simally timid, and when the morning came was much agitated. Before breakfast I said to my wife, 'I feel, C-, as if we ght to have prayer in the family. We have all souls to be saved, I need God's blessing. I am sure you will not object to it. Yo, she replied; but the tone in which she said it was not enamging. When we rose from the breakfast-table, it seemed to ethe children had never been so noisy before, and it required an but to request them to keep silence and be scated. They did so, I felt that their eves were fixed wonderingly upon me. elarge Bible from the shelf and sat down. I wished to preface eservice with some remarks, but I could not trust my voice, and gened the book and read the first chapter that presented itself. hen knelt, and with faltering voice began to address the Creator. at my hesitation scon passed off. I knew not why it was, but ging the performance of this service, my soul was so filled with suchts of God's great goodness in permitting me to approach and to place myself and those dear to me under the slielter of protecting love, that I forgot the presence of others, and ored out my heart in supplications for his blessing with as much wdom and fervour as I had ever done in secret. precived my wife's eyes were moistened with tears. The conflict was over—the duty was entered on—and the are which follows the consciousness of having done right, came

sace which follows the consciousness of having done right, came to my heart. Prayer with my beloved ones was no longer a salen, but a delightful privilege; and ere long I had the satisfactor of knowing that the heart of my companion ascended in full son with my own to the throne of grace. I can now speak sely in my family of the value and sweetness of this service, and planty of them I believe the hour of prayer has become one of

e most highly prized of all the day brings us."

## Poetry.

## THE LOST SOUL.

DEATH BED REPENTANCE OF A YOUNG LADY.

My mind has been engaged of late Reflecting on the fate Of sinners that are called away In an unholy state.