

abandoned, and tears and lamentations filled the room. At this moment the owner of the factory, who was himself an unconverted man, came in, accompanied, I believe, by the superintendent, who was a professed Christian. When the owner saw the state of things, he said to the superintendent, 'Stop the mill.' What he saw seemed to pierce him to the heart.

'It is more important,' he hurriedly remarked, 'that these souls should be saved than that this mill should run.' As soon as the noise of the machinery had ceased, the owner inquired: 'What shall we do? We must have a place to meet, where we can receive instruction.' The superintendent replied: 'The mule-room will do.' The mules were run up out of the way, and all of the hands were notified and assembled in that room. We had a marvelous meeting. I prayed with them, and gave them such instructions as at the time they could bear. The word was with power. Many expressed hope that day; and within a few days, as I was informed, nearly every hand in that great establishment, together with the owner, had hope in Christ.

This power is a great marvel. I have many times seen people unable to endure the word. The most simple and ordinary statements would cut men off from their seats like a sword, would take away their bodily strength, and render them almost as helpless as dead men. Several times it has been true in my experience that I could not raise my voice, or say anything in prayer or exhortation, except in the mildest manner, without wholly overcoming those that were present. This was not because I was preaching terror to the people; but the sweetest sounds of the gospel would overcome them. This power seems sometimes to pervade the atmosphere of one who is highly charged with it. Many times great numbers of persons in a community will be clothed with this power when the very atmosphere of the whole place seems to be charged with the life of God. Strangers coming into it, and passing through the place, will be instantly smitten with conviction of sin, and in many instances converted to Christ. When Christians humble themselves, and consecrate their all afresh to Christ, and ask for this power, they will often receive such a baptism that they will be instrumental in converting more souls in one day than in all their lifetime before. While Christians remain humble enough to retain this power the work of conversion will go on, till whole communities and regions of country are converted to Christ. The same is true of ministers. But this article is long enough. If you will allow me, I have more to say upon this subject.

### The Influence of Family Worship.

We here furnish our readers with the earnest and mature thoughts of a devoted minister of the Lord Jesus Christ on the important subject of family worship. It appeared in print a number of years ago, but it is as fresh as it ever was. The writer of it went home to God several years ago, but the influence of his writing and preaching will live forever:

That family worship has a great influence on parents, children and all who participate in the exercises, or even attend them, cannot be denied. The experience of thousands on this subject would constitute quite a chapter, were it written. What an influence it exerts, what an aid it affords in bringing

up children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord! If the duty of family worship were more universally understood and faithfully performed there would be more who would from their childhood know the Scriptures. What a blessing it proves to children while at home and after they leave the parental roof. Thousands thank God to-day that they were brought up at the family altar, or that family worship was the means of their salvation. There is a blessedness in the thought that by these means many have been converted, many fed, many made shining lights in the circle of their association, and were better qualified for the duties of life.

The neglect of such an important duty is necessarily followed by sad results. It would save many parents from going down with gray hairs in sorrow to their graves if they should gather their children around them, morning and evening, in worship instead of sending them without prayer into the occupations and temptations of the day, and to a prayerless bed at night. How sad that parents should send their children into irreligion and vice, and finally into eternal woe by the neglect of this evident duty. How many standing on the left hand of the Judge in that great day will say, 'I never heard my parents pray!'

If you, as a parent, have no family altar, erect one at once; have you a broken family altar, repair it to-day. Eternal influences and destinies hang upon your action. Think of the responsibility. Be faithful. The Lord will add His blessing. Read the following:

A pious tradesman, conversing with a minister on family worship, related the following instructive circumstances respecting himself:

When I first began business for myself, I was determined through grace, to be particularly conscientious with respect to family prayer. Accordingly, I persevered for many years in the delightful practice of domestic worship. Morning and evening, every individual of my family was ordered always to be present; nor would I allow my apprentices to be absent on any account. In a few years the advantages of these engagements manifestly appeared; the blessings of the upper and nether springs followed me; while health and happiness attended my family and prosperity my business. At length such was the rapid increase of my trade, and the importance of devoting every possible moment to my customers, that I began to think whether family prayers did not occupy too much of our time in the morning. Pious scruples arose respecting my intention of relinquishing this part of my duty; but at length worldly interests prevailed so far as to induce me to excuse the attendance of my apprentices; and not long after, it was deemed advisable, for the more eager prosecution of business, to make the prayer with my wife, when we rose in the morning, suffice for the day.

Notwithstanding the repeated checks of conscience that followed this base omission, the calls of a flourishing concern, and the prospect of an increasing family, appeared so imperious and commanding, that I found an easy excuse for this fatal evil, especially as I did not omit prayer altogether. My conscience was now almost seared as with a hot iron, when it pleased the Lord to awaken me by a singular providence.

One day I received a letter from a young man who had formerly been my apprentice, previous to my omitting family prayer. Not doubting but I continued domestic worship, his letter was chiefly on this subject; it was

couched in the most affectionate and respectful terms; but judge of my surprise and confusion when I read these words: 'O my dear master, never, never shall I be able sufficiently to thank you for the precious privilege with which you indulged me in your family devotions! O sir, eternity will be too short to praise my God for what I learned there. It was there I first beheld my lost and wretched state as a sinner; it was there that I first knew the way of salvation; and there that I first experienced the preciousness of 'Christ in me the hope of glory!' O, sir, permit me to say, never, never neglect those precious engagements; you have yet a family and more apprentices; may your house be the birthplace of their souls!' I could read no farther; every line flashed condemnation in my face. I trembled, I shuddered, I was alarmed lest the blood of my children and apprentices should be demanded at my soul murdering hands.

Filled with confusion and bathed in tears, I fled for refuge in secret. I spread the letter before God. I agonized, and—but you can better conceive than I can describe my feelings; suffice it to say, that light broke in upon my disconsolate soul, and a sense of blood-bought pardon was obtained. I immediately flew to my family, and presented them before the Lord, and from that day to the present I have been faithful; and am determined, through grace, that whenever my business becomes so large as to interrupt family prayer, I will give up the superfluous part of my business, and retain my devotion; better to lose a few shillings than become the deliberate murderer of my family, and the instrument of ruin to my own soul.

If pain afflicts, or wrongs oppress,  
If care distract, or fears dismay,  
If guilt deject, if sin distress:  
The remedy's before thee—pray.  
—'Living Epistle.'

### A Short Sermon.

Children who read my lay,  
This much I have to say:  
Each day and every day  
Do what is right!  
Right things in great and small;  
Then, though the sky should fall,  
Sun, moon, and stars, and all,  
You shall have light.

This further would I say:  
Be you tempted as you may,  
Each day and every day,  
Speak what is true!  
True things in great and small;  
Then, though the stars should fall,  
Sun, stars, and moon, and all,  
Heaven would show through.

Figs, as you see and know,  
Do not of thistles grow;  
And though the blossoms blow  
White on the tree,  
Grapes never, never yet  
On the limbs of thorns were set;  
So if you good would get,  
Good you must be.

Life's journey through and through,  
Speaking what is just and true,  
Doing what is right to you  
Unto one and all,  
When you work and when you play,  
Each day and every day;  
Then peace shall gild your way,  
Though the sky should fall.  
—Alice Carey.