

surrounding them, their state is truly a sad one. Truly, no mission in life can be higher or holier than that of ministering to the aged. Then let every one, as children, as relatives, as friends, as those belonging to the great brotherhood in Christ, "Rise up before the hoary head, and honour the face of the old man, and fear their God." Let us "Rebuke not an elder, but entreat him as a father; the elder women as mothers." In Turkey, it is said "old men take precedence. In all positions, family, church and state, law and gospel, the white heads are to be found in the front rank." Shall we, who profess to act according to the laws of heaven and the will of God, be found behind them in practising this duty? God's command is "HONOUR thy father and thy mother that *thy days* may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." Dare we withhold this honour in their declining years, or ourselves wish for a long life destitute of honourable regard; many incidents are met with among the aged which show their frequent longing for a rest, which this world can never give. An aged Christian lady once wrote from America to a friend in Scotland, saying:—"How I long to be at rest. I'm weary, faint, and worn; life's a dreary burden; all my early friends have left me; I'm standing almost on the threshold of eternity; and, if it were not for the fear I might at last prove a castaway, my prayer would be, *O Father, bid me rest!*"

The letter, says the *Presbyterian*, was duly received, and read to Dr. Guthrie, who was on a visit to the family at that time. The next morning he gave them the following lines, which he said the letter had suggested to his mind during the night. They were sent to America to the old lady, and highly prized by her during her life. The prayer was soon afterward answered, and her weary body is resting, "life's duty done," in the Presbyterian church-yard of Wicomico, Md.; and Dr. Guthrie, with the tears of a nation following him, hath entered the golden portals and though strangers on earth, they have now met in their eternal home, "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."—

LINES BY DR. GUTHRIE.

I'm kneeling at the threshold, weary, faint and sore,
Waiting for the dawning, for the opening of the door,
Waiting till the Master shall bid me rise and come
To the glory of His presence, to the gladness of his home.

A weary path I've travelled, 'mid darkness, storm and strife,
Bearing many a burden, struggling for my life;
But now the morn is breaking, my toil will soon be o'er—
I'm kneeling at the threshold, my hand is on the door.

Methinks I hear the voices of the blessed as they stand,
Lingering in the sunshine of the far-off, sinless land!
Oh! would that I were with them, amidst the shining throng,
Mingling in their worship, joining in their song!

The friends that started with me have entered long ago—
One by one they left me, struggling with the foe,
Their pilgrimage was shorter, their triumph sooner won;
How lovingly they'll hail me when all my toil is done!

With them the blessed angels that know no grief nor sin—
I see them by the portals, prepared to let me in!
O Lord, I wait thy pleasure—Thy time and way are best—
But I'm wasted, worn, and weary, O Father, bid me rest!