

Hear ye the Battle Cry.

Hear ye the battle cry? Soldiers of Tem-
Forward in serried ranks, armed for the
though the foe in his fortress defy you,
Trusting in God, ye shall yet win the day
Fort, after fort, in the outposts have fallen,
Both East and West beaten and forced to
retreat,
Trenched in his stronghold, he hopes to
withstand you,
Up 'up' to the ramparts, and fear not defeat.
Expect not fair fighting, he dares not to
meet you
In straight-forward warfare, line facing to
line,
Not in intrigue and ambush, by plotting and
scheming,
"ways that are dark," will he work and
design.

Not doubt not the ending, for God in his
mercy,
Looks down on the strife with a pitying eye.
And thousands in faith at his footstool are
pleading,
And has he not promised to hear when they
cry?
The pale wife of the drunkard is kneel-
ing,
And gathers her starving babes round her in
prayer;
Oh! God bless the efforts to stop the foul
traffic,
And save my poor husband from rum's fatal
snare."
Oh! list to the wail of the perishing thou-
sands!
The demon's fire burning in heart and in
brain,
Helpless and hopeless, on! on to their rescue!
Deliver the captives from drink's galling
chain.

Then raise ye your standard, brave temper-
ance workers,
And plant it in front, in the thick of the
fight,
Till our land shall be free from rum's thral-
dom forever,
Our motto be, "Onward for God and the
right."

"What is a Christian?"

"Why do you always wear it, grand-
ma?" "Because it was given me by
one I loved very dearly. It is old now,
and, as you say, 'Not much to look at,'
but I prize this little ring more than
almost anything I possess."

"Oh, grandma! it must have a story.
Do tell me about it."
"Yes, childie, I will," said the dear
old lady, as she laid down her knitting,
and leaned back in her big arm-chair.

"It all happened long, long ago,"
she began, "when I was a little girl,
like you. As you know, I was born in
India, and my dear mother died when
I was only a baby. My father could
not keep me long with him in that hot
climate, so he sent me to England to
live with my Uncle George, at Oak-
lands. I was rather lonely there, for I
had no companions of my own age.
Uncle George's first wife had died,
leaving one daughter, Maggie, who was
at school near London; and though his
second wife was very kind to me, she
was so taken up with her own three
little ones, that she had not much time
for any one else. You may imagine
how glad I was when I heard my aunt
say that Maggie was coming home at
last. I thought that perhaps Maggie
would be able to talk to me, and be my
friend; and I listened eagerly while
Auntie went on to say that she quite
looked forward to having her, as she
was a very good girl, and a Christian.

"I thought a great deal about Aunt-
tie's description of Maggie, and did not
know what she meant by calling her 'a
Christian'; however, I had no one to
ask then, so I decided that I would get
Maggie herself to explain it to me.
"The day came at last, and oh, how

glad I was when I saw Maggie! She
looked so bright, and happy, and pretty,
as Uncle George helped her out of the
carriage, that then and there I made
up my mind that I should love her.
Though Maggie was eighteen and I
was only twelve, we soon became fast
friends, and used to have splendid talks
in her little room. How well I remem-
ber one lovely summer's evening, when
we sat there together. Maggie was
gazing at the distant, wooded hills; and
as I looked at the sweet peacefulness of
her face, the old puzzle, which I had
well-nigh forgotten, came back to me.

"Maggie," I said suddenly, "what
is a Christian?"

"She looked a little surprised at my
question, and I continued:

"Before you came home, I heard
Auntie say that you were a Christian,
and I want you to tell me what she
meant. In India they call all the
white people Christians, and most of
the natives heathen; but I did not
think there were any heathen in Eng-
land."

"Maggie was very grave as she
answered:

"You have asked me a difficult
question, Nellie, but I will answer it
as best I can. First tell me, however,
what is your idea of a Christian?"

"Any one who believes in Christ,
and goes to church," I replied.

"What do you mean by 'believing
in Christ,' Nellie dear?" asked Maggie,
earnestly. Then seeing that I had no
answer ready, she went on: "It is not
enough for us to believe that there was
such a person on earth as the Lord
Jesus, or even to believe that He died
on the cross to take away the sins of
the world; we must believe that He
died for each of us, and we must come
to Him, confessing our own sins, and
asking Him to wash them all away in
His precious blood. That is "believ-
ing in Christ."

"Oh, Maggie, I said, 'I did not
know it meant so much.'

"That is only part of being a Chris-
tian, Nellie," continued Maggie, "though
it is the principal part. "Christian"
means "anointed," or "set apart."
When Aaron was set apart for the
High-Priesthood, God told Moses to
pour oil on his head; and so we, if we
would be real Christians, must be
anointed by the Holy Spirit, and thus
be set apart for service."

"I thought over for a few moments
what Maggie had said, and then I
startled her with another sudden ques-
tion.

"Maggie, is Mrs. Groves a heathen?
I heard Auntie say she never goes to
church; and old Farmer Brown must
be almost one, for he always sleeps
right through the sermon."

"No, Nellie; they both call them-
selves Christians."

"But, Maggie, they cannot be your
sort of Christian!"

"Nellie dear, you must take care
how you judge others; though it is only
too true that many people call them-
selves Christians without any real right
to the name. The thing for each one
of us to do is, to see that we are real
Christians."

"Maggie, tell me," I cried eagerly,
"am I a Christian?"

"That I cannot tell you, Nellie;
you must answer your own question.
Have you told the Saviour that you
are a sinner, that you need forgiveness,
and that you want to be one of His
lambs?"

"No," I whispered, awed by her

solemn manner; "but, Maggie, I do
want to be a real Christian—I do want
to belong to Jesus."

"Then let us tell Him all about it
now," she said; and we two girls knelt
together, while Maggie reverently and
lovingly, as if she were speaking to a
tender but Almighty Friend, prayed
that the way of salvation might be
made plain to me.

"That conversation was the first of
many that Maggie and I had together.
She taught me (not only by her words,
but by her life) the meaning of true
religion. In the midst of all her fun
and merriment, she never forgot whose
she was, and whom she served. Well,
dear, I must hasten on to the sad end
of my story. One evening, when my
aunt and I were expecting the return
of Uncle George and Maggie, who had
driven to the nearest town, one of the
workmen ran up to the house, and told
us that the horse had shied in the
avenue, and upset the trap. The mas-
ter was all right, he said, but Miss
Maggie was badly hurt.

"They brought her at once to the
house, white and still, but not suffer-
ing much. She was laid gently on her
bed, in the little room where we had
been so happy together, and they let me
sit beside her. We hoped for the best;
but the doctor's grave face, as he left
the room, told us that our hopes were
vain—Maggie's spine was seriously in-
jured, and she could not live many
days.

"I shall never forget that death-bed
—our Maggie was so happy. She had
no fear of death; and with words of
love and peace, she tried to cheer us in
our great sorrow. The evening before
she died, I was alone with her for a few
moments, and she said to me,—

"Nellie, I want you to have my
little ring, and to remember all we
have talked about when you look at it.
Oh, darling," she added, and her voice
rang out clearly in the stillness of the
sick room, "remember that the love of
Christ alone can make life beautiful
and happy, and light up the darkness
of the valley of the shadow."

"In a few hours our darling passed
away."

Grandma's voice faltered, and tears
dimmed her eyes as she concluded:

"That is the story of my ring. Do
you wonder now that I should count
Maggie's keepsake as one of my most
precious treasures?"—*Our Own Gazette.*

How Tom Pimblott Found Peace.

"BLESS Him! Bless Him!" These
were the first words we heard as we
entered the bed-room of a small cottage
in which lay a poor afflicted man.
And after a short conversation and
prayer, the last words that fell from his
lips, as we left the room, were a sweet
but faint echo of the first "Bless Him!
Bless Him!" This was the man
his neighbours knew as "Tom Pim-
blott," and who, some weeks before,
had passed from darkness to light. We
introduced ourselves to him as having
been sent by Mrs. D—to come and
pay him a visit. But Tom looked at
us in amazement, as though he won-
dered who in the world Mrs. D—
could be. "Tell him, th' ow'd woman
sent you," whispered his wife, as she
stood beside the bed. We did as we
were bidden, when Tom's eyes sparkled
at once, and putting out his feeble hand
he gave us a hearty welcome. Tom
was a good weaver, but a bad scholar.
He knew all about his looms, but he
had never been able to read a book in

his life. A want of education, unfor-
tunately, was not the worst feature in
Tom's history. He had been quite as
wicked as he was ignorant. "Th' ow'd
woman" was a simple, true-hearted
Methodist who had taken a great
interest in Tom's soul. Although
never abusive, for a long time he
resented strongly her pointed appeals,
and sneered at religion and all who
professed it. In consequence of her
untiring energy in his behalf, however,
he gradually came to feel for her the
deepest respect. "Tom," said she, on
one occasion, when she met him in the
street—and this is a specimen of her
faithful dealing—"are you at peace
with God?" "Never do you mind,
Tom," shouted his companions, as they
stood by and heard what was going on,
"Tom is all right. He wants none of
your religion, not he." "Tom," con-
tinued his faithful friend, "take no
notice of these men. You make your
peace with God, lad," and then quietly
walked away. It pleased the Almighty
in His mercy to lay Tom aside by a
very severe illness. As he brought
Manasseh to his knees by affliction,
and shook the jailer into his senses by
an earthquake, so He led Tom seriously
to think about his condition, by stroke
after stroke of paralysis. "Shall we
send for Mr. L—," said his friends,
when they found him anxious about his
soul. Mr. L— was a highly respected
clergyman in the neighbourhood, well
known for both his evangelical preach-
ing and evangelistic zeal. But Tom
said, "Nay, wife, don't send for a
clergyman, send for th' ow'd woman.
I want her to come and pray wi' me."
Nothing loth, away she went, fleet-
footed as a hart, to point poor Tom to
his Saviour, and, as she remarked
afterwards, "Day and night did I pray
for that poor man's soul, that God
would save him." It was early one
morning when Tom was thinking,
praying, and believing, that the "Peace
be unto you!" was spoken. Just as
the morning was breaking in upon the
earth, the morning of spiritual light
broke in upon his soul. And oh! what
joy! It seemed almost as though heaven
had come down to Tom preparatory to
Tom's going up to heaven. Paralyzed
as he was, from ten o'clock in the
morning to five in the afternoon, he
was heard discoursing the sweetest
music. And when "th' ow'd woman"
called to see him, having been informed
of this remarkable answer to her
prayers, and result of her efforts, Tom
looked up to heaven, and with an
almost unearthly smile on his face ex-
claimed, "JESUS! JESUS! JESUS!"

We are glad to see the Ontario Edu-
cation Department following the excel-
lent example of our American cousins
in an "Arbour Day" for the Public
Schools. We hope the experiment may
prove a great success. To transform
the plain, too often unsightly school-
grounds into beautiful groves and
avenues is a work well worth doing.
The child who plants his tree or shrub,
and watches over its growth at school,
will not be likely to forget to make the
surroundings of his home, when he has
one of his own, neat and attractive.—
Canada School Journal.

ADOLPHE MONOD has well said that
consecration is not something done once
for all, but is a maintained habit of the
soul. A consecrated day is the frame-
work ready prepared, in which God
has to act in us and through us.