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**Old Simon's Advice.**

"Listen to me," said old Simon, as he looked around on his younger friends, "for I have furrows in my brow and grey hairs on my head. If I have lived longer in the world than you have, and had more experience, then I ought to know more than you; and if I know more, you may listen to me with advantage."

"I know the up-hill of life, without knowing the down-hill; but I know them both. While we are going up-hill, that is, while we are young, there is always some bubble or other floating before us in the air, very bright and of very beautiful colors. We see friends around us, and we never dream of losing them. Hope promises us everything that our hearts desire, and we doubt not the truth of the promise; we see time, in the distance, coming towards us, bearing treasures on his wide-

spread wings. We are to grow taller and stronger, and richer and wiser; so that, however happy we may be, we think that by-and-by we shall be much happier. Thus it is with us in the up-hill of life, when health sparkles in our eyes, and joy animates our hearts.

"When, however, we come to the down-hill of life, leaving youth and vigour behind us, things are very different. The bright and beautiful bubbles are burst, most of our friends are gone, and not one in ten of the promises made by Hope has been fulfilled. Time, that was to bring us so many treasures, took something away for what he brought us. True, we did for a season grow taller and stronger, and we ought to have grown much wiser; but what has become of the sparkling eye, the rosy cheek, the nimble foot, and the ardent heart? We used to run, now we can only creep; we used to