as preached in the Temple touched his heart, and he returned to his first love. His coming into the light of Christ's love was a wonderful joy to him and to those who loved him. In the house of his brother-in-law they felt like "killing the fatted calf." At this time we became acquainted. Well do I remember his clearness of statement, his unqualified determination to do his duty. He was convinced that the gospel commanded him not only to believe but to be baptized. He had believed but had not obeyed this command. He came to do so. His experience was noteworthy, and attracted the attention of the Committee and Church. He believed the gospel. He saw himself lost, undone, without Christ and without hope. He repented of his misspent life. He confessed his sins. He had no faith in good works. He believed that Jesus Christ was the way, the truth and the life; and as he knew that he could not drive his locomotive to Worcester from Boston without the track, so he felt that though he might seek to be good and moral and exemplary, he could not go to heaven without Jesus, who is the way. Jesus was therefore to him his

all and in all. He accepted the gospel as authority and gladly submitted himself to its commands.

Having made Christ master, he sought to become a faithful servant. He was enthusiastic in this service. His face shone, his eye sparkled, his words gleamed with love, as he stood before us and asked baptism at our hands. On Sabbath, March 5th, 1871, he followed Christ in His ordinance. Well do I remember his appearance as he descended into the baptismal grave. Around him was a vast multitude. I spoke of him as a railroad engineer, and of the talk I had held with his brother-in-law as I rode beside him on his locomotive, and how he had led the way and was permitted to rejoice to-day in seeing his youthful companion gathering beneath the banner of the cross, and giving himself up to the service of Christ.

In the few intervening months he has kept step with the Church, and on the Tuesday night previous to his injury was in his accustomed place in the house of God.

On Friday noon, June 30th, he had lain down to rest, as was his custom, on a board placed against the track in the engine-house. Unexpectedly to him, if not to others, an engine backed in upon him. The place seemed secure. Around him were friends. The bell of the engine was sounded, yet he slept; and the first that was known of his peril came to them and to him, when the board on which he lay was crushed under the iron tread of the locomotive, and he and they awoke to see him wounded in both feet and his life imperilled. He died July 4th, and was buried July 6th, 1871, from his place of baptism and love. The facts connected with his life and death deserve consideration. He became a power by being faithful in little things. He never did any one thing calculated to acquire special fame, and yet Sam treasured the memory of his little acts, so full of thoughtfulness and love, like leaping to help him on with his coat, carrying his pail home from the Round House, being always prompt at the meetings, being devotedly fond of sister and of friends, and so living with engineers, firemen and workingmen,

that they declared themselves impoverished by the withdrawal of his quiet and undemonstrative piety. Though unknown to the world, he was well known to Christ and to Christians; and so died in the ripeness of his strength, and went as a shock of corn in its season.

In this fact there lies a lesson which ought not to be overlooked.

It proves that the key to success lies close beside us and within reach of all, and is obtained by patient continuance in well-doing. There is in every nature a prophet for the future. In other words, each individual has a talent for doing certain work which must be observed if he would exert his highest and best powers. Do well what you are required to do, and your success is sure to be commensurate with your talent and diligence. Duty is ours, not consequences; and, as is intimated in the words of Christ, there is One who keeps watch and ward over us, who sees to it that faithfulness is rewarded, that skill and culture and character are commodities in the world sure to produce advancement.

Study the history of the successful everywhere, and we perceive that success is an outgrowth and an accumulation. Reputation is but an aggregation of particles. The pearl which glistens in the sunlight resembles the material lying hidden in the shadow. It is because of this truth that the sure awards of the future supply a healthy stimulus to action. They call out with a voice that is unmistakable, saying: "Discipline, culture and the faithful discharge of present obligation furnish the mainspring of power and the earnest of success."

We have what we earn and are to a large extent what we have endeavored to become, not what we have dreamed we should become. Hence the What am I?—not in appearance but in fact—is the determining question for every man. The victory of an hour is not won in an hour. Into it there enter long years of patient toil and waiting. Its value is the greater in the world's esteem because of the cost of the production. This truth might be abundantly illustrated by a reference to the

lives of the worthies of the past, or by those who are gathered with us at this hour and have attained to distinction, because they were faithful to the trusts reposed in them, and in being faithful in little things earned a right to be trusted with great responsibilities.

This habit of being temperate, formed in his youth, proved to be of value when the waves of temptation which sweep across city life struck against him. Right within, he was right without. Sound at heart, he was true in life. Temptation is only powerful when inclination meets the tempter on the threshold of the heart and gives it welcome. It is what a man is within that weakens or strengthens him. This truth should be remembered and pondered.

The character brought from the green hills of Vermont helped him and held him in Boston life. Ah, it is not what men meet in the city that imperils them, but what they brought from the country that threatens them with destruction. This young man came here and was tempted to drink and smoke and wander in forbidden paths, but his resolution was formed, and the waves that beat against the rocks of Cohasset have no more promise of entrance within, than had the seductiveness of sin, of conquering Barzillai Snow.

Are there those who have fallen, and who resemble broken and dismantled wrecks, tossed on the shore and pinioned on the rock through which waves come and go at pleasure? The reason is found within and not without. As a man thinketh so is he. Character tells. You are to the world at last what you are to God in fact. If pure and trustworthy, and temperate and conscientious, you need not declare it. The world will know it in good time. A friend writes of him: "In his home-life he was always correct and moral, never desecrated the Sabbath by going on excursions, never visited the theatre nor other places of forbidden amusement, never swore, never used intoxicating drinks—was ever kind, pleasant and obliging, so that those who knew him best loved him most." Into

these sentences, facts are crowded, which explain the man and reveal his grand and distinguishing traits, so that his loss to the railroad corporation, to society and the church, is a public calamity.

His education acquired in his youth was a help to him as an engineer. Here we reach a truth upon which all may dwell with profit. Many suppose that they need not study geology, or chemistry, or higher mathematics, or the languages, unless the pursuit in life chosen requires it. In this regard they make their life mistake. No young man or woman can afford to grow up ignorant of any truth which by any possibility he can acquire.

The studious or reflective youth is cheered by the radiance of hope which never illumines the sky of the indolent and the thoughtless. *Culture pays.* It gives momentum and solidity to thought and expression. It supplies solitude with society, and makes periods of rest seasons of intellectual refinement. It is said that at the battle of Gettysburg, there was a moment when it seemed as though the column, some hundred yards in breadth, sweeping down upon our forces, must crush and master them. But the Pennsylvania Reserves, which breasted this battle wave, had among them a large number of the graduates of colleges, and were in moral and mental standing the superiors of the foe. To this fact, more than to all others, we are indebted for that lifting up of prowess, and that flash of patriotism, which appalled the rebel host and caused them to pause in their apparently resistless march. It is not surprising. As the eye of a man can awe the beast, it is not surprising that the *look* of an intellectual man influences his inferiors. It is known and felt everywhere that culture and education tell. Men are stronger, broader and healthier because of it. In the studies of geology which have characterized our morning sermons, Barzillai Snow was among the most attentive of listeners, and well do I remember how eagerly he drank in the lessons of science as they were used to illustrate and explain the teachings

of Scripture. He understood the joy experienced when a new thought kindles its immortal flame in the mind, and so he could sing,

"Climb, O my soul, toward God's high things,
And He will take thy part,
Yea, though thou slumber in His hand,
He'll lift thee to His heart.

"Dare to aspire to lofty heights,
Look up with eagle eyes,
For high as thou dost dare to gaze,
So high 'tis thine to rise."

A hope in Christ, which is like an anchor to the soul, appears in its true light at such a time. When told of his injury, at once the thought came rushing into the mind, "Thank God, let come what will, he is prepared." That thought came to him in like manner when first injured, and he said, "*If it is God's will that I go home from such a cause, I am ready.*" When on Saturday morning I stood beside him, I felt sure he was not long for this world, but there was no trepidation or alarm. He was ready. That work of preparation was finished. His name was written on the palms of Christ's hands. He thanked God, and was content with his hope. As I quoted those words, "Let not your heart be troubled, ye believe in God, believe also in me; in my Father's house are many mansions, if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you," I felt and saw that they dropped into a prepared place in his heart, and fitted in perfectly with his thought and hope.

It is impossible to describe the pleasure that comes to a minister at such a moment. Tears were exchanged for smiles as the dying Christian said, "Yes, it is all right." "If it be God's will, I am ready." When I asked, "Does religion seem all it claims to be, and all you hoped it would be?" he replied, "Yes, more than I thought it possible." He was on the rock cleft for him, and was sheltered from the storm. He could sing,

"Affliction is a stormy deep,
Where wave resounds to wave;
Though o'er our heads the billows roll,
We know the Lord can save.

"Here will we rest, here build our hopes,
Nor murmur at His rod;
He's more to us than all the world—
Our health, our life, our God."

There is in the circumstances of his death a lesson. *He was killed because he was asleep.* Men were about him who loved him, the bell rang to warn him, but he was killed because he was asleep. How suggestive this fact. How impressive the thought. Is there not a lesson for each one? Will men heed it? Do we not hear the admonition, "Awake, thou that sleepest!" Are not men all about us asleep, spiritually, who are in great peril? They are trusting to friends, to good and exemplary lives, but the danger is upon them, because they are asleep. Brother, out of Christ, give me your ear for a moment. That sleeping engineer, that approaching danger, the calamity and the result, are full of meaning. Who dare refuse to heed the lesson?

The very genius of the gospel is set forth in the light of this mysterious Providence. God's proclamation is based on the supposition that men have eyes to see and see not, ears to hear and hear not, because their spiritual natures are asleep. They are conscious of their danger. Hence the command, "Run, speak to that young man." "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature."

The gospel must be given to individuals by individuals, as particles of leaven act upon particles of flour. The engineers who are in earnest in seeking the salvation of souls of those near them, are right. Barzillai Snow was crushed beneath the iron wheel because no one spoke to him. A word addressed to him as an individual would have roused him. The slightest touch would have caused him to rise. Christians, forget it not. Men on every side of us are asleep. Sin benumbs their

faculties. Death is on their track. To-morrow may find them in eternity. Speak to them now. Speak to the ones next to you.

Let us do more than give advice to others. Let us say to all who shall read these words, This is God's time. Brother out of Christ, you are in peril. Let me rouse you. You need Christ. Death may not come to you as it came to our brother. Never do I see one of those flying engines, and think of the man who holds life and property in his skilled hand, and of the dangers that environ him on every side, but I think such a man needs Christ. How many go into eternity on a bound. The approaching train is seen, coming with lightning speed. There is no escape; the coming and the going train are on the same track. Meet they must. Hark! there is a crash—an explosion—death; and another soul stands before God. Are you not thus confronting God? How can you escape if you neglect so great a salvation? Now, my brother, in your heart you feel that you need Christ. You need Him for what He does for you, and for what He helps you to do for others.

Think of your opportunity to serve Christ. First with those next to you, and so on. Is it not an encouraging fact, worthy of notice, that for months a company of railroad men have been praying for officers and men on railways? Think of it, ye who are without a hope in Jesus Christ. Your names are mentioned before the Mercy-Seat every day. What excuse will you have if you go to God unprepared? Think of the readiness to die a hope of Christ secures. When young Snow beheld his situation, and he was being carried to the hospital, he talked of Christ, of his preparation and of his readiness to die. When his brother-in-law and pastor visited him, he declared himself ready. The friends all felt a Christian is on his way home to meet his God, and those gone before. What would you not give, impenitent man, to be able to pronounce those three words, "*I am ready*"? What makes one ready? Simply the assurance that through Christ you have been reconciled to God; that your sins have been washed away in the

blood of Christ. How can this be secured? Nothing is more simple. Ask, and it shall be given; seek, and ye shall find. "Behold," says Christ, "I stand at the door and knock." The bloody hand of the slain Christ is now on the handle of the bell. He rings. Answer it, and bid Him welcome. Make Him your Guest. Let Him in. Give Him room. Serve Him. Confess Him with your mouth, and believe in your heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, and thou shalt be saved.

When I think what religion has done for the faithful engineer, how it lifted the workingman out of his garb, clothed him with the spotless robe of Christ's righteousness, made him an *heir* of God and a joint heir with Christ, lifted him to a place above that occupied by kings or millionnaires if they know not Christ, and on a level with them if they do, saved him from hell and made him an inhabitant of heaven—when I think of it, I am led to wonder that any one will forego this boon or deny themselves this blessing.

Finally, he was faithful to his promises. His marriage shows it. He was true to her he loved. His life in the church shows it, as does his life in his closet and with his comrades.

It is said of one of the old masters at work upon a statue for the niche of a temple close against the sky, that when asked why he was so particular about the back part of the head, which must forever remain hidden from view, replied, *God can see it.*

The man that thus acts, conscious that he is under the eye of God, illustrates this gospel and permits its truths deep in the heart to blossom into action, will never slight the task assigned him, but will walk in the shadow as in the light, remembering that God stands for those who stand for Him, and that the radiant crown is in reserve for those whose life record is they did what they could, and so secured the welcome utterance, "*Good and faithful ones, well done.*"

How proud Sam was that when his leg was spouting blood and they thought he would die, a friend uncorked a flask of

brandy and asked him to drink from it. He pushed it away, saying, "No I don't need it. I may die. If I do I want to go up to God with a clear brain as well as with a believing heart." He died with a clear brain. Railroad men printed this record of him, and made lamentation over him.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE COURAGE OF SAM HOBART, AND OF LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEERS AS A CLASS—JOSEPH A. SEEDS, OF THE PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL; JOHN MARROT, OF ENGLAND, AND OTHERS.

"How near could you drive to that precipice?" asked a Scotchman of three men, one of whom he thought of hiring as a driver of the family carriage.

One said, "Within a foot." The other, "Within a foot and a half." The third one said, "Well, sir, I should keep as far away as I could."

"Well, my man, I will take you."

Sam Hobart was courageous. No man can climb to the position he attained as the safest and the most skilful engineer of the road without courage. But he kept away as far as possible from the brink of the precipice all his life. Not that he never ran risks. Every engineer runs them. Not that he never escaped peril by almost superhuman exertion and by a quickness of thought and steadiness of nerve that excited applause at the time and the bare recital of which now thrills the soul with inexpressible emotions. Time would fail to recount how on one occasion a collision was avoided that seemed imminent. How on another day he kept out of the way of an engineer excited with passion who tried to place him at a disadvantage. We could follow him into a storm that blocks the path of the locomotive. On one such night the New York train was three hours late at Worcester. A driving gale full of snow and sleet was coming in from the ocean. Sam had to face it. He draws out his locomotive after spending some time with God in prayer.

"A bad night, Sam," shouts the switchman.

"Can't well be worse, my boy; but we must go through if we can," said Sam, as cheerily as if he were on his way to his home.

They start. It is pitch dark. Out into the night rolls the thundering train. Every one wonders if they will get through. The conductor is besieged by questions.

"Who is on the locomotive, conductor?" asks a merchant prince, belated and very anxious to get through.

"Sam Hobart," was the reply.

"Then we'll go through if it is possible."

"Yes, if it is possible; but it is a wild night."

And a wild night it was. I was on the train. We had gone but a few miles when the whistle sounded and all knew that dangers were about us. The train stopped. Soon we learned that there had been a smash-up. The train before us was broken up by a train that followed, and we were in the midst of the débris. Out into the night many went. Beyond was Sam with his lantern, giving advice and breathing good cheer into the ears of those not as wise or brave as himself. In due time the track was cleared, and we went on. The man at the throttle-valve, wet through to the skin, his eye at the look-out, and we, way on in the night, rode into the depot at Boston sleepy and disappointed, while Sam was tired and faint. Bidding him good-night, never can I forget the expression of gratitude to the great Giver of every blessing for the deliverance. With Sam it was not luck or chance that brought him through, but God. It may be that such courage as was that night displayed may not parallel the act of Garfield when he grasped the wheel of the steamer and gave orders to cut loose that she might defy the terrific current of the Tennessee in carrying food to the beleaguered garrison, but the same kind of metal was necessary in the engineer and the general.

"It may be a weakness," said President Tuttle, of Wabash College, "yet I confess to a high admiration of a class of men to whom a vast burden of responsibility in the matter of

human life is constantly intrusted; I refer to our railroad engineers. The locomotive in itself is a marvel of ingenuity and power. Compact, perfect in form and adaptation, indispensable to the wants of civilization, it is one of the finest instruments. The man who controls these thirty tons of organized iron, which we call a locomotive, must secure both self-respect and self-confidence. I have sometimes stood beside the track when a train has come flying along and have observed with boundless admiration the man on whose vigilance, skill and pluck the safety of that train so largely depended. His left hand on the lever, his right on the reversing lever—if that be its name—his body bent forward eagerly, and his eye keenly scrutinizing the track ahead lest the tremendous momentum of his train, meeting with some obstacle, should dash itself in an instant into a horrible wreck. How, now, can a man be weighed down with such a responsibility and not be a stronger and more self-reliant man?

"Some of the most remarkable exhibitions of courage have been made by men of this class. A few years ago, Osborne, an engineer on the Morris and Essex Railroad for twenty years at least, was once delayed by snow on the track for several hours; but received explicit orders from the superintendent 'to go ahead,' for the road was clear, no other train was on the track. After satisfying himself that he had not misunderstood the order, he left the summit on a steep down grade, and in rounding a sharp curve came on a train that was ascending the same grade under full head of steam. In an instant he whistled down the brakes and reversed his engine. The noble thing under such a tremendous strain as if fully aware of the danger, obeyed and threw itself back to avert the catastrophe. Meanwhile the other engineer had done the same thing with his locomotive; but it was possible only to modify the shock. Together rushed those two panting and reluctant giants, their joint weight not less than sixty tons, with the gathered momentum of their following trains. They rose like two furious animals in fight, standing on end and in a trice the two splen-

did machines were in ruins. The cars behind them were also badly crushed. Osborne did not leap from his engine; but never moving his hands from the lever which controlled it, he stood as resolute as a rock at his post until the shock came and then quick as thought adjusted his valves to allow the steam to escape without explosion. Man can furnish no clearer proof of the finest courage. During the war an incident occurred on the Pennsylvania Central. A regiment of soldiers was on a train, stopped by a freight-train off the track. It was in the night, and most of the thousand men were asleep. Four heavily loaded coal cars belonging to a train ahead had by accident become detached and had begun the descent from the summit toward Johnstown. The engineer heard the roar of the descending cars and, surmising what was the matter, put on steam to meet the approaching line, if possible, to break its force and save the train. His locomotive was a large freight, and he had moved several rods ahead when the cars struck him like a thunderbolt and crushed his engine back on the train; but his heroic courage had saved many lives. The man's name was Strong, and his grateful beneficiaries presented him some elegant silver plate, with the deed itself and their names engraved on the pieces. When asked why he did not abandon his train, he replied, "Quick as lightning I thought I had better die than to have those runaway cars cut clean through the train destroying hundreds." It was an heroic answer.

On the Marietta and Cincinnati Railroad formerly were a number of trestle bridges. The funds were low. The men were not paid. A train with the directors on board was going over it. A miscreant determined to throw it off and kill them all. The engineer discovered the obstruction. He seemed to know instinctively that the momentum was too great to save the whole train, and he signalled the brakes down and reversed the engine—to stop, if possible, the cars before reaching the chasm. Then opening the throttle-valve his engine sprang forward so violently as to break the connection with the train, and dashed to the awful leap. The bold man as this was going on ran

out of his window on the engine and opened the escape-valve. While standing there the engine went over with him and, marvellous to relate, he, falling under the huge weight, was preserved from being crushed by the engine-bell at his side. The train for the rescue of which he had exhibited such incredible pluck, stopped just soon enough to escape the horrible leap after the engine.

That the roll-call of heroes is constantly filling up was proved on Sunday, October 22d, 1882, as a train composed of ten passenger cars containing over six hundred persons passed through Bergen Cut on the Pennsylvania Central at the rate of thirty miles an hour. "*Fire!* FIRE!" was shouted by conductor and passengers as a volume of smoke and fire suddenly burst through the open door of the smoking-car next to the tender. Great consternation instantly prevailed among the passengers of the crowded car. Their alarm became a panic when the fireman came clambering over the tender into the car and it was found that the train was dashing wildly on with the engine pouring forth flames which, if not promptly checked, must speedily involve all the cars in destruction. The speed of the train made it hopeless to think of escape by leaping off, and the passengers began to contemplate the possibility of death in one of the most horrible forms which the imagination could possibly conceive.

"Shut the door! Shut the door!" was shouted. The door was closed, but almost immediately it flew open again, and the engineer and the fireman emerged from the fire and smoke and stumbled into the car. The train dashed on with no one to govern the engine. Men rushed to the rear platform and there met a frightened crowd from the next car. Others raised windows only to realize at what speed the train was going, and to know that to jump out would be death. "Get to that closet," shouted Engineer Joseph A. Seeds to the fireman, pointing to the rear of the car, "and work the air brakes." But the passage was blocked with passengers and the fireman found it impossible to make headway.

"What is going to be done?" asked one, of the engineer.

Seeds made no reply. There was no time to talk. Action was now the imperative necessity. See him. He is well. He is in the prime of life. In face and form he has a comely appearance. All is forgotten. The lives of six hundred passengers are in his hands. He must dare death that they may have life. He does not hesitate, but plunging into the seething sea of fire he climbs upon the tender and disappears. The flames originated from the "*blow back*" on the engine, forcing the flames out of the furnace when the door was opened. Seeds must go through the flames to reach the air-brake and the throttle-valve. *He went through.* He reached the throttle-valve and with burning hand pulled the "air-brake" and reversed the engine. He knew that, whatever came to him, the train would stop and its precious load be saved. Nearly a minute passed and then the train came to a stop on the bridge over the Hackensack River, and all knew that the brave man had put on the "*air brake*" and reversed the engine. This done, he tried to save himself; ran back to the tender, lifted the lid off the water-tank, and leaped in.

In the mean time the peril was past. The passengers, wild with delight, began to wonder what had befallen the engineer. Rushing forward to the engine they found that the cab was still enveloped in flames, while the head and shoulders of a man appeared above the water-tank on the tender. Up they sprang to drag him out. They found him weak and half unconscious. His clothes were completely burned from him. His face was disfigured and his hands were shockingly burned. His body was blistered so badly that some of the flesh stripped off in moving him. Tenderly they cared for him. To the Jersey City Hospital they bore him, and there he died four days afterward. No wonder that little children and mothers and friends have united in contributing money to create a fund for his family in Philadelphia. Such heroism deserves to be rewarded.

Seeds's deed recalled another notable act.

It was in Scotland that this memorable achievement took

place. A drunken engineer started his engine on the wrong track, and exposed hundreds of people to sudden death. Another engineer, Campbell, boarded a locomotive on the parallel track in pursuit. Both throttles were wide open; the fated train flew to disaster at the rate of sixty miles an hour; the pursuing engine followed faster. Fifteen miles down the road the engine caught up with the first one; heedless men were sitting in their carriages reading their papers as the engine slowly gained on the object of its pursuit. Then, when the two were abreast, Campbell leaped across tracks, from his own to the other, staggered, held on, reversed the machinery, flung the drowsy drunkard to the track; and then the Scotch express, coming the other way, struck his engine and nearly three hundred lives were sacrificed. The drunken engineer was not killed. Campbell was smashed to a jelly in the performance of one of the most extraordinary feats in the history of the human race.

Seeds's name deserves to be perpetually coupled with that of the gallant Scot whose sacrifice was too late to save any other life than that of the worthless cause of the accident. Reading of such deeds of heroism performed by humble men, can one for a moment believe that the age of chivalry has gone by?

And now that we are on this subject let us transfer a word-picture of Ballantyne from "Life on the Rail," which was equally daring and yet unattended by such terrible disasters.

In the book referred to,* the story is told of a lunatic leaping on a locomotive all fired up and ready to be coupled to the train. He felled the driver, who was outside the rail oiling some of the machinery, seized the handle of the regulator, and turned on full steam. The driving-wheels revolved at first with such tremendous rapidity that they failed to "bite," and merely slipped on the rails. The madman was engineer enough to understand why, and at once cut off part of the

* "The Iron Horse; or, Life on the Rail." By R. M. Ballantyne, p. 325.

steam. Next moment he shot out of the station, and again letting on full head of steam rushed along the line like an arrow. It chanced that the passenger superintendent was on the platform at the time. That gentleman had everything connected with the traffic by heart. He saw that the points had been so set as to turn the runaway engine on to the down line, and in his mind's eye saw a monster excursion train, which had started just a few minutes before, laboring slowly forward, which the light engine would soon overtake. A collision in a few minutes would be certain. In peculiar circumstances men are bound to break through all rules and regulations and act in a peculiar way. Without a moment's hesitation he ran to John Marrot and said, in an earnest, hurried voice, "Give chase, John! Cross over to the up line, but don't go too far."

"All right, sir," said John, laying his hand on the regulator.

Even while the superintendent was speaking, Will Garvie's swift mind had appreciated the idea. He had leaped down and uncoupled "*The Lightning*" from its train. John touched the whistle, let on steam, and off they went, crossed to the up line (which was the wrong line of rails for any engine to run in that direction), and away he went at forty—fifty—seventy miles an hour! John knew well that he was flying toward a passenger train, which was running toward him at probably thirty-five or forty miles an hour. He was aware of its whereabouts at that time, for he consulted his watch and had the time-table by heart. A collision with it would involve the accumulated momentum of more than a hundred miles an hour. The time was short, but it was sufficient; he therefore urged Will to coal the furnace until it glowed with fervent heat, and opened the steam-valve to the uttermost. Never since John Marrot had driven it had the *Lightning* so nearly resembled its namesake. The pace was increased to seventy-five and eighty miles an hour. It was awful. Objects flew past with flashing speed. The clatter of the engine was deafening. A stern chase is proverbially a long one; but in this case, at such

a speed, it was short. In less than fifteen minutes John came in view of the fugitive, also going at full speed, but, not being so powerful an engine, and not being properly managed as to the fire, it did not go so fast; its force might have been forty or forty-five miles an hour.

"Will," shouted John, in the ear of his stalwart fireman, "you'll have to be sharp about it. It won't do, lad, to jump into the arms of a madman with a fire shovel in his hand. When I takes a shot at 'im with a lump of coal, then's yer chance—go in an' win, lad—and whatever you do, keep cool."

Will did not open his compressed lips, but nodded his head in reply.

"You'll have to do it all alone, Bill; I can't leave the engine," shouted John.

He looked anxiously into his mate's face, and felt relieved to observe a little smile curl slightly the corners of his mouth.

Another moment and the *Lightning* was up with the tender of the runaway, and John cut off steam for a brief space to equalize the speed. The madman at that instant observed for the first time that he was pursued. He looked back with a horrible glare, and then, uttering a fierce cheer or yell, tugged at the steam handle to increase the speed, but it was open to the utmost. He attempted to heap coals on the fire, but, being inexpert, failed to increase the heat. Another second and they were abreast. John Marrot opened the whistle and let it blow continuously, for he was by that time drawing fearfully near to the train that he knew was approaching. Seeing that escape was impossible, the madman would have thrown the engine off the rails, if that had been possible; but as it was not, he brandished the fire shovel and stood at the opening between the engine and the tender with an expression of fiendish rage on his countenance that words cannot describe.

"Now, Bill, look out!" said John.

Will stood like a tiger ready to spring. John beside him with a huge mass of coal in one hand concealed behind his back. There was a space of little more than two feet between

the engines. To leap that in the face of a madman seemed impossible.

Suddenly John Marrot hurled the mass of coal with all his might. His aim was to hit Thomson on the head, but it struck low, hitting him on the chest and driving him down on the foot-plate. At the same instant Will Garvie bounded across and shut off the steam in an instant. He turned then to the brake wheel, but before he could apply it the madman had risen and grappled with him. Still, as the two strong men swayed to and fro in a deadly conflict, Will's hand, that chanced at the moment to be nearest the brake-wheel, was seen ever and anon to give it a slight turn. This much John Marrot observed when he saw a puff of white steam on the horizon far ahead of him. To reverse the engine and turn full steam on was the work of two seconds. Fire flew in showers from the wheels, and the engine trembled with the violent friction. Nevertheless, it still ran on for a considerable way, and the approaching train was within a comparatively short distance of him, before he had got the *Lightning* to run backward. It was not until he got up speed to nigh forty miles an hour that he felt safe, looked back with a grim smile, and breathed freely.

Of course the driver of the passenger train, seeing an engine on the wrong line ahead had also reversed at full speed and thus prevented a collision, which would inevitably have been very disastrous.

John now ran back to the crossing, and getting once more on the down line again reversed his engine and ran cautiously back in the direction of the runaway locomotive. He soon came in sight of it, and reversed again and went at such a pace as allowed it to overtake him gradually. He saw that the steam was still cut off and that it had advanced that length in consequence of being on an incline, but was somewhat alarmed to receive no signal from his mate. The moment the buffers of the *Lightning* touched those of the other engine's tender, he applied the brakes and brought both engines to a stand.

Then leaping off he ran to see how it had fared with Will Garvie.

The scene that met his eyes was a very ghastly one. On the floor-plate lay the two men, insensible and covered with blood and coal dust. Each grasped the other by the throat, but Will had gained an advantage from having no neckcloth on, while his own strong hand was twisted into that of his adversary so firmly that the madman's eyes were almost starting out of their sockets. John Marrot at once cut the kerchief with his clasp-knife; and then feeling that there was urgent need for haste left them lying there, ran back to his own engine, coupled it to the other, turned on full steam, and in a short space of time was back to his station. Here the men were removed to the waiting-room and a doctor was called in. It was found that although much bruised and cut, as well as exhausted by their conflict, neither was seriously injured. After a few restoratives had been applied one was conveyed to his home and the other was lodged in an asylum.

The presence of mind of the superintendent, the alertness of John Marrot, the bravery of Will Garvie, bring out into bold relief the qualifications which fit men for the responsibilities of the railway, and bring forcibly before us the perils that sleep and may be wakened any moment on any road.

The story of the help found in God's Word is beautifully illustrated by this incident.

Said a Bible-reading railroad engineer:

"I have never met with an accident that was attended with serious results, thank God," he replied, not in the brawling tone of an oath, but reverently, "and I think that one reason of it comes from the fact that I always carry my Bible in the cab. Do you see it up there?" and he pointed up to the prettily upholstered cab where, just in front of the engineer's seat, between the steam-gauge and the lookout window, on a bracket-like device, a small Bible was held open where the eyes of this Christian engineer could fall upon its pages at any moment.

"I have read the good book from back to back several times at home," continued he, "and by having it placed here in this manner before me I have been able to commit many passages to memory. Sometimes it has been a wonderful comfort to me; one time in particular, the strength as well as comfort I derived from one glance at a passage on the open page was astonishing."

"How was that?" I asked, greatly interested.

"You see I was running on the lower end of the road at the time, and my train was an 'express passenger,' which came out of the city before nightfall, usually with a dozen or so heavily laden coaches. Perhaps you remember, if you have been over the road so much, where the track crosses the —— River, which, you know, is the inlet to the harbor. Being a port of considerable importance, of course provision has to be made for the shipping to pass above.

"There was a man stationed at this post to signal to the approaching trains whether the bridge was open or not. Yes, it was a dangerous place (the means to avert danger there are better now), but after I had run over the bridge twice a day for eighteen months or more, and had always found everything all right, I came to look upon that point the same as I did upon any other piece of the road.

"My express was a fast train always, and on the night of which I am speaking I was a little behind time, and so running even somewhat faster than usual in order to make up. As I approached the bridge I looked for the signal, as it was second nature for me to do. The flagman gave the customary all-right signal, standing as usual on a rock at the point of a curve of the track leading around to the river.

"I had no more time than barely to notice that the man was a new hand, in place of 'Lame Jim,' whom I had without a single exception always found at that post, before we came in full view of the bridge. To my horror it was wide open, and a gulf of nearly fifty feet in depth was yawning before me and my ponderous train.

"I glanced up to my open Bible and my eyes fell upon the word, 'I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.' The benumbing sense of utter helplessness that for the instant had pervaded both soul and body, as it were, all vanished now, and I became as calm as you see me at this moment.

"You know, madam, that the duties of a locomotive engineer are such that oftentimes he has to decide (it may be only on a mere movement of his hand, or the kind of a look he gives his fireman) in such a terrible exigency, especially in the shortest conceivable space of time. In this instance I had no time to consider, and if I had, I suppose I should have done exactly as I did, whistle for brakes (it was before air brakes came into use) and reverse my engine.

"The fireman did not need to be told to do his best upon the tender brakes, as he rapidly tightened them up with the whole swinging force of his large body. It was a clean, dry track, everything in good condition, and I think never a train, with like facilities, was brought to a standstill on shorter notice. For that first, almost bewildering instant to me, the belief in the possibility of escaping that imminent, fearful plunge, so possessed me with a cold feeling like the coils of a snake down my back, that it was with an almost superhuman effort that I mustered muscular force to raise my hand to the whistle-valve cord, reach the regulator, or grasp the reversing handle.

"But we came to a dead halt just as the point of the cow-catcher overlapped the frightful chasm! Had the impelling force of that long passenger train carried us a few feet farther on, there would have been the worst railroad catastrophe that ever happened in America, and my name would surely have swelled the list of the drowned and mangled ones that would have appeared in the newspapers.

"As it was, the escape never got into the papers at all. The bridge was swung into place so quickly, and we were under way again so soon after the customary stop at the draw, that I suppose that very few of the passengers ever know of the

threatened peril. We were miles away before the reaction came to me as I sat trembling on my seat with the full, apprehending sense of our escape tiding through my brain.

"The flagman? oh, yes, he was drunk. You see there had been a new superintendent chosen, and he had commenced business by turning off some of the old employés and putting in new ones. Poor, faithful 'Lame Jim' had been discharged, and this fellow installed in his place. He was celebrating his appointment to this responsible post over a jug of rum which was found afterward in the little signal house near by.

"Jim was reinstated next day, but the company was so chagrined over the unwarrantable action on the part of the superintendent that the matter was kept as close as possible. I went to the office the next morning and resigned my position; I couldn't bear to run over that end of the road again. They would not let me off the road, but gave me this train on this end of the route.

"No, I don't suppose I have quite got over the shock to my nerves, for frequently, when I go to bed more tired than usual, I wake with a start from a sort of far-off dream of that eventful nightfall trip, the uncertain light, the still shimmering water and the white, scared face of my fireman. My hair was as black as coal then; in three months it became as gray as you see it."

We glorify our heroes of the battle-field and the sea, we stand all agog if some foolish man or more foolish woman ascend Mont Blanc just for the name of the feat. We talk about Alexander and Bucephalus, about Cæsar in the boat when the tempest threatened him! Why may we not glorify the heroes of the locomotive engine, who exhibit as noble and praiseworthy a daring as any heroes in other fields? And they do this in the constant service of the thousands of families who every hour of the twenty-four are represented on the railways.

Somewhere there is a terrific storm raging at this moment. Swollen streams endanger the safety of bridges and the lives of

passengers every hour of the twenty-four. At the front, in the darkness and in the light, is the brave engineer doing his work as best he may, glad of an appreciative word from employer or of a recognition from those he has so bravely served. Such a man was Sam Hobart. Such men now live and serve.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SAM'S LAST RIDE—THE ENGINEER AT REST.

In March, 1874, Sam Hobart took his last ride. It was a fearful Saturday night. The storm of sleet and rain was on the land. Sam came into the Boston Depot wet through. He went home tired and almost sick. He rose on Sabbath morning and went to church. In the afternoon the pain in his limbs increased. Monday morning he could not rise. He had lost forever the use of one limb. "Well," in as cheerful a tone as possible, he said, "let us thank God for the leg that is left." Soon that was attacked. He thanked God for his hands. Then he lost the use of them, and thanked God for a clear brain. On Wednesday he was better. On Thursday morning he had his breakfast brought to him for the last time. It was placed in a chair before him. He folded his hands like a little child, asked God's blessing on it, and prayed that he might be kept from harm, from wandering thoughts; and in the love of God ate his food. The story of his sickness had got abroad. The officials of the railroad, men who were his comrades, members of the church, and people of every class and grade heard with sympathy and sorrow of his sufferings.

Charles Sumner had just died in Washington. His remains were to be brought to Boston, the city of his love, and a public funeral was to be awarded to him. Notwithstanding this, thousands talked and thought of the Christian engineer. The men of the yard went up in a body to his house to tender him their sympathy and offer their services. They were not permitted to see him. He was too sick. Two were appointed to go in and ask him "if the religion of Christ was all to him he thought it would be!" They wanted to know from him.

This roused the dying hero. He turned and said, "Tell the boys once I was afraid of the cable, but I am afraid no more. I have tried every link in the chain and *she holds. The cable and the anchor are all right, and I am safe.*"

The men had hardly left him when the change came. He fell back upon his bed. The film came over his eyes. His legs stiffened. He cried, "Open the door," and before there could be an answer Jesus spoke to him saying, "I know thy works, behold I have set before thee an open door and no man can shut it, for thou hast a little strength and hast kept my word, and hast not denied my name." No man could shut it. The physician came to his bedside, looked at him, and said, "He is in better hands." He died March 12th, 1874.

When they came to dress him for his burial there fell out of the Sabbath vest a piece of paper on which he had written these words, "The Lord is my strength and my song, and He is become my salvation." They seemed to those about him and to all who knew him as his message from the eternal world.

On the 15th of March, 1874, we buried him from the Harvard Street Baptist Church. The pastor, Rev. L. L. Wood, assisted at the service. These resolutions were read. They had been passed by the railroad engineers and other employés of the Boston and Albany Railroad, presided over by Hon. Ginery Twitchel:

WHEREAS, In the providence of Almighty God we have had removed from our midst our friend and brother, Samuel B. Hobart,

Resolved, That in Samuel B. Hobart we have long recognized the "workman who needeth not to be ashamed of his work," a cherished friend, and a man of large and ennobling influence.

Resolved, That by his loss death has robbed us of one whom we hold in the highest esteem and confidence, and whose memory we shall ever cherish as one who lived to help and save others; that his daily life was such as would tend to ele-

ite those around him, and stimulate them to throw off the urden of sin and put upon them the armor of our Lord and aviour, Jesus Christ.

Resolved, That while deeply lamenting our great loss, and ndcrly sympathizing with his afflicted widow and others arer than ourselves by ties of kindred, we would remember, he did, that death is not the end, but he that loves so faith-lly continues hereafter.

Resolved, That we recognize it as a duty and a privilege to xpress here and now our high sense of his long and successful bors, in season and out of season, in behalf of the cause of mperance; and we bear willing testimony also to the fervor ith which he labored to have all share in his own love and evotion to the Church of Christ.

On the last day before he died he spoke of his happiness in aving made his peace with God when he was well. Said he, 'I cannot think now. I mix things. I cannot pray." This aith took away the sting of death and robbed the grave of ictory. His untimely death filled all hearts with sorrow. He as the friend of the poor, and they mourned him as a brother one. Freely he gave of love. Freely of love he received. Women whose husbands were intemperate came to him for ympathy and strength. How their tears rained on his white ace in the open coffin will always be a memory with some. He was a model husband. As I think of his delicacy, of his houghtfulness, of his strength, and of his tenderness toward hose who leaned on him and trusted him, I find no words in which to express my admiration. It was this which made men love him. He was a *genuine*. There was not an ounce of waste material in his nature. He was true all through. He dare say what he thought. He had the feeling that God spoke through him, and that he must live as seeing him who is invisible. Hence, to hundreds of stalwart men he was a companion and a friend. He dare be plain with men above him in position, as they dare be plain with him. He loved as a man loves, with a great, strong, robust love.

His influence lives. It permeates New England, and it is reaching thousands in the great world beyond. It shows that it is possible to die and not suffer harm. It is possible to die and gain by it. Death is not necessarily a calamity; it may be but the taking down the scaffolding which conceals the building, so that the structure the master hath planned, built and beautified shall stand forth in perfected beauty, the glory of humanity, and the grandest triumph of the handiwork of God.

God draws by the cords of a man. Jehovah influences the world by living men. They are his epistles known and read of all men. They are sent forth to fulfil an individual mission and to accomplish a specified work. When that mission is fulfilled and that work is accomplished, is it strange that it should be written of them as of Enoch, "They walked with God; and they were not, for God took them." They belonged to God even while they toiled among men; and as God loves his own and delights in having his beloved ones near him, we are not surprised that the promise is fulfilled and that such came to the grave in a full age, "like as a shock of corn cometh in his season."

The design of death is to complete the work assigned to earth. Life has its seed, its plant, its growth, its blossom, its fruit, and its harvest.

"There is a reaper whose name is Death."

This work is not to be regarded with sorrow even. It is necessary to our comfort. Heaven is the best place for a rounded life and for a ripened fame. Old age, with its pains, its weaknesses, its painful neglects, its being set aside and written down as useless, its being ignored in the affairs of life, is without much to relieve it. Death, which is to the Christian a release from care and anxiety, from depression and sorrow, may be welcomed as a loving messenger from God.

Standing under the shadow of these truths, we feel that we are enriched by them. We resemble pilgrims beneath the

a trees of the desert, at whose feet run the waters of an unfailing spring, and above whose heads is heard the sweet carols of singing birds.

God takes marvellous care of his own. Believe it or not, it is safe to trust God and to serve him. The reputation of a good man, even in this world, is under the special protection of Jehovah.

It will be all right at last with the true, was his faith. The last time I saw him alive we rode together on the engine from Boston to Worcester, and he told me of the trouble of a friend who could not see clear into heaven. He comforted him in a beautiful and suggestive way, saying: "When wife and I started for the White Mountains I gave her a good seat, sat by her and talked many hours. I did not tell her at the outset to look at the mountains, but at the sea, for we were by the sea and were far away from the mountains. But when just at sunset we reached the right place, I said, 'Look at the mountains,' and she saw them. Don't try and see heaven until you get there." He lived for heaven every day, but did not try and see it until the hour of release came. Our last ride was our best ride. The whole talk was about Jesus, about the littleness of earth and the glory of heaven; about the fidelity of Christ in loving, in keeping his promises and in giving joy to his children, even when misunderstood and perhaps maligned. The dear old face glowed with love for Christ and men. It was grand to see him. Suddenly he said again, "I am not going to last long. If anything comes to me you will come?"

"Yes."

He then kissed me, and Worcester coming in sight, we rode into town, our eyes wet with tears.

He went on with his work on the road, in the daily prayer-meeting at Worcester, in the church, until at last he was not, for God took him.

My vow is kept. My task is done. Samuel Brooks Hobart,

the locomotive engineer, goes forth a benediction and a blessing to all who shall feel the inspiration of his noble life, and be brought thereby into association with Him who saved him, who loved him, and now keeps him as a star in the crown of His rejoicing.

INDEX.

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The "Cheap Good Book" Problem.

THIS PROBLEM MUST BE SOLVED IF THE MASSES IN AMERICA ARE TO BE HELD TO VIRTUE AND TRUE MANLINESS.

The Demoralizing Effects of Bad Books.

A man's associates determine his character. Our most intimate companions are the authors of the books we read; they are with us when others are denied our presence; they enter our homes, and, unquestioned, cross the threshold of our most private chambers. The parent can guard his daughter against the wrong comrade, but how watch the author with whom she communes? The comrade can be seen: the author in his book is easily concealed and communed with, in her chamber, when she is thought to be alone. What suggestive words, what descriptions of deception, of betrayal, of plots and counterplots, what hot words of passion she reads without a thought of wrong which, if she heard spoken, would crimson her face with blushes!

This is true, not of those books only that have a bad reputation, but of hundreds of books that pass *as respectable*. Boys and girls, men and women, of the better families, all over the country, are reading daily descriptions that would not dare be uttered aloud in their presence: not now, but by and by, when the evil communication has wrought its perfect work in the corruption of manners, they will be heard and repeated without a blush.

There are fathers—men of the world, who would shoot dead the villain who dared speak in the presence of their daughters words one-tenth as black as these same daughters often read. Yet a thought read is a thought thought and as a man thinketh so he is.

O foolish parents and educators! why are ye so careful of what enters the ear and so heedless of what enters the eye?

The secret of the failure of many a faithful ministry, of the waywardness and final destruction of thousands of the most promising of boys and girls—the mentally active—is concealed between the covers of the books they read.

See to what monstrous proportions this evil has grown!

In New York City alone over 200,000 books of fiction, mostly trashy and hurtful, are printed every week. These books, by circulating libraries or private lending, pass from family to family, so that many read the same book. Besides over a million copies of the sensational story papers are issued from the New York presses each week—that is, about one such paper to every ten families! Then, what vast quantities are supplied by other cities!

Now, think of the class of men and women who are, usually, the authors of these flashy stories, and who are securing actually a more universal and a closer hearing than our preachers of all denominations. Representatives of this class can often be seen on the streets of New York with blear eyes and tangled hair and lecherous looks—beings from whom you instinctively recoil. You had rather see a daughter of yours, just budding into womanhood, clasp the hand of a smallpox patient, than, in social equality, the hand of such an one. Yet, believe it, ye doting fathers, ye thoughtless, confiding clergymen, ye educators, philan-

thropists, these beings from whom you so recoil are boon companions of four-fifths of the mentally awakened boys and girls of America.

Is this an exaggeration? Look at a single fact. A publisher of popular books in New York recently said: "Some time since I inserted in—— —— [a popular religious New York journal] at a cost of $60.00, a large display advertisement of good standard books. In the same issue of this paper I inserted at a cost of $1.25 a small advertisement of a flash sensational book. What do you think was the result? Well, my $60.00 advertisement brought me *six* orders for my good books, while my $1.25 advertisement brought me *one hundred and thirty* orders for my bad book. Yet this was a religious paper, and the readers presumably church members!"

This incident throws a flash of electric light—revealing (1) the wide spreading of this evil of pernicious reading. (2) A reason why it is so much easier to publish the sensational book at low rates than it is to publish the standard book: $1.25 invested in advertising brings over one hundred orders for the one; and $60.00, similarly invested, brings but six orders for the other.

These facts make plain why we must have the co-operation of the clergy and others if good literature is to be published permanently at low rates. Bad literature will run itself. It is water going down-hill. Some other force than gravity must pull water up-hill. The force that will make cheap good literature permanently possible must be generated in the hearts of the true educators and philanthropists, developed Christians.

The Educational Effect of Good Books.

Books beyond anything else are educators of the people.

The intellectual, social and moral character of a people must be largely an outgrowth of their reading. The character of the books already issued in the *Standard Library*, and of those now announced for future issue, is a sufficient guarantee that the educational effect of a general reading of the books comprising this *Library* must prove most satisfactory.

In the warfare against bad literature our motto has been "CONQUER BY REPLACING." Mere denunciation is of little avail. The mind must be filled. To prove to the people that the books that they are reading are worthless, and often vicious, will not be of any permanent advantage unless you place in their hands interesting books of positive value. Give them something else to think about, and they will be easily weaned from worthless trash. The quality of the matter in our library is always standard. Science, History, Biography, Essays, and Travels are included in this series. The educational result in a popular distribution of such books cannot be overestimated. Good books are needed at low prices to stimulate the masses to higher attainments. The question is —Shall the manhood and womanhood of our country sink to the standard of the Dime Novel, or rise to that of the choicest literature in the English language? Why should any waste their spare hours over third-rate books, when they might spend them with the greatest and best thinkers of the world?

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