

attractive poise indicative of mental culture, a dignified bearing, a kindly expression, and a soft eye with depths of intellect.

In the face of no eminent living person of extreme age are these traits of beauty better exemplified than in that of the revered potentate of the Catholic world—Leo. XIII., Pope of Rome.

Speaking generally, there should be nothing to distinguish old age in a very marked manner from the rest of the adult existence except its garnered experience and beauty. We have a poor opinion of the advice that would have us live each moment as the last. Have your house in order in case of the night-coming guest, but lay out your plans for a long lifetime. Do not associate decrepitude with any particular age for this is a foe to longevity. Calculate to die in the harness. Izaak Walton did good work after he was eighty-five.

Christopher Wren kept on with architecture until he was eighty-six. Cato learned the Greek language at eighty. Fontenelle wrote vigorously at ninety-nine. Monaldesco penned the history of his times at 115.

The accomplishments of these men not only demonstrate the possibilities of later life but teach us how vicious is the cry for young blood. It is putting a premium on babyhood. Experience is ever more valuable than gush.

It is the habit of some old people to say, "the former times were better than these." This is because they live in the past and do not keep in touch with the actors of the hour. Such are sure to age quickly. They have need of Gladstone's recipe for never growing old. It was to "search out some topic in nature or life in which you have never hitherto been interested and experience its fascinations."

Till the very end, Phillips Brooks grew by leaps and bounds because he never lost the enthusiasm for newness in life and teaching. At fifty-seven he said, "Life seems a feast in which God keeps the best wine until the last."

There is no reason why old age should be, "remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow," if the preparation for this period has been that of a loyal life. What I mean is illustrated by the most perfect repartee which ever fell from the lips of that master-wit, Alexandre Dumas, when in answer to the question, "How do you grow old so gracefully?" he replied, "Madam, *I give all my time to it.*"

In Montford's Euthanasia, he describes a ship coming into its moorings. I take it that he means a good life as it approaches three-score years and ten. Such a life is more sublime than the setting of the sun.

This is the picture:

"A ship is a fine object, when it comes up into port with all its sails set, and quite safely after a long voyage. Many thousand miles it has come, with the sun for its guidance, and the sea for its path, and the winds for its speed. What might have been its grave, a thousand fathoms deep, has yielded it a ready way; and winds that might have been its wreck have been its service. It has come from another meridian than ours; it has come through day and night; it has come by reefs and banks that have been avoided, and passed rocks that have been watched for. Not a plank has started, nor one timber proved rotten. And now it comes like an answer to the prayers of many hearts: a delight to its owner, a joy to the sailor's family, and a pleasure to all ashore that see it. It has steered over the ocean and has been piloted through dangers and now it is safe."