



**A HUNDRED AND NINE YEARS OLD.**

**T**HE Rev. Thomas Levi sends the following particulars respecting an aged Welshwoman, which will be read with interest. He says:—

“Margaret Morris was born, and has spent all her life in the neighbourhood of Aberystwith, Cardiganshire. She was never married. The cut is an excellent likeness. She was born in the year 1776, and though near one hundred and nine years of age at the time of my visit, she can hear well, talk and converse with ease, and until a few months ago was reading the ‘Silent Comforter’ with very great pleasure.

“She dresses herself tidily, as shown in the likeness, smiles and laughs heartily, and it is a sight to see so many teeth a hundred years old, able even yet to do the work of ‘grinders.’ She remembers well hearing Daniel Rowlands, Llangetho, the great revival preacher of Wales, preaching at the first Tabernacle at Aberystwith, and most of the old eminent preachers of the Principality. She went over the story of her conversion, which took place some eighty-five years ago.

“A preacher came to the farm-house, where she was a servant, to preach. She took two measures of potatoes to the town to be exchanged for white bread, black tea, and brown sugar, to entertain the preacher, who was to stay there over-night.

“It was a memorable meeting, the commencement of a general revival through the whole neighbourhood. And among others Margaret Morris was wounded, and there was no healing without going to the ‘Fountain filled with blood.’

“She repeated to me two long chapters in the Book of Job, and when she came to the last verses in the twenty-third chapter, her feelings overpowered her, and she broke into a stream of tears. These were the

verses that had been the means of her conversion scores of years ago. And ever since, she cannot go over these verses with dry eyes. In bidding her good-bye she held my hand in hers with as tight a grasp as if she had the strength and affection of a youth, and repeated several striking verses of God’s Word before letting me go.

“Margaret Morris passed peacefully away January 16, 1885, in her 109th year. She lived over forty years under the reign of George the Third. She was fourteen years of age when Rowlands, Llangetho, and Williams, Pauhycelyn, died.”

**THE SABBATH.**

**T**HE world is full of toil ;  
It bids the tra<sup>ff</sup>ler roam,  
It binds the labourer to the soil—

The student to his home.  
The beasts of burden sigh,  
O’erloaded and opprest—  
The Sabbath lifts its banner high,  
And gives the weary rest.

The world is full of care ;  
The haggard brow is wrought  
In furrows as of fixed despair,  
And checked the heavenward thought ;  
But with indignant grace,  
The Sabbath’s chastening tone  
Drives money-changers from the place  
Which God doth call His own.

The world is full of grief ;  
Sorrows o’er sorrows roll,  
And the far hope that brings relief  
Doth sometimes pierce the soul.  
The Sabbath’s peaceful bound  
Bears Mercy’s holy seal—  
A balm of Gilead for the wound  
That man is weak to heal.

The world is full of sin ;  
A dangerous flood it rolls,  
The unwary to its breast to win,  
And whelm unstable souls.  
The Sabbath’s beacon tells  
Of reefs and wrecks below,  
And warns, though gay the billows swell,  
Beneath are death and woe.

There is a world where none  
With fruitless labour sigh !  
Where care awakes no lingering groan,  
And grief no agony :  
Where Sin, with fatal arts,  
Hath never forged her chains,  
But deep enthroned in angel hearts  
One endless Sabbath reigns.

*Mrs. L. H. S’journey.*

**Reproof of a Friend.**—Considering how many difficulties a friend has to surmount before he can bring himself to reprove me, I ought to be very much obliged to him.