

in twice a day, morning and night. And many have found great advantage also from stated seasons of mid-day private devotion.

The pious of all ages have likewise concluded that as the family is the greatest of our social blessings, so it becomes the family, as such, to meet and acknowledge this blessing, and thank God for it. This would seem to have been the custom of Abraham, the father of the faithful, of Job, of Joshua, and of David. And the prophet Jeremiah denounces a heavy judgment on those who wholly neglect family religion. He says, "Pour out Thy fury upon the heathen that know Thee not, and upon the families that call not upon Thy name."—(Jeremiah 10: 25.)

Such meetings of the family for prayer, praise, and the reading of the Scriptures, can hardly fail of receiving the Divine blessing, and of being, in the highest degree, useful. To be thankful for any blessing is the surest way of getting from that blessing all the good that is in it, and of securing the continuance of it. And what ground has any one to expect the continuance and well-being of the household to which he belongs, when that household never meets to beg the Divine guardianship, to be thankful for blessings, and to ask to know, and be helped in the doing of duty? It would seem, then, one has just grounds to fear that God will pour out His fury on the families that call not on His name. It may be expected that in such families the servants will be wicked, the children profligate, and property a curse. Such heads of families are also justly chargeable with the guilt of all the evils which follow, since the curses which neglect of family religion bring could not only all be averted, but the contrary blessings be secured, if the family altar were reared and the mercy of God humbly asked for.

It is said that religion is much revived in many parts of our Church and land. How is it, we ask, in respect to family religion? Is that also revived? Where the form of it was, is there now more than a form? Is it more than the reading of the shortest psalm and the uttering of the short service? Is it felt that household religion is indeed a great privilege and a source of unspeakable good? Then, indeed, there has been a revival,

and God be thanked for it. But it is to be feared that there are yet among us many heads of families who neglect family religion; whose children, in the most impressive time of life, are growing up without receiving from a father's prayers for and with them, those solemn lessons which, if learned, would never be forgotten. Nowhere more than at family prayer has Scripture that eminent characteristic which St. Peter ascribes to it—"Being born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the Word of God, which liveth and abideth forever." Scripture, read at family worship, liveth and abideth forever in the soul, and becometh the incorruptible seed, by which children and servants are born from above and become the children of God.

Sorrow and Greatness.

Sir Walter Scott, on leaving Abbotsford, as he thought for ever, wrote as follows:—"When I think what this place now is with what it has been not long ago, I think my heart will break. Lonely, aged, deprived of all my family, I am an impoverished and embarrassed man." At another time he writes—"Death has closed the dark avenue of love and friendship. I look at them through the grated door of a burial-place, filled with monuments of those who once were dear to me, and with no other wish than that it may open for me at no distant period." Not long after he writes in this strain—"Some new object of complaint comes every moment. Sickesses come thicker and thicker; friends are fewer and fewer. The recollection of youth, health, and power of a tizity, neither improved nor enjoyed, is a poor strain of comfort. Tho' best is, the long halt will arrive at length, and close all." Such was the confession of one who had drunk so largely of the world's cup of enjoyment. O! how emphatically does it warn those whose hearts are still set upon similiar vanities! This is the language of the poet Campbell—"I am alone in the world. My wife and the child of my hopes are dead. My only surviving child is consigned to a living tomb" (he was the inmate of a lunatic asylum). "My old friends, brothers and sisters, are dead—all but one, and she too is