

A WORD IN SEASON.

"Never," said the late Rev. Thomas Mortimer, "lose an opportunity of speaking to your fellow-creatures about their souls and the world to come. Once," he added, "I sat with a military officer for a considerable time, waiting to see a gentleman, and I said not a word to him about his soul. I lost that opportunity much to my regret. Never," he subjoined, "lose an opportunity."

The writer, who heard these remarks from the lips of Mr. Mortimer in one of his pithy sermons, now five-and-twenty years ago, well remembers the impression they produced on his mind, and their effect on his conduct in that particular. Oh, what a luxury is contact with other minds about eternal things! Often it establishes a bond of heartfelt brotherhood, and engenders a double spring of love between them.

In a Sunday-morning walk to look after the neglectors of public worship, an aged man of comely aspect, helping a large body along with a pair of crutches, was accosted with the following salutation:—"I hope you are going where you will have no need for crutches. There will be no lame legs in heaven."

With a dejected countenance and a touching utterance, he replied, "I'm not going there. I am too great a sinner to go to heaven."

"So am I," I replied; but Christ has died for sinners, and his blood cleanseth from all sin; and if you and I do not go to heaven, it is our own fault. 'Him that cometh to Me,' the Saviour said, 'I will in no wise cast out.'"

The burden of sin lay heavy on my aged neighbour's mind, and well nigh excluded the hope of eternal life.

"I am too great a sinner," again he said, "to go to heaven."

To this it was replied with the words of Isaiah i. 16, "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." As the sequel will show, this was made by Divine application "a word in season."

At parting, his name and address were taken, and an early visit made to his house, when he was found reading the Bible. Conversation and prayer, in which he heartily joined, concluded the interview. At our next meeting light began to enter his mind; and on a sub-

sequent occasion, when the first verse of Isaiah lv. was commenced, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters," he instantly, with joyful lips, exclaimed, "And he that hath no money; come ye, buy and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk, without money and without price." And with evident heartfelt pathos he repeated the remaining part of the chapter.

Before we parted that day, looking through his tears to the cross, he repeated the hymn—

"Come, Thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
Streams of mercy never ceasing
Call for songs of loudest praise.

"Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood."

Nor were these words the result of transient emotion and influence. No; his heart is fixed, trusting in God, through faith in the atonement of Christ, and waiting to be an inhabitant of the heavenly Jerusalem.

Brethren, let us keep in remembrance the exhortation of Mr. Thomas Mortimer, who, being dead, yet speaketh. Never let us lose an opportunity of speaking about the soul and the world to come to our fellow-travellers to eternity.

HOW TO PROMOTE A REVIVAL.

A revival of religion, like a fire, must begin somewhere: "Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth!"

A fire often begins with a little match, and works its way through the combustible material about it until it has swept over a wide region. So a work of grace often commences with a single Christian—never with the whole Church. As soon as that one Christian is filled with the Holy Spirit, he goes after others, to lead them to the Saviour, or to induce believers to join him in efforts for a revival. Jesus fulfils His promise, "Lo, I am with you;" and others are soon moved and melted, and the work begins to widen.

So that whoever would promote a revival of religion should begin with his own heart, and pray, and confess, and believe, until he feels his heart all subdued and melted by the Holy Spirit—until his