

VOTE IT OUT.

HERE'S a nuisance in the land,
Rank with vice and foul with crime,
Strong with many a legal band,
With the strength of wealth and time,
"How shall we this wrong o'erpower?"
Is the question of the hour.

Vote it out,
That will put the thing to rout

We have begged the traffic long,
Begged it both with smiles and tears,
To abate the flood of wrong;
It has answered but with sneers,
We are weary of the scourge.

Vote it out;
Loyal people raise the shout.

'Tis the battle of the hour,
Freemen, show your strength again;
In the ballot is your power,
This will bring the foe to pain;
We have preached against the wrong,
Argued, plead, with words of song.

Let us vote the traffic out.

Vote it out of decency;
Vote it down a craven crime,
Let the fearful traffic be
Praised for all coming time,
Draw the lines of right, and stand,
Christian man, and show your hand;

Join in with your prayer devout.

While the broken-hearted pray,
Where the bitterest tears are poured,
In low anguish every day,
In the sight of God, the Lord,
Let us pray and say "Amen,"
Lifting holy hands, and then

Vote it out;
It will bring the victor's shout

Never shall the promise fail,
God is with us for the right;
Truth is mighty to prevail,
Faith shall end in joyous sight;
We shall see the hosts of rum
Palsied with affright and dumb,

Vote it out,
This will put the trade to rout.

THE INDIAN BOY'S REVENGE.

SEVERAL years ago Mr. Kay was in the northern part of California, near the Trinity river. He and his party had been trudging a long, long way that day, and were very tired and hungry. They came at last upon a camp of Indians on the river's bank, who were busy drying the fine salmon they caught there. These fish looked so good and tempting, that the white men wanted to taste them, and ventured to ask if they could have but one. My friend did not expect to buy the fish with money, as we do when we go to market, but he had brought some pretty beads with him, which often please the Indians better, as it is not easy for them to get such things, living as they do away off among the wild forests and mountains of our great country. But these Indians seemed cross and selfish, and would not let the white men have their fish at all. They have been so badly treated by their pale brothers, that it is no wonder they feel hateful and want nothing to do with them ostentimes.

There was one, however, who cast a longing look at the beads, as if he was sorry not to get any for his squaw in the wigwam close by, and this gave Mr. Kay a bright thought. Holding up the string of beads again, he pointed to them, and then to the fish and the river, saying in Chinook (a sort of Indian language), "You get us a fresh fish out of the water, and you shall have these beads." Snatching up his gig and spear, with which they catch these great fishes, he was off in a moment to get it. Another Indian

standing by, seemed anxious to do the same, and Mr. Kay told him to follow and he should have some beads too.

After the two men were out of sight, a little Indian boy stole softly up and looked so wistfully at the pretty beads lying there, that Mr. Kay bade him go and get a fish too, and he would pay him in the same way. The boy gave a spring of joy, and was gone like a flash toward the stream, in another direction from that taken by the men, as they would have been displeased with him if they knew he was fishing too.

It was not long before the two men came back, each with a large fish, for which they got their string of beads. Soon the boy was seen also, running up the bank with a proud, happy face, lifting high his fine fish to show what he had done, and perhaps thinking of the dear little Indian girl who would be very glad to get the beads he had earned so nobly.

Just then a strange thought came into Mr. Kay's head, for which he said he was always ashamed. He had often heard that the heart of the Indian was only bad—that the only good Indians were those who were dead. He wondered what this boy would do if he said he did not want the fish now, and so he could not have the beads. It would have made a white boy very angry. How would this untaught heathen child act? He would try and see.

As he sat there upon a rock, resting beside the beautiful river, he drew a long face when the boy came rushing up to him, and, with a jerk of his head, said, "Be off with your fish! We have enough already without it." If the boy had been struck with a stone he would not have looked more pained and frightened. In an instant the brightness was gone from his eyes, and there seemed to be no life in him, he was so stunned with the unkindness and disappointment. After awhile, without a word, he turned slowly and sadly away toward the river, dragging the fish along behind him in the dirt, which a few moments before he had held aloft so proudly.

As if he could not believe the white man could be so false, he turned to look at him again. What was it that he saw? Down dropped the fish at his feet, and the fleet-footed boy was flying again up the bank toward Mr. Kay, giving him such a hard and sudden blow that he thought he had been shot with an arrow, perhaps, as he started up from his seat to feel of himself all over to find out how and where he was hurt. Was this the Indian boy's revenge? If it was, it only served him right, for he ought to have known better than to try his temper so severely. But the boy is pulling him up the bank still further, earnestly beckoning him to follow him up the hill-side away from the river, and he quickly does so, wondering what it all means.

The boy then pointed down to the spot where he had been sitting, and there was a deadly rattlesnake, coiled up behind the rock, just ready to spring upon him had he staid a moment longer. With manly tears of shame and gratitude, Mr. Kay looked at the noble boy beside him, finding no words to express his feelings. But he must in some way show his appreciation of the boy's conduct. How should it be? He should have more than his string

of beads anyhow. Feeling in his pocket, my friend found there his silver pocket-comb, which he knew would be a wonderful prize to the Indian, who takes so much pride in his long black hair. This he handed to the child, who caught it eagerly, and, like a breath of wind, vanished over the brow of the hill and was seen no more.—*Christian Observer.*

THOROUGHNESS.

A YOUNG New Englander, whose knowledge was more showy than deep, went many years ago to teach a district school in Virginia.

Among his pupils was a small, rather dull and insignificant looking boy, who annoyed him by his questions. No matter what the subject under discussion, this lad apparently never could get near enough to the bottom of it to be content.

One very warm August morning, the teacher, with no little vanity in a knowledge not universal in those days, began to lecture to the boys on the habits and characteristics of a fish which one of them had caught during recess. He finished, and was about to dismiss the school, when his inquisitive pupil asked some questions about their gills and their use.

The question answered, others followed, concerning the scales, skin, flesh. The poor teacher struggled to reply with all the information at his command. But that was small, and the day grew warmer, and the Saturday afternoon's holiday was rapidly slipping away.

"The school will now be dismissed," he said, at last.

"But the bones! You have told us nothing about the bones!" said the anxious boy.

Mr. Dash smothered his annoyance, and gave all the information he could command on the shape, structure, and use of the bones.

"And now the school"—he began. "What is inside of the bones?" stolidly came from the corner where the quiet boy was sitting.

Mr. Dash never remembered what answer he gave, but the question and his despair fixed themselves in his memory. Thirty-five years afterward he visited Washington, and entered the room where the Justices of the Supreme Court were sitting.

The Chief Justice, the most learned jurist of his day, was a man like St. Paul, whose bodily presence was contemptible.

The stranger regarded him at first with awe, then with amazement.

"It is the boy who went inside of the fish's bones!" he exclaimed.

If he had not tried to go inside of every "fish's bones," he would never have reached the lofty position which he held.

It is the boy who penetrates to the heart of the matter who is the successful scholar, and afterward lawyer, physician, philosopher, or statesman.

It is the man whose axe is laid to the root, not the outer branches, whose religion is a solid foundation for his life here and beyond.

THE Methodists have purchased at Chin King, in West China, a piece of land on which to erect a mission chapel and school for boys. The title deed is stamped with the Mandarin's great seal.

DO IT NOW.

BY W. C. WILKINSON, D. D.

HIS is for you, boys and girls. It is a bad habit—the habit of putting off. If you have something that you are to do, do it now. Then it will be done. That is one advantage. If you put it off, very likely you will forget it, and not do it at all. Or else—what for you is almost as bad—you will not forget, but keep thinking of it and dreading it, and so, as it were, be doing it all the time. "The valiant never taste death but once;" never but once do the alert and active have their work to do.

I once read of a boy that drooped so in health that his mother thought she must have the doctor to see him. The doctor could find nothing the matter with the boy. But there the fact was, he was pining away, losing his appetite, creeping about languidly, and his mother was distressed. The doctor was nonplussed.

"What does your son do? Has he any work?"

"No; he has only to bring a pail of water every day from the spring. But that he dreads all the day long, and does not bring it until just before dark."

"Have him bring it the first thing in the morning," was the doctor's prescription.

The mother tried it, and the boy got well. Putting it off made his job prey on the boy's mind. "Doing it now" relieved him.

Boys and girls, do it now!

FEMALE LOVELINESS.

DO not think you can make a girl lovely if you do not make her happy. There is not one restraint you put on a good girl's nature—there is not one check you give to her instincts of affection or of effort—which will not be indelibly written on her features with a hardness which is all the more painful because it takes away the brightness from the eyes of innocence, and the charm from the brow of virtue. The perfect loveliness of a woman's countenance can only consist in the majestic peace which is found in the memory of happy and useful years, full of sweet records, and from the joining of this with that yet more majestic childishness which is still full of change and promise, opening always, modest at once and bright with hope of better things to be won and to be bestowed. There is an old age where there is still that promise—it is eternal youth.—*Ruskin.*

A DUTIFUL SON.

GENERAL GRANT, as a youth, honoured his parents, and his days, in the language of Scripture, have been "prolonged," and so in truth were theirs. Forty-four years ago he wrote to his mother from West Point: "Your kind words of admonition are ever present with me. How well do they strengthen me in every good word and work! Should I become a soldier for my country, I look forward with hope to have you spared to share with me in any advancement I may gain, and I trust my future conduct will prove me worthy of the patriotic instruction you and father have given me." His written desire was realized in a wonderful manner.