

The Drunkard.

BY CORA E. FAY.

Who fills the land with crime and woe!
Who all the haunts of sin doth know—
Fearing not God nor man below?

The drunkard,
Ah, the drunkard!

Who is it robs his child of bread,
Giving his wage for drink instead?
Whose home returning brings but dread?

The drunkard,
Ah, the drunkard!

Who is't that brings an honoured name
Down to the dust in guilty shame,
And earth's most sacred ties detain?

The drunkard,
Ah, the drunkard!

Who is't that staggers on the street,
With tattered garments, half-shod feet,
Ashamed an honest man to meet?

The drunkard,
Ah, the drunkard!

Who is't was once so pure and true,
Perhaps gained honours justly due,
And once a loving mother knew?

The drunkard,
Ah, the drunkard!

Who still within his heart doth hide
The gems of honour, truth, and pride,
And longs for love that is denied?

The drunkard,
Yes, the drunkard!

Who may be fully cleansed from sin,
And a new life in Christ begin?
Who may a crown of glory win?

The drunkard,
Yes, the drunkard!

Who is it we would try to save
From paths that lead but to the grave—
For whom our Saviour his life gave?

The drunkard,
Even the drunkard!

Then let us each God's Word obey:
Be quick and do whatever we may;
Earnestly try to help each day

The drunkard,
Yes, the drunkard!

And when at last the saints are crowned,
And praises sing God's throne around—
In that blest land there will be found

No drunkard,
No, no drunkard!

THE OLD ORGAN

OR

“HOME, SWEET HOME.”

By Mrs. O. F. Walton.

CHAPTER V.—NO SIN IN THE CITY BRIGHT.

It had been a close, sultry day, and it was a still more oppressive night. It was long before Christie could get to sleep, and when at last he had sunk into a troubled slumber, he was waked suddenly by a loud peal of thunder, which made the old attic shake from end to end.

Old Treffy raised himself in bed, and Christie crept to his side. It was an awful storm; the lightning flashed into the attic, lighting up for a moment every corner of it, and showing Christie old Treffy's white and trembling face. Then all was dark again, and there came the heavy roll of the thunder, which sounded like the noise of falling houses, and which made old Treffy shake from head to foot. Christie never remembered such a storm before, and he was very much afraid. He knelt very close to his old master, and took hold of his trembling hand.

“Are you frightened, Master Treffy?” he asked at last, as a vivid flash again darted into the room.

“Yes, Christie, boy,” said old Treffy; “I don't know how it is; I used not to be afraid of a storm, but I am to-night.”

Poor Christie did not speak, so Treffy went on:

“The lightning seems like God looking at me, Christie, and the thunder seems like God's voice, and I'm afraid of him. I don't love him, Christie; I don't love him.”

And again the lightning flashed and the thunder rolled, and again old Treffy shook from head to foot.

“I shouldn't like to die to-night, Christie,” he said; “and the lightning comes so very near me. Christie, boy, do you know what sin is?” he whispered.

“Yes,” said Christie; “it's doing wrong things, isn't it?”

“Yes,” said Treffy, “and I've done a many of them, Christie; and it's thinking bad thoughts, and I've thought a many of them, Christie; and it's saying bad words, and I've said a many of them, Christie. But I never cared about it before to-night.”

“How did you come to care about it to-night?” asked Christie.

“I've had a dream, Christie, boy, and it has made me tremble.”

“Tell me it, Master Treffy,” pleaded Christie.

“I was thinking of what you said about loving Jesus, and I fell asleep, and I thought I was standing before a beautiful gate; it was made of gold, Christie, and over the gate there were some shining letters. I spelt them out, and they were ‘Home, sweet home,’ Christie, and I said to myself, ‘I've found it!’ But just at last: I wish Christie was here.” But just then someone opened the gate and said, ‘What do you want, old man?’ ‘I want to come in,’ I said. ‘I'm very tired, and I want to be at home.’ But he shut the gate, and said to me very gravely and sorrowfully, ‘No sin can come in here, old Treffy; no sin can come in here.’ And, Christie, I felt as if I were nothing but sin, so I turned round and walked away, and it grew very dark. And just then came the thunder, and I awoke with a start. I can't forget it, Christie; I can't forget it,” said old Treffy.

And still the lightning flashed and the thunder rolled, and still old Treffy trembled.

Christie could not comfort him, for he was very much afraid himself, but he pressed very close up to his side, and did not leave him till the storm was over, and there was no sound but the heavy downpour of the rain on the roof of the attic. Then he crept back to bed and fell asleep.

The next morning it all seemed like a bad dream. The sun was shining brightly, and Christie rose and opened the attic window. Everything looked fresh and clean after the rain. The dull, heavy feeling was gone out of the air, and the little sparrows were chirping in the eaves. It was Sunday morning, and on Sunday evening Christie was to hear the clergyman preach in the mission-room. Oh! how he wished it was seven o'clock, that he might go and find out what old Treffy wanted to know!

The poor old man seemed very restless and unhappy all that long spring day. Christie never left him, for it was only on Sunday that he could watch beside his dear old master. He could see that old Treffy had not forgotten his dream, though he did not speak of it again.

And at last the long, weary day wore away, and at six o'clock Christie washed himself and prepared to depart.

“Be sure you mind every word he says, Christie, boy,” said old Treffy, earnestly.

The mission-room was only just open when little Christie arrived. A woman was inside lighting the gas and preparing the place for the congregation. Christie peeped shyly in at the door, and she caught sight of him and ordered him off.

“Isn't there going to be any preaching to-night?” said Christie, in a disappointed voice.

“Oh! you've come to the service, have you?” said the woman. “All right, you can come in, only you must sit still, and you mustn't talk or make a noise.”

Now, as poor Christie had no one to talk to, this was rather an unnecessary speech. However, he went in very meekly, and sat down on one of the front benches.

Then the congregation began to arrive: old men and little children; mothers with babies in their arms; old women with shawls over their heads; husbands and wives; a few young men; people with all kinds of faces, and all kinds of characters, from the quiet and respectable artisan's wife to the poor little beggar girl who sat on the form beside Christie.

And as seven o'clock struck, the door opened and the minister came in. Christie never took his eyes off him during the whole service. And, oh! how he enjoyed the singing, the last hymn especially! A young woman behind him was singing it very distinctly, and he could hear every word. Oh, if he could only have remembered it to repeat it to old Treffy! The words of the hymn were as follows:

“There is a city bright,
Closed are its gates to sin,
Nought that defileth,
Nought that defileth
Can ever enter in.

“Saviour, I come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I pray,
Cause me and save me,
Cleanse me and save me,
Wash all my sins away.

“Lord, make me from this hour
Thy loving child to be,
Kept by thy power,
Kept by thy power
From all that grieveth thee.

“Till in the snowy dress
Of thy redeemed I stand,
Faultless and stainless,
Faultless and stainless,
Safe in that happy land!”

And after the hymn came the sermon. The clergyman's text was Revelation 21. 27, “There shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth.”

He spoke of the heavenly city of which they had just been singing, the bright, beautiful city, with its streets of gold and gates of pearl. He spoke of the river of the water of life, and the trees on either side of the river. He spoke of those who live in that happy place, of their white robes and crowns of gold, of the sweet songs they ever sing, and the joy in all their faces.

The clergyman also told them that in that bright city sorrow was never found. No weeping there, no tears, no sighs, no trouble. No tired feet on that golden pavement, no hungry ones there, no hot burning sun, no cold frost or snow. No sickness there, and no death, no funerals in heaven, no graves in the golden city. Perfect love there, no more quarrelling or strife, no angry tones or discordant murmurs, no rude, rough voices to disturb the peace. And all this for ever and ever, no dread of it coming to an end, no gloomy fears for the future, no partings there, no good-byes. Once there, safe for ever. At home, at rest, with God.

“Would you like to go there?” asked the clergyman's voice.

And a quiet murmur passed through the room, a sigh of longing, an expression of assent. And little Christie whispered softly to himself, “Like to go there! ay, that I would, me and old Treffy and all.”

“There shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth,” said the clergyman's voice. “Closed are its gates to sin. My friends, if there is one sin on your soul, heaven's gates will be closed against you. Nought that defileth, nought that defileth can ever enter in. If all my life I had never sinned; if all my life I had never done a wicked deed, or spoken a wicked word, or thought a wicked thought; if all my life I had done everything I ought to have done, and had been perfectly sinless and holy, and yet to-night I was to commit one sin, that sin, however small a sin in man's eyes—that sin would be quite enough to shut me out of heaven. The gates would be shut against me for that one sin. No soul on which there is a speck of sin can go into that bright city.”

“Is there one in this room,” asked the clergyman, “who can say that he has only sinned once? Is there one here who can say that there is only one sin on his soul?”

And again there was a faint murmur round the room, and again a deep-drawn sigh; but this time it was the suppressed sigh of accusing consciences.

“No,” said the clergyman, “there is not one of us who can say that. Every one of us has sinned again and again. And each sin is like a dark blot, a deep inkstain on the soul.”

“Oh!” said little Christie, in his heart, as he listened to these words, “whatever will me and Master Treffy do?”

And Christie's thoughts wandered to the lonely attic, and to old Treffy's sad, worn-out face. “So it was all true,” he said to himself. “Miss Mabel's words, and Master Treffy's dream; all too true, all too true.”

If Christie had been listening he would have heard the clergyman tell of the way in which sin could be taken away; but his little mind was full of the one idea of the sermon, and when he next heard the clergyman's words he was telling his congregation that he hoped they would all be present on the following Sunday evening, as he intended then to preach on the second verse of the hymn, and to tell them, more fully than he had time to do to-night, what was the only way to enter within the gates into the city.

Christie walked home very sadly and sorrowfully; he was in no haste to meet old Treffy's anxious, inquiring eyes. And when he reached the dark attic he sat down by Treffy, and looked away from him into the fire, as he said, mournfully:

“Your dream is quite right, Master Treffy. I've heard it all over again to-night. He preached about it, and we sang about it, so there's no mistake now.”

“Tell me all, Christie, boy,” said Treffy, pitifully.

“It's a beautiful place, Master Treffy,” said Christie; “you'd be ever so happy and comfortable if you could only get there. But there's no sin allowed inside the gates; that's what the clergyman said, and what the hymn said, too:

“There is a city bright,
Closed are its gates to sin.”

“Then there's no chance for me, Christie,” said the old man, “no chance for me.”

And hours after that, when Christie thought Treffy was fast asleep on his bed in the corner, he heard his poor old trembling voice murmuring again: “Closed are its gates to sin, closed are its gates to sin.”

And there was another ear listening to old Treffy's voice. The man at the gate, of whom Bunyan writes, had heard the old man's sorrowful wail, and it went to his very heart. He knew all about old Treffy, and he was soon to say to him, with tones of love, as he opened the gate of rest: “I am willing with all my heart to let thee in.”

(To be continued.)

WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY.

FRED BLANCHARD was apprenticed to a shoe-maker; not because he liked the trade, but because his mother was a poor widow, and had a friend who offered to take the boy and teach him how to earn a living. There was nothing to be done, just then, but accept the offer. So Fred went to work manfully, and learned by degrees to handle his awl and lap-stone, and cobble old boots and shoes, and even make new ones in course of time. He did not shirk his work because he did not like it; but he said to himself all the while: “I don't mean to spend my life in this kind of thing.”

One day a little book (“Knowledge is Power”) fell into his hands. He read it eagerly, for it showed him how many great men had been as poor and humble as he was in the beginning of their lives, but, by improving their spare moments in study, had risen to high positions and made themselves distinguished and honoured. He learned that David Livingstone, the famous African explorer, had to work in a cotton factory in his childhood, and by studying languages at night had fitted himself to be a foreign missionary before he was nineteen. He learned that Michael Faraday, the celebrated English chemist, was the son of a poor blacksmith, and apprenticed to a book-binder, but taught himself chemistry in his spare moments; and, in short, that many of the best and greatest men he had ever heard of had gained their education by hard struggles, and in spite of most difficult circumstances.

“What others did I can do, too,” he said to himself, stoutly; and so, instead of taking his pleasure in idleness and folly, as the other workmen did, whenever he had a leisure hour, or even a minute to spare, he had a book beside him from which he could gain some useful knowledge.

He was laughed at and teased and tempted by idle companions, who could not understand his determination to improve himself; but he did not let his purpose be shaken. “Let those laugh that win,” he said, and quietly kept on with his studies, till the time of his apprenticeship was over. He had not neglected his shoemaking, and by means of it he was able to earn and save some money, which paid his expenses while he studied at the School of Mines. To be sure, he lived on oatmeal and milk chiefly, and never spent a penny that was not necessary; but he kept his health by this plain living and by taking plenty of exercise, and step by step he rose in his profession till he is now a scientific man who has delivered lectures before learned institutes and won golden opinions for his valuable discoveries in the uses and relative qualities of metals.

His mother is very proud of her distinguished son. She lives with him, and is surrounded with every comfort. He has educated his sisters and elevated his whole family—all by using his odd minutes to gain the power that comes from knowledge. This power and its results are within the reach of all who work for it with a steadfast purpose; for no saying is truer than this: “Where there's a will there's a way.”

—Sunlight.

“Put on, therefore, as the elect of God, holy and beloved, bowels of mercies, kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness, long suffering; forbearing one another, and forgiving one another, if any man have a quarrel against any; even as Christ forgave you, so also do ye.”—Col. 3. 12, 13.