

Vote it Out.

There is an evil in the land,
Rank with age, and foul with crime,
Strong with many a legal band,
Money, fashion, use, and time;
'Tis the question of the hour,
If we shall vote the wrong or power?
Vote it out!
This will put the thing to rout
Vote it out!
Let us rise and vote it out.

We have begged the traffic long,
Begged it both with smiles and tears
To abate the flood of wrong,
But it answered us with sneers—
We are wearied with the scourge—
Vote it out!
Loyal people raise the shout.
Vote it out!
Let us rise and vote it out.

'Tis the battle of the hour,
Freedmen show your strength again;
If the ballot is your power,
This will bring the foe to pain:
We have preached against the wrong,
We have plead with words of song,
Vote it out!
Vote and pray with heart devout,
Vote it out!
Let us rise and vote rum out.

It Was the Drink that Did It.

BY MRS. LUCAS, SISTER OF BRIGHT HON.
JOHN BRIGHT.

Last January I held a mission in a great drink-troubled town in the North. The last night I was standing at the edge of the platform, when a poor, thinly dressed woman came up to me and held out her hand. She was trembling for joy, and her care-worn face was lighted up with a beauty that only a great happiness can give. "God bless you!" she said; "I've suffered for thirty years from the drink. Oh, God only knows how much! But look, my husband is signing to-night. He's been here all this week, and he has had nothing to drink. But I know what my poor man is; if he signs the pledge he'll keep it. When I looked at her, and saw how in a moment she had forgotten all the starvation and cruelty, and neglect that had so darkened and saddened her life, I thought to myself that there was nothing in all the world so wonderful as this strange deep love in a woman's heart—a love that thirty years of drunkenness had never blotted out, but that was ready in a moment to spring forth and cast over that poor drunkard the glory of a faithful woman's love and devotion.

A few weeks before that man had been arrested for ill-treating his wife. You can fancy the scene. She stands in the police-court. What for? To condemn him! to show the poor half-broken arm! Oh, no! The tears are slowly trickling down her face, and the eyes of all the court are fixed upon her as she pleadingly says to the astounded magistrate, "He could not help it, sir; it was the drink that did it; he is very kind when he is sober." And she makes excuse after excuse, till he is let off with simply a fine. The Bench says it is a mystery. The people declare it a "strange thing that such down-trodden women should shield their cruel husbands." But there is no mystery at all; that woman sees a hundred little love traits in him, of which no one there can see a gleam, and she knows were it not for the drink they would all blossom and bud forth.

This is not a fanciful picture—I am putting before you—it is a true story; and I am thankful to say that poor woman's faith has been realized and blessed. Last April I saw them both—the man so wonderfully changed that I

scarcely knew him; but I shall never forget him when he drew a little behind his wife, and, looking proudly at her, gently touched her dress and said, "I bought this for her last week, and she has made it for you to see. Thank God, we are happy now, and my wife has got her great wish, a pew in church, and we go together every Sunday." For years that man spent a greater part of his handsome wages for drink, and seemed to care nothing at all about his shabbily-dressed wife, but when he became sober all his old tenderness and love returned. I ask you, ladies and gentlemen, whether such a fact as this, which is only one amongst many, is not enough to elevate total abstinence so high that it is no wonder if it seems to us second only in importance to the Gospel itself? Cannot you pardon us if we are a little fanatical and enthusiastic in the cause of temperance? May God hasten the day when every ambassador for Christ, every single member of the Church—seeing their brother's need, their sister's danger, their nation's peril—shall come over to our aid. With the whole army of Christians on our side, we should band ourselves into a league so holy and irresistible that not only drunkenness, but other evils would flee away. Once more we could call our dear country "Happy England," and on the soft evening air as we listen there would arise from ten times ten thousand happy homes and peaceful hearts a song like this:—
"Sing, oh, heavens, and be joyful; oh, earth, and break forth into singing, oh, mountains, for the Lord comforted His people, and will have mercy upon His afflicted."

An Appeal.

For Christ's sake, touch it not, that sparkling wine!
Harmless to you, perhaps; yet—Christians hear!
Thousands are drinking it who drink their death,
And hearts are breaking to whom they are dear.

Hearts that have watched, with agony untold,
Their loved ones going to a drunkard's grave,
With spirit, soul, and body, ruined—wrecked—
Like shattered bark engulfed in ocean's wave.

Of all the woe our earth has ever seen,
Can there be greater than the slow decay
Of hopes we cling to through the weary years,
While poison works with slow, relentless sway?

To see the dear one slowly change and change;
The firm, true hand, once linked with our own,
Losing its power—a feeble, nerveless thing,
That long before its time has useless grown.

Daily to mark the once clear, active brain
Grow clouded and confused beneath the spell;
To see the memory fail, and then to miss
The comprehension quick, we knew so well.

And the dear lips we trusted so of old,
That falter promises we dare not take;
Or wretched falsehoods, that can never hide
The truth, which goes well nigh our hearts to break,

Those that we deemed so noble and so pure,
Sunken in a degradation deeper far
Than the brute beasts, till only our true love
Can bear to touch them, loathsome as they are!

Now and anon, faint gleams of what they were

Revive the hope that lives through all our fears;
And so we try again to win them back,
But only meet with piteous floods of tears;

Those fits of weeping, uncontrollable,
That are but half-remorse and half-
ease—
Ah! how they baffle us, God only knows!
As we sob out the story on our knees.

May He forgive us, that our bleeding hearts
Can only half-believe His power to stay
The fatal downward progress that we see
Our poor lost darlings making day by day!

And of the end we do not dare to speak,
Beyond the "gulf" God's mercy draws
the veil;
But here are broken hearts and blighted lives,
And solitary hearths to tell their tale.

"All gifts of God are good;" yet there are some
Which man has turned to one unending curse,
Christians! can you receive with thanks
that one
Which changes men to demons—aye, and worse?

"All things are lawful" for you, even this,
The poison that has laid its millions low!
Yet surely it is "not expedient"
That you should use it, knowing what you know.

Of all the sin that darkens this fair earth,
None, none has left a darker, fouler blot—
Still men, for gain, pass round the poison-draught,
O! Christians, for Christ's sake, touch,
taste it not!

Dissipated Young Men.

I do not feel so sorry for young men who were born in the city and who have had all these temptations described before them until they know what they are. I am not so sorry for them as I am for those who come from country homes and are easily betrayed and easily overthrown. Oh, young man from the farmhouse among the hills, what did your parents do to you that you should do this to them? Why will you by going into a life of dissipation break the heart of her who gave you birth? Look at her hand, so distorted are the knuckles. Why? Working for you. Look at the back so bent. Why? Carrying your burdens. Oh, dissipated young man, write home by the first mail to-morrow, cursing your mother's gray hair, cursing the chair in which she sits, cursing the cradle in which she rocked you. "Oh," you say, "I cannot." You are doing worse than that. There is something on your forehead now. What is it? Run your fingers over your forehead. What is it? It is red. It is the blood of a broken heart.

I am in sympathy with such persons who have come from the country life to the city life because I was a country lad myself, and saw not until fifteen years ago a great city. O! how stupendous New York seemed to me that morning I arrived at Courtland Street Ferry. I came to the city, my soul all awake, or more sympathetic with all the sports and amusements of life than my soul was, and I have sometimes thought it was quite strange I was not captured of evil and dragged down. I was talking with a man of the world about it some time ago, and though he pretended to be only a man of the world, he said: "I guess, sir, there must have been some prayers hovering over your head—prayers that have been answered!"

I was on the St. Lawrence River and the current was very swift, and I

said: "Captain, why, how swift the river is." "Oh," he replied "not much here, but seventy miles on further it is ten times swifter, and we employ an Indian pilot, and we give him a thousand dollars a summer to take us through between the Thousand Islands and between the rocks." Every man who comes from the country to the city life comes from smooth waters into the rapids. There are thousands of islands of enchantment and many rocks of peril. Oh, I wonder if you are going to have good pilotage.

Do you know, my brother, that the report of your dissipation has already got back to the old homestead? "Oh, no," you say, "that isn't possible." It is possible. There are always people ready to carry bad news, and of these people that desire to carry bad news there is an accursed old gossip wending her infernal step toward the old homestead. She has been there. She sat down in a chair and she wriggled about for awhile and said she could not stay a great while. But she said to your parents: "Do you know your son gambles? do you know your son drinks?" And the old people got very white about the lips, and your mother said, "Just open the door a little, so we may have fresh air." And after this bad messenger went away your mother came out and sat down on the steps where you used to play, and she cried, and cried and cried, and took off her spectacles and with her apron wiped off the mist of tears.

After a while she will be very sick and the old gig of the country doctor will come up the country lane, and the horse will be tied at the swinging gate, the prescriptions will fail, and she will get worse and worse, and in her last delirium she will talk about nothing but you. And then the farmers will come to the funeral. They will tie their horses to the rail of the fence, and they will talk over what ailed the departed, and one will say it was intermittent, and another will say it was congestion, and another it was premature old age. Oh, no. It will be neither intermittent, nor congestion, nor premature old age; but it will be recorded in the book of God Almighty that you killed her!

Our language is very fertile in describing crime. Slaying a man, that is homicide; slaying a brother, that is fratricide; slaying a father, that is patricide; slaying a mother, that is matricide. But you go on in that way, oh, wandering and dissipated soul, and it will take two words to describe your crime—patricide and matricide. Oh, come home to thy God, come home to thy father's God, thy mother's God. Just fold your hands to-day and say with another:

"For sinners, Lord, Thou earnest to bleed,
And I'm a sinner vile indeed;
Lord, I believe Thy grace is free,
O! magnify that grace in me"

Do not let the world destroy you.
Do not get swindled out of heaven.—
Dr. Talmage.

At a school examination a clergyman was descending on the necessity of growing up loyal and useful citizens. In order to give emphasis to his remarks he pointed to a large flag hanging on one side of the school-room, and said: "Boys, what is that flag for?" An urchin who understood the condition of the room better than the speaker's rhetoric, exclaimed: "To hide the dirt, sir."