

NOTHING AND SOMETHING.

BY MRS. FRANCIS E. W. HARPER.

It is nothing to me, the beauty said,
With a careless toss of her pretty head;
The man is weak, if he can't refrain,
From the cup you say is fraught with pain.

It was something to her in after years,
When her eyes were drenched with burning tears,
And she watched in lonely grief and dread,
And started to hear a staggering tread.

It is nothing to me, the mother said;
I have no fear that my boy will tread,
The downward path of sin and shame,
And crush my heart and darken his name.

It was something to her when her only son
From the path of right was early won,
And madly cast in the flowing bowl
A ruined body and ship-wrecked soul.

It is nothing to me the merchant said,
As over the ledger he bent his head;
I'm busy to-day with the tare and tret,
And have no time to fume and to fret.

It was something to him when over the wire
A message came from a funeral pyre—
A drunken conductor had wrecked a train,
And his wife and child were among the slain.

It is nothing to me, the young man cried;
In his eye was a flash of scorn and pride—
I heed not the dreadful things ye tell,
Can rule myself I know full well.

'Twas something to him when in prison he lay,
The victim of drink, life ebbing away,
As he thought of his wretched child and wife,
And the mournful wreck of his wasted life.

It is nothing to me, the voter said;
The party's loss is my greatest dread—
Then gave his vote for the liquor trade,
Though hearts were crushed and drunkards made.

It was something to him in after life,
When his daughter became a drunkard's wife,
And her hungry children cried for bread,
And trembled to hear their father's tread.

Is it nothing to us to idly sleep
While the cohorts of death their vigils keep,
To gather the young and thoughtless in—
And grind in our midst a grist of sin?

It is something—yes, for us all to stand,
And clasp by faith our Saviour's hand—
To learn to labor, live and fight,
On the side of God and changeless right.—*Ind. Forester.*

Ladies' Department.

FEMALE SUFFRAGE.

It is a wonder to many that the subject of female suffrage has received so little attention from the leading statesman of the civilized world.

The boast of our Christian civilization has been that it has raised women from the degradation of slavery in which she is found in heathen countries, and has made her, as she was originally designed to be, the equal and partner of man. But she is only, as yet, made his equal so far as it is pleased to suit the lords of creation. The home is made bright with her presence, childhood-life receives its bias from her hands, her wants are made from the same purse, and withal shares the comforts and honors of the home with her liege lord, yet when counsel is wanted for the guidance of the nation she must occupy an inferior place. She may advise her husband and manly sons at home, but when men find it necessary to make the influence of their franchise felt, she can do nothing.

She may hold property, own horses and carriages, hire servants, and control large sums of money, but can have nothing to say directly in the voting of the nation. She has a voice but no vote.

A woman may be the political, ecclesiastical and magisterial head of the nation, but, as a woman, she can neither sit as a member of the legislative assemblies nor vote for those who do. Laws may be enacted which are oppressive to her, and restrictions made that afflict her. She may be much opposed to the measures, yet she has no alternative but to submit, and wait for the day which shall remove the inconsistency from the records of our national charter, and make her in *reality the equal* of man. The unreasonableness and incongruity of her position are the more noticeable as we reflect upon the subject.

She may have a servant to care for her horses or dig her garden for ten dollars a month, a man perhaps who can neither read nor write his own name. She must calmly hold her tongue while her noble servant goes forward like a man and a citizen and casts his vote.

What can the politicians of the day be afraid of, that they do not originate a movement to wipe out this stain and remove this dishonor from our fair name? Can they be afraid of being henpecked, as men say? Surely not. It must be by common consent that the matter has been overlooked. Why should we fear the opinion and vote of our wives, our mothers, our sisters? Why should we not rather seek to realize the full measure of their cooperation? The liquor business, which is the crowning crime in the land, and which is the most fruitful source of women's sorrow and suffering, is threatening the very existence of our liberties, and we need the help of women to meet the giant wrong. She has already made her influence a felt power in the home, the school, the church, upon the platform, and in general literature, and in the controversy with this sin against God and man, displays the power of her convictions and shows that both head and heart are in the work.

Just one step more is necessary. Put the ballot in her hands, upon the same terms and conditions as held by men, and the decisive battle will soon be fought. Gathering to our side the mothers, wives and sisters of our country, we will soon drive back the heartless, greedy, sometimes fashionable, but often drunken crowd that prop up the trade in strong drink.

Why should we be weak at the ballot when by judicious agitation we may almost double our voting strength?

The comparative indifference of woman to her rights in the question of her franchise is to us a matter of astonishment. When she says *she must* possess this right it will be conceded to her. We wish she would *speak* and *speak quickly*. Her sons and brothers, husbands and lovers are in danger. The dearest interests of humanity are assaulted by the meanest, most selfish, unrelentingly cruel and bloodthirsty foe that ever entered a field of conflict. His name is legion, and with the slyness of a common thief, and the blishments of arrant hypocrisy he sends his detachments into our homes, and in untold ways leaves no stone unturned to destroy our choicest treasures. The blasting of the pestilence follows him, and worse than the devastations of the sickening plague mark his movements.

We need, and must have the voting power of the women. We call them to the rescue. We must have their ballot for prohibition, then soon this law will come, and by it, with one strong blow from the arm of imperious justice, man is free. We hail the noble women who are in the field—those female apostles of the glad gospel of freedom—Mesdames Willing, Wittenmeyer, Johnston, Burt, Lathrop, Geddes and Youmans, the fearless Miss Willard and others. We are glad to say "many others." We greet them as eloquent and able workers with us.

The world is being benefited by their logical arguments and faithful appeals, and the seed of a broader charity, and a nobler philanthropy is being sown. They will soon possess the additional power, and the sacred trust, of personal franchise. The angel of the rolling seasons is hastening the time.—*Royal Templar's Advocate.*

"Politics has to do with the safety, peace and prosperity of the Nation and the preservation of the morals of the people. The women of this country teach school, practice law, are skillful physicians, lecture, preach, write history, publish newspapers, are superintendents of public institutions, and surely ought to be as capable of judging what is good for the safety, peace and prosperity of the country, as is the average ward bummer whose "influence" is estimated by the number of dram shop loafers he controls."—*Illinois State Sentinel.*