

of olive plants grew up, but one by one they were either planted out in families of their own, or God took them, till he and his old partner found themselves, just as at their first outset in life, alone. But their family worship continued as of old. At last his fellow-traveller left him. Still he carried on the worship by himself. So sweet was the memory of it in his father's house, and so pleasant had he found it in his own, that he could not give it up. But as he sat in his silent habitation, morning and evening, his quivering voice was heard singing the old psalm-tune, reading aloud the chapter, and praying as if others still worshipped by his side. He has not found it dull.

"I have no time." If you really value time, family prayer is good husbandry of time. What you do with God's blessing is much better and faster done than what you do without it, *and it is not likely to need doing over again*. You will find it here as Sir Mathew Hale found it with the Sabbath. What you take from God, he can easily take from you. If other things were equal, I should expect far more to be accomplished in a day, by the man whose spirit had been tranquilized, his resolution fortified, and his activity quickened by morning prayer, than from the man who impiously hurried out to do it all without asking God's presence. Philip Henry, who was an excellent economist of time, when early out of bed to hasten the preparations for a day's travel, as he called his children together, used to say to them, "Prayer and provender hinder no man's journey." Try this homely maxim, and you will find it true.

"Our family is so small." How many are there of you? Are there two? Then, "Whosoever *two*," (see Matt. xviii. 19, 20.) John Howard and his valet, as they