

She caught the word, and with a shout of gladness, such as never rang from those pallid lips before, in the fourteen years of her sorrowful life, she cried—  
 “Victory! victory! I am washed—and made clean!—glory!”—

\*                      \*                      \*                      \*                      \*

“The rest of the song was sung with the happy children of her Father’s house, ‘who hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat;’ for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.”

“The dead was alive again! The lost was found! The fourth Lord’s day was dawning since I had stood where two ways met, and in my perplexity sought the mighty Counsellor, who has said, ‘Call unto me and I will answer thee, and show thee great and mighty things which thou knowest not.’ The eye of the Lord that runneth to and fro upon the earth, beheld in that hour the little wanderer, ‘a long way off,’ and sent me forth (feeble instrument as I am) as his messenger of mercy, and now she would appear with him in glory; the best robe was put upon her; the ring of espousal was on her hand; the Saviour of sinners had embraced her; the kiss of peace was on her cheek; her dwelling was the beautiful home of Him who was ‘called Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins.’

“She had entered by ‘the way, the truth, and the life,’ by Him, ‘who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption.’” (1 Cor. i. 30.)

Which way? dear reader—for in this life only two ways open before you. Have you made your choice? If not, choose ye to-day.—*Precious Gems, by Anne Shipton.*

#### FAMILY PRAYER.

A man of my congregation, about forty years of age, after quite a protracted season of anxiety, became, as he hoped, a child of God. There was nothing in his convictions or in his hopeful conversion, so far as I could discern, of any very peculiar character, unless it was the distinctness of his religious views and feelings.

But this man did not propose to unite with the church, as I had supposed he would deem it his duty to do. One season of communion after another passed by and he still remained away from the table of the Lord. I was surprised at this, and the more so on account of the steady interest in religion and the fixed faith in Christ which he seemed to possess. I conversed plainly with him upon the duty of a public profession of his faith. He felt it to be his duty, but he shrunk from it. He had a clear hope, was regular in his attendance at church, was prayerful, but he hesitated to profess Christ before men. All the ground of hesitation which I could discover, as I conversed with him, was a fear that he might dishonour religion, if he professed it, and a desire to have a more assured hope. What I said to him on these points appeared to satisfy him, and yet he stayed away from the Lord’s table, though, he said, “I should feel it a great privilege to be there.”

In aiming to discover, if possible, why a man of such clear religious views, of such apparent faith, and so much fixed hope in religion, should hesitate on a point of duty which he himself deemed obligatory upon him, I learned to my surprise that he had never commenced the duty of family prayer. He felt an inexpressible reluctance to it—a reluctance for which he could not account. He wondered at himself, but still he felt it. He blamed himself, but still he felt it. This cleared up the mystery. I no longer wondered at his hesitation on the matter of an open profession of religion. I had not a doubt about his fears of dishonouring religion, and his waiting for greater assurance of hope; all arose from the neglect of family prayer. I told him so, and urged that duty upon him