

solemn in the evening, his language sounds of heaven, 'tis that of one who has talked much with an unseen world. The duty of prayer is not left doubtful, the power of the prayer of faith is shown to be wondrous and sublime. His own tears and some smothered sobs in the assembly tell that there must be a reality in these heaven born doctrines, the appeal to those who never pray was not without effect; and many retired with hearts beginning to throb with desires of an endless life. Our family again seek their happy home. One member is more quiet and thoughtful than usual—he ponders—can these things be so? What are my prospects then? Oh for some one to tell me! While he is thus musing, his eye falls perhaps accidentally upon the words of the covenant referred to, “promising by divine help to maintain the worship of God in our families”—he is all agitation, O that I could pray, O that I knew how to pray, and while the storm within him is still raging, the christian father informs the family that it is time to retire as the business of the coming week will call for early and prompt action on Monday morning. Just here, brethren, we believe around the hearth stone of many a home circle called christian has been cruelly crushed the all but bursting bud of a heavenly and glorious hope.

We cannot close without saying that a conviction has fastened itself upon us that a dying deluded world is calling just now most loudly upon the christian church for a little brighter light to guide it to God and glory. O that the light might be made much more brilliant by a more rigid discipline.