

OLD HUMPHREY ON TIME.

"And Pharaoh said unto Jacob, How old art thou? Gen. xivii. 8.

When I was a young lad, my father one day called me to him, that he might teach me how to know what o'clock it was. He told me the use of the minute finger, and the hour hand, and described to me the figures on the dial-plate, until I was pretty perfect in my part.

No sooner was I quite master of this additional knowledge than I set off scampering to join my companions at a game of ring-taw; but my father called me back again:—"Stop, Humphrey," said he, "I have something else to say to you."

Back again I went, wondering what else I had got to learn, for I thought that I knew all about the clock, quite as well as my father did.

"Humphrey," said he, "I have taught you to know the time of the day, I must now teach you how to find out the time of your life."

All this was Dutch to me; so I waited rather impatiently to hear how my father would explain it, for I wanted sadly to go to my marbles.

"The Bible," said he, "describes the years of man to be three-score and ten or fourscore years. Now, life is very uncertain, and you may not live a single day longer; but if we divide the fourscore years of an old man's life into twelve parts, like the dial of the clock, it will allow almost seven years for every figure. When a boy is seven years old, then it is one o'clock of his life, and this is the case with you; when you arrive at fourteen years, it will be two o'clock with you; and when at twenty-one years, it will be three o'clock, should it please God thus to spare your life. In this manner you may always know the time of your life, and looking at the clock may perhaps remind you of it. My great grandfather, according to this calculation, died at twelve o'clock; my grandfather at eleven, and my father at ten. At what hour you and I shall die, Humphrey, is only known to Him to whom all things are known."

Never since then have I heard the inquiry, "What o'clock is it?" nor do I think that I have even looked at the face of a

clock, without being reminded of the words of my father.

I know not, my friends, what o'clock it may be with you, but I know very well what time it is with myself; and that if I mean to do anything in this world which, hitherto, I have neglected, it is high time to set about it. The words of my father have given a solemnity to the dial-plate of a clock, which it never would, perhaps, have possessed in my estimation if these words had not been spoken. Look about you, my friends, I earnestly entreat you, and now and then ask yourselves what o'clock it is with you.—*Weekly Visitor*

GROWTH IN GRACE.

True grace is a growing principle. The Christian grows in *discernment*: a child may play with a serpent, but a man gets as far out from it as he can; a child may taste poison, but a man will not suffer a speck of poison near him. He grows in *humility*: the blade shoots up boldly, and the young ear keeps erect with confidence; but the full corn in the ear inclines itself towards the earth, not because it is feeble, but because it is matured. He grows in *strength*: the new wine ferments and frets, but the old wine acquires a body and firmness.

Hour of Health—When you say, "Prepare for eternity," to the healthful man, he may say, "My pulse beats strong, my constitution is in good order, and there is no complaint which afflicts me. Go to the sick-man and tell him to get ready—tell him to prepare." "Yes, but I must tell you too. Remember Job's sons and daughters were all taken off before him, and, we have reason to believe, when in perfect health. How many, in full bloom, have been called from our neighbourhood—the high and the low—and been removed to another world!"

Touching Rebuke—The celebrated La Motte, who had lost his eyesight, being one day in a crowd, accidentally trod upon the foot of a young man, who instantly struck him a blow in the face. "Sir," said La Motte, "you will be very sorry to what you have done, when I tell you that I am blind."