

The Good Samaritan!

By JOHN AND CHARLES WESLEY.
Woe is me! what tongue can tell
My sad afflicted state,

O thou Good Samaritan!
In thee is all my hope;
Only thou canst succour man
And raise the fallen up;

Still thou journeyest where I am,
Still thy compassions prove;
Pity is with thee the same,
And all thy heart is love;

Saviour of my soul, draw nigh,
In me, here, have thy abode;
At the point of death I lie,
And cannot come to thee;

Pity to my dying cry,
Hath drawn thee from above,
Hovering over me, with eyes
Of tenderness and love;

Thou hast saved me by thy grace,
And balm the slinger live;
Surely now the bitterness
Of second death is past;

Slaying the Dragon.
BY MRS. D. O. CLARK.

CHAPTER XX.
THE ST. GEORGE LEAGUE.

When Mrs. Dow vacated her cottage,
Tom Klinton generously opened his doors
to her and Maurice. Judge Seabury's
act in turning a poor widow out of doors
for so trifling an offence.

Mr. Strong was a stirring man, and the
next six years showed marked results in
temperance work. The gospel temperance
meetings which had formerly been
held only once in three months, were
now held once a month, and were full of
interest.

The young minister had felt that the
new course for organized work.
Accordingly, at the next temperance
meeting he suggested the forming of a
St. George League, the direct object of
which should be the resulting of young
people as children from the dragon's
power.

A ravaging dragon with blood-shot eyes
and a mouth that vomited flame.
With gaping jaws and sharp-curved
teeth, from the slime of the river
came.

The people fled, destruction spread, the
king, from his royal city,
Sent his spies round in attendance,
to implore the dragon's pity.
And the way to show (if he would but
go) to the lands of some other
king.

'Not so, my lords,' growled the dragon,
'In these people I mean to abide;
I like my lair, and I like my fare
By your ancient river's side;
But if you will bring me a maiden each
day—roy, and tender, and good—
And I'll let her face and her hair
blast has stricken you oak in the
wood.

Each noon, I reach, fair victim they
lead to the fatal place—
Lead to the place, and leave her to
horrors that none may know,
While the pit's post at wrath hursta
forth in bitter pleading and woe."

"Then up arose the king's daughter,
a Christian maid, and offered to give her
life, praying that the sacrifice of a
princess might stay the wrath of the dragon.
A knight, crossing the desert of Egypt,
came to the brink of the burning river,
and there learned the plucky story of Sabra,
the Christian maid, and how she was
doomed to die. The knight was so
moved by this sad story that he pre-
pared a terrible weapon, and with
bravery forth to the suburbs of the city
to meet the monster. He slew the
dragon, freed the city from the terrible
curse, and carried the king's daughter
in safety to her father's palace.

There the Queen became his cross on her
bosom, there brave men wear it in
figs.
No honour more great in that Christian
State can be paid to a hero this
day.
Than to give him the right to the cross
of the knight who did the dragon
slay."

"Fairport-by-the-Sea," continued Mr.
Strong, "is the beautiful city of On,
and like that heathen city, it was
ruled by a dragon—the dragon Intemperance.
Mothers and fathers are weeping at
the sacrifice of sons and daughters, and still
the terrible work goes on unchecked.
Shall not brave knights arise who shall
prove as valiant as St. George? Shall
not our country, our town be delivered
from this terrible monster?"

"Yes, yes," came as by common im-
pulse from his listeners who had drunk
in every word which their pastor had
spoken.

Mr. Strong then unfolded in a definite
manner his plan concerning the St.
George League.

"Such a society, to be successful, must
have two things. First, Practical work-
ing methods." Second, Earnest, wide-
awake, and constant prayer.
The grace of God, cannot fail of results.
I would like to invite all the members
of this church who are willing to take
some definite part in carrying on such
a society to meet at the parsonage to-
morrow evening at which time we will
discuss some working methods.

The parsonage was thronged with
church people, for he it known, the faith-
ful labourer who for many a long
years had not been truant. He had at
last roused the church until it not only
wanted to be told what to do, but it was
ready for action. Mr. Strong was un-
animously elected President of the new
society, and Deacon Ray Vice-President.
The methods for running such a society
were then discussed.

"If we find out the causes which ruin
our young people," said the pastor, "we
shall be better fitted to counteract the
same. The first great cause of ruin is
idleness. Our young people are not em-
ployed. They may be found in large
part on the street corners, receiving
a street education, or loitering about
the Maypole, as moths about the flame,
ready to be drawn in and consumed,
body and soul. The second cause of ruin
is a false home training. Fathers bring
up their children to believe that mod-
erate drinking is perfectly legitimate and
harmless, and encourage their sons to
pursue such a course by their own ex-
ample. Third cause of ruin lies in the
social customs of our town. The habit
of treating people to cider or wine or
beer, when they call is pernicious.
While that day of all the year, New
Year's Day, which ought to mark a step
toward God and heaven, has often proved
the time when a soul has been dragged
down to hell by the offer of the intoxi-
cating cup. The fourth cause of ruin
is bad legislation. When the 'wet' votes
are so large, how can we expect our
people? If those in high places sanc-
tion such proceedings, what can we do
who hold so small places? But, thank
God, the vote for 'no license' is in the
majority, and I approach the day when
it shall be in the majority. To such a

time, toward that glad day, Christian
people, go forward!

Several working plans were then dis-
cussed, and one finally adopted. A
large vacant room was to be hired, which
should be heated and lighted every eve-
ning, and made as attractive as possible.
The committees appointed, were, first,
the Entertainment Committee, who were
expected to provide some kind of an en-
tertaining every Wednesday evening.
Second, the Organ-Singing Committee,
whose business was to take charge of
the Sunday evening meeting, and invite
people to attend; also to extend an in-
vitation to all to attend the meeting at
the church, which followed. Third, the
Pledge Committee, who were to dis-
tribute pledges at suitable times. Fourth,
the Visiting Committee. Each church
member who was enrolled in the soci-
ety lists was asked to be a member of
this committee, visiting and inviting
those who were not members of the St.
George League to join the ranks and
to assist in the work of the League.
Fifth, the Welcome Committee. The
business of this committee was to wel-
come new members, and to promote
mutual acquaintance. Sixth, the Em-
ployment Committee, which furnished
employment, as far as was possible, to
those who left their names.—Very much
like Epworth League work.

A reading-room was to be attached to
the hall, free to the members of the
society.

The St. George League was not a re-
form club, as we know them, carried on
outside of the church, and independent
of the church, but was to be an addi-
tary to the church, watched over and
cared for as much as the Sunday-school.
This working plan was unanimously
carried, and the various committees
chosen.

Deacon Chapman sat in the corner,
with downcast, scowling face. Well did
he remember that other committee, so
long ago, when he, with three others,
helped to put the young minister down,
when he attempted a temperance reform.

Now the minister was popular, and he
stood with a rapidly decreasing minority.
Furthermore, the conduct of his two sons
made it also for him not to speak a word
against the new plan. What the old
deacon lacked was more of the grace of
God in his heart. He disliked his pas-
tor without a just cause. To be sure,
Mr. Strong had neglected his son and
himself, but after making and cider
selling did not bett the office of a dea-
con. But Deacon Chapman knew this
before, and his conscience had often re-
proved him for his course. Nevertheless,
his pastor's words, combined with
the fear that he should lose the deacon-
ship, induced him to give up his old
business, but he hated the minister for
what he termed his "pious" with what
warrant none of his business."

Nor was Deacon Chapman the only one
who felt himself abused. The apothecary
had received an official notice from the
church saying that he did not adhere
strictly to an apothecary's license, and
cease selling liquor promiscuously, he
would be disciplined. This action he
laid to Mr. Strong, for he could easily
recall the words of the minister. His pastor
had laboured with him to no purpose.
Fear of losing more trade than he should
gain, compelled him to accede to the
wishes of the church. But Marcus
Young loved not the minister, and he
did not adhere to the wishes of the church.

There was another man who could no
longer brook the aggressive work of Mr.
Strong, and that was Phineas Felton.
The establishment of the St. George
League was a great insult to his pen-
sion. He visited the young minister,
and began to upbraid him in stern but
dignified language.

"Mr. Strong, are you aware that it was
your fault that I am in the
church?" If you continue in your course
there will surely be a division. I
entreat you, therefore, as one who loves
this church, to desist. I say nothing
against your teaching, but I say that
years of hard labour here, unfruitful as
this is, I trust I am not selfish. But
when it comes to breaking the church
to pieces I feel it my duty as an older
and more experienced minister to warn
you of your danger. The temperance
issue rest awhile. Turn your
youthful enthusiasm into another chan-
nel, that of converting souls. Surely
there is no grander field of labour than
this."

"How can you convert the drunkard
unless he first abandons his cups?"
quietly asked Mr. Strong.

"Preach the Gospel from the pulpit,"
said Mr. Felton.

"What if the drunkard is not at church
to hear the Gospel?"

"Visit him in his home and reason
with him."

"What if he continues to do wrong
after all this?"

"Your responsibility ceases."

Mr. Strong rose to his feet. "Mr
Felton," he said, "I believe God has
called me to Fairport to do a special
work. I was brought up in poverty and
have been insured to hardship. It is
natural, therefore, that my best sym-
pathies should be with the working class.
I can appreciate their toil. I know
something of what they suffer. I have
also known the ravages of intemperance
in a home dear to me by the ties of
blood. I have seen the terrible power
of the dragon. I felt called to the
Christian ministry through my desire to
make the friends and the ally of
all temperance movements and to give
the drunkard. Feeling thus, shall I save
up my post? Never! The excitement
which prevails will soon pass away. It
is only the foam on the wave—underneath
the still waters flow unchecked.
Believe me, Mr. Felton, when I say I have
the best interests of the church at heart.
Can we not agree to differ and part
friends?" and Mr. Strong held out his
hand.

"I cannot be friends with one who
follows the bent of his ambitions rather
than the teachings of the Master," replied
the old minister, leaving the study.

(To be continued.)

Influence.

By OWEN MEREDITH.
No stream from its source
Flows seaward, how lonely soever its
course,
But what some land is gladdened. No
star ever rises
And sets without influence somewhere.
Who knows
What earth needs from earth's lowest
creature? No life
Can be pure in its purpose, and strong in
And all life not be purer and stronger
thereby.

Ah, how skillful grows the hand
That obeyeth love's command.
It is the heart, and not the brain,
That to the highest doth attain,
And he who followeth love's behest
Far exceedeth all the rest.
—Longfellow.

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