

Can't bear long day—fast wear, soon die.  
On us His back is turn'd, light's round us soften'd, almost gone.

Unending day's at hand.

Not "parts" alone of His vast ways we'll see, but all—

Yes, "see *Him* as he is," and so be "like Him,"—

Bright "Sun of Righteousness," arise. "Lord Jesus, come."

Toronto, September, 1860.

J. R.

## Family Reading.

INSTANT . . . OUT OF SEASON.

What a wonderful book the Bible is! And how abundant and clear are its precepts and promises! Did we but betake ourselves in a true and right spirit to its sacred pages, in *every* emergency, we should have less cause to mourn over the many shortcomings we make, and the golden opportunities for doing good which we are ever failing to improve. We should, in our study of the inspired Word, see to it, that we imbibe the full and broad meaning of its texts, and not run away with but a half of the precept, leaving the other, and perhaps the more unpalatable portion, untouched and unapplied. Yet such clipping and choosing of the Word of God is by no means of rare occurrence; and even God's own people not unfrequently excuse themselves, and plausibly too, for the partial selection which they make of divinely inculcated law.

The brief text, here prefixed, forms an illustration of what we mean. A Christian in earnest about his Master's work, is labouring and praying to advance His cause. He seeks to strike while the iron glows, and to drive home the wedge when but the smallest opening is opportunely given. But he, too, often shrinks, absolutely shrinks, and retreats, from attempting to draw the bow at a venture, and to wing the arrow to a cold, worldly, uninquiring heart, fearing lest it should rebound upon his own head, barbed with the sting of scorn and contempt. He is, in short, willing to be "instant *in* season," when the heart is already touched, and open to receive a word fitly spoken, or when death and bereavement lower near; but he excuses himself from the more painful and difficult task of being "instant *out* of season," by saying that there is "a time for everything," and that we must not "throw pearls before swine." Ah! see to it, you who thus argue, that you are not refusing to take up the cross which is laid down before you; and may the blessed results of the narrative, now to be told, of words spoken "out of season," induce many who read it to ponder the subject more profoundly and prayerfully, and to lay to heart the lesson taught.

In a small neat study there sat, one morning, a clergyman alone. He was in the prime of life, and one could not gaze upon that noble, manly face, without being struck with the calm, earnest, and truthful expression of his countenance. He was the pastor of a very large congregation, and he was greatly beloved and respected by all. On the morning alluded to, an attentive observer might have noticed a glow of pleasure and grateful feeling mantling over his face, and the question would rise to his mind, if not to his lips, What has called forth this new joy which is flowing over the heart of this good man, and causing even the tears to glisten in his eyes? We hasten to answer the question. He had just had a visit from a young lady, not one of his flock, but with whom he was slightly acquainted. The clergyman, Dr. Perry, had had occasion a short time previously, to write her a note explanatory of some little matter of business, about which she had applied to him. At the close of his note he added a few brief words of earnest personal appeal on the subject of her eternal interests. The words were prayerfully written. He knew not how they might be taken. This morning she had called upon him, and the occasion of her visit was to thank him with all her heart for his precious note. It had gone home to her soul, and touched a chord which had never been thus personally struck before. As the good man seated the beautiful girl beside him,