

**THE HOME  
BEYOND; OR, A  
HAPPY OLD AGE**

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The Home Beyond; Or, a Happy Old Age by Ashton Oxenden

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THE HOME BEYOND;

OR,

A HAPPY OLD AGE.,

BY THE

RIGHT REV. ASHTON OXENDEN, D.D.,

BISHOP OF MONTREAL, AND METROPOLITAN OF CANADA.

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# THE HOME BEYOND.

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## CHAPTER I.

### LIFE'S JOURNEY.

WHAT is our life? It is a Journey, that is soon ended—a Tale, that is quickly told—a Day, whose hours roll by apace. It is a Vapour, which rises for a while, and then vanishes—a Flame, that burns for a moment or two, and then flickers in the socket, and presently goes out. Our little lifetime, oh, how short it is!

And what are your thoughts, my aged friend, about this journey of life? Once you looked upon it as a very different thing from what it appears to you now. Once it seemed to

you as if the days of your childhood would never pass away. You longed for manhood or womanhood; but it came very slowly. The early stages of your journey seemed almost endless. And if it had been possible, you would willingly have taken a spring, and jumped into middle life at a bound. But now you look back, and wonder how quickly your life has passed. It seems but yesterday you were a child. Old age has crept on, almost without your knowing it.

Truly the longest life is but a little while, when compared with eternity. It is but a tiny drop in the wide ocean; but as a grain of sand on the boundless shore—'so soon passeth it away, and we are gone.' And when we look forward, how soon shall we be in our graves! A few more days and we shall come to the end of our

span. Very soon 'the silver cord' will be 'loosed,' 'the golden bowl' will be 'broken,' 'the pitcher' will be fairly worn out, 'the wheel' will make its last turn; and then we shall 'go to our long home, and the mourners go about the streets.' (Eccles. xii. 5, 6.)

Now, I want you presently to open your Bible, and turn to the Ninetieth Psalm. Take it, and ponder it over in your heart; and I think you will find it very profitable sometimes *to use it as a prayer for yourself*. It is not certain who was the writer of that Psalm. But whoever wrote it must, I think, have been an old man; and he must have written it on purpose for those of his brethren who are going down the hill of life.

I once heard of an aged Christian, who used to be very fond of applying the Ninety-first Psalm to himself. He