

'All who mean it, say, "By God's help, I will."'

And back from a hundred throats came deep and strong the words, 'By God's help, I will.'

At this point Mrs. Mavor, whom I had quite forgotten, put her hand on my arm. 'Go and tell them,' she panted. 'I want them to come on Thursday night, as they used to in the other days—go—quick,' and she almost pushed me out. I gave Craig her message. He held up his hand for silence.

'Mrs. Mavor wishes me to say that she will be glad to see you all, as in the old days, on Thursday evening; and I can think of no better place to give formal expression to our pledge of this night.'

There was a shout of acceptance; and then, at some one's call, the long pent-up feelings of the crowd found vent in three mighty cheers for Mrs. Mavor.

'Now for our old hymn,' called out Mr. Craig, 'and Mrs. Mavor will lead us.'

He sat down at the organ, played a few bars of 'The Sweet By and By,' and then Mrs. Mavor began. But not a soul joined till the refrain was reached, and then they sang as only men with their hearts on fire can sing. But after the last refrain Mr. Craig made a sign to Mrs. Mavor, and she sang alone, slowly and softly and with eyes looking far away—

'In the sweet by and by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.'

There was no benediction—there seemed no need; and the men went quietly out. But over and over again the voice kept singing in my ears and in my heart, 'We shall meet on that beautiful shore.' And after the sleigh-loads, of men had gone and left the street empty, as I stood with Craig in the radiant moonlight that made the great mountains about come near us, from Sandy's sleigh we heard in the distance Baptiste's French-English song; but the song that floated down with the sound of the bells from the miner's sleigh was—

'We shall meet on that beautiful shore.'

'Poor old Shaw!' said Craig softly.

When the last sound had died away I turned to him and said—

'You have won your fight.'

'We have won our fight; I was beaten,' he replied quickly, offering me his hand. Then taking off his cap, and looking up beyond the mountain-tops and the silent stars, he added softly, 'Our fight, but His victory.'

And, thinking it all over, I could not say but perhaps he was right.

(To be continued.)

The Love I Owe.

Saviour! teach me day by day
Love's sweet lesson to obey;
Sweeter lesson cannot be,
Loving Him who first loved me.

Teach me, I am not my own,
I am Thine, and Thine alone;
Thine, to keep, to rule, to save,
From all sin that would enslave.

With a child's glad heart of love,
At Thy bidding may I move;
Prompt to serve and follow Thee,
Loving Him who first loved me.

Though Thy will should cross my own,
May it instantly be done;
Thus may I rejoice to show
That I feel the love I owe.

—Hymn.

A Complete Cure.

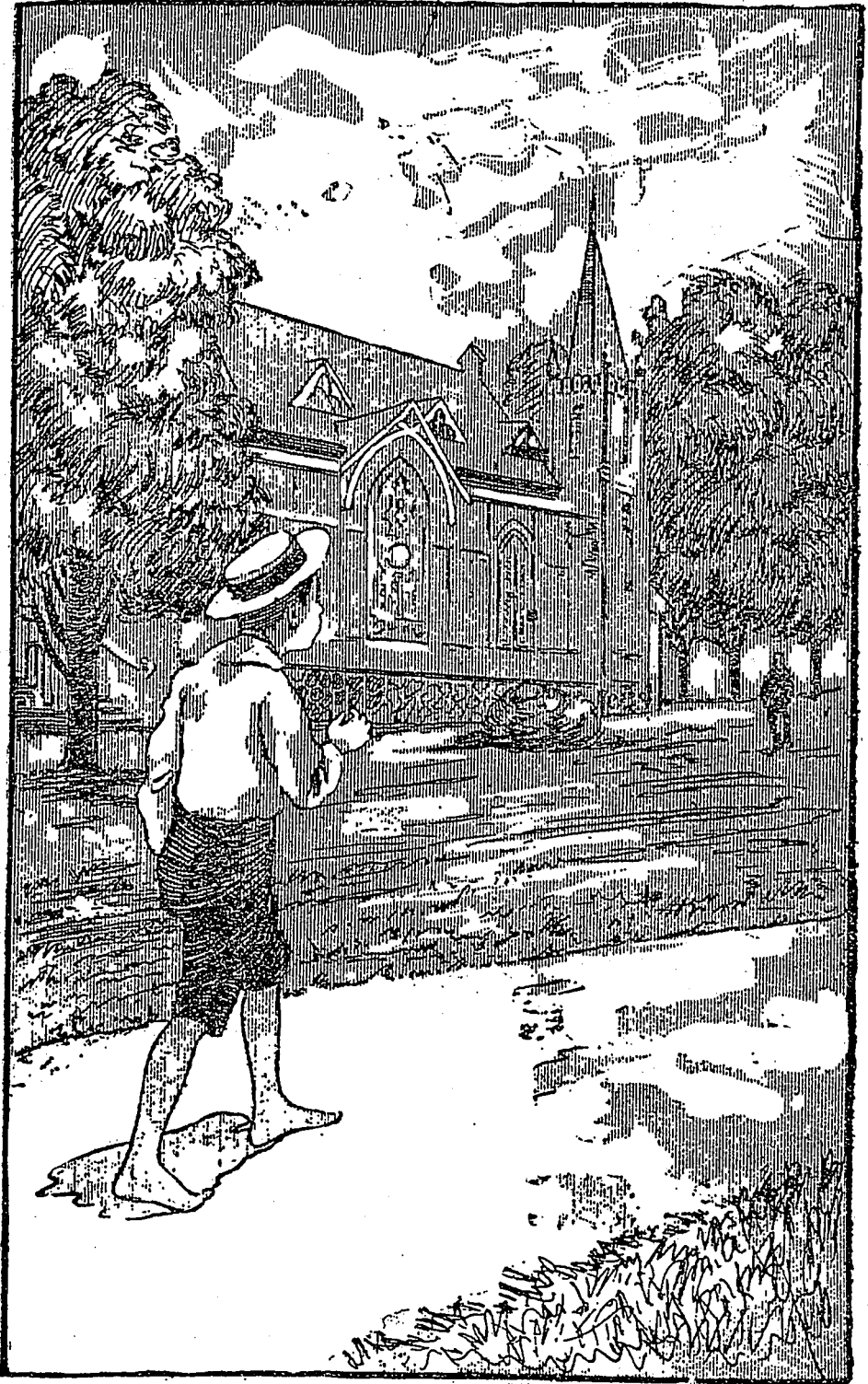
(By the Rev. J. Mervin Hull, in 'Forward'.)

When I was a small boy I had a most unfortunate habit of throwing stones. Most boys have this habit to a certain extent, but in my case it was something alarming. As Grandma Attles said to Mother: 'It dooz seem as ef the child was a perzessed.'

Even when I was in kilts it was a martyrdom for my older sister Lucy to take me for a walk. I can remember just how I felt. Every small stone by the wayside had a fascination for me. If it was oblong

I would go and 'skip' the stones, and watch them leap, leap, leap, leap, leap, leap, until they gently dipped beneath the water.

When I was eight or nine years old my propensity was newly excited in an unexpected way. It was not until that time, so far as I can remember, that I heard the story of David and Goliath. Mother read it to me one Sabbath afternoon. Of course the whole story is interesting to any boy, but when mother came to that part where David set aside Saul's armor and chose him five smooth stones out of the brook, and put them in the shepherd's bag which he



'AS I STOOD FIXED TO THE SPOT, DEACON STERNE CAME OUT TO THE ROAD.'

in shape, with rounded corners, I was so eager to get it that I would break away from Lucy and seize the stone and send it whizzing through the air, not always being careful enough in the choice of a target.

Just here my trouble arose. I never could be satisfied with throwing stones into vacancy. I wanted to throw them at something; and being in constant practice, I became altogether too good a marksman. Almost the only place where I could indulge myself without damage to something or somebody was down by the mill pond. Underneath the large rock that jutted out by the water gate I had collected a great store of round, flat stones. Here, in a calm day,

had, and went forward to meet the Philistine with his sling in his hand. I was electrified. I listened in a fever of excitement until David slung the stone and smote the giant in the forehead, and he fell upon his face to the earth.

After this there was no peace for me until I had a sling. And when I had got it, there was no peace for any one else. I was firmly resolved to find some Goliath and slay him; or at least to knock over Farmer Hilton's cross old turkey, which attacked me every time I went past. The worst thing I did, however, was to use the wooden signal at Blueberry Crossing for a target. Contrary to my expectation it split into