

# POOR, OLD, AND HAPPY.

A TRACT FOR THE AGED.



IT was a great pleasure at all times to enter the humble cottage of Widow White and have a quiet chat with her about the love of Christ, and God's never-failing care over her. These were the subjects on which she talked more readily than on any

others. She was over eighty years of age; and more than sixty of these years had been spent in the service of the loving Saviour who had redeemed her with his most precious blood, and who, by the grace and power of the Holy Spirit, had, day by day, been preparing her for the joys and purity of the saints in light. Her eyes were now dim with age, and though, from long habit, her well-used Bible was always open on the table before her, she could hardly read a word. Yet so well had she read it in her younger days, and before her sight began to fail, that she knew every part of it; and its precepts and promises gave her an ever fresh delight.

Her wants were very few, and these were so tenderly made the care of others that she never wanted. With pale face looking upwards, and with the thin hands of extreme old age clasped together on her lap, she would say, as the daily bread came in, "The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not

want.”<sup>1</sup> “Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life.”<sup>2</sup> “Trust in the Lord and do good, and verily thou shalt be fed.”<sup>3</sup> “Great peace have they who love Thy law;” “I *do* love it, it is my meditation day and night.”<sup>4</sup>

These words told the simple truth as to the habit of her life. When the young and middle-aged called to see her, and had much to tell her about the world outside, which, through weakness, she had not seen for some years, she grew restless, and was very glad when they began to talk of the things most dear to her, and which gave her perfect peace. On the love of Christ, on the power of His death to atone for the sins of the most vile, on the willing, loving help of His Spirit to change the heart, on the preciousness of the promises, and on the bliss of the saved in heaven, she would talk for any length of time without weariness,

<sup>1</sup> Ps. xxiii. 1.

<sup>2</sup> Ps. xxiii. 6.

<sup>3</sup> Ps. xxxvii. 3.

<sup>4</sup> Ps. cxix. 165, 97.

and with something lighting up her face which told you what she must have been when younger. Her quiet little room, and her faith, patience, and peace, were a daily sermon to all who knew her.

She was eighty-six years of age when the message came, "The Master is come, and calleth for thee." She met it with a thankful smile. She had no fear, for she felt that she was going *home*, to be for ever with those dear to her who had "gone before;" but, best of all, to be for ever with the Lord. She went over and over again to herself the precious promises which had given her such joy in life, and which now were her strength and comfort in death. She even tried to sing two or three verses of a hymn which had been a great favourite with her; then "the silver cord was loosed," and without a struggle she entered upon her eternal rest.

These lines may be read by some aged

person to whom old age is not so peaceful as it was to Widow White, although the possessor of like precious faith. If so, why not? "Why," such an one may say, "she wanted nothing, and I want many things. She had many friends, and I have very few. She had no pain, but to me life is one weary pain, from morning till night and from night till morning. When I try to think and pray, I am hindered by my sufferings; and with little sleep by night, and less comfort by day, my life is so hard that I often sigh to be away and at rest.

It may be so, and every true Christian will deeply sympathise with your lonely lot. But have you forgotten by whose loving will all this takes place? Is He not too wise to err, and too good to be unkind? Will He put a heavier burden upon you than you are able to bear? Will He not enable you to bear it if you ask His help?

He will indeed. He will say, "My grace

is sufficient for thee." He will direct your thoughts to His well-beloved Son, who went through grief and shame, hunger and thirst, and spent so many sleepless nights and toilsome days without a murmur, who died a bitter death, and all that you might be forgiven and made for ever happy.

Think of Him and of His sorrows, and all for your sake; how He did not spare or save Himself that He might save you; and if you have really believed in Him, the very thought of His great love towards you will hush your repining, and lead you to be thankful for what has fallen to your lot, rather than to be fretful, because to you it does not seem so happy as that of others whom you know.

*If you have believed in Him!* That is the chief question; for if you have not, we can readily see how old age must be a dark and sad time to you. All the joys and occupations of early life have fled; the friends who once stood by your side have gone too,

and, but for the bounty of others, perhaps you would be in want. Old age has nothing bright in it, nothing hopeful in it for those who find themselves entering the valley of the shadow of death, and have no Saviour's arm on which to lean, and no hope of heaven.

And yet, while you live, aged though you may be, you may, by the Holy Spirit's help, still ask pardon, for the Saviour's sake, for the sins of a long, long past; and the promise may, even yet, be fulfilled, as it would have been years and years ago if you had put it to the test, "Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out." For the Lord Jesus "is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them."<sup>1</sup> "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from *all* sin."<sup>2</sup>

Trust these promises, weak, and old, and careworn, though you may be; so that, to

<sup>1</sup> Heb. vii. 25.

<sup>2</sup> 1 John i. 7.

your great comfort, you may find them true to the letter. If you are not a believer in Jesus, if you do not feel that your sins have been forgiven for the sake of what He suffered on the cross, do not lay this tract aside until you have earnestly asked for mercy. That mercy, thanks to the riches of His grace, has never been denied to any one who penitently and sincerely sought it, simply relying upon the merits of Jesus. It has never been denied, even to the chief of sinners, and will not be denied to you if you thus seek it.

“The dying thief rejoiced to see  
That fountain in his day;  
And there may I, though vile as he,  
Wash all my sins away.”

It is the fountain of the Saviour's blood to which this beautiful verse refers; and it is still open to you, and to all, who by repentance and faith desire to be washed from sin and guilt, and made clean.