

us grace in future to be faithful to the souls around us. Oh how that act soothed us!

Until then we had never had the courage to pray before each other, but from that time our little circle assembled, at stated periods, for social prayer, as long as we remained at school. It seemed so much easier, after that, to speak to our young friends who were still careless, and I do not think that our weak efforts were quite in vain.

Girls, boys, any who reads this true sketch, are you followers of Jesus, and have you not any friends that are not? Will you let them go down to the grave without a word of warning from you; without one invitation to come to that Saviour whom you have found so precious?

AUNT HATTIE.

—*New York Observer.*

Too Big to Pray.

I tarried for a night with an old friend, who had always seemed indifferent on the subject of religion. His wife was pious, and endeavored to impress the minds of the children with proper views of God and eternity. Her little boy, of two or three years, when about to retire to rest, knelt down by his mother, and reverently repeated a child's prayer. When he rose from his knees he turned to his father, with a seeming consciousness that he had performed a duty, and addressed him. "Father, I have said my prayers: have you said yours? or are you too big to pray?" I thought it was a question that would reach the father's heart, and it might yet be said of him, "Behold he prayeth."

I have since noticed many, very many who were too big to pray. I knew a young man, a college student, of brilliant talents and fascinating manners. Yet he would sometimes sneer at piety and pious men. He was considered a model by a certain class around him. In a revival meeting, the Spirit of God reached his heart. He saw his danger and resolved to re-

form. Then he thought of his companions who had witnessed his past life. They would say he was weak-minded and fickle. He would lose their respect. He could not come down from his high position. He could not take up the cross through good and evil report, and his serious impressions passed away, perhaps forever. *He was too big to pray.*

I knew a man who had passed the middle age of life. His children had grown up around him, while he had been careless and unconcerned about their eternal welfare. A change came over him, and he felt that duty called on him to pray in his family. But how could he assume such a task before his household, which would be astonished at such a strange event. He shrank from the effort, and finally relaxed into his former position and indifference. *He was too big to pray.*

I knew a physician who held a high rank in his profession. The urbanity of his deportment, joined with an intelligent mind, made him a pleasant companion. But he was sceptical in the doctrines of the Bible. He witnessed the happy death of one who triumphed in the last dying hour, and his infidel opinions were shaken. "Almost, he was persuaded to become a Christian." But the pride of his heart was not subdued. He could not humble himself at the foot of the cross. *He was too big to pray.*

I knew a man of great learning and great worldly wisdom. He became a disciple of Christ, but he mistook the nature of prayer. Instead of praying in the "simplest form of speech," he often used "great swelling words," and lofty rounded periods. His prayers were not edifying. *He was too big to pray.*

How many thousands there are around us, who have been elevated to high places in our land, who would not dare to be seen upon their knees, supplicating the Majesty of Heaven.—*They are too big to pray—Cor. N. Y. Observer.*