



us, more or less, it has been the same; the way of life, like the country road, has its ups and downs. But it is a good life after all, if we have the Saviour to walk with us, and surely He knows the painful way full well, for the print of His feet are upon all its thorny and rugged paths.

Yes, we are all of us growing old. To some who read these words the journey is almost over; to others, too, who hardly think it, the end may not be far off. So we want to attract your thoughts away from those useless regrets over the grey hairs and furrows to the gracious Lord, who, at the end of the weary walking, waits to receive us home. For if you are the Lord's, depend upon it every step onward, every year that swiftly flies, brings you only nearer to your rest above.

Returning one night from a long walk in the country, we saw in the distant sky a glow of light, the reflection of the city to which our steps tended. That light was over our home, where our loved ones waited for our return, and perhaps were at that moment looking out upon the dark night to see if we were coming. This thought quickened our steps, and we rejoiced as every milestone was passed which showed that we were nearer home.

So, dear friend, with the grey hairs on your brow, look up; the city is not far off whose foundations

are of God, the many mansions prepared by the Lord for those that love Him. And it may be, most likely it is the case, that some whom you have loved and lost are there before you, waiting for your coming, so that you may be welcomed home. Is not this a cause of joyous hope? quite willing, of course, to bide His time; but when He shall speak the word, prepared, like Samuel of old, to arise, saying with glad expectation, "Speak, Lord, Thy servant heareth."

And as to those lines of care upon your forehead. He knows all about it, for "He was a Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." A good Christian man was talking to us the other day, he had called to tell us of his wife's sudden death the day before, and with sobs stifling his speech he tried to say, "Thy will be done." When he broke down at last in crying, he said, "The Lord knew what it was to shed tears, so He won't mind my weeping." No; all our cares and all our tears are surely known to Him who said so tenderly, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Have these troubles of yours shortened the journey a bit? Well, never mind, they have brought the rest nearer, and after such toil the home of peace will be all the sweeter.

How often in a country walk have we climbed a high hill, from the top of which we have been able to look back upon the way we have come. In glancing over our past years, is it not true that although we have been so wayward, still "goodness and mercy have followed us all the days of our life, and we shall dwell in the house of the Lord for ever?"

That is the best of it; but, of course, God always has the best for us. What if we are getting old, if the brightness of our eye is fading, our steps are feebler, and our hair is grey? Even now our hands are perhaps on the latch of the door which shall lead us to dwell in the house of the Lord for ever. We hear of other people dying, and we speak with pity about them, although if they lived the life of Jesus, they have died the death of the righteous, and are safe at home. But our turn will come sooner or later—are we ready for it? Some people do not like to insure their lives because it reminds them in an unwelcome manner of death; others neglect to make their wills for a like reason; but, however foolish this may be, it is far worse to put off preparing for eternity!

One night Mr. Moody preached in his large building at Chicago to a crowd of eager listeners, and at the close he told them to take the text home and pray about it. But as the people left the building the fire bells were ringing, and that night Chicago in great part was burnt to the ground. Many of his hearers perished then, and had little opportunity of thinking over his words.

Death is near, and the grave awaits us all; but Christ who conquered the one, and broke the bars of the other, is ready to receive us into glory. Trusting in His merits, we need no longer fear to grow old, because in His own good time He will bring our storm-tossed barks safely to their desired haven. *Jesus Page.*