

St. George and the Dragon.

BY DR. H. F. LEGGOTT.

You have heard of the wonderful dragon,
That the brave Saint fought of old—
The scaly beast with the fiery breath!
Ah! it makes the blood run cold,

To think of the terrible conflict there
On the barren sands of Doan,
And the blood-red crest of the dragon's wrath,
And good St. George all alone!

How bravely he fought from the early morn,
Through a weary summer's day,
While the blazing sun looked down from the sky
On the still uncertain fray!

Now up and now down for the good St. George,
The scale of the battle turned,
While his blows he rained on the dragon's crest,
And the red sun blazed and burned.

But fiercely he fought with a faith sublime,
Forgetful of thirst and pain,
Till he gained the well-earned victor's crown
And the wild, red beast was slain.

So the dragon died, and the realm had rest,
And the Saint has passed away;
But a fiercer dragon than St. George slew
Is wasting our land to-day.

In the North and the South his trail is found,
On the East and West it lies;
He blights the land with his breath, while he gloats
Over human sacrifice.

An army, each year, with its thousands strong,
Grows pale at his touch and dumb,
And reels to the grave he has dug so deep—
This terrible dragon, Rum!

The wise and the strong, the brave and the fair,
Are held alike in his thrall;
And a million homes in our land to-day
Have seen how the brightest fall.

The mother's hope, and her life, and her joy,
The staff of her waning years,
In the merciless grasp of the dragon's fangs,
Is held in spite of her tears.

The harvests that wave over prairie and hills
For hunger's terrible needs,
But rot in the reeking dens of shame
Where the loathsome monster feeds.

O Heaven! that a sight like this should be,
And the clouds still drop sweet rain,
And the sunshine weave its tangled gold
For a harvest time again!

O beautiful land! rouse up in thy might
And arm thyself for the fray,
For the forces are gathering near and far,
And the night must win the day!

O freemen! list well to the bugle call,
And step to its martial tune,
When the tented hosts of the battle camp
On the flowery fields of June.

When the cannon shall peal and the battle pall
Roll over hill and plain,
Pray Heaven that its bolted wrath may fall
On the dragon forever slain!

Honest Dogs.

It is related by Professor Bell that, when a friend of his was travelling abroad, he one morning took out his purse to see if it contained sufficient change for a day's jaunt he proposed making. He departed from his lodgings, leaving a trusty dog behind. When he dined, he took out his purse to pay, and found that he had lost a gold coin from it. On returning home in the evening, his servant informed him that the dog seemed to be very ill, as they could not induce it to eat anything. He went at once to look at his favourite; and, as soon as he entered the room, the faithful creature ran to him, deposited the missing gold coin at his feet, and then devoured the food placed for it with great eagerness. The truth was, that the gentleman had

dropped the coin in the morning. The dog had picked it up, and kept it in its mouth—fearing even to eat—lest it should lose its master's property before an opportunity offered to restore it.

Anecdotes of this character are innumerable, as are also those of dogs reclaiming property. Sir Patrick Walker furnishes a most valuable instance of this propensity. A farmer having sold a flock of sheep to a dealer, lent him his dog to drive them home, a distance of thirty miles, desiring him to give the dog a meal at the journey's end, and tell it to go home.

The drover found the dog so useful that he resolved to steal it, and, instead of sending it back, locked it up. The collie grew sulky, and at last effected its escape. Evidently believing the drover had no more right to detain the sheep than he had to detain itself, the honest creature went into the field, collected all the sheep that belonged to its master, and to that person's intense astonishment, drove the whole flock home again!

Dogs are not only honest in themselves, but will not permit others to be dishonest. The late Grantley Berkeley was wont to tell of his two deer-hounds—"Smoker" and Smoker's son, "Shark"—a curiously suggestive instance of paternal discipline. The two dogs were left alone in a room where luncheon was laid out. Smoker's integrity was invincible, but his son had not yet learned to resist temptation. Through the window, Mr. Berkeley noticed Shark, anxiously watched by its father, steal a cold tongue, and drag it to the floor. "No sooner had he done so," says his master, "than the offended sire rushed upon him, rolled him over, beat him, and took away the tongue," after which Smoker retired gravely to the fire-side.—*Selects*.

Answered Prayer.

BY MRS. ANNIE A. PRESTON.

"ARE you going to the prayer-meeting this evening?" asked Jane Welsh, putting her head in at the door of the room where her schoolmates—Irene Cousins, Bell Merrick, and Hattie Trask—were busy over their books.

"No," said Belle. "I have not finished my problems. Hattie will stay and help me out, and Irene will not go if we do not; so you might as well bring your books in here, and make yourself comfortable."

Jane accepted of the invitation so far as to enter the snug room and seat herself by the round table. She had a shawl over her arm and a hat in her hand. As she twisted the scarlet ostrich plume into position she said, so thoughtfully that the other girls all looked up at her:—

"I want to go to the prayer-meeting, and I don't want to go alone. It seems to me we had all better go together."

"I never knew you to want to go to a prayer-meeting before," said Belle, "what's the trouble?"

"The salvation of my soul, and the souls of you all. I have thought of nothing else all day." Jane spoke with great hesitation, but when the words were out she faced the other girls boldly.

They looked at her and at each other in surprise. Then Irene said:

"I have been thinking of the same thing all day. We have been so thoughtless and full of fun we have not seemed to realize the work of grace going on among our schoolmates."

"I know it," said Belle. "I was wondering, just now, when the bell rung, if we should indeed let this time slip by without accepting a Saviour."

"I thought you would all laugh if you knew. I was praying that we four, who are so fond of each other, might all find the Saviour, and acknowledge

him at the same time; but I was too cowardly to say so," said Hattie.

"Then you have found him as yours, or you would not be praying."

"Oh, girls! I have always prayed—not with much boldness or much faith, perhaps; but I do want to be an out-and-out Christian. I am called the wildest girl in the school; and yet, when I am engaged in some of my maddest pranks, I am praying all the time that I may be kept from doing anything really wrong, or from hurting anyone's feelings. I am tired of going on in this way. I want to live as a Christian, and be known as a Christian."

The girls all had on their hats and gloves by this time, and, as Hattie ceased speaking, walked silently—two by two—into the street, and across the campus to the church. It was a warm evening, and their soft footfalls made no noise on the carpeted floor of the hall that led into the vestry.

The young people who were congregated were all on their knees; and one, and then another, and another, prayed for those of their schoolmates who were thoughtless and careless, and who held themselves aloof from the meetings for prayer and praise, and who, when spoken to on the subject of seeking the Saviour, answered with a jest. The four girls understood. They assumed the attitude of prayer, and at the first break in the uttered supplication, Hattie sobbed, "Oh, Jesus! be merciful to me a sinner!" and each of her companions followed in a few trembling, contrite words.

"I was never present at such a meeting," said one of the students, who told the story. "Such a joy as came down upon our hearts, and filled them with thanksgiving, is only felt by those who have been instrumental in saving a soul. It is an exceptional joy—a joy shared by the angels!"

These girls are all steadfast Christian women, and they ascribe their conversion at that time to the persistent prayers of their newly-converted schoolmates.

Is not this one more instance to encourage us all to go on praying continually, when alone and when together, for the unconverted all about us?

Little Things.

A LITTLE thing may decide your all. A Commodore put out from England for New York. It was well equipped; but in putting up a stove in the pilot box, a nail was driven too near the compass. You know how that nail would affect the compass. The ship's officers, deceived by that distracted compass, put the ship two hundred miles off her right course, and, suddenly, the man on the lookout cried, "Land ho!" and the ship was halted within a few yards of her demolition on Nantucket.

A minister seated in Boston at his table, lacking a word, put his hands behind his head and tilts back his chair to think, and the ceiling falls and crushes the table, and would have crushed him.

A minister in Jamaica, making a journey at night, by the light of an insect called the candle-fly is kept from stepping over a precipice a hundred feet high.

F. W. Robertson, the celebrated English minister, said that he entered the ministry from a train of circumstances started by the barking of a dog.

Had the wind blown one way on a certain day, the Spanish Inquisition would have been established in England; but it blew the other way, and that dropped the accursed institution with seventy-five thousand tons of shipping to the bottom of the sea, or flung the splintered logs on the rocks.

CONFIDENCE produces confidence, and love begets love.