

lack of religious benefit to her large little family, by the non-observance of family worship in her house. "Pour out thy wrath upon the heathen, and upon all the families who call not upon thy name;" and was very seriously thinking of taking up this duty herself, as her husband would not object to her engaging in it. She went to hear Mr. Caird at this time, and he succeeded in lulling her conscience to sleep on this point, for she was there taught that it was her husband's business, which it was sinful for her to meddle with, as for her to step into his line of duty would be to interrupt their beautiful system of order! But let me ask you, dear friends, which order would be most beautiful in the eye of him who has given us many brilliant examples, that to break in upon a bad and vicious order and rule is the best order. Which house in the sight of God exhibits the best and truest order; that in which while the husband is loitering in the public streets in the morning, and at the billiard table in the evening, and the second head of the family is vainly endeavouring, *without the mighty support of an ESTABLISHED RELIGION* in her family, to keep the idle and vagrant minds of the young to any regular or orderly habits, where no family altar concentrates the piety and devotion of the household, or sends up to heaven the morning anthem, or the evening hymn; and where no voice expressive of that *open* acknowledgment and adoration of "him in whom we live, and move, and have our being" is ever heard; but a dark and drear silence on all subjects heavenly and divine, pervades all the chambers in which as a family they meet from time to time, and all its religion is shut up and confined to the secret chambers. Surely this lamp enkindled by heaven was never intended to be put under a bushel, or under a bed, but "to give light to *all* that are in the house." Surely such an order is the order of death and not of life! Such is the order that holds on in its silent march, interrupted only by the sob of the suffering, or the groan of the despairing, that long band of enchained Africans; do you admire the order of their march, hand manacled to hand, foot to foot. O what lovely order! who would dare to break it up? or rather who that ever breathed that liberty which the God of nature breathed into every human soul, and especially that liberty wherewith "Christ delights to set his people free," would not, were it in his power, break their slavish bands, and set the prisoners free? Would you think the order of the family already sketched, more beautiful in the sight of the God and father of all the families that call upon