

children, whom drink had robbed even of a mother's love. They were mute preachers, none the less effective because unconscious of their ministry. The pastor was well-nigh overcome, as he rose with Bible in hand, remarking, "Let God speak and man keep silence." He proceeded to read appropriate selections from Scripture, followed by fervent prayer, that God would care for the little waifs now thrust out upon the world. Tears ran down the face of the pastor during this prayer, and when he closed, all were weeping except the two little "mourners," who were too young to appreciate the sadness of their condition.

A kind neighbour took charge of the children after the dead mother was borne away. A few days later they were removed to a benevolent institution in the city of Boston, where their names were recorded with no mention of their sad history.