

the tooth of Time; an old church, moss-clad and ivy-covered; but of all attractive pictures that Old Time can draw, nothing is more beautiful than the silver locks and radiant features of a godly and joyous old age. See this grand old saint, seated in "the old arm-chair," looking placidly back upon the line of trodden years, looking hopefully forward across the borders of the Beulah land, while the light of heaven gilds his hoary hair. "The beauty," says Solomon, "of old men is the grey head." That is a glorious picture which John Bunyan paints, of the last stage of the Christian pilgrimage—the land of Beulah, a land of glorious beauty, a place of broad rivers and streams, spanned with heaven's undimmed blue, swept by breezes from the hills of God, which bear on their fragrant wing the echoes of the heavenly chimes, the foretaste of immortal joys. The Methodist societies have ever been rich in a wealth of such experiences. A careful perusal of the obituaries in the Methodist and Arminian Magazines is quite sufficient evidence of the power of godliness over pain, weakness and death to thrill the heart of the despiser, and strike the sceptic dumb.

At length, it became evident that Old Adam Olliver's hours were numbered. As he felt his end approaching, he sent for friend and neighbour, and bade them, one by one, a loving good-bye, mingling ever a blessing with his parting words. His sons and daughters and his grandchildren gathered round his bed, and, like Jacob, he blessed them all by name.

When Nathan Blyth came to take a last farewell, the old man said, with a smile, as he noted Nathan's tears,—

"Nay, nay, aud friend! That'll nivver deea. You owt to be Blithe Natty noo, if ivver yo' wer' i' yer life. Ah's Blithe Adam, hooiver. It's all sunshine, Natty,—

'Nut a clood doth arise,
Te darken mi' skies,

Or te hide for a moment my Loid fre' mi' eyes.'