

## The Two Orphans.

BY AUNT MARY.

The wintry winds were blowing,  
And through the snow and sleet  
Two little waifs were wandering  
Along the frozen street.

Their garments torn and tattered,  
Their feet were cold and bare;  
Their faces mud-bespattered,  
And frowzied was their hair.

They trudged along, still hoping  
Some sheltering nook to find,  
Where they might shield their bodies  
From cold and piercing wind.

They saw a pretty mansion,  
Where lights were streaming out;  
And from the happy children  
They heard the merry shout.

They rang the shining door-bell  
And heard the inmates say:  
"It's nothing but some beggars;  
Go bid them go their way."

They waited long, in sadness,  
Till stars began to peep;  
Then, underneath the door-step,  
They laid them down to sleep.

The elder brother, striving  
The little one to cheer,  
Said, "Tommy, do not cry so,  
For Jesus knows we're here.

"If we should die, dear brother,  
Before the morning's dawn,  
He'll take us up to heaven,  
Where ma and pa have gone.

"Then, Tommy, let us pray, 'Now  
I lay me down to sleep';  
And thank the Lord for door-steps,  
Where such as we may sleep."

## THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE.

CAN you conceive of anything more pitiful than the lot of the poor creature in our picture! A few years ago she was a happy bride, full of hope and joy. But through the curse of strong drink her happy home has been made desolate. The husband who promised to protect and cherish her, has become a besotted drunkard, and wastes on his wicked thirst for strong drink his meagre earnings instead of toiling like a man to feed and clothe his wife and children. And when she goes to remonstrate with the liquor seller, he tells her he has license and is protected by the law. O the heart-ache and the heart-break that this wretched traffic costs! Let us vow eternal enmity to it. Let us invoke the help of God and of man to protect the broken-hearted wives, and worse than fatherless children, from the winter's cold, and storm, and hunger, and want, and wretchedness. Let every one read San Jones' sermon on this page, and let every scholar in the school sign the pledge against the accursed cause of so much wretchedness and woe.

The following verses fully describe the sad condition of these poor lost wanderers:

The last red splendour fades from out the west;  
A lone star trembles on the verge of night;  
And from the bare, bleak hills, like some belated guest,  
Footsore and sad, hastens along the wild

And trackless way, a mother with her child.

The shadows deepen, and the fitful light  
Of that one star pales in the gloomy skies;

A low wind sweeps along the pathless woods,  
And yet past marshy pools, that in these solitudes

Like yawning pitfalls wait, an unsoen hand  
Beckons the wanderers toward the distant land  
That far beyond the storm and darkness lies.

As when in dreams, the sound of falling rain

Pulsing its music through the shadowy aisles,

Comes like the broken notes of some refrain  
Dimly remembered, when the heart beguiles

Long, lonely hours of bitter, sleepless pain  
With thoughts of olden days.

So o'er the bare, bleak hills and barren ways,

Haunted by melodies of lost delights,  
With kisses soft, close to her warm, pure heart

The mother holds her child and soothes its cries.

Though cold against her face the winds that pass

Sweep the fierce raindrops and the drifting leaves,

Though the deep gloom a darkling mantle weaves,

And from the tangled sedge a thousand phantoms start;

Yet on, with sadness moaning in her heart,  
She threads her way across the dark morass.

## SAM JONES ON TEMPERANCE.

I SAY to you people of Toronto, don't you eat hearty at any one meal until you have settled this liquor problem and driven it out of your midst forever, when you can say, "Children, I will leave you little or much of this world's goods, but I will leave you where you will live and die sober men and boys," and it is the best heritage we can leave our boys. I believe if I live two years longer I will live to see this, that the last drop of whiskey is put out of my State; and when my wife dies and goes to heaven she can say, "Children, stay in Georgia. I hope you will live and die in this grand old State, where you can stay sober all your life." And I hope that every mother in the Dominion of Canada, as she passes out of this world will be able to say, "Children, stay here, and you will live and die sober. No intoxicant is sold here, nothing to drag you down; but you will be blest upon all sides." Oh! if we just had such a country to leave our children. I have only got one thing against Toronto, and that is the 226 hell-holes in your town that are drowning souls every day. God help you to say that you will never be satisfied or hush your mouths until your city is redeemed from this curse. Then let your light so shine before the world that we can come to you and say, "Let's be like that city. Emulate that city; follow that city; and let us in all things imitate her in her life and character."

I want this city just in this shape. Your Sabbath is a quiet, peaceful Sabbath. I have told the States about it. I have said, "No street cars run. The streets are just lined with people on the way to the house of God. Perhaps every Sabbath sees two-fifths of her population in the churches worshipping God, and it shows that the Good Lord in his mercy has almost redeemed the city. I have told them that your bar-rooms are closed up on Sunday. I have told them that Sabbath is Sabbath here in this city, and I would that I could just tell them that you keep every day in the week as you keep your Sunday, because there is no liquor sold or bought, and nothing is done except what is for the best interest of humanity and the glory of God in your midst." When you get on a plan like that you will be like a city on a hill. We can see you from Florida. We can see you from South Carolina. We can see you from California. We can see you from New York city. We can see you from Texas, and when we see this city we can fall down and say, "Good Lord, show us how that city got to that altitude. Let us be there and we will enjoy the same altitude, which will be heaven begun on earth." God grant you such freedom from this curse, and such earnestness to work, that you will have for yourselves the very richest rewards on earth and the greatest reward in eternity. God help you and God bless you.

## WHAT DRINK WILL DO.

I tell you when whiskey gets its hold upon a community, brethren, it is astonishing where it gets men. Down in Macon, Georgia, the question opened some years ago. A poor husband had drunk until he had broken his wife's heart, and she died, and he knelt by the bedside and promised her, "I will never touch another drop while I live in this world," and in less than six weeks after the death of his wife, that man was drinking harder than ever. A few days after he began his spree his eldest daughter, in charge of the little ones at home, lay down broken-hearted, and when she was dying she called her drunken father and said, "O father! I am leaving you and the helpless little ones. Promise your daughter that you will never drink another drop," and he said, "Daughter, I'll never drink another drop unless I take it from your hands; I promise you that." And that night, after she died, the company had gone into the dining-room to get some coffee, and left him in the room with his child. He took the bottle out of his pocket, and clenched the hand of the corpse on it and turned it to his lips. My God! the distance downward that whiskey will carry a man, and yet, you and I, in this nineteenth century, will perpetuate a traffic that will bring about such a scene as that around the corpse of a precious innocent, daughter.

## DON'T NEED BLOOD-MONEY.

The honest, industrious poor people, the noble, good and wealthy people, the honest, industrious middle class of this city, don't need a dollar that whiskey brings to this city. You don't need a dollar of that money in your business; and brethren, I say again, if the putting whiskey out will kill the town and demoralize trade, can you and I afford to prosper upon the blood-money of your orphan children and the poor destitute women of our town? I would rather go and lie down at a rich man's gate, and be fed by the crumbs from his table, than be clothed in purple and fine linen earned in the whiskey business. I feel that way about it. I know what I am talking about. I believe if every preacher in this country had been burned and hurt by whiskey as I have been, they would all speak out in unmistakable terms upon a question like this. I know the desolation it brings to a man's home. I know the sadness it brings to his home, and, as I have said to the bar-keepers, "When I paid you my money I was a clever fellow, and there was not a man of you that had anything to say against me, but, since I have learned to love God and be a good husband and father, you don't think I am doing right." But, if God will help me, we will put you out of that business, and bring you to Christ, and show you that there is a better and nobler way of getting along than making drunkards for a living.

## IT IS TIME TO SPEAK OUT.

It is said that the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church, and we are about run out of this seed, ain't we? Haven't got enough to sow a crop to-morrow. My mouth will not be hushed by any power in this world, when the poor women and children of this country stand at my back and cry, "Oh! defend us! defend us! We're going down in blood and death. Thank God for one man that will stand up for us." If you could just overhaul my mail, weekly, and see the letters baptized in the tears of poor women in America, begging me never to let up against whiskey. "It has been the curse of my boy, my husband and home, and my heart blood just drips out every day because of this fearful traffic. Mr. Jones, please sir, wherever you go let your voice and power go against this fearful traffic that is desolating our homes." And I have made up my mind fully and deliberately that if I am the only man in the world to do it, I will speak out. If I have to die from it in a pool of blood before my front door, I will speak for every poor woman in this country as long as the liquor snatches, not only the bread from the children, but the clothes from the back of that poor desolate family.

## LICENSED TO RUIN BOYS.

I have said it everywhere and almost every day since I left this city.