

hands. He made few enemies, troops of friends. He held very firmly the distinctive principles of his own body, but was "a lover of good men" of every name. His memory will be cherished with a fonder affection and by larger numbers, than that of many a man who has made a greater show in the flesh. "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted."

There are left to mourn his loss, his beloved and devoted wife of nearly fifty years, eight children of nine born to them, five children-in-law, and thirty two grandchildren. A majority of this large family circle were present at his burial.

We trust that the interesting cause at Cold Springs, where there is a good congregation, and many have been recently added to the Church, will soon be supplied with a faithful ministry.

Poetry.

DEVOUT OLD AGE.

By the late Rev. R. A. VAUGHAN, son of Rev. ROBERT VAUGHAN, D.D.

"The hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness."

The Year, well nigh the ending of his way,
 How cheerlessly he goes,
 His path o'er-arched by many a withered spray;
 Not one soft breeze of perished summer blows;
 But storms have come and ta'en away his flowers,
 And made the skeletons of trees his bowers,
 While frosts with piercing breath
 Untwine his drooping wreath,
 And winds, shrill-crying, call him to his death.
 Of every sound and sigh he loved bereft,
 Nought but to die is left;—
 All shivering through December's gate he goes,
 For there he must his wrinkled eyelids close
 Upon a bed of snows.
 But aged Christian! thou,
 Although the hoary-waving winter crown
 O'er hangs thy brow,
 Shalt not lie down,
 Like that spent year, hopeless and desolate.
 Thy summer still is thine,
 For those warm thoughts of heaven and things divine,
 Whose happy sunlight round thee could create
 Joy's flowerets even on life's rocky hill,
 Are with thee still.
 Age from thy chaplet only plucks away
 The flowers too earthly and too gay,
 And leaves a snow-drop wreath of purest white,
 Betokening that, life's winter nearly fled,
 The spring of heaven's delight
 With smiling calm and bright e'er long will bless thy head.
 Youth many a season more
 May have to wait outside the heavenly door,
 But when the guardians of that entrance see,
 Upon thy forehead set,
 This mark of higher rank—thy silver coronet,
 At once they'll ope to thee
 Their sweetly-turning gates of harmony,
 And then thy brows shall wear a crown
 More glorious yet.