

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 ink stain 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 was 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 and again: "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.

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