

The People's Curse.

BY COLIN RAE-BROWN.

CURSE of the land!—of every clime
Where thou dominion hast,
What havoc dire to thee is done
Throughout thy fearful past!

The shattered lives and scattered homes
Which thou hast rent and riven,
For vengeance and for aid divine
Send piercing cries to heav'n.

The marriage bells and marriage vows
Are beautiful to hear,
And each response devoutly breathed
Falls sweet upon the ear.

A thousand blessings with them go
As they from us depart;
Their wedded lives seem truly one,
In look and word and heart.

Yet ere one little year has sped,
He falls within thy spell,
And then her little paradise
Becomes a dreaded hell.

His smile is banished for a frown,
Each day his love grows less,
And in the end she but receives
A curse for a caress!

It cannot be that precious lives,
And souls more precious still,
Shall in the future as the past
Be given thee to kill.

Enfranchised millions ev'rywhere
Now freely think and vote,
Yet still the demon fiend of drink
Holds nations by the throat!

'Neath ev'ry sky thy victims swarm,
They poison every land;
As countless as are drops of rain,
Or grains of shining sand.

A day of doom must come ere long,
When men thy bonds shall burst,
And give deliverance to a world
By thee for ages curst.

There is the rushing of a wind
Already heard around,
Which in the fury of its wrath,
Shall hurl thee to the ground.

Run riot yet awhile in crime,
Scorch all the earth with fire,
Then, in the zenith of thy power,
With one wild shriek expire!

Last Days of Chas. Wesley.

In old age Charles Wesley rode a little white horse, grey with age. It appears to have been brought every morning from the foundry—an arrangement which its master did not like, but which it was impossible to avoid. He was somewhat stouter than his brother, but not corpulent. Henry Moore says that he wore winter clothing even in summer. When he mounted his horse, "if a subject struck him, he proceeded to expand it and put it in order. This he used to write on a card in short hand with his pencil." Not infrequently he used to come to the house in City Road, and, having left the pony in the garden in front, he would enter, crying out, "Pen and ink! pen and ink!" When these were given him, he proceeded to write out his hymn. This done, he looked around on those present, saluted them with much kindness, inquired after their health, and then gave out some short hymn.

What impression he produced on

strangers may be understood from William Wilberforce's account of his first interview with the venerable poet, at the house of Hannah More. He says: "I went, in 1782, to see her, and when I came into the room Charles Wesley rose from the table, around which a numerous company sat at tea, and, coming forward to me, gave me solemnly his blessing. I was scarcely ever more affected. Such was the effect of his manner and appearance that it altogether overset me, and I burst in tears, unable to restrain myself."

When City Road Chapel was built, Charles Wesley preached there or in some other Methodist chapel every Sunday morning and afternoon, except when he was supplying the congregations in Bristol, or was laid aside from his growing infirmities. His ministry was solemn and awakening, yet full of tenderness for the mourners. When in good health and under the special influence of the Spirit, as he often was, he was fluent and powerful. He used short, pointed sentences, full of Scripture sentiment and phraseology. "In prayer he was copious and mighty, especially on sacramental occasions, when he seemed to enter into the holiest of all by the blood of Jesus." If his thoughts did not flow freely, he was very deliberate in the pulpit, making long pauses as though waiting for the Spirit's influence. "In such cases he usually preached with his eyes closed; he fumbled with his hands about his breast, leaned with his elbows upon the Bible, and his whole body was in motion. He was often so feeble as to be under the necessity of calling upon his congregation to sing in the course of his sermon, that he might partially recover himself, and be able to finish his discourse." Till within a few months of his death he continued his ministry in the London chapels.

Every lover of Charles Wesley's poetry has been touched by the dying effort of his muse. For some time he had been lying quietly on his bed. At last he called for Mrs. Wesley, and asked her to write the following lines at his dictation:

"In age and feebleness extreme,
Who shall a sinful worm redeem;
Jesus, my only hope thou art,
Strength of my failing flesh and heart;
O could I catch a smile from thee,
And drop into eternity!"

On Saturday, the 29th of March, his happy spirit fled. Through the whole week the restlessness of death had been on him. He slept much, without refreshment. On Tuesday and Wednesday, he was not entirely sensible. His end was what he particularly wished it might be—peace. "No fiend," he said to his wife, "was permitted to approach him." Someone observed that the valley of the shadow of death was hard to be passed. "Not with Christ," was his answer. He spoke to all his children with affection and hope of their salvation. Samuel Bradburn sat up with him the night but one

before his death. His mind was calm as a summer evening. On the Saturday all the family stood round his bed. The last words which they could catch from his lips were, "Lord, my heart, my God!" With his hand lying in his daughter's, the old saint passed home so gently that the watchers did not know when the spirit fled. It was afterwards ascertained that John Wesley was in Shropshire, and at the moment of his brother's death he and his congregation were singing Charles Wesley's hymn:—

"One army of the living God,
To his command we bow:
Part of his host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now."

—The Quiver.

The Maiden's Song.

BY CHAPLAIN HENRY D. HIPPEL, U. S. N.

I SAW a maiden young and fair,
At evening's quiet close,
A flow'ret bloomed in her dark hair,
And on her cheek the rose.
She sang a song in plaintive strain,
With mien of sage or seer;
The echoes of the sweet refrain
Still linger on my ear:
"I fear not death; I love not earth,
'Tis full of toil and pain;
The soul is of celestial birth,
To die in Christ is gain."

When a few days had floated by
A down life's solemn main,
I saw that gentle maiden lie
Upon a couch of pain;
The damp of death was on her brow,
Her cheek had lost its bloom—
"What is it," said I, "cheers thee now
So near the voiceless tomb?"
I bent down o'er the dying bed
To hear the maid's reply;
In whispered words she sweetly said,
"I do not fear to die!"
And while my own lips moved in prayer,
Her eye beamed as of yore,
And faintly on the evening air,
She breathed her song once more:
"I fear not death, I love not earth,
'Tis full of toil and pain;
The soul is of celestial birth,
To die in Christ is gain!"

The fleeting years have passed away
Like cloud-specks from the sky,
Since on the summer evening day
I saw that maiden die;
Yet sometimes in the crowded throng,
And sometimes when alone,
I fancy that I hear the song,
The sweet familiar tone—
"I fear not death; I love not earth,
'Tis full of toil and pain;
The soul is of celestial birth,
To die in Christ is gain!"

PATRIOTISM, humanity and religion all demand that you join this conquest against the saloon. Get on the right side, the strong side, God's side.

A VERY aged lady and gentleman were seen walking on one of our thoroughfares recently, the latter a little in advance of the former in crossing the street. He came very near being run over, and the lady shouted in notes of warning, "Willie! Willie!" It seemed odd to hear an octogenarian addressed by this pet name, but she had probably always called him thus, and he was the same "Willie" to her that he was sixty years ago.

The Dingy Sod-House of Dakota.

I PASSED it far out on the prairie,
The house of necessity born;
No lines of its dinginess vary,
So sombre, so dark, so forlorn.

It is bounded by measureless acres;
Not a fence or a tree is in sight;
But, though plain as the dress of the Quakers,
It stands in the sun's broadest light.

The badger near by makes his burrow,
The gopher his hallow of soil,
And plows, with their mile-lengths of furrow,
Go round it with infinite toil.

A well-kept, a washbench, a woman,
With poultry and pigs, are outside;
The clothes-line is wondrously human
In look, and the vista—how wide!

You can go to the sunrise or "sundown"
In straight lines, the left or the right,
And leagues of long level are run down
Before you escape from its sight.

The roof is well thatched with coarse grasses;
A stovepipe peers out to the sky.
'Tis a picture whose plainness surpasses
All objects that challenge the eye.

Twisted hay serves its owner for fuel;
He twists it at once by the roar
Of a hay-fire, which parries the cruel,
Harsh bite of the wind at the door.

Sometimes in an ocean of colour
(In summer 'tis yellow or green)
It stands. In November a duller
Broad carpet about it is seen.

In winter, while blasts from the prairie
Bring "blizzards" that cease not to blow,
'Tis as warm as an isle of Canary,
Deep under the tempest and snow.

—Harper's Magazine.

Here and Hereafter.

THE Duke of Hamilton, it is said, had two sons. The older one was, of course, the heir of the dukedom and of the estate, but he was stricken with consumption. Two or three Presbyterian ministers visited him, and they asked him: "What is your hope and your expectation?" And he bade them take a little Testament out from under his pillow, and read the verse that he had marked: "I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day." "There," said he, "stop there; leave me in the contemplation of that crown which the Lord Jesus has promised to give me in that day." He sent for his brother, and took an affectionate adieu of him, finally uttering these words: "Douglass, a short time, and the estate will be yours; but remember one thing, when you are a duke, I shall be a king; when you are in the possession of the estates, I shall come into an everlasting possession, the inheritance which Christ has promised to all his children."

THE *Daily Herald*, of Chicago, after a careful estimate, computes that the cost of the intoxicating drinks annually consumed in the saloons of that city is \$30,000,000, much the larger portion of which comes out of the pockets of labouring men.