

Hymn: "Oh, Haste."

BY FANNY CROSBY.

There comes a wail of anguish  
Across the ocean wave;  
It pleads for help, O Christians,  
Poor dying souls to save;  
Those far-off heathen nations  
Who sit in darkest night,  
Now stretch their hands imploring,  
And cry to us for light.

We have the blessed Gospel;  
We know its priceless worth,  
We read the grand old story  
Of Christ the Saviour's birth,  
Oh, haste, ye faithful workers,  
To them the tidings bear—  
Glad tidings of salvation,  
That they our light may share.

Go plant the cross of Jesus  
On each benighted shore;  
Go wave the Gospel standard  
Till darkness reigns no more;  
And while the seed you scatter,  
Far o'er the ocean's foam,  
We'll pray for you and labour  
In mission fields at home.

Slaying the Dragon.

BY MRS. D. O. CLARK.

CHAPTER XV.

THE MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE.

The result of the parish meeting was a nine days' wonder in Fairport, and furnished a topic of conversation for weeks. Party feeling ran high, but the opposition dwindled steadily but surely. The tidal wave of public opinion had turned, as Deacon Ray predicted, and it was in Mr. Strong's favour. The large donation party, and the numerous gifts left behind for the pastor and his wife, spoke volumes. The Judge was too angry at his defeat to appear very often in public. He sent Reuben Palmer a notice the day after the parish meeting, telling him that he could have a week in which to raise the mortgage on his house. Otherwise the mortgage would be foreclosed. The Judge suspected that Reuben and some of his other allies had turned traitor to him, and he was not far from right. Tom Kinmon's speech had put courage into the hearts of the cowards, and the mode of balloting had made it easy for this class to do its duty.

One night, a few weeks after this, Mr. Strong was called to the Cove, late in the evening, to visit the dying daughter of one of the fishermen. As he passed the Maypole, sounds of drunken merriment reached his ears. The windows were not screened, and as he passed he could see John Chapman in the centre of the room, half tipsy, attempting to make a speech, greatly to the amusement of the crowd. Charlie Chapman was there also, with a glass of liquor in his hand. Poor boy! Just starting on the road to ruin. No, not just starting! The first steps were taken in his father's kitchen when the great mug of cider was passed around. It is only a step from cider drinking to beer and whiskey drinking.

So thought the minister, as he walked on. Could he have known all that was transpiring in that sink of iniquity, he might not have felt so unconcerned as to his personal safety.

"I drink this grog ter the downfall o' that cussed parson," shouted Peter MacDuff, as he held high over his head a glass full of poor whiskey.

"That's right! Go ahead! Them's my sentiments!" responded his companions.

"Why, MacDuff, don't you like the minister?" asked the landlord with an insinuating smile.

"No," cried the fisherman, uttering terrible oaths and curses. "He's a-tryin' ter take from us poor coves the only thing that makes us feel good an' forgit our troubles. I hates that man," he shouted. "He's a-cheatin' me out of my rights. He's been a-tryin' fur years ter git my secret, an' he dogs me round, an' talks agin me, an' makes my family hate me, an' I won't stand it another day. The cussed dog better look arter himself ef he don't want ter git hurt," and Peter drew an ugly-looking jack-knife from his pocket, and commenced sharpening it on his boot.

"Give me another drink," and he threw a silver coin on the counter. The glass of liquor was eagerly drained, and the effects of it began to be manifest. MacDuff raved about the minister, and cursed him for ferreting out his secret.

"I tell you, boys, the secret's mine, an' the parson hed better look out, or I'll

fix him," and the fisherman shook his fist at an imaginary antagonist.

"He's crazy as a loon," said Matthews. "Pete's dangerous when he gits like this. Ter tell the truth, I wouldn't care ter meet him ter-night out of the village, ef I was alone. He's gitting his jack knife purty sharp fur some purpose. I say, Pete, put that knife away. Do you mean ter murder your friends?"

An evil look gleamed in the fisherman's eyes. "I means ter try this blade on that cussed parson, who is a-tryin' ter do it. I tell you, boys, he's a thief. He's bin a-tryin' ter git ay secret, an' I b'leve he's got it," and Peter looked anxiously in his overcoat pocket.

"Vot isch your secret, mein goot friend?" inquired Carl, in a conciliating voice, his curiosity getting the better of his good sense.

"It's the tin box of—of—I can't tell you," shouted the drunken man. "What you askin' me fur? Are you one of the parson's string? Dog, I'll kill you!" and MacDuff sprang, knife in hand, upon the inoffensive German.

This was carrying matters farther than Landlord Chase desired, and he interfered. "If you've got any fighting ter do, MacDuff, you do it outside the Maypole. What d'yer mean carryin' on in this way? Git out of here, quick!"

Partially sobered by these words, the fisherman staggered out of the door, protesting that he meant no harm, but thought he had got hold of the parson.

"Do you suppose he means ter assault Mr. Strong?" inquired Steve Barton.

"Oh, no," laughed Chase. "Pete's a reg'lar fightin' cock when he's full, but I never knew him ter do more than threaten."

"The parson's a-bed an' asleep now," added Matthews, "an' it's time all honest folks were home, I think. So, landlord, I will reduce your score by one. I declare on it! Those youngsters will play billiards all night, I do b'leve. But it ain't none of my bizness. I ain't their pa."

In the meantime Mr. Strong had reached the Cove and had found Skipper Griffin's daughter very low with consumption. It was a question whether she would live till morning. She was a sweet Christian girl, and had greatly endeared herself to her pastor. She had been the first-fruits of his labours in Fairport, and to her the right hand of fellowship had first been given. She had been sick for nearly a year, and owing to her physical condition doubts as to her conversion and final happiness troubled her. She desired to see her pastor once more, that his words of faith and courage might help to illumine the dark valley which seemed so dark to the dying girl. The words of prayer had been spoken as few could speak them. Arnold Strong was a tower of strength on occasions like this. Tender, sympathetic, with magnetism in his touch, he had soothed the last hours of many a Christian, and the last voice they heard on earth was the voice of this faithful under-shepherd. It was so in this case. Comforted by her pastor's words and prayer, Alice Griffin fell asleep never more to waken on earth.

It was about midnight when Mr. Strong left this house of mourning. The night was cold and blustering, and not a star relieved the inky blackness of the sky. Buttoning his overcoat snugly about him, he hurried homeward. A low fiendish chuckle close at hand startled him. The minister was no coward, but the lateness of the hour and the trying ordeal through which he had just passed, threw him off his balance. Before he had time to turn around a blow was dealt him by a powerful hand. It was intended to strike his head, but providentially it fell upon his shoulder.

"I've got you now, an' I'll giv' it ter you. Take that!" and MacDuff aimed another blow at the minister, but the latter was too quick for him, and the weapon only grazed his arm. Mr. Strong had not practiced wrestling when a collegian in vain. He grappled with his powerful assailant, ridding him at once of his dangerous weapon. The battle was waged only a brief while. The drunken fisherman was no match for the herculean muscle and calm brain of the minister. MacDuff was soon sent reeling to the ground.

"Are you satisfied?" inquired the minister.

"No!" yelled the fisherman, in rage and mortification. "An' I'll be even with you yit."

Without wasting any more words upon the miserable drunkard, Mr. Strong pursued his way without further hesitation. As he turned down Parsonage Lane, he saw a lamp burning for him, and he knew his faithful little wife was watching for him. "God bless her!" he murmured, a strange giddiness creeping over him and benumbing his senses. He opened the front door, walked into

the sitting-room, and then did what he had never done before in his life—fainted.

(To be continued.)

TWO KINDS OF FUN.

BY SYDNEY DAYNE.

"Oh, what jolly fun!"  
"Yes, it was. To see that little tad running after us—"

The boys came in with a rush after an hour's brisk play after school. Their sister Bertha was ready, as usual, at the library table to encourage the short half hour of study which, once over, left the two with nothing on their minds till the next day.

"What was all the fun?" she asked, when coats and caps had been laid aside.

"Oh," said Ned, "it was that poor little rat of a Jimmy Murphy. When we boys were coming home from school and had got to the top of the hill, there was Jimmy with a big sledload of branches and roots he had got out of the woods; and just as we came on with a whoop, he had stopped—amp round a little and rub his hands to warm himself. We all pounced on his load and started it down the hill, and Jimmy came running after, squealing at the top of his voice."

"As if he could have done anything against so many of us," put in George, as Ned paused to laugh at the recollection. "We sent it ahead of us, and near the bottom it took a turn and ran—as slick!—right into the creek, breaking into the ice. The ice was thin, you know."

"The last we saw of him," resumed Ned, "he was shaking his fists at us."

Bertha did not laugh, as the boys expected she would.

"Is Jimmy Murphy that little fellow about you, size I have seen near the shanty down by the creek?"

"Well, I don't think he's quite as tall as I am," said Ned, who was proud of his height.

"He always looks as if life were a pretty hard struggle for him," continued Bertha.

"It must be," put in mother, who was lying on the sofa. "His mother is a widow, and I have seen Jimmy doing things which needed almost a man's strength."

The two boy faces grew a little grave. "You said he appeared cold," Bertha's comments went on. "I suppose he was not half clad for such weather. No intentions on—or overcoat?"

"No," said Ned, his voice a little lowered.

"So benumbed as to have small chance of looking out for his load when all you boys set upon him—a dozen or more against one, I think you said?"

What a way of putting it! No fault found, yet how differently the whole thing looked! Could the most severe reproach have made them feel more like cowards?

They settled to study without any of the usual gentle urging. Later in the evening, after their lessons were learned, Ned carried his sober face to his sister.

"I—hate to think about that poor little Jim," he said. "It didn't look so to me till you began to talk. We—really, Bertie—we didn't think—"

"No, dear," she said, as he paused; "I am sure there was not one of you boys who would have been deliberately cruel if he had stopped to think. The trouble is," she went on, "boys are easily led when once there is some one for them to follow. Now, if there had been any one there to say: 'Hello, Jimmy! you've got more to do than your share. We'll take hold and help you out,' then, I feel safe in saying, there was not a boy among you who would not have been ready to give poor Jim a helping hand."

"Bertha, you are great!" exclaimed Ned, with an admiring look.

Half an hour after school next day a sled brigade wended its way toward the small shanty, in the rear of which Jimmy could be seen cutting up such wood as he had recovered after yesterday's onslaught.

As he caught sight of his tormentors, he started to go into the house with an armful of wood. But with a shout they prevented his escape.

"Ho, Jimmy! drop that wood!"

It was impossible to forbear the mingling of a little roguish fun with the atonement for their unkind dealings. With shouts of glee they rushed on the dismayed boy and bound him hand and foot with their scarfs.

Then as he gazed in helpless perplexity, sled after sled was drawn up. They were well loaded with stove lengths of seasoned wood. Half a dozen axes were soon flying busily at the splitting. Then another descent was made on Jimmy, and he was released.

"Now, Jimmy, we can't have you idling here any longer while we're all working so hard. Here's an armful ready. Carry it into the house."

Jimmy's face beamed with quick appreciation of the situation. As the pile of split wood rapidly increased, he carried it in until he announced that there was no more room inside. Then active hands joined in piling the remainder against the back of the house.

As the merry crew at length took leave, Ned said to Jimmy:

"Now, Jimmy if ever we find you on the hill with that wretched green wood, unless you have dry wood at home to mix with it, we'll serve you just as we did yesterday."

To this day Jimmy has never been able to determine in his own puzzled mind from which day the kindness of the boys dated.—S. S. Visitor.

THE BEST WAY.

We sometimes hear business men say that it is impossible to be strictly honest if one is to be successful. But there never was a statement wider of the truth. God makes this plain in every part of his word. We get our morning paper at our railroad news-stand, settling the account every Monday morning. Sick-

ness had disarranged the course of things, and we fancied three weeks had elapsed without payment, and handed in that sum. The following Monday the news-

man said, "Your account is square. I looked it up in my book, and you only owed for two weeks when you paid for them." "I should never have known the difference."

"That may be," was the answer, "but I should, and I've found in my experience that honesty really is the best policy." We clip from an exchange the following incident, which illustrates the same truth:

A young man in a Boston dry-goods store was doing his best to sell a customer some goods. He had a quantity on hand which he much desired to dispose of, as they were not of the freshest style, and the man seemed inclined to take them. When the goods had been examined, and the bargain was about to be concluded, the customer inquired, "Are these goods of the latest style?"

The young man hesitated. He wanted to sell the goods; but he could not tell a lie, and replied, "They are not the latest style of goods, but a very good style."

The man looked at him, examined some other goods of later style, and said, "I will take those of the older style, and some of the new also. Your honesty in stating the facts will fasten me to this place."

The young man not only sold his goods, and kept conscience, but he also retained a customer whom he might never have seen again if he had not spoken the exact truth.

CONSECRATED TO HIS WORK.

As the world goes, the first question in making choice of a calling is, "Which one pays best?" But earth and heaven measure human work in very different ways, and devotion to a right service is never represented by the dollars it earns or by the honours it brings.

Dr. S. A. Steel, of St. Louis, says that he began his career as a preacher with a fortunate lesson. One Saturday, while a student in Henry College, he was riding over the mountains to fill a Sunday appointment at a village church, when he fell in with Dr. White, a veteran minister.

Dr. White was a man of fine appearance, eloquent, scholarly, and high-bred, but the humble work he was engaged in had his whole heart.

The two men travelled side by side, conversing pleasantly together. Dr. White made some reference to a call he had received to the presidency of a college.

"You have accepted the call, of course," said his young companion.

"No; I have declined it."

The position was one of high honour, influential, conspicuous, and commanding a much larger salary than his present support. Young Steel could not disguise his astonishment at such a refusal. But the doctor's reply silenced him. Gazing far away over the panorama of lovely valleys and majestic hills, he said, gently,

My brother, I would rather preach Jesus to these simple-hearted peop'le living in these mountains than be President of the United States."

Twenty years afterward Dr. Steel had forgotten he says—his college lessons in psychology and logarithms and Greek roots, but the lesson that the brave old clergyman's answer had taught him never faded away.