

A SLAVE TO DRINK.

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1. He stood within the crowded hall, He heard the speak-er say:
 2. The years turned backward in their flight, And now be-fore his gaze
 3. He saw where he had dwelt a-while With wife and chil-dren dear,
 4. He heard the call, but all too late, The ev-er length'n'g chain

There yet is hope and joy for all Who turn from sin a-way.
 Stood his own moth-er fair and bright, His joy in form-er days;
 He saw them greet him with a smile, And slow-ly dis-ap-pear.
 That bound his soul in dark-est hate, Went round him once a-gain.

Is there a soul by sin enslaved? Fell soft-ly on his ear,
 That voice seemed like an oc-cu-so soft, A-way back in the past—
 Thro' years of grief, which now had flown, They linger'd on the brink,
 Out on the wild and bar-ren sands Heaped up by waves of sin,
 CHO.—The mighty millions cry "How long, O Lord, wilt thou de-lay?"

"Come un-to Me and be ye saved," The gracious day is near.
 The voice of moth-er pleading oft, Till she went home at last.
 And then, with all their hopes, went down, Killed thro' the de-mon drink.
 With-out a hope, a-lone he stands, The slave of rum and gin.
 The blood of millions in that throng, Cries from the ground to-day.