

SELECTED.

"The Chinese Must Go."

BY ELLA W. RICKER.

"We hold these truths to be self-evident; that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

We open our doors in welcome,
That all may come who choose:
To Ireland's famished peasants,
To Muscovy's banished Jews,
To Italy's strolling players,
To men from the Zuyder Zee,
To African, Arab, Moslem,
Barbarian, bond or free.
We point to our rolling prairies,
Where sleeping harvests lie,
At the touch of their hands to waken—
"There is room for you all," we cry.
"Come, follow the plough and reaper,
Come, stand at the forge and loom,
And fashion our tools and garments;
We will lighten your lives of gloom."
Uncouth are their garb and manner;
They speak in an unknown tongue;
And yet to our land of plenty
We welcome them, old and young,
And say, "You shall learn of freedom
As you bow to its peaceful sway;
Your ignorance all shall vanish
In the land of the bright to-day.
From shackles of superstition,
Of vice and crime set free,
At the touch of our Lord and Master
Your blinded eyes shall see."
But hark! o'er the rushing waters,
O'er the spindles' busy hum,
Above the myriad voices
That call to the stranger "Come,"
Rings in harsh, discordant accents
A word that is like a blow;
With fierce, imperative mandate,
It cries to a people "Go!"
"You have finished our miles of railroad
Built firm on the shifting sands;
You have lifted the heavy burdens
We dropped from our wearied hands,
You have worked where work was needed
With never a thought of pride;
You have dared to gather the fragments
We scornfully tossed aside,
We have found you teachable, gentle,
And ready to be of use;
Submitting in patient silence
To hatred, contempt, abuse.
But now that our need is over
We have others to take your place;
You are crowding our native workmen,
Begone, O accursed race!
Go back to your crowded hill-sides,
Whence, over an unknown way,
You sailed, that for wife and children
Might open a brighter day.
Go back to your heathen darkness—
Not for you hath our light been shed—
And live on a pitiful pittance,
The life that your fathers led.
But when to your idols bowing
O tell them on bended knee
That this is a Christian nation,
This is the land of the free!"

—Boston Transcript.

A Canary Bird at Kingston, N. Y., imitates the notes of a bobolink so exactly and with such liquid sweetness, that, unless seen, a person would suppose that a bobolink was singing. This is remarkable, as even mocking birds, it is said, cannot reproduce a bobolink's peculiar liquid melody. The canary learned it by being associated when young with a bobolink.

We Two.

A PENCIL SKETCH BY M. QUAD.

"It's we two, and we two, It's we two for aye,
All the world and we two, and heaven be our stay."

It was a gay, rollicking party that boarded the fast express train going east, and, as it was late, and the cars crowded, the noise made by the intruders stirred every body to anger, and their ill-timed witticisms were received with wrath and indignation. The leader of the company was a noisy youth overflowing with an abundance of animal spirits, and he gave the passengers a saucy rejoinder when they reproved him for disturbing their repose. When he had traversed the entire line of cars without finding a vacant seat, he noticed an old man sitting alone but apparently guarding a reserved space next to him. Rapping him smartly on the shoulder the presumptuous youth asked if he might sit down.

"Eh! eh!" said the old man, in a feeble voice, "we two have these seats; there isn't any room for you!"

The young man sauntered back to find his friends all provided for, and after strolling through the baggage and smoking cars he returned and saw the seat of the old man still vacant. The aged passenger seemed to be dozing, but he responded feebly to the energetic touch of the other.

"Look here!" said the young man, "let me have a seat; you haven't anyone with you!"

"Hush!" answered the other, "you'll frighten her away! Can't you see her sitting their smilin', with her long yeller curls, and with the white dress that she was married in! Mebbe it was a fancy, but I could ha' touched her before you come—no, no, she's in there, and I'm here—we two have lived together for fifty years; it's hard to be separated now!"

The young man had seated himself and he paid no attention to the old man's maundering till he heard him saying softly over and over to himself, "Katy! my Katy! Katy Idalin'!"

Then he listened, for Katy was the name of the sweet faced, blue-eyed girl he loved, and even now he was on his way to make her his own.

"Was she your wife?" he asked, with more respect in his voice, nor could he have told why he used the past tense in the way he did.

"My wife—my love—my bride!" was the almost incoherent answer. Oh! it was a hard world, but we two traveled it together; I never had a pleasure but Katy shared it with me; nor a sorrow that she didn't help bear. I wish you could ha' seen her, young man. She was as straight as a young sapling, and that fair-complected like a child; her hair was yeller, like buttercups in the meadow. I'd take you out yonder to see her if they'd a let me, but they wouldn't. They say she's changed—she never changed in my eyes till her hair just turned white like the blossoms of the snow-drop. Then I knew she was a ripenin' for glory—there never was any but we two. God didn't send any children to bind our hearts or break 'em—it's cold here," and he sank back and shivered.

"I wish I could think so" answered the young man, yawning, and feeling life and strength in every throb of his riotous blood. "Are you going east?" he continued, for want of something else to say.

"Yes, and it's a long journey. I'm goin' clear back to the sunrise—back to Maine. There won't be a soul I know livin', but Katy she hankered after the old buryin' ground where her folks are. Say!" as the conductor passed along, "is she all right out there alone?"

"She's all right," answered the man, swinging his lantern. "There ain't nothing that'll disturb her, I reckon!"

"She's with the Lord," said the old man solemnly; "with Him she loved and served all the days of her life. I 'spose she hasn't missed me or thought of me onc't, but it would be a hard trial for me if Heaven's glory made her forget—if we two didn't go hand in hand there, as we have here—dear! dear! it wouldn't seem like Heaven to me less Katy was along."

The young traveler passed into the land of sleep and walked with his beloved in the fair bower of love's young dream. The old man gathered his feeble limbs together and he, too, slept; but his lips moved, and broken, incoherent sentences fell on the ears of those who were awake and listening all the night long. He, too, was walking in his dreams