

Wanted!

Wanted! young feet to follow  
Where Jesus led the way,  
To the fields where harvest  
is ripening day by day;  
Or while the breath of morning  
Scented all the dewy air,  
Now, in the fresh, sweet dawn,  
Oh! follow Jesus there!

Wanted! young hands to labour;  
The fields are broad and wide,  
And harvest waits the reaper  
Around an every side.  
None are too poor or lowly,  
None are too weak or small,  
For in his service holy  
The Master needs them all.

Wanted! young ears to listen.  
Wanted! young eyes to see,  
Wanted! young hearts to answer  
With throbs of sympathy,  
While on the cross, great lightning  
The strange, sad tale is borne  
Or lands in darkness lying,  
Forsaken and forlorn.

Wanted! the young soul's ardour  
Wanted! the young mind's powers;  
Wanted! the young lip's freshness;  
Wanted! youth's golden hours,  
Wanted! to tell the story,  
Of which the glad sun sings,  
To all the coming glory,  
To seek and win the prize!

Come! for the Saviour calls you!  
Come! for the world is great,  
Come! for the courts are hallowing!  
Come! I ero it be too late!  
Come, and be burden-bearers  
With him, your gracious Lord;  
Come, and be happy sharers  
In his most blessed reward.

Slaying the Dragon.

BY MRS. D. O. OLARK.

CHAPTER VII.

SOME OF THE DRAGON'S APPRENTICES.  
"A double-minded man is unstable in all his ways."

The parsonage was a large, old-fashioned house, standing a little off the main street, in what was commonly known as Parsonage Lane. The south window was open, and the bay. The view from these windows was very inspiring—part of the time. When the tide was out, Mrs. Strong used to assert that the channel was no better than a frog pond, and the water as slimy mud, while the flats were of objective feature from an artistic, if not a hygienic point of view. But none of the citizens of Fairport ever admitted that the flats were unwholesome. Old Doctor Steam used to contend that there was only once or twice a year that there was any unpleasant odour arising from them.

Mr. Strong's study was a large, airy chamber, from the windows of which the best view of the bay could be obtained. In the distance were the two light-houses, known as Baker's Lights. Beyond, and touching the horizon, was Newell's Island, with its large hotel, Leavelle, were Little and Big Rims, Howe, and Misery Islands. Each summer found the shore skirted with beautiful shade trees, clothed in living green. The North Shore, while maintaining its reputation of being cold and disagreeable in the winter, was loved for all this in the surpassing loveliness which came with the other seasons. But to return to the inmates of the parsonage.

Papa does not pay any attention to his boy's studies. Strong, as he pinned the napkin about the chubby neck of his little Francis. "We think he has forgotten that it is some one's birthday." Papa's man is three years old today.

"No, father, has not forgotten it," said Mr. Strong, drawing a package from his overcoat pocket, and handing it to his baby. The young Frank was made happy with a tin horse and cart, and expressed his delight in a series of queries, which his mother told him sounded like a pen full of little pigs.

The sober look deepened on the minister's face.

"It is the matter, Arnold?" anxiously inquired his wife. The events of the afternoon were then narrated. "Why didn't you give Mr. Chase back his money? I should think the bill would burn a hole through your waist." "Well, my dear, I thought that while I had the opportunity, I would help the man do a good deed. I guess this is the best money he has devoted to charitable uses for a good many years. Twenty-dollars will help poor Mrs. Mac-

Duff for a good many weeks. Peter is a worthless fellow, and abuses his family shamefully. Harriet, I feel very much troubled about the temperance work in this place. Fairport seems to have been least of all the dragon of intemperance. Something must be done for the young people who are coming on will be ruined."

Instinctively Mrs. Strong put her arm about her baby, as though to protect him from impending danger, when the minister's eyes followed the movement.

"Yes, a terrible danger threatens every home, and what if one of the victims should be our boy?"

"Oh Arnold, that wife with girl-fish impetuosity," don't you wish you had taken the parish in Broadway. Instead of this uncomfortable little town? I'm afraid I shall never get along amikably with Mr. Felton. He came here to call, to-day, while you were out, and he made himself very disagreeable by giving me so much advice, and leaving a busnel basket full for you. He is so noisy."

"Don't be hasty, my dear, in forming your opinion of the former pastor, and of Fairport. God has called us here to do his work. If the field is hard, we must strike the rock. Our encouragements come, we must lean the more upon the arm which never falleth. You must help me, little one, and not allow me, after having put my hand to the plough, to look back. I will be here, as well as in the Seminary days, to be the minister's sunshine, for he needs comfort."

As they rose from the supper table, Mrs. Strong beckoned her boy to wait to run in and see Deacon Ray a few minutes before your meeting? I think he will give you just the advice you need, and he is such a good friend to us."

Fifteen minutes later found the minister in the worthy parson's parlor. "Don't get discouraged, pastor," said the good man. "I know the field is a hard one to labour in, and public sentiment is against temperance work. But you will succeed if you will be content to work slowly. There are a few staunch temperance workers here whom we can count upon every time. I will stand by you in your work and give you all I can help in my power. Keep up courage."

Deacon Ray's words fell soothingly upon Mr. Strong's ears, and gave him fresh zeal for his work. How often we might lift our hands to our minister, and cheer his discouraged soul, if we would but give him the words of sympathy and appreciation which are in our hearts. There would be fewer resignations in our country parishes, and more successful meetings, if the word of the Lord would be more prosperous, and the broken walls of Jerusalem would not be so long rebuilding.

Eight o'clock brought a singular company of about ten of Mr. Strong's parish, to talk-over the problem of intemperance and its remedy. Judge Seabury was the spokesman for the committee. Beside him sat Deacon Chapman, a thin man with white hair, and an expressive countenance. He was often called the "off horse," because he was always on the contrary side, and was a proverbial grumbler. He was a singular man to occupy the office of deacon in the church, and far between, the male members were few and far between, so it occasionally happened that the church offices were filled by men not the best qualified for these positions. The rest of the committee were Marcus Young, the carpenter, and Reuben Palmer, a cabinet maker.

Mr. Strong tried for some time to bring the topic of the evening before the committee, and to have the matter thoroughly discussed. He was disappointed, however, that the theme was not a favourite one with these men. They showed an evident reluctance to talk. Finally he put the question, "Well, gentlemen, what course do you advise in regard to this matter?"

"Really, Mr. Strong," said the Judge, twirling his cane through his white fingers, "I think you have put the matter altogether too strong. You speak as though the liquor were a link in the chain, and this church was responsible for it. Really, my dear pastor, you have put the matter too strong."

"That's so, that's so," ejaculated Reuben Palmer, snapping his fingers for emphasis. "It's too strong, too strong."

"You ain't put the thing fairly, I don't think," growled Deacon Chapman, the ever persistent crowd depending on his brow and making a white savar. "The apothecary nodded assent to that was said, with a deprecating air, as much as to say, "My dear sir, I hope you are all right. I don't wish to oppose you in anything."

Mr. Strong's face flushed at these re-

marks, but crushing back the reply which came to his lips, he said quietly, "Gentlemen, do not misunderstand me. I am not charging the church with anything but indifference to this vital subject, and least of all with opposition. We look on from our quiet retreat, and see men, women and children going down to perdition, and do not reach forth a hand to save them. I am sure that I have not lost sleep over this matter. I have seen the church waken up the fact that she has something to do in this warfare against the dragon, intemperance."

"My dear Mr. Strong," replied the Judge, "it does not belong to us to meddle with it, but is the business of the Reform Clubs, or the temperance associations."

"But what are you going to do," replied the minister, quietly, "when God speaks to you, as he did to the one of old. 'Where is Abel thy brother?' Shall you dare reply, 'Am I my brother's keeper?' When God speaks to me and says, 'Where is my beautiful brother who is presumed at the altar, and dare to face him with the idle excuse, 'I did not think it my province to work for the wretched sinner, I worked for respectable sinners.' Christ died for the ungodly, and he died to save the sinner, and the saved Pharisees and went to bring his salvation to the outcast Gentiles. The servant should be as his Master, the disciple as his Lord. Yes, when God speaks unceasingly in his chair, 'at you know there are the charitable organizations which the church must attend to, missionaries to be supported, Bibles to be procured, and the work of the Lord of our own land, and Christian literature circulated. Surely the work of the church lies in these channels.'

"These you ought to have done, but not to neglect the work of the minor, and Christ's words," answered the minister.

"Wal, one thing's certain," said Deacon Chapman. "This church wout put up with any new temperance notions. There'll be no more of that, as ever we do anything." It can be done.

"Your words are very true, Deacon," said the Judge briskly. "Our good pastor puts things forcibly, in his his youthful enthusiasm. I admit the truth of his words, but as discretion is the better part of valour, I would move that we lay the matter on the table for the present."

"That's my mind exactly," exclaimed the Sabine-maid, "and those who are not to be taken into account."

"Second the motion," muttered the Deacon, visibly brightening at the turn which the affairs had taken. The apothecary again nodded assent, but looked apologetically at the minister, as though he would apologize for going against him.

"I have just one favour to ask of the committee," said Mr. Strong, who saw at a glance that nothing was to be gained by further discussion. "I would like to hold a temperance service those months in which a fifth Sunday occurs. It can be held in the chapel, instead of the regular evening service. Those who are interested in the matter, and those who are not can stay away."

"Very good idea," said the Judge. "I see no objection to your plan." A murmur of approval went around the circle, and conversation drifted into other channels.

Ah, deluded committee of the church at Fairport! Your pastor has got the better of you, though you know it not. You are going to have the dragon of intemperance work has been retarded, and your personal interests are not to be disturbed. If your eyes were open, you would see that the first blow in Fairport against the dragon of intemperance has been struck. The first righteous hammer shall not cease to vibrate till the dragon lies trampled under foot, or is cast into the sea.

With a heavy heart the pastor walked into his study that night. "The matter was clear to him. Judge Seabury and Mr. Felton stood on the same platform, that of moderate drinking. The Judge had his wine cellar, and wines were served at the table. Mr. Felton was a teetotaler, and supplied all the people at the Row. Of course he kept nothing but "sweet cider." Did you ever know any one who kept anything but sweet cider for the family?"

Deacon Young's countenance well as profitable thing to possess, while Reuben Palmer took a glass of old wine whenever he could get it.

Such were the men whom the young pastor had to meet. Earnestly did he pray for strength to do his duty in the face of certain opposition.

He then and there purposed to do all in his power to slay the dragon which had transformed this earthly paradise into a hell.

(To be continued.)

THE GREEK WHO BROUGHT THE FIRE

BY MARGARET F. F. TILK.

Lillian sat close by the bright grate fire reading her favourite magazine. As she finished one story, and turned the pages to see what came next, she said:

"Dear me! They've even got that tired old Greek story here."

"Well, girle, why are you so cross at that?" asked Lillian.

"You're laughing at me now, auntie, but it's true. Every book or paper we take up has something about Greece in it, and I'm tired of it."

"We all sympathized with her in the great and cruel war which she had two or three years ago. You know we owe a great deal to Greece. Don't you remember that I told it was a Greek who first brought fire to earth?"

"No, I never heard it. Please tell me about it."

"Why, Lillian, do you want to hear more about that tiresome old Greek?"

"If you tell it, it would sound like a story," said Lillian, "and your stories are never tiresome, auntie."

"So, without more persuasion, her aunt began to tell of a time hundreds, yes, thousands, of years ago, indeed so long ago that we cannot tell if it be true, there lived a Greek named Prometheus, which means 'forethought.' He became famous for his wisdom."

"Oh, I know about them! They were giants, the first people who lived in Greece," interrupted Lillian.

"Yes, and they said, too, that they were the first to use fire. Jupiter did not like that, so as Prometheus helped him to get control of the universe he was very friendly to Prometheus, and did a great deal for him. Jupiter and I once saw a very old man, who had about everything they wanted. But the poor Greeks had to live in holes in the earth, hovering together in order to keep warm. Of course, too, they were unable to eat all their food without cooking."

"Dear! I shouldn't have liked that," said Lillian, who was a dainty little maid.

"Prometheus felt sorry for them, too, and journeyed to Olympus. There he asked Jupiter to let him give them some fire, so they could better endure the cold of winter. But Jupiter refused, saying, if he should do that, men would be as wise as gods. Prometheus looked around and soon saw a rocky spot which would burn easily. With this he hurried to the palace of the sun, and caught some of the fire, which he brought to earth with him. Then he kindled a fire in every home, and made men see that they would be able to use them and showed them how to make gold and silver into money."

"That was nice," said Lillian, as Aunt Alice paused a minute to get another story.

"Yes, but unfortunately Jupiter didn't think so, and said he would punish Prometheus and all mankind for it."

"Did he?"

"Certainly, dear Frank! he punished man by having made a beautiful maiden. She was lovely and charming in every way. And once when Prometheus was absent she was brought among men. Probably if he had been here he would not have accepted of her, for he was brother of Jupiter, and had warned his brother not to take anything the gods sent. But Pandora was so lovely that Epimetheus, the brother, couldn't help receiving her, and she brought the evil to earth."

"Oh, auntie! Was she the Pandora with the casket?" asked Lillian.

"Yes, little girle, for the very same. All the evils which now ever come to us were in that casket. Pandora took off the cover and let out everything but hope, and so the world has ever since been full of trouble. And that was the way Jupiter punished mankind."

"What do you do to Prometheus, auntie? You said he punished him too."

"Yes, he chained him to a rock among the mountains of the Caucasus, and close behind him he put a great eagle, which continually screamed at the poor man by eating at his liver, which always grew again. He endured this suffering many years, then Jupiter gave one of his sons, Heracles, the privilege of killing the eagle and letting Prometheus go free."

"But how did he get out of the Pandora punished so, but I am glad he brought us fire," said Lillian.

"So am I, dear and perhaps the thought that he had helped mankind so much, that he did not let his sufferings come potentially—N Y Observer

Agatnaldo evidently has not heard the news that he is dead.