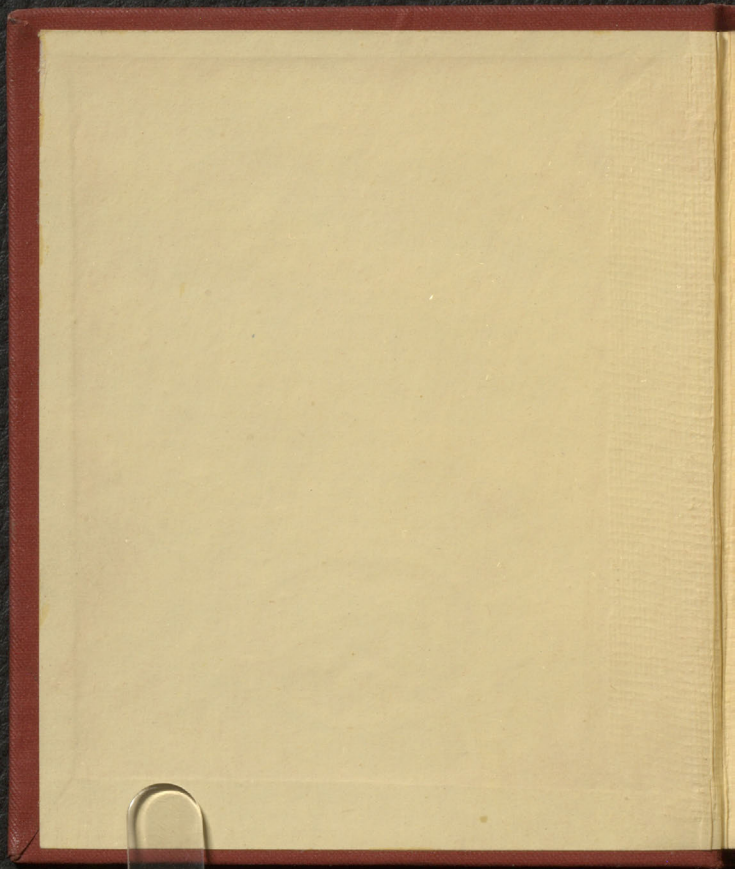
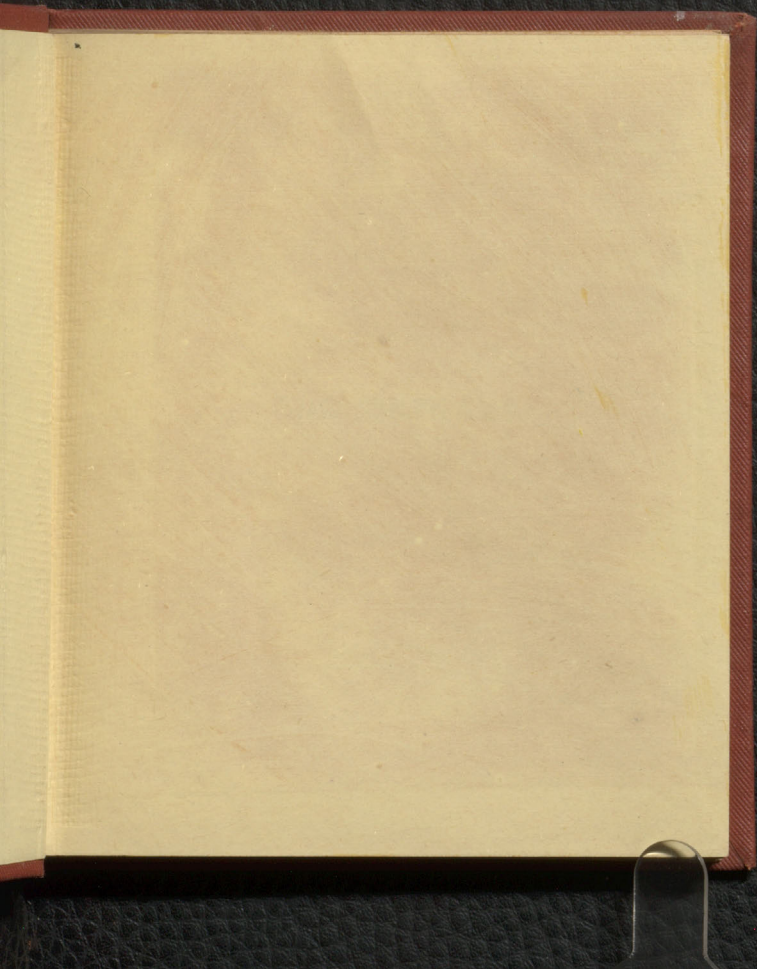


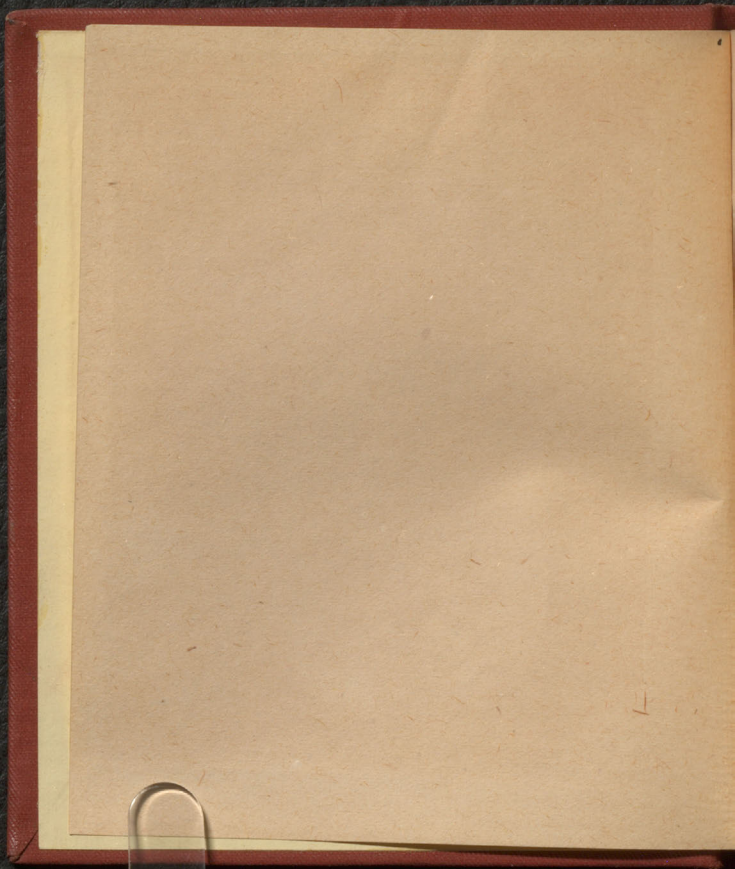
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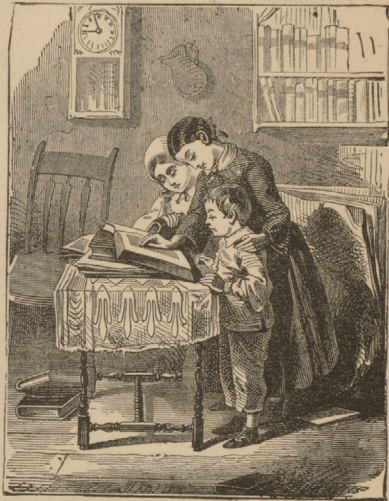






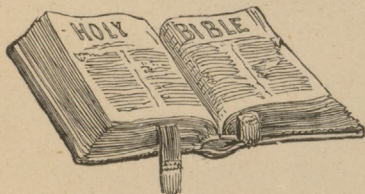
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THE ORPHANS;  
OR, TRUST IN GOD.



*"In Thee the fatherless findeth mercy."*

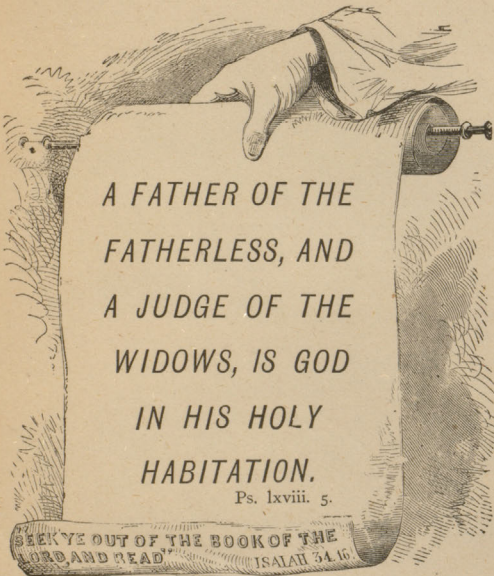
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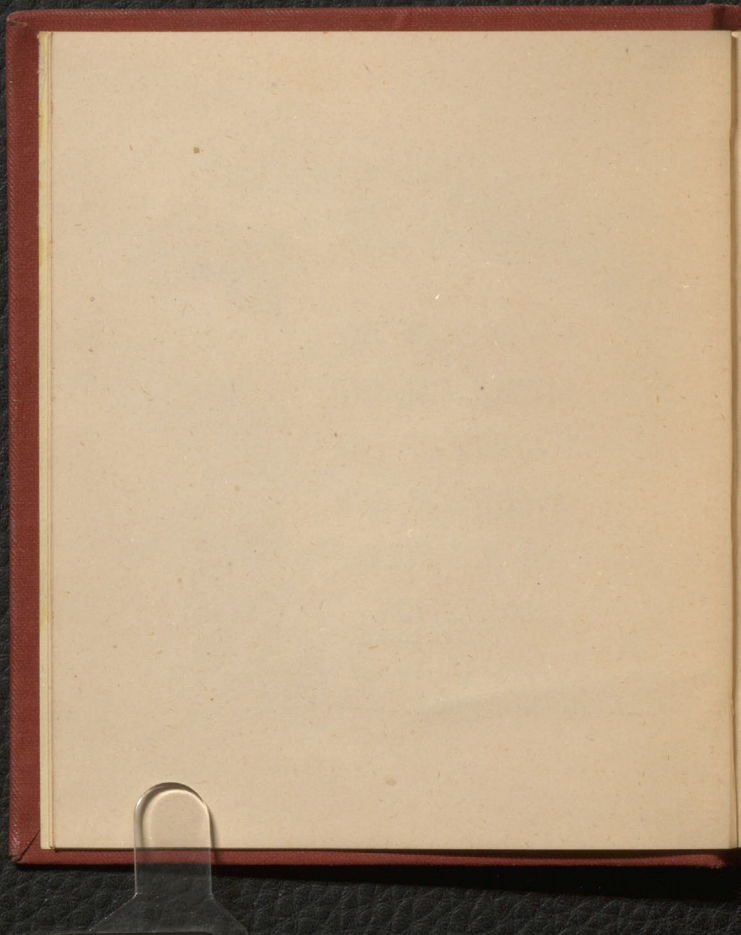


An illustration of a hand holding a scroll. The hand is positioned at the top left, gripping the edge of the scroll. The scroll is unrolled, showing text. The scroll is held in place by a small metal fastener on the right side. The background of the scroll is filled with fine, cross-hatched lines, suggesting texture or depth. The overall style is that of a woodcut or engraving.

A FATHER OF THE  
FATHERLESS, AND  
A JUDGE OF THE  
WIDOWS, IS GOD  
IN HIS HOLY  
HABITATION.

Ps. lxxviii. 5.

SEEK YE OUT OF THE BOOK OF THE  
LORD, AND READ. ISALAH 34. 16



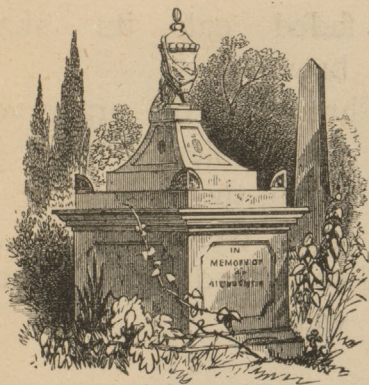


## THE ORPHANS.

My chaise the village inn did  
gain

Just as the setting sun's last  
ray

Tipp'd with refulgent gold the  
vane [way.  
Of the old church across the  
Across the way I silent sped,  
The time till supper to be-  
guile,  
In moralizing o'er the dead  
That moulder'd round the  
ancient pile.  
There many a humble green  
grave show'd  
Where want, and pain, and  
toil did rest,



And many a flattering stone I  
viewed,  
O'er those who once had  
wealth possess'd.

A faded oak its shadow  
brown  
Threw o'er the grave where  
sorrow slept,  
On which, though scarce with  
grass o'ergrown,  
Two ragged children sat and  
wept.

A piece of bread between them  
lay,  
Which neither felt inclined  
to take ;

*The Orphans.*

11



And yet they seem'd so much a  
prey  
To want, it made my heart to  
ache.

“ My little children, let me  
know  
Why you in such distress  
appear ;  
And why you wasteful from  
you throw  
That bread, which many a  
one would cheer ? ”

The little boy, in accents  
sweet,  
Replied, whilst tears each  
other chased,



“ Lady, we’ve not enough to  
eat ;

Oh ! if we had, we would not  
waste.

“ But sister Mary’s naughty  
gown,

And will not eat whate’er I  
say ;

Though sure I am the bread’s  
her own,

As she has tasted none to-  
day.”

“ Indeed,” the wan, starved  
Mary said,

“ Till Henry eats, I’ll eat no  
more ;

For yesterday I got some  
bread—

He’s had none since the day  
before.”

My heart did swell, [my bosom  
heave,

I felt as though deprived of  
speech ;



I silent sat upon the grave,  
And press'd the clay-cold  
hand of each.

With looks that told a tale of  
woe,  
With looks that spoke a grate-  
ful heart,  
The shivering boy then nearer  
drew,  
And 'gan his simple tale t'  
impart.

“ Before my father went  
away,  
Enticed by bad men o'er the  
sea,



Sister and I did naught but  
play—  
We lived beside yon great  
ash-tree.

“ But then poor mother did so  
cry,  
And looked so changed I can-  
not tell :  
She told me that she soon would  
die,  
And bade us love each other  
well.

“ She said that when the war  
was o'er,  
Perhaps we might our father  
see ;

But if we never saw him  
more,  
That God our father then  
would be.

“ She kissed us both—and then  
she died,  
And we no more a mother  
have ;  
Here many a day we’ve sat and  
cried  
Together on poor mother’s  
grave.

“ But when my father came not  
here,  
I thought if we could find the  
sea,  
We should be sure to meet him  
there,  
And once again might happy  
be.

“ We hand in hand went many  
a mile,  
And asked our way of all we  
met ;





And some did sigh, and some  
did smile,  
And we of some did victuals  
get.

“ But when we reached the sea,  
and found  
’Twas one great water round  
us spread,  
We thought that father must be  
drown’d,  
And cried and wished we  
both were dead.

“ So we return’d to mother’s  
grave,  
And only long with her to  
be ;



For Goody, when this bread  
she gave,  
Said father died beyond the  
sea.

“ Then since no parent here we  
have,  
We’ll go and search for God  
around :  
Lady, pray can you tell me  
where  
That God our Father may be  
found ?

“ He lives in heaven, mother  
said,  
And Goody says that mother’s  
there ;

So, if she thinks we want His  
aid,

I think perhaps she'll send  
Him here."

I clasped the prattlers to my  
breast,

And said, "Come both and  
live with me:

I'll clothe you, feed you, give  
you rest,

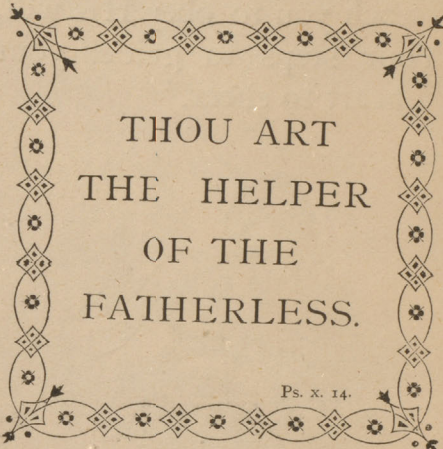
And will a second mother  
be.

“And you shall both to school  
be sent,  
And trained in wisdom’s  
pleasant way ;  
For God our Father never  
meant  
The young should idly pass  
the day.

“And God will be your Father  
still :  
’Twas He in mercy sent me  
here

To teach you to obey His will,  
Your steps to guide, your  
heart to cheer."





THOU ART  
THE HELPER  
OF THE  
FATHERLESS.

Ps. x. 14.





“Thou Father of the fatherless,  
A band of orphans see.”

A HYMN FOR AN  
ORPHAN SCHOOL.

---

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

---

THOU Father of the fatherless,  
A band of orphans see,  
And from Thy throne of glory  
    bless  
Our little family :—

*Hymn for an Orphan School.* 31

A little family who share  
No human parents' love ;  
And yet for whom Thou wilt  
prepare  
A house and home above :—

A home above, if trained while  
here  
In wisdom's path to go ;  
We travel heavenward in Thy  
fear  
From this sweet home  
below :—

32 *Hymn for an Orphan School.*

This home below, where we  
have found  
Refuge in time of need,  
And meet upon its holy ground  
Friends who are friends in-  
deed.

For friends indeed to us are  
they  
Who, for our Saviour's sake,  
Have sought us out, like lambs  
astray,  
Their bounty to partake.

*Hymn for an Orphan School.* 33

Thine is their bounty—theirs  
not less,  
Though Thine what each im-  
parts,  
When to relieve the fatherless,  
Thy love constrains their  
hearts.

---

“A father of the *fatherless*,  
and a judge of the widows, is  
God in His holy habitation.”

Ps. lxxviii. 5.

34 *Hymn for an Orphan School.*

“ In THEE the *fatherless*  
findeth mercy.” HOSEA xiv. 3.

“ Leave thy *fatherless* chil-  
dren, I will preserve them alive;  
and let thy widows trust in Me.”

JER. xlix. 11.

“ Inasmuch as ye have done  
it unto one of the least of THESE  
My brethren, ye have done it  
unto ME.” MATT. xxv. 40.

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ive;  
Me."  
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e it  
D.

“ THEN YOU HAVE A  
FATHER.”

NOT long ago the Rev. Dr. Jonas King went to visit the children in an orphan asylum.

The children were seated in the schoolroom, and Dr. King stood on a platform before them. “ So this is an orphan asylum,” said he. “ I suppose many of

36 “ *Then you have a Father.*”

you children would tell me that you have no father or mother.”

“Yes, sir; yes, sir,” said some little voices.

“Now how many of you say you have no father? Hold up your hands.” A forest of little hands was put up. “So you say you have no father.”

“Yes, sir; yes, sir.”

“Now,” said Dr. King, “do you ever say the Lord’s prayer? Let me hear you.”



*"Then you have a Father."* 37

The children began: "Our Father, who art in heaven."

"Stop, children," said Dr. King: "did you begin right?"

The children began again: "Our Father, who art in heaven."

"Stop again, children," said Dr. King; "what did you say—*Our Father? Then you have a Father—a good, rich Father. I want to tell you about Him. He owns all the gold of California. He owns all the world.*

38 “ *Then you have a Father.*”

He can give you as much of anything as He sees is best for you. Now, children, never forget that you *have* a Father. Go to Him for all you want, as if you could see Him. He is able and willing to do all that is for your good.”

If you could only have seen those little orphans as Dr. King talked so kindly to them! Every eye was fixed upon him, and their faces fairly shone with joy.

“ *Then you have a Father.*” 39

Is there not comfort in his words for all of us? Is not God *our* Father too?

There are many children whose earthly father has been taken from them. Remember what Dr. King said : you *have a Father* still. If your dear mother is spared you, let her read this. It may comfort her heart.

If your mother too is gone, remember there is still a special

40 “ *Then you have a Father.*”

promise for you : “ When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.” Believe this truth. Give yourselves to the Lord, the Lord Jesus Christ, who will be to you Father and Brother and Shepherd and Saviour—all that you ever can need in this life and in the life to come.

H.



THE ORPHAN GIRL.

“WHERE have you been, my  
little girl?”

I asked a pretty child  
I met one evening in my walk.  
She said, in accents mild,

“Watching beside dear mother’s  
grave

In the sweet eventide :  
Dear mother sleeps so peace-  
fully  
With baby at her side.

“ The daisies bloom upon the  
sod,  
And plummy grasses wave,  
And loving boughs bend ten-  
derly  
Over my mother's grave.

“ And father sleeps in distant  
lands,  
Far, far beyond the sea ;  
We know not where, on foreign  
shore,  
His place of rest may be.

“ But God can guard our pre-  
cious dead  
Wherever they may lie,  
Whether at home where daisies  
sleep,  
Or 'neath a foreign sky.

“ I love to sit by mother's  
grave  
And tell my sorrows o'er ;  
She hears me, for she is not  
lost,  
She's only gone before.

“ My heart does not forget the  
words

My mother said to me :  
‘ When father and when mother  
fail  
The Lord will care for thee.’

“ God is my Father, can He  
care

For one so lone and small ?  
Ah, yes ! for mother told me  
once,  
‘ He heeds the sparrow’s fall.



“ ‘ He clothes the lilies of the  
field,  
He hears the raven’s cry’ ;  
I know he’ll not forget to heed  
The little orphan’s cry.

“ A Father to the fatherless—  
I have His promised word—  
Oh keep Thy child ! oh make  
her Thine,  
Through Jesus Christ our  
Lord.”

## THE YOUNG OUTCAST.

“MAY I stay, ma'am? I'll do anything you give me—cut wood, go for water, and do all your errands.”

The troubled eyes of the speaker were filled with tears. It was a lad that stood at the outer door, pleading with a kindly-looking woman, who still seemed to doubt the reality of his good intentions.

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The cottage stood by itself on a bleak moor, or what in Scotland would have been called such. The time was near the latter end of September, and a fierce wind rattled the boughs of the only two naked trees near the house.

Now and then a snow-flake touched with its soft chill the cheek of the listener, or whitened the angry redness of the poor boy's benumbed hands.

The woman was evidently loath to grant the boy's request, and the peculiar look stamped upon his features would have suggested to any mind an idea of depravity far beyond his years.

But the woman's heart could not resist the sorrow in those large, but by no means handsome, grey eyes.

“Come in, at any rate, till the good man comes home.

There, sit down by the fire ;  
you look perishing with cold ;”  
and she drew a rude chair up  
to the warmest corner ; then,  
suspiciously glancing at the  
boy from the corners of her eyes,  
she continued setting the table  
for supper.

Presently came the tramp of  
heavy shoes, the door was flung  
open with a quick jerk, and the  
“good man” presented himself,  
wearied with labour.

A look of intelligence passed between his wife and himself; he too scanned the boy's face with an expression not evincing satisfaction, but nevertheless made him come to the table, and then enjoyed the zest with which he despatched his supper.

Day after day passed, and yet the boy begged to be kept "only till to-morrow;" so the good couple concluded that as long as he was so good, and

worked so heartily, they would retain him.

One day, in the middle of winter, a pedlar long accustomed to trade at the cottage made his appearance, and disposed of his goods readily.

“You have a boy out there splitting wood, I see,” he said, pointing to the yard.

“Yes, do you know him?”

“I have seen him,” replied the pedlar evasively.



“And where? Who is he?  
What is he?”

“A *jail-bird!*” and the pedlar swung his pack over his shoulder. “That boy, young as he looks, I saw in court myself, and heard his sentence—‘ten months.’ You’d do well to look carefully after him.”

Oh! there was something so horrible in the word jail, the poor woman trembled; nor could she be easy till she called

the boy in, and assured him that she knew that dark part of his history.

Ashamed, distressed, the poor boy hung down his head; his cheeks seemed bursting with the hot blood; his lips quivered, and anguish was painted upon his forehead, as if the word were branded into the flesh.

“Well,” he muttered, his whole frame relaxing as if a

burden of guilt or joy had suddenly rolled off, "I may as well go to ruin at once—there's no use in my trying to do better—everybody hates me—nobody cares about me—I may as well go to ruin at once."

"Tell me," said the woman, "how came you, so young, to go to that dreadful place? Where was your *mother*, where?"

"Oh!" exclaimed the boy with a burst of grief that was

terrible to behold. "Oh! I hain't got no mother! Oh! I had no mother since I was a baby. If I'd only had a mother," he continued, his anguish growing vehement, and the tears gushing out from his strange-looking grey eyes, "I wouldn't ha' been bound out, and kicked, and cuff'd. I wouldn't ha' been saucy and got knocked down, and run away, and then stole because I was hungry. Oh! I

hain't got no mother—I hain't got no mother—I haven't had no mother since I was a baby.

The strength was all gone from the poor boy, and he sank on his knees, sobbing great choking sobs, and rubbing the hot tears away with his poor knuckles. And did that woman stand there unmoved? Did she coldly bid him pack up and be off—the “jail-bird?”

No, no, she had been a mother,

and though all her children slept under the cold sod in the churchyard, she was a mother still.

She went up to that poor boy, not to hasten him away, but to lay her fingers kindly, softly on his head; to tell him to look up, and from henceforth to find in her a mother. Yes, she even put her arm about the neck of that forsaken, deserted child; she poured from her

mother's heart sweet, womanly  
words of counsel and tenderness.

Oh, how sweet was her sleep  
that night, how soft her pillow!  
She had linked a poor suffering  
heart to hers by the most silken,  
the strongest bands of love;  
she had plucked some thorns  
from the path of a little sinning  
but striving mortal.

Did the boy leave her?

Never! He is with her still,  
a vigorous, manly, promising

youth. The unfavourable cast of his countenance has given place to an open, pleasing expression, with depth enough to make it an interesting study. His foster-father is dead, his good foster-mother aged and sickly, but she knows no want. The once poor outcast is her only dependence, and nobly does he repay the trust. D.







“WE WON'T GIVE UP  
THE BIBLE.”

WE love the good old Bible,  
The glorious Word of God ;  
The lamp for those who travel  
O'er all life's dreary road.

62 “ *We won't give up the Bible.*”

The watchword in life's battle,  
The chart on life's dark sea,  
The beautiful dear Bible,  
It *shall* our TEACHER be.

Who would not love the Bible,  
So beautiful and wise?  
Its teachings charm the simple,  
And all point to the skies.  
Its stories all so mighty,  
Of men so brave to see,  
The beautiful dear Bible,  
It *shall* our TEACHER be.

*"We won't give up the Bible."* 63

But most we love the Bible,  
For there we children learn  
How Christ for us became a  
child,

Our hearts to Him to turn.  
And how He bowed to  
sorrow,

That we His face might see ;  
The Bible, oh ! the Bible,  
It *shall* our TEACHER be.

Then we will hold the Bible—  
The glorious Book of God ;

64 “ *We won't give up the Bible.*”

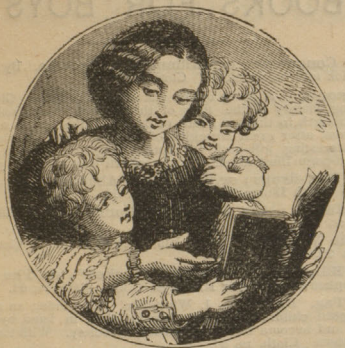
We'll ne'er forsake the Bible,  
Through all life's future road.  
And when we lie a-dying,  
Wherever that may be,  
The beautiful dear Bible,  
It *shall* our SOLACE be.

E. P. HOOD.



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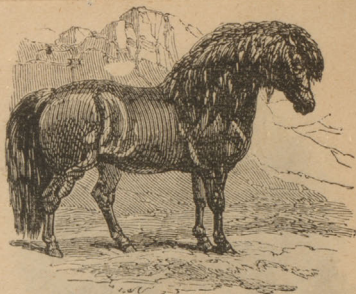
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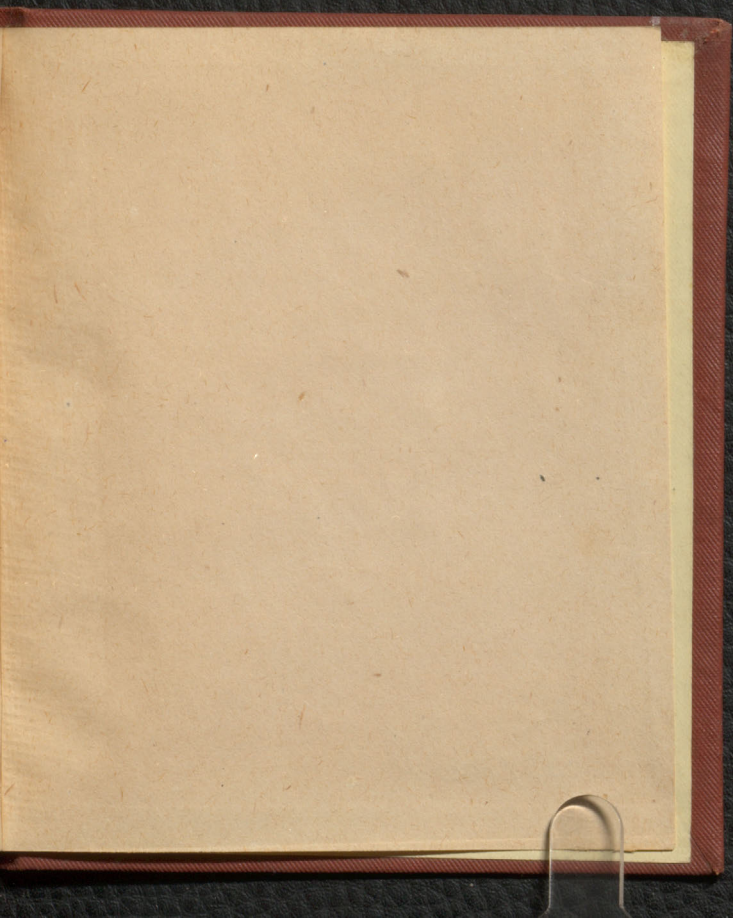
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