

WHY DON'T HE LEAVE IT ALONE!

HE says he can drink or love it alone
He's foolin' himself, that same vagabond.

Why then don't he leave it alone:
Habits at first easy to sever
Become iron bands that howl to be never
Why then don't he leave it alone!

The young fop thinks that it's brave to
drink,
He has no brains that would help him to
think
of father and mother at home;
But when he drinks a beer he thinks he is
smart,
The danger lies in he don't lay at heart,
He had better love it alone.

He'll take no advice, the pledge he derides,
In drinking he will be fool-like confides,
To resist temptation's cyclone,
He tipples his wine and drinks his rum,
If grain his soul, soon his end will come.
Oh, why don't he leave it alone!

As down the current of life's straits he floats,
He sees on each side many stranded boats;
And oh, how sadly they moan,
Wishin' that they had stopped in time,
Before they were lost wid drinkin' wine,
For now they can't leave it alone.

"A bad heart has turned him aside,"
Won't listen to reason, is puffed up wid pride.
He sez, "I've a will of my own,"
And so he goes on down the broad path of
sin,

As I soon the Devil will gather him in,
For the devil won't leave him alone.
—*Temperance Record.*

HOME FROM THE WARS.

OUR large picture represents a joyous scene which must have often happened during the late Franco-Prussian war. The husband and father is returning from the victorious battlefield. He has won the iron cross of honour which hangs on his breast. His wife and little son hail him with eager joy. The little fellow carries in his arms a mimic battle-flag and sword. But it is so long since the baby saw its father that it clings in terror to its mother's neck. The invalid grandmother in the chair is so overcome with joy as to be unable to rise. But, alas! there were many home circles where the father never came back. Thousands of brave men were left dead upon the gory field, and their wives and children were left to weep in solitude and poverty and despair. War is among the greatest of evils that affect the race. Of this we had last year a slight experience in our beloved Canada. God grant that we may never know its evils again.

CHINESE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

THE superintendent and teachers of the Chinese Sunday-school, in Toronto, held their annual social on Monday, the 24th inst. Nineteen out of twenty-one Chinamen in town sat down about 7 p.m., at well-spread tables in the gaily-decked reading-room of Shaftesbury Hall. One hundred and odd teachers sat with them, to show Celestials how Canadians can eat. After supper all adjourned down stairs to the large parlour and an interesting and varied programme was gone through. Fong Fung recited the Lord's Prayer in Chinese, Woo Quan Bow, at one time a leading theatre singer in the Flowery Kingdom, sang a Chinese song. Now followed readings in English and Chinese from Ohng Fung and Hung Woo. The Celestial programme was sprinkled with barbarian efforts, instrumental, vocal and oratorical. Mr. Morse, the indefatigable superintendent, read some interesting statistics

of the great Asiatic empire, showing the almost absolute nonentity of the Christian work yet done there and the vast harvest awaiting the reapers. "Who can tell," said one of the speakers, "but that out of this small class there may go forth a Chinese Luther to turn the vast nation to Christ! 'With God all things are possible.'" An evening, enjoyable both to teachers and pupils, closed with the benediction and "God Save the Queen," and the Chinaman trotted off home smiling and nodding, their usually expressionless faces beaming with pleasure and with the knowledge that in one part of America at any rate the Asiatic stranger can find not only justice but kindness and friendship.

PIONEER METHODISM.*

BY THE REV. EDWARD EGGLKSTON, D. D.
CHAPTER I.
HOW METHODISM CAME TO HISSAWACHEE VALLEY.

COLONEL WHEELER was the great man of the Hissawachee settlement, in Ohio, sixty years ago. He lived in a log house on the hill side, and to this there rode one day a stranger. He was a broad-shouldered, stalwart, swarthy man, of thirty-five, with a serious but aggressive countenance, a broad-brim white hat, a coat made of country jeans, cut straight-breasted and buttoned to the chin, rawhide boots, and "linsey" leggings tied about his legs below the knees. He rode a stout horse, and carried an ample pair of saddle-bags.

Reining his horse in front of the colonel's double cabin, he shouted, after the Western fashion, "Hello! Hello the house!"

"Hello!" answered Col. Wheeler, opening the door, "Hello, stranger, howdy," he went on, advancing with caution, but without much cordiality. He would not commit himself to a welcome too rashly; strangers need inspection. "Light, won't you?" he said, presently; and the stranger proceeded to dismount, while the colonel ordered one of his sons who came out at that moment to "put up the stranger's horse, and give him some fodder and corn." Then turning to the new-comer, he scanned him a moment, and said: "A preacher I reckon, air?"

"Yes, sir, I'm a Methodist preacher, and I heard that your wife was a member of the Methodist Church, and that you were very friendly; so I came round this way to see if you wouldn't open your doors for preaching. I have one or two vacant days on my round, and thought maybe I might as well take Hissawachee Bottom into the circuit, if I didn't find anything to prevent."

By this time the colonel and his guest had reached the door, and the former only said, "Well, sir, let's go in, and see what the old woman says. I don't agree with you Methodists about everything, but I do think that you are doing good, and so I don't allow anybody to say anything against you preachers without taking it up."

Mrs. Wheeler, a dignified woman, with a placidly religious face—a countenance in which scruples are balanced

by evenness of temperament—was at the moment engaged in dipping yarn into a blue dye that stood in a great iron kettle by the fire. She made haste to wash and dry her hands, that she might have a "real good, old-fashioned Methodist shake-hands" with Brother Magruder, "the first Methodist preacher she had seen since she left Pittsburg."

Colonel Wheeler readily assented that Mr. Magruder should preach in his house. Methodists had just the same rights in a free country that other people had. Besides, he proceeded, his wife was a Methodist; and she had a right to be, if she chose. He was friendly to religion himself, though he wasn't a professor. If his wife didn't want to wear rings or artificials, it was money in his pocket, and nobody had a right to object. Colonel Wheeler plumed himself before the new preacher upon his general friendliness towards religion, and really thought it might be set down on the credit side of that account in which he imagined some angelic book-keeper entered all his transactions. He felt in his own mind "middlin' certain," as he would have told you, that "betwixt the prayin' for he got from such a wife as his, and his own gineral friendliness to the preachers and the Methodist meetings, he would be saved at the last, somehow or nother."

Colonel Wheeler's son was despatched through the settlement to inform everybody that there would be preaching in his house that evening. The news was told at the Forks, where there was always a crowd of loafers; and each individual loafer, in riding home that afternoon, called a "Hello!" at every house he passed; and when the salutation from within was answered, remarked that he "thought liker'n not they had'n hearn tell of the preacher's comin' to Colonel Wheeler's." And then the eager listener, generally the woman of the house, would cry out, "Laws-a-massy! You don't say! A Methodist! One of the shoutin' kind, that knocks folks down when he preaches! Well, I'm agoin', jist to see how redik'ins them Methodist's does do!"

The news was sent to the school, which had "tuck up" for the winter, and from this centre also it soon spread throughout the neighbourhood. It reached Captain Lumsden's very early in the forenoon.

"Well!" said Lumsden, excitedly, but still with his little crowing chuckle, "so Wheeler's took the Methodists in! We'll have to see about that. A man that brings such people to the settlement ought to be lynched. But I'll match the Methodists."

Captain Lumsden accordingly got up a dance as a counter-attraction to the preaching.

Despite the dance, however, there were present, from near and far, all the house would hold. For those who got no "invite" to Lumsden's had a double motive for going to meeting; a disposition to resent the slight was added to their curiosity to hear the Methodist preacher. The dance had taken away those who were most likely to disturb the meeting; people left out did not feel under any obligation to gratify Captain Lumsden by raising a row.

Both lower rooms of Wheeler's log house were crowded with people. A little open space was left at the doors between the rooms for the preacher,

who presently came edging his way in through the crowd. He had been at prayer in that favourite oratory of the early Methodist preacher, the forest.

Magruder was a short, stout man, with wide shoulders, powerful arms, shaggy brows, and bristling black hair. He read the hymn, two lines at a time, and led the singing himself. He prayed with the utmost sincerity, but in a voice that shook the cabin windows and gave the simple people a deeper reverence for the dreadfulness of the preacher's message. He prayed as a man talking face to face with the Almighty Judge of the generations of men; he prayed with an undoubting assurance of his own acceptance with God, and with the sincerest conviction of the infinite peril of his unforgiven hearers. It is not argument that reaches men, but conviction; and for immediate, practical purposes, one Tishbite Elijah, that can thunder out of a heart that never doubts, is worth a thousand acute writers of ingenious apologetics.

When Magruder read his text, which was, "Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God," he seemed to his hearers a prophet come to lay bare their hearts. Magruder had not been educated for his ministry by years of study of Hebrew and Greek, of Exegesis and Systematics; but he knew what was of vastly more consequence to him—how to read and expound the hearts and lives of the impulsive, simple, reckless race among whom he laboured. He was of their very fibre.

On this evening he seized upon the particular sins of the people as things by which they drove away the Spirit of God. The audience trembled as he moved on in his rude speech and solemn indignation. Every man found himself in turn called to the bar of his own conscience. There was excitement throughout the house. Some were angry, some sobbed aloud, as he alluded to "promises made to dying friends," "vows offered to God by the new-made graves of their children,"—for pioneer people are very susceptible to all such appeals to sensibility.

When at last he came to speak of revenge, Kike Lumsden, who had listened intently from the first, found himself breathing hard. The preacher showed how the revengeful man was "as much a murderer as if he had already killed his enemy and hid his mangled body in the leaves of the woods where none but the wolf could ever find him!"

At these words he turned to the part of the room where sat, white with feeling, Hezekiah Lumsden, or Kike Lumsden, as he was generally called. Magruder, looking always for the effect of his arrows, noted Kike's emotion and paused. The house was utterly still, save now and then a sob from some anguish-smitten soul. The people were sitting as if waiting their doom. Kike already saw in his imagination the mutilated form of his uncle Enoch (with whom he had had a deadly quarrel), hidden in the leaves and scented by hungry wolves. He waited to hear his own sentence. Hitherto the preacher had spoken with vehemence. Now, he stopped and began again with tears, and in a tone broken with emotion, looking in a general way toward where Kike sat: "O, young man, there are stains of blood on your hands! How dare you hold them up before the Judge of all! You are another Cain, and God sends

* Condensed from "The Circuit Rider: a Tale of the Heroic Age." Routledge & Sons, London; Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax.