

"HOW LONG WILL IT DO TO
WAIT?"

Dr. Nettleton had come, from the evening service in some country town, to his home, for the night. The good lady of the house, rather an elderly person, after bustling about to provide her guest with refreshment, said, directly before her daughter, who was in the room:

"Dr. Nettleton, I do wish you would talk to Caroline; she don't care nothing about going to meeting, nor about the salvation of her soul. I've talked and talked, and got our minister to talk, but it don't seem to do good. I wish you would talk to her, Dr. Nettleton."

Saying which, she soon went out of the room.

Dr. Nettleton continued quietly taking his repast, when he turned to the young girl, and said:

"Now, just tell me, Miss Caroline, don't they bother you amazingly about this thing?"

She, taken by surprise at an address so unexpected, answered at once:

"Yes, sir, they do; they keep talking to me all the time, till I'm sick of it."

"So I thought," said Dr. N. "Let's see; how old are you?"

"Eighteen, sir."

"Good health?"

"Yes, sir."

"The fact is," said Dr. N., "religion is a good thing in itself; but the idea of all the time troubling a young creature like you with it, and you're in good health, you say. Religion is a good thing. It will hardly do to die without it. I wonder how long it would do for you to wait?"

"That's just what I've been thinking myself," said Caroline.

"Well," said Dr. N., "suppose you say till you are fifty! No, that won't do; I attended the funeral of a lady fifteen years younger than that. Thirty. How will that do?"

"I'm not sure it would do to wait quite so long," said Caroline.

"No, I do not think so either; something might happen. Say, now, twenty-five? or even twenty, if we could be sure you would live quite so long. A year from now; how would that do?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Neither do I. The fact is, my dear young lady, the more I think of it, and of how many young people as well, appar-

ently, as you are, do die suddenly, I am afraid to have you put it off a moment longer. Besides, the Bible says, *now* is the accepted time. We must take the time. What shall we do? Had we not better kneel down here, and ask God for mercy, through his Son, Jesus Christ?"

The young lady, perfectly overcome by her feelings, kneeled on the spot. In a day or two, she, by grace, came out rejoicing in hope, finding she had far from lost all enjoyment in this life.

GROWING OLD.

The year in it's whole progress is beautiful. We love the first glimpses of green under the hedges, the song of the returning birds, the early flushes of color on the trees as they are getting ready to fling all their leafy banners to the winds. But we love also the haze of the Indian summer, the yellow of the golden-red, and the October woods all aflame with glory. And we know that even winter, when the gales rattle the bare and frozen branches, is hiding beneath the pallor of its death the promise of another glorious spring. The early flush of the dawn is tenderly beautiful with dew and waking birds—the infancy of day. But what is there in all the round of nature's wonders to surpass such suns as we have seen? And after the sun had gone down, and the last bit of color had faded away, then, one by one, the stars have come out, and have made night so beautiful that we have fallen in love with the shadow.

So naturally and so beautifully, through all its advancing phases, ought our lives to run. Sunny childhood, an old age as sweet and lovely—so should the one be matched by the other. An old age under whose snow lies the promise of spring! An old age through whose slow gathering shadows and above whose fading glories are peeping out the stars! So will it be when we have learned *how to grow old*.—*M. J. Savage.*

We are very apt when young to think of duty as an irksome yoke that necessarily must chafe when worn; but see what Henri Frederick Amiel says: "Never to tire; never to grow old; to be patient, sympathetic and tender; to look for the budding flower and the opening heart; to hope always; to love always—this is duty."