



THE DRUNKARD'S CHILD.

Does not your heart ache when you come upon such wretchedness as you see in this picture. Poor thing, she is truly in a pitiable condition with her bare feet exposed to the icy coldness of the pavement. And see how thinly she is clad. That thin shawl can surely not be much protection against the wintry winds.

Why is it that this poor girl is in such a destitute condition? you may ask. I will tell you: it is because the poor child has only a drunken father and mother, who spend every cent they can get on whiskey. When we know that strong drink has such dreadful effects should we not do all in our power to have the traffic in it done away with. Let us use our influence against it whenever we can.

NOT FULLY ASSURED.

Jamie, so the story goes, had been to Sunday-school and had learned with great care the text, "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." He had then come home and thought it over. When mamma put him to bed that night he asked suddenly, as she helped him to pull off his socks, "Mamma, is Jamie a good boy?"

"Yes, my dear," said mamma, "a very good boy."

"Because," said Jamie, picking up one pink foot and looking at it critically, "I think there is a little 'crimson' left there yet."