



## A WORD IN SEASON.

**N** aged Christian had a son, who, notwithstanding all his father's instructions, continued quite careless about the salvation of his soul. When his father was on his death-bed, his son came to pay to him the last offices of attention and respect.

The dying parent could not but feel extremely anxious about the best interests of one who was so dear to him. Accordingly, some time before his death, he told him that he had one request to make of him, and before he mentioned it, he wished to have his promise that he would comply with it.

The young man assented, provided it contained nothing unreasonable.

The father replied that he was not going to ask him to do anything that was difficult or burdensome; it was simply this—that he would spend a quarter of an hour alone every morning.

The son agreed, and, after his father's death, began faithfully to fulfil his engagement. At first he thought it a very strange request, often looking at his watch when the time should be expired, and wondered what his father could mean by such a proposal.

In a little time, however, it occurred to him that his father perhaps intended he should spend the time in prayer. He began to try this, but he found no inclination for it. He then began to reflect that his father used to spend much time in this exercise; and as he venerated his father's character, he was led to think of the difference between that character and his own.

From this he proceeded to search the Scriptures, in which are contained the words of eternal life; and we may well suppose he became not very scrupulous in restricting his time to the stipulated quarter of an hour.

In short, these opportunities of solitary and serious reflection were made the means, through the blessing of God, of leading this young man to consider his ways—to reflect on his former carelessness about eternal things—to see his guilt—to ask the deeply interesting question, "What must I do to be saved?" and thankfully listen to the answer to it, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

During all the remaining period of his days, he had reason to bless God that his father had proposed such a request to him, and that he had been led to comply with it.

Jesus, lead me by Thy power,  
Safe into the promised rest;  
Hide my soul within Thine arms,  
Make me lean upon Thy breast:  
Be my guide in every peril,  
Watch me hourly night and day;  
Else my foolish heart will wander  
From Thy Spirit far away.

## BE YE ALSO READY.

**H**ENRY DOVE was a servant in a farmhouse on the outskirts of my parish. He was a fine powerful young man; his life had been steady and regular. He had been an excellent servant, and was a great favourite with his master and mistress. He had excellent health; but inflammation seized him, he was ill six days, and now his soul is before God.

To-day is Monday. It was only on Friday morning that I heard of his illness, and of course before the day closed I visited him. On that day and on Saturday, he seemed to take very little interest in what I said to him. Oh, that I had pressed the subject more, that I had been even more importunate with him. On Saturday there was some apprehension of danger, but I was requested not to tell him, as the medical man feared that it might have an unfavourable effect. I remonstrated, but to no purpose, and I left a message that I hoped the medical man, who was expected that evening again, would tell him.

On Sunday I walked round to see after my service, and found him better. There was hope that he would recover. There was a change also in his manner; he wished to know where the verses I had read to him were to be found; he joined heartily in the prayers I offered up; dwelt especially on one verse I had read, "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature; old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new;" and heartily said "Amen" to the petition that he might become such a new creature.

You will not wonder that I now dwell on these things; the end was close at hand, closer than I then thought. For this, of which I am speaking, was only yesterday, and I am writing in the early morning of Monday. I had intended to see him by nine o'clock to-day, but I was to see him before that time.

This morning at early dawn I was awoke by a request to go and see poor Henry. I at once feared the worst. I arose, and in a very few moments was on my way to the farm. The village was quiet, its inhabitants for the most part being wrapt in slumber. The busy smith, the stroke of whose hammer early and late has often been a reproach to me, was not astir.

Arrived at the house, all the usual signs of sickness and watching are apparent at once. Henry, I learn, is much worse; they are applying a blister, and I must wait a few moments. In the interval, I call in the master and the fellow-servant of the dying man, that we may pray for him. As we rise from our knees, Henry's uncle, who had arrived last night, enters the room; he has been trying, he says, to arrange about his temporal affairs, but can get no definite answer. He thinks that Henry will tell me his wishes. Will I try? I refuse. I have other matters, I say, more important to attend to. They have had all night to arrange about the few clothes, the watch, and arrears of wages; I may have only a few minutes to speak about the soul. Then I ask, Has any one told him his danger since the unfavourable change took place? Can it be believed, he has not yet been told? O God, and he so near Thy