

A MOTHER'S GIFT.

(Laws written on the fly-leaf of a little given by a mother to her son.)

REMEMBER, SON, who gave thee this,
When other days shall come,
When she who had thy earliest kiss
Sleeps in her narrow home;
Remember, 'twas a mother gave
The gift to one she died to save.

That mother sought a pledge of love
The holiest for her son;
And from the gifts of God above,
She chose a goodly one;
She chose for her beloved boy
The source of light and life and joy.

And bade him keep the gift; that when
The parting hour should come,
They might have hope to meet again
In an eternal home.
She said, his faith in that would be
Sweet incense to her memory.

And should the scoffer in his pride
Laugh that fond faith to scorn,
And bid him cast the pledge aside
'Twas he from youth had borne,
She bade him pause and ask his breast
If he, or she, had loved him best.

A parent's blessing on her son
Goes with this holy thing:
The love that would retain the one
Near to the other clung.
Remember, 'tis no common toy—
A MOTHER'S GIFT! remember, boy.

SAM JONES-ON PROHIBITION.

LET me tell you if you will take the bonds of death off the consciences of this town and take them out of their graves and tear the graveclothes off them, prohibition will not only be the vote and the sentiment of the city, but it will be the practical life of this city. Oh, God! awaken these men's consciences, and let them see that God holds them responsible for every drunkard and every broken-hearted wife, until they have done their utmost to rid their country of this infernal curse. I said in one of our cities—Chattanooga, Tennessee, I was fighting this infernal traffic with a vengeance—I said:—"Brethren, hear me to night. In my State we have almost reached the point where I can say that nobody but an infernal scoundrel will sell whiskey, and nobody but an infernal fool will drink it. Now, if you can boil it down to a more concentrated essence than that, you just sign my name to it. Well, the liquor men commenced, and cursed round big about what I said, and that night I met them. I said:—"My fellow citizens,—To-morrow morning at 9 o'clock you barkeepers and wholesale men meet me in the study of Market Street Church and we will go up until we reach Ninth Street and go four blocks and turn into a poor house and look at the pallid woman and six ragged children that live there, and we'll hear her tell how she was raised in plenty and married a sober, upright man, and lived for a time amidst the blessings of a happy home. And I'll get her to tell us about how her husband commenced drinking at the bar-rooms, how he went from bad to worse, how he covered her whole body with bruises, how he kicked their children across the floor, how he was, at last, arrested for crime and sent to penitentiary for ten years. And all of us, one at a time, will put our ears to the bleeding heart and hear the blood drip, drip, and if you can say anybody but an infernal scoundrel will sell that stuff I'll take it back to-morrow night on my knees before this congregation." Well, that ended the discussion. Well, there were some

red-nose gentry got their backs up because I said nobody but an infernal fool would drink whiskey. Well, I said I would deal fair with them, and I'll tell you another thing further. It costs thousands of dollars—it costs the happiness of a home, it costs the respectability of a family, it costs almost all that man can call valuable in this world, it costs all of that, to paint one nose red. I heard Sam Small say once that he spent \$10 000 and broke his wife's heart, and almost beggared his family, and he never got his nose anything more than a pale pink. Well, I said to the red-nosed gentry, listen. "I will deal fair with you, you are my brothers, just as the whiskey sellers are. Listen. In Galtsville, in my own State, a few months ago, about sun-up, a man woke up in gaol, and as he opened his eyes the gaoler came into his cell. He looked at the gaoler and said, 'Where am I.' 'You are in gaol,' was the reply. 'In gaol! In gaol for what?' asked the prisoner. 'In gaol for the murder of your wife, sir.' The man staggered back and fell unconscious to the ground. In an hour he awoke and called the gaoler to him. He said:—"Go out and collect a mob, and get them to come here and take me out of prison, and hang me on one of the limbs of the nearest big tree, for I have murdered the best wife in the world!" Now, if whiskey makes a man do that don't you agree with me that he is an infernal fool to touch it!" Conscience! The Lord wake us up on this question, and show us it is wrong for us to put a bottle into our neighbour's hands, to license a house for the purposes of sin and hell and death. It is no longer a question as to how much license they pay, or how close your police oversight may be, but it is a question on the part of those precious wives and mothers, who are tired of seeing their husbands stagger into drunkard's graves, tired of seeing their boys debauched and damned before their own eyes. It is a question, not of money, but of blood and death and hell. God help you to see this and to denounce and to prohibit this infernal traffic forever in your borders.

REV. SAM JONES' BIRTHDAY.

SATURDAY evening, Oct 16th, saw the Mutual Street Rink crowded to excess. Mr. Benson came to the front and remarked that he had learned by accident that that day was the anniversary of Sam Jones' birthday, and he suggested that during the evening the audience should signify their knowledge of that interesting fact, and at the same time compliment the Georgia evangelist by giving him "a Chautauqua wave." "Don't do it by halves," added Mr. Benson. "When we Canadians do anything, we like to do it with all our hearts."

A few minutes before eight o'clock Sam Jones entered the hall, and with him Sam Small. Mr. Benson rose and repeated what he had said about Sam Jones' birthday, and called for "the Chautauqua salute." Sam Jones listened to Mr. Benson in evident astonishment, and apparently did not know what to expect when promised the salute in question. His smiling face, however, showed that he did not think it would be anything dangerous or unpleasant. While Mr. Benson had been speaking the 4,500 people in the audience had been fumbling about for their

handkerchiefs, and now at a signal from the Chairman they threw their hands into the air, and the inside of the Mutual Street Rink, from end to end, and side to side, and gallery to floor seemed to be a mass of fluttering handkerchiefs. Sam Jones looked on with a quizzical sort of expression, as if he did not know exactly what to make of it—a half-puzzled, half-amused, but wholly delighted sort of look, and when he arose immediately afterwards to recognize the compliment, which had been followed by a round of hearty applause, his delight found vent in the following words:—

My fellow-citizens and brethren in Christ, this is, according to the old family Bible record of our name, my 39th birthday, but really I am only fourteen years of age. I began to live really only about 14 years ago. Glory to God for the second birth. I hope and trust that these meetings shall number the birthdays of hundreds and thousands of souls. I thank you for the hearty response you have made to the kind words of Mr. Benson. I thank God for friends. The Bible says that the Lord will give a hundredfold more in this world, and everlasting life in the world to come to them that serve Him. A hundredfold more in this life. Well, brethren, I am a living, talking witness of the truth of that assertion. Fourteen years ago next month I bade my home at Carterville "good-bye," and started out as a Methodist preacher. Now God has given me hundreds of homes everywhere I have been from that day to this. I left my mother—a step mother, but a good mother to me—and God has given me a thousand mothers over this land as true and good as my own precious mother could be. I left a few friends in my little town of Carterville to go out and preach the gospel. Glory to God, he has given me ten thousand friends for everyone I bade good-bye to. He has given me a hundredfold, a thousandfold, a millionfold in this life, and everlasting life to come. If I had a thousand tongues, they should all talk for Christ, a thousand hands they should all work for Christ; a thousand feet, I'd put them all on the way to heaven. If I had a thousand hearts, I would give them all to Christ. Oh! Lord Christ, live in our hearts, forever to bless and keep us. Again I thank you for your hearty response. Late last night my birthday present came in way of a telegram from my wife saying, "I will join you in Toronto next Wednesday morning." Thank God for a wife that is to a man like two crutches—one under each arm—as she has been to me. I would have fallen a dozen times but for the crutches under my arm. And, thank God, all I am to day I owe to my wife, who has been indeed a helpmate to me. I didn't know there was a person in this town knew to-day was my birthday. Thank God, every birthday has its sorrows and its memories, and thank God that many of your birthdays have rich promises in them. Thank God for one more year of sacred labor in the service of Christ. Since the 16th of October, 1885, I have spent a laborious, but, thank God, a happy year in the service of Christ. For fourteen years my life has been a rapture to me, and I want you to know it.

'Tis but a short journey across the isthmus of Now.

SAM JONES' METHODS.

It took two or three days, and half a dozen meetings, to enable men to understand Sam Jones and his method. He has told the church members who have attended all his various meetings, that it is not to them that he addresses his quibs and his jokes, his humour, and his slang, but to the railway and workshop men, and who, as a rule, do not go into any sort of church.

It is marvellous how much Sam Jones has to say on every subject he touches on and how easily he manages to enliven it with "illustrations," as he calls them, and apt humorous anecdotes. He has something to say to the people, he told them one evening, and he is going to say it in his own way in spite of that solemn old brother over there. His humour is spontaneous, and bubbles up sometimes before he appears to be aware of it. Occasionally he turns the laugh against himself. As, for instance, when he recommended his audience to "laugh and grow fat on the way to glory." "Before I took to enjoying myself and living as I do," he said, "I was thin and scallow, and look at me now!" He was standing right in front of Rev. Dr. Potts as he spoke and his form is still so thin, after years of laughing, that the herculean proportions of the Chairman, were visible on either side of the evangelist, just as if the latter had been but a telegraph pole, while if Sam Jones used to be scallower than he is now he certainly stood in need of a remedy. Sam Jones fully appreciated the situation when he made the "illustration," and joined as heartily as anybody in the general burst of laughter that followed. Then sometimes he pokes a little fun at the pastors themselves, and they nod their heads and smile and appear to enjoy it as much as anybody.

SAM JONES ON GETTING READY FOR CHURCH.

I HAVE known a good lady take an hour to get ready, physically, to go to church, and never spend half a minute getting her soul ready to go. I wish we would prepare our souls to take in the bread of life, like we prepare our appearance to take in the eyes of the world. I am not objecting to a woman being well dressed, but when a woman's always fixing up her person and neglecting her soul, it reminds me of a man that's building a house. And now he's putting all the gilt and paint on the scaffold that's going to be taken down in a few days and thrown aside forever. Oh, woman, the important thing is the adornment of your soul, the dressing up of your soul—that's the one eternal thing. That body will be taken down and laid aside as helpless as a doll when a child's tired of playing with it. It is your soul that shall lay your body down like a pile of chains. It is your soul that at last will push the doctor back and overleap the circle of friends, and mount above the stars, and over vault the very throne of God itself. It is your soul that should have adornments first.

At the court of Queen Elizabeth, Sir Walter Raleigh was one day asking a favour of the queen, when she said, "Raleigh! when will you leave off bogging!" He replied, "When your majesty leaves off giving."