

Vote it Down.

Vote the curse of liquor down,
Vote it down!
Curse of country, curse of town;
Vote it down!
When unto the polls you go,
Freemen, strike one mighty blow,
Lay the fiery serpent low,
Vote it down! vote it down!

Hydra-headed shape of sin,
Vote it down!
Lure that lures the young man in,
Vote it down!
Trap for careless human feet
Thronging thick the city's street,
Death is sure, and doom is fleet,
Vote it down! vote it down!

Voter king! the sceptre sway,
Vote it down!
Ere 'tis nightfall, while 'tis day,
Vote it down!
Rum yields ruin, shame and crime;
Rule it from the realm of time
By your ballot power sublime,
Vote it down! vote it down!

Vote for righteousness and peace,
Vote the traffic down!
Vote the drink slave's swift release,
Vote the traffic down!
Vote against the licensed still,
Licensed dramshop and ginmill;
Slay to save, and strike to kill,
Vote the traffic down!

Edward Vincent.

Curly Dick;

OR, HOW A WAIF BECAME A MERCHANT PRINCE.
BY THE REV. HENRY LEWIS.

CHAPTER I.

WE GET TO KNOW DICK.

WHILE on a visit to England, in 1887, I met an old friend, who, among other reminiscences of his past life, related the following short narrative, which is well worth repeating for the benefit of all Christian workers:—

About fifty years ago, in a small town in North Wales, on a certain Sunday morning, a poor waif was strolling around the doorway of a Sunday-school. He ventured into the place.

Not being used to such a visitor, many of the scholars and teachers were surprised to see such a dirt-begrimed face, with a body literally clad in rags and tatters. However, my friend—who was a teacher there—said, "Well, come in boy; come in, and sit down." And pulling off something that did duty for a cap, and partially covered a head surmounted by a liberal crop of thick, black, curly hair, the boy seated himself on the extreme edge of a bench, and tried to reconcile himself to the situation.

After school was over, the teacher paid more attention to the waif, and thus commenced an acquaintance which I will let the teacher tell mainly in his own words:

"What is your name, my boy?" I inquired.

"I aint got no name," said the lad, as the scholars, who gathered around, burst into laughter.

"Well, where do you come from? Where were you last night?"

"I slept on Jenny Dulson's hearth last night; but I don't think I can go there again, as Jenny died last night."

"Well, what do people call you?" I asked.

"Well," answered he—drawing his words—"Nanny—Jenny Dulson's girl—called me 'Curly Dick.' Not an inappropriate soubriquet, I thought.

I asked him then to come in the afternoon. The poor little fellow replied, with his eyes brightening:

"Yes, I'll come, if I'm let. But—I've got no money."

I assured him he need not let *that* hinder him; but added, "You must wash your face before you come again?"

"Yes; I will that," said he.

Sure enough, he came in the afternoon. His face was certainly washed; but the boundary line clearly defined the unwashed from the other part—showing the cleaning was only partial.

"So you *have* washed your face?" I said.

"Yes," he replied; "I washed it in the town river, and wiped it with my cap."

After school, the teacher took the boy home, and gave him a tea. Dick had secured lodgings for that night at Jenny Dulson's. He became a member of the school. Others took an interest in him, for he showed a bright and good disposition.

One day he expressed a desire to "go to sea," and told the teacher he was about to start. The superintendent got the boy a Bible; and Dick asked the teacher to write "summut" in it, and these words were inscribed on the fly-leaf: "When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up."

In a day or two after, Curly Dick made a start for Liverpool. Railways were not known in Wales then; and as no one seemed to lay claim to the lad, no one could hinder. He came with his little bundle on his shoulder one morning to say "good-bye." The teacher accompanied him a mile or two on the way, and at the foot of a hill, commended him to his Heavenly Father, and, with a final hand-shake, they parted, not to meet for many long years.

CHAPTER II.

DICK TURNS UP AFTER MANY LONG YEARS.

THIS chapter opens in the busy streets of Liverpool, and the teacher shall relate the story:—

"I had occasion to visit the great seaport on business of serious importance to me. I was walking to and fro, in Rold Street, waiting to see a solicitor. When, suddenly, I heard some one calling out my name. I saw it was a gentleman in a splendid carriage, an elegantly-appointed equipage, with liveried servants.

"Isn't your name Mr. ———? Are you not Mr. ———, of W—x—m?" asked the gentleman, of unmistakable aristocratic appearance, in the carriage.

"I replied I was.

"Well, then, get up," said he. And being somehow captured by astonishment, I mechanically obeyed the injunction, and the next moment was whirling through the streets of Liverpool. Thoroughly bewildered by the very suddenness of what had taken place, I sat filled with a thousand vain conjectures as to the meaning of it all; and before I knew it, the splendid turnout drew up with a dash in front of a palatial mansion in a most handsome square. I and my mysterious acquaintance were ushered into a handsomely-furnished room.

"Now the gentleman began to manifest unmistakable signs of emotion. This agitated me, and increased my own mystification considerably. Presently he said, 'You will take lunch with me to-day, won't you?' I, in a dreamy way, signified it would be an honour for me to do so. I cannot say I did enjoy the lunch; and, apparently, my host did not do much better, for he was very thoughtful and silent.

"Immediately when luncheon was over, without any preliminary conversation, he produced a small but well-worn New Testament. Holding it towards me, simply saying, 'Do you know *that*,' at the same time placing his finger on the fly-leaf, on which were the words—in my own hand writing—

'When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.'

"You wrote that, years ago," said he. But my memory failed me. I could not think of the when or where of that writing. Seeing my confusion, the gentleman added, 'Come, now, don't you remember Curly Dick? Don't you remember the little ragged boy you welcomed to your Sunday-school—the lad you took home to tea—the lad you helped and commended to God at the foot of Acton Hill?' And the tears were in his eyes. Light was coming to my memory. Yet I did not fully realize the significance of the spoken words, or grasp the really dramatic character of the situation.

"Apparently, in full sympathy with my bewilderment, yet enjoying the whole thing, my new-found friend led me by the arm, as in triumph. 'Come,' he said; and he then led me into a most luxuriously furnished apartment, and there and then introduced me to his wife and daughters. I never rightly knew how I got through that evening, but I was not long in the room before I learnt I was in a Christian home. And soon my eyes were riveted on the handsome marble mantelpiece. Stretching across its noble frontage I saw, for the second time since I had entered the mansion, the words—now traced on the marble in letters of glittering gold—'WHEN MY FATHER AND MY MOTHER FORSAKE ME, THEN THE LORD WILL TAKE ME UP.'

CHAPTER III.

DICK TELLS HIS OWN STORY.

"THERE," said the gentleman to his visitor, and pointing to the bright inscription on the mantelpiece, "I stand before you to-day a living witness to that Scripture truth! *You* remember parting with Curly Dick at the foot of Acton Hill? He stands before you now!"

And so in truth it was. The poor, dirty, and ragged waif had become a wealthy merchant! He began to tell his history since he had left his guest, seven and twenty years before, when he was "going to sea."

"In telling you this," he began, "I am living my history ever again, and I have twice told the tale in Dr. Raffles' Sunday-school. Well, after leaving you I walked to Chester; from there I was directed to Woodside, in order to get to Liverpool. When I got to Woodside, I saw what I thought was the sea, and the sight took away my courage. I began to cry, thinking what would become of me if I had to cross that sea—it was only the river Mersey. As I stood there, waiting and crying in heart-broken fashion, two ladies came up to me, asking me:

"What are you crying for, little boy?"

"I'm going to Liverpool," I blubbered; "but can't find the bridge."

"Well, wait, and the packet will come directly," said the lady.

"Will they want money?" I asked.

"Oh, yes!" was the reply.

"Well, I've got no money," said I, and began crying.

"What's that book you have there in your breast?" said one of the ladies; "I'll buy it off you."

"Oh," I said, clutching it, "I can't sell that; I'll be drowned if I do—it's my Bible; but I'll sell you my cap! I've nothing else."

"Both the ladies laughed—well they might, for my cap was not a very saleable article. After they had their laugh over, they said they would pay my way across. When we were on the 'big ship,' as I thought, they placed me in the care of a man, and, giving me a slip of paper, directed to a cer-