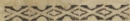


Review 75  
**Old Age.**



*Sold by Samuel Wood & Sons,*

**NEW-YORK.**

John E. ...



# OLD AGE.



*Dishonour not a man in his old  
age.* Eccl. viii. 6.

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**NEW-YORK :**  
PRINTED AND SOLD  
BY SAMUEL WOOD & SONS,  
at the Juvenile Book-store,  
No. 357, Pearl-street.

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1816.

A B C D E F G H I J  
K L M N O P Q  
R S T U V W  
X Y Z.

~~~~~  
a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o  
p q r s t u v w x y z.

~~~~~  
A E I O U Y — a e i o u y.

~~~~~  
b c d f g h j k l m n p q  
r s t v w x z.

~~~~~  
fi ff ffi ffl — fi fl ff ffi ffl.

~~~~~  
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0.



AS manhood passes on, many  
and various are the scenes that  
present.

As one day goes, another comes,  
And sometimes shews us dismal  
dooms :

As time rolls on, new things we  
see,

Which seldom with us do agree.  
Though now and then's a pleasant  
day,

'Tis long a coming, soon away.

Wherefore, the everlasting truth  
Is good for aged and for youth ;  
'Tis good to fix their minds upon,  
For that will last when time is  
gone.

Man's experience will  
teach him, that this world  
is not the place of his rest ;  
and that there is a better  
state, where pleasure, un-  
mixed with sorrow, will be  
the lot of all those whose  
days have been spent in  
obedience to the will of  
their heavenly Father.

After many toils and  
perils, with some mixture  
of pleasure, in summer's



heat and winter's cold, as year after year rolls rapidly away, which, in a state of manhood seem to move with quicker succession than in the days of youth; old age at last arrives.

## OLD AGE.

Who is this that comes tottering  
along!

His footsteps are feeble and slow ;  
His beard is grown curling and  
long,

And his head is turned white as  
the snow.

His dim eye is sunk in his head,  
And wrinkles deep furrow his  
brow :

Animation and vigour are fled,  
And yield to infirmity now.

Little stranger, his name is Old  
Age :

His journey will shortly be o'er ;  
He soon will leave life's busy stage,  
To be torn by affliction no more.

Little stranger, though healthy  
and strong,  
Thou now dost adversity brave,





Like him, thou must totter ere  
long,  
Like him thou must sink in the  
grave.

Those limbs that so actively play ;  
That face beaming pleasure and  
mirth,  
Like his, must drop into decay,  
And moulder away in the earth.

Then ere the dark season of night,  
When youth and its energies  
cease,

O ! follow with zeal and delight,  
Those paths that are pleasure  
and peace.

So triumph and hope shall be nigh,  
When failing and fainting thy  
breath ;  
Still light a bright spark in thy  
eye,  
As it closes forever in death.



As age advances, nature  
fails, step by step : the  
teeth decay ; the hair turns  
white, and falls off, leaving  
the head bald ; the eyes  
become dim ; and recourse  
is had to glasses, to aid the



failing sight; the visage changes; the once plump and ruddy cheek grows thin and pale; and the face is covered with wrinkles: the joints become stiff; the body bends downward, as it were, betokening its approach to the earth; the hands tremble;

and pains and sickness attend. How happy are they, who, at this period, when the world is forsaking them, or rather they leaving the world, find, on reflection, that, from a well spent life, through the mercy and assistance of kind Heaven, all is peace within; and that they can meet death, the king of terrors, with joy, and resign their souls to him that made them, and their bodies to the earth, in a blessed assurance of a happy eternity.

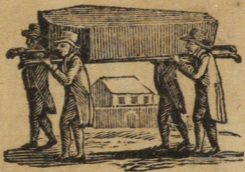


'The cuts in this little book, if viewed carefully, may lead to serious and profitable reflection.

In the first, in the title page, we see represented a child in a respectful manner presenting to an aged person a book, with a suitable text below, taken from the Apocrypha.

In the second is shewn the appearance of an aged man sitting, and his daughter standing before him, handing her babe to his arms ; which the grandfather receives with kind attention, and a smile, which reminds us of that portion of Scripture which says, " Children's children are the crown of old men, and the glory of children are their fathers."

In the third, we see the likeness of an old man, supported by his staff, travelling slowly on, with two



children viewing him, with suitable reflections, in very pretty verse, on his advanced years, and consequent infirmities, as he approaches his final dissolution.

The fourth gives a view of a very old man, supported by a staff in one hand, and a dutiful child bearing

up the other. How much more beautiful is such a sight, than to see naughty children making a mock of the aged or infirm; or even spending their time and strength in idle sport and play!

The fifth is the appearance of the sick in bed, with attendants. Sickness and death are often the lot of the youth as well as the aged: no age is exempt.

The sixth cut lets us see, in a winding sheet, on a table, the appearance of the body, when the soul



