

Temperance

Jim Magruder's Great Fight

I had this story from the Rev. John Thomas. It is his story, and I can tell it only as he told it to me:

You remember that while I was in college I supplied the little church at Warner, and that I continued as acting pastor while at Newton. It was there that I saw the great fight.

One Saturday as I was coming from the train a messenger came to me with the news that Jim Magruder's wife was sick and that the doctor was sending her to the hospital, and 'would the minister please come to the house right away, as they were getting her ready for the 3 o'clock train?' Getting Annie Magruder ready for the hospital! That would be hard on Jim and the three little ones. I knew how deeply the Magruders loved each other. I prayed God to help me help Jim.

They showed me into the sick room where Jim sat beside her bed. Bravely the little Scotch wife called for her 'bairns.' When she had kissed them, she asked me to pray for them. I prayed and pronounced the benediction, and would have gone out, but she called me and said, 'Mr. Thomas if anything happens so that I don't come back, be a friend to Jim and the bairns.' I promised.

We sent them on the train at 3 o'clock. Jim, standing by her cot in the baggage-car, waved 'Good-bye' for both of them. We prayed for her in church on Sunday and there was not a dry eye in the house. Annie had won every heart in the village with the same quiet power that had drawn 'Big Jim' Magruder to her.

The operation was a failure, and on Monday morning Jim brought his wife's body home. Back to the home where I had prayed on Saturday, I went from the train with him, but it was empty and cold. Friends had taken the children, and the neglected fires had gone out. Into that cold house we took her. Outdoors the thermometer said, 'twelve below zero.' It was not much better indoors at Magruder's. I tried to comfort the man, but could not reach him; he was far away from me. He was dumb in his grief. His face was set as white as Annie's. He was deaf when I spoke to him. I was discouraged. I went away to pray and to think how I could be 'a friend to Jim,' as I had promised.

About 1 o'clock I started for the Magruder place and met Jim on the way. What a change the hour had wrought. His face was set and white as before, but his eyes were blazing. He looked as Frank Roger's bulldog did when we pulled him away from 'Doc' Newell's collie thot time when he had almost killed Newell's dog. He was mad. For a minute I was afraid to speak to him, but I remembered my promise. He told me that he was going 'tastin' (drinking), and it didn't make any difference if I was 'the minister,' he'd knock me down if I didn't let go of his arm. Then, God forgive me, I lost my temper and began to talk.

'Jim Magruder,' said I, 'you're bigger than I am, but, by the God that made us both, if you go tasting to-day, you will have to walk over me.'

I started to pull off my overcoat, but I stopped, for I seemed to see Annie Magruder's face and I remembered her request. 'Jim,' said I, looking him in the face, 'forgive me for getting angry, I forgot my promise to your woman. Come back into the house a little while and let us talk it over.'

We went back to the house and the fight began; a big strong man was fighting for his life with a big temptation. They tell me of Antietam and the charge up Mary's Heights. I have read of Fontenoy and Waterloo, of Marston Moor, of Marathon and Arbela, of Tours and Hastings and Orleans, of Valmy, of Blenheim and of Saratoga. I like to read such things. I come of a fighting race and the blood cries out for them. Many of my

forbears did not die in their beds. That is why I like to read of a fight. But yonder at Warner that day there was a bigger fight than any they tell me of, and greater than any of which I have read.

We forgot the cold. Forgot! It wasn't cold there. I sat at the coffin's foot and Jim sat by the head. For a long while we were as silent as Annie. My memory ran far afield to some place where I heard men sing the Psalms. Their words rushed to my tongue and before I realized I was repeating them aloud. Great beads of sweat stood on Jim's forehead. His hands were clinched tightly. Presently he took his coat off, and I took off mine. 'Twas too warm in that room. The silence fell upon us again, and I thought that a great tall man stepped into the room. His dress was somewhat like a woman's but his face! I couldn't see it plainly, yet it radiated manliness. His eyes, I cannot describe to you how they shone,—some day you will see them and then you'll understand. He spoke. I mind well what he said; it was, 'Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest.' His voice was rounder than the thrush's, and more mellow than the blackbird that we used to hear at home. The fragrance of his presence was like bridal roses in June. And though I knew it was not there, I thought I saw a great white throne. As quiet as his coming, was his leaving. But the feeling of his presence was upon us, as Jim threw himself on his knees, and, taking Annie's hand, said, 'Mr. Thomas,

pray for me.' Then far away I seemed to hear, 'He that overcometh shall inherit all things; and I will be his God and he shall be my son.'

It was dark when I went home that night, but the Light of the World was in Jim Magruder's heart.—'Morning Star.'

One Man's Testimony.

At Tokyo, under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A., Mr. Bryan said on the subject of Temperance:

I was struck by the fact that some of your leading men who came to me at the hotel said they noticed I was a teetotaler. I am. I wear now a badge which I am proud of, and though I am not going into a discussion of the merits of Temperance, I am a standing, living example of the physical development of a teetotaler. I was born a teetotaler and I signed the pledge very early, and I sign it again and again, every time I get a chance. I have two reasons for abstaining—first, I believe it is best for me, and secondly, even if I imagined I was strong enough to withstand the temptation of drink, I am not willing that my example as a Christian should lead others astray. And the same with other things. If eating meat will lead my brother to offend, I will give it up too. I do not want to force my opinions on anyone else, but if anyone says he cannot live without intoxicants, send him to me and I will answer him.'

DON'T MISS IT!!

Easter Number

—OF THE—

CANADIAN PICTORIAL

The April issue of the ever-popular 'Canadian Pictorial' may well stir with pride the heart of a true Canadian. The 'Noted Canadian of the Month' is the Lieut.-Governor of Manitoba, Sir Daniel McMillan, and a picture of Lady McMillan is given in the Woman's section. Winter scenes of varied beauty, including Ice Formation on Lake Huron, the Muskrat's Winter Home, exquisite views, just taken of Niagara, in Winter Garb, well represent the season in which Canadian's delight, while scenes of budding Spring are not wanting. A couple of fine pictures show Ontario's two great Hydraulic Lift Locks at Kirkfield and Peterboro, either of which has twice the capacity of the largest work of the kind anywhere else in the world. Another picture is of Alexander Graham Bell of telephone fame, who grew up in Canada, and installed his first working telephone in Brantford. A remarkable view, taken seven hundred feet under-

ground, shows a couple of brawny miners in an Ontario gold mine near Kenora, and the new electric engines on the G.T.R. for the St. Clair tunnel will be of special interest. Besides these, and many other Canadian pictures, there are pictures from across the water, such as a huge English Telegraph Exchange, the Thames Frozen Over a winsome group of a schoolmistress at 85, and her pupils, etc., etc.—all of them of interest to Canadians.

Weddings of the Month, Fashions, Toilet Hints, Care of the Baby, Wit and Humor, News in Brief serve to complete a delightful number. The 'Canadian Pictorial' is a pleasure to look at, a pleasure to touch. No home should be without it.

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