

HOW OLD ARE YOU ?

"How old are you?" said a woman to an aged man, who was standing by a shop door leaning upon two sticks. As I was going by at the time, I lingered a little to hear the old man's reply. "I shall be fourscore," said he, "if I live till next Easter."

There seemed to be nothing remarkable in the question, "How old are you?" and yet I could not help thinking of it as I walked on. Many a word dropped by the wayside has been picked up and pondered on with advantage in an after hour: let me then, reader, ask you, "How old are you?"

Are you ten? Because if you are, you have ten thousand sins to repent of, and ten thousand mercies to be grateful for. What a thought! Did you ever think of it before? If not, it is worth your while to think of it now, and very seriously too, bearing in mind that youth is the time to serve the Lord; that a good beginning bids fair to be followed by a good ending; that "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return," and that "We shall all stand before the judgment-seat of Christ."

Are you twenty or thirty? If so, you have still more sins to forsake, and more mercies thankfully to acknowledge. You are in the meridian of your day, the prime of your life. If you have allowed your youth to pass unimproved, run no further risk, try to make amends for the past. Up and be doing; call upon the name of the Lord. Though you forget a thousand things, never forget that "It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment."

Are you forty or fifty? If this be the case, there is no time to lose. You must look about you, lest the shadows of night overtake you. What have you done for the glory of God? What are you doing? What do you intend to do? More than half your life is gone by, even though your days should be long in the land. If you have not yet made up your mind to forsake sin, and to cling to the cross of the Redeemer, think of the following passage: "The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

Are you sixty or seventy? Do you answer, Yes? Then I hope that while your feet are on the earth, your eyes and your heart are fixed upon heaven. Is it necessary to remind you that your days are drawing to a close, that your life is as a spider's web? "The days of our years are threescore years and ten: and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labour and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away." Death is at the very door. Flee from the wrath to come, and ponder on the passage, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

But if to the question, "How old are you?" you can give the same reply as the old man did, "I shall be fourscore if I live till next Easter," you are quite beside yourself if you are not daily looking forward to eternity. Not only with your mouth, but with your heart you should say, "There is but a step between me and death." If you have not long ago fled for refuge to the cross, and obtained mercy from the Saviour of sinners, go now, even at the eleventh hour; think of the innumerable, the heaped-up transgressions of your youth, your manhood, and old age! Lose not a day, an hour, a moment, in applying to Him who "is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him."



GOLDEN TEXTS.

A Day of Reckoning.—Men may cheer themselves in the morning, and they may pass on tolerably well, perhaps, without God at noon; but the cool of the

day is coming, when God will come down to talk with them.

Get Understanding.—There is no knowledge to be compared with the knowledge of God; no knowledge of God comparable to the knowledge of God as reconciled in Christ; no knowledge of Christ to be compared with the knowledge of His love; nor any knowledge of His love to be compared with that knowledge of it which subdues our hearts to His obedience, transforms our souls into His likeness, and raises up the soul to aspire after His enjoyment. Thus it is that "we joy in God, through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom we have now received the atonement."