

[For OUR MISSION.]

## "The Devil Has no Happy Old Men."

By M. D. SCOTT.

IN a recent number of "OUR MISSION" I read the anecdote, with the above heading. The story impressed me forcibly, and the result was, I put it into verse, and now send it to you. The Lord may cause it to strike even more deeply than the prose article.

M. D. S.

An aged man his way was wending,  
One evening to the place of prayer,  
His form 'neath the weight of years was bending,  
And yet his brow bore no trace of care.

His hoary locks in the breeze were blowing,  
His cheeks were furrowed, his eyes were dim.  
Still much of the joy of life was showing,  
He sang, as he went, a dear old hymn.

"Why should you be so happy, aged friend?"  
Another asked, who was passing by.  
May the Lord His gracious message send,  
To you who read the old man's prompt reply.

Words of richness and sweetness there they stand,  
(Oh! the depth of meaning in his words,  
And the glorious beauty, great and grand),  
Mark them well, "*Because I am the Lord's.*"

"Are none others thus happy?" No, not one.  
"Sad and solemn is the truth I tell;  
"None others are happy under the sun,  
"And of this they know their selves full well.

"No man of seventy-five, but can tell,  
"If he be *truly* happy or no;  
"Only with God does true happiness dwell,  
"In heaven above, or earth below.

"None other happy ones are to be found,  
"None can gainsay, or my words condemn;  
"So wing them forth to earth's remotest bound,  
" *The Devil has no happy old men.*"

## "The Drunkard's Grand March."

REV. SAM JONES.

OUT they march—60,000 of them a year—into drunkards' graves. St. Louis has 1,800 bar rooms; Chicago and Cincinnati, 3,000 each. Cincinnati, with its 3,000 bar rooms, can alone make 6,000 drunkards—that would be only twenty to the bar-room. The old dog died drunk, but they say he died of apoplexy, heart disease, or something of that sort. They always lie about it. Nobody can say he died drunk. They will hatch up a 'sun-stroke' if they can't find anything more plausible—that is, if he has any family. You can tell absolutely nothing from the statistics. But you know what that barroom is—it is the recording office of hell! and is sustained by the voice of the community. Sixty thousand go

down into drunkards' graves this year. They go into your family for recruits to keep the ranks of this army of drunkards full. Your John, William or Henry they inveigle into it.

"If men will make and sell and drink whisky let them hide and skulk in the mountains, and let it be known that every man involved in the infamous business is a criminal. You say, "We will defend you; our laws defend you and sustain you in all you say." Now, this is the very question. Your laws forbid whisky men selling liquor to minors. That is a lick at the whisky business. Your license laws forbid selling liquor on election days: that is an abridgment of the business. There is a snake: it is biting the race: you believe in hitting it on the tail or body. I don't; I think you ought to cut its head off: I don't care anything about its tail. If I have a right to strike its tail, I will strike it hard, and I will strike to kill. I want to locate its head and cut it off for ever. . . .

## Now.

LISTEN to three important *Nows* mentioned in the Bible, and may you hear and obey before it be too late!

The first is—"God now commandeth all men everywhere to repent." (Acts 17: 20.) He is saying to you *now*, "Turn ye, turn ye, from your evil ways; for why will ye die?" (Ezek. 23: 11.)

The second *now* is this—"Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow." (Isa. 1: 18.) Yes; God is willing to forgive them all just *now*, if you will only "repent and believe the Gospel." (Mark 1: 15.)

The third *now*. Oh! if we could take this to the lost—to those who have passed away in their sins—how gladly would *they* receive it! But it is not for them; their *now* has gone for ever. It is for *you*. "Now is the accepted time, behold, now is the day of salvation." (2 Cor. 6: 1.) O take salvation at Christ's hands *now*! He is ready to save you. "Him that cometh to Me," He says, "I will in no wise cast out." (John 6: 37.) These are His own precious words. Will you not come?

One night we besought an ungodly woman to consider the importance of these things. She put them off, as so many perhaps *you* among them—are doing. Although in apparent health, she died suddenly not many hours after. Her opportunity was lost for ever! "How shall we escape, if *we neglect* so great salvation? (Heb. 2: 3.) To-day—this moment—is yours; to-morrow may never come to *you*. God says, Now is the time.

TO deny, as Peter did, is bad; but not to weep bitterly, as he did, when we have denied, is worse.—*Payson*.