

CHILDREN AND FORBID THEM NOT TO COME

PEACE ON EARTH GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN

SUPPER · LITTLE

CANADA

SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

UNT · O · M · E

VOLUME XI.—NUMBER 15.

MAY 12, 1866.

WHOLE NUMBER 255.

For the S. S. Advocate.

THE BLIND PIPER.

THIS man's name is Davie. He lives in Scotland, and gets his living by wandering from haulet to hall and from village to village playing the bagpipes. The girl upon whose shoulder he leans is his grandchild. Her name is Alice. She is guiding him over the bridge of Corrie, and he is telling her how he came to be blind.

It was a sad story. Would you like to hear it?

When old Davie was young he learned to love "the drink that's in the drunkard's bowl." Having a fine voice, and was sung well, and was popular with the young and the gay. They loved to listen to his songs and music at their merry-makings. They rewarded his skill with bursts of applause and drinks of whisky. Thus Davie became a confirmed lover of whisky and a drunkard.

One very dark and stormy night, as he was going home staggering with the effects of whisky, he fell off the bridge of Corrie into the mad waters which rushed, and rolled, and tumbled over the rocks below. Through the mercy of the good God a stunted tree caught his plaid, and he hung by it between the rocks above and the waters beneath all night. In the morning his cries drew



some one to his aid and he was saved.

That was an awful night for Davie. Death, like a horrid demon, stared him in the face. The rain wet him through. The waters roared. His danger soon made him sober. His sins flitted about him like a crowd of fiends. He trembled like a poor dying sinner at the door of hell. He cried to God for mercy. He vowed, if spared, never to touch strong drink again. O how slowly the long dark hours passed! But they did pass, and Davie was saved—snatched from the very jaws of death!

Yes, Davie was saved, soul and body. He became a Christian and a teetotaler. Strong drink never passed Davie's lips again. From that time he was the servant of Christ.

But Davie is carrying the marks of that awful night with him to the grave. The cold he took settled in his eyes. For many years they were weak and sore. Gradually he lost his sight, and being unable to work, was forced to take his pipes and wander over the country begging his bread, with his bonnie grandchild, ALICE, for a guide.

Poor Davie paid a big price for the pleasure of drinking whisky, didn't he? His poor grandchild had to bear part of his punishment too,