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The Aged Pilgrim.

“Well, Mrs. B., how are you getting along?”

Mrs. B. Why, not very well. Things are not as they used to be—every thing seems changed—almost all the people that used to know are gone—I don’t know what there is left for me—I hardly know what I want to live for.

Mr. A. We live in a changing world, certainly.

Mrs. B. I feel it to be so for one. When I was young I could see that there were changes going on, but I seemed to be going on with them, and I didn’t mind it much; but now it seems as if every thing had left me, as if there wasn’t a place for me; every thing is so changed.

Mr. A. The Lord hasn’t changed—has

Mrs. B. Oh no; and I ought not to think as I did. No. The Lord is the same every day, to-day, and forever. If He

were to change, I don’t know what we should do.

Mr. A. The Bible isn’t very different from what it was when you were young—is it?

Mrs. B. That’s another thing, which hasn’t changed. I don’t know though; sometimes I think it has changed since I first began to study it, forty years ago.

Mr. A. How so?

Mrs. B. It seems as though there was a great deal more in it than there was then.

Mr. A. On what subjects?

Mrs. B. Why, on almost all subjects, but especially, about God and Christ: and it seems as though there are more promises in it than there used to be, and more in them.

Mr. A. You gain then, more by the change in this, than you lose in the changes that occur in other things.

Mrs. B. Yes. If I could have all the things I used to have, and yet know no