

"Oh, Maister Fuller," said he one day, "I hev a peeace 'at's aboot perfect. Ah've been thinkin' o' that text where the Lord says if His people wad nobbut hae hearkened tiv His commandments, their peeace sud hae floa'd like a river. Why, when fost ah gav' me 'art te God, me peeace floa'd wiv a rush for a while, an' then gat inte t' shallo's. Then it met fost a temptation, an' then a trubble, an' then a bit o' neglect o' prayer, an' t' streeam was owt bud eather smooth or full; it went like a shallo' beck, wiv a lot o' steeanes, an' twists, an' bendin's in it, cheeafin', an' splutterin', an' bickerin'; frothin' up ageean this corner, an' bubblin' ower that, bud noo that it gets nigh te t' sea, it gans deeper an' stiddier, an' floas sae smooth 'at ah can scaycely tell it's movin' at all. That's just hoo ah feel te-day. Ah's near t' sea; t' aushun ov infanite luv an' glory oppens oot afoore ma', and ah's slitherin' on an' slippin' away, still, an' quiet, an' 'appy; an' ah sall seean gan inte t' sea." Here the old man waved his arms as "one who spreadeth forth his hands to swim." "Oh, what a sea! t' luv o' Jesus, all on it. Prayse the Lord, ah've knoan summut aboot it; ah've drunken it, an' ah've dipped in it, an' it's shed abroad i' me 'art. Bud ah's gannin te swim iv it, an' te knoa Him as ah is knoan. T' Revelation talks aboot a sea o' glass mingled wi' fire. What it meean ah deean't knoa, bud ah think it meean perfect peeace glowin' wi' t' glory o' perfect luv. Halleluia! ah sall—

"Plunge inte t' Godhead's deepest sea,
Lest i' luv's immensaty."

Is there anything on earth more beautiful than a scene like this? The hoary head is indeed a crown of glory if it be found in the way of righteousness. Age invests many things with a certain attractiveness. An aged oak for instance, gnarled, widespreading, stalwart and stately; an ancient castle, weather-worn, storm-swept and furrowed with