

ye do, do all to the glory of God"—we need not now dwell on as involving the duty. By this practice among other glorious distinctions, our Puritan fore-fathers were distinguished. The taunts of the opposers of truth, took shape from the psalm-singing, and household devotions of these godly men. This was undoubtedly a sign of the generation that feared God. The morning and evening sacrifice was a proof of the presence or absence of true religion in a family. How truly great is a country where scenes of household piety abound! The bulwark of the land is the broad shield of heaven.

Can we paint a more touching scene, or unlock from the memories of the past, a more tender recollection, than the events of those sacred hours, when in life's young morning, we listened to the paternal invitation, "let us worship God."—Many a gap death may have made in that circle since then, but the event is fresh and the impression is deep, that is a blessed memory of an early home if the poet's description holds good—

"Then kneeling down, to Heaven's Eternal King,
The *saint*, the *father*, and the *husband* prays:
Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing,"
That *thus* they all shall meet in future days:
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their *Creator's* praise,
In such society, yet still more dear;
While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere."

A distinguished writer speaks of family worship as a cardinal duty, "without which, it should never be disguised for a moment, our homes cannot be Christian. The household in which God is not worshipped is like a ship at sea without a pilot or a helm, while the tempest is rising and threatening to rage. However majestic the vessel or costly the cargo, she is at the mercy of the first rock—it may be, the very first wave. 'Him that honoureth God, God will honour; but he that despiseth God, shall be lightly esteemed;' and the neglect of this honour is, beyond all controversy, one cause of the degeneracy which is now so apparent in many spheres." The fear that this neglect may extend, and the hope of bringing some to look to the ways of their households, have induced us to write on this subject. Nothing is more likely to lead to the adoption of this heaven-blessed custom than a view of its influence. In a family its effects, are marked in the training thus furnished in the ways of God. The intensity of parental affection must be shown in earnest efforts to save the souls of their children—to bring to Jesus even the little ones. A little boy after reading the "Pilgrim's Progress," is said to have asked his mother which of the characters she liked best: she replied, "Christian of course, he is the hero of the story." He responded: "I like Christiana best, because when Christian set out on his pilgrimage he went alone, but when Christiana started she took the children with her." This gathering of the lambs into the fold of Christ is a high and holy object, and has often been accomplished through the instrumentality of family worship. "The way," says Mr. Beecher, "to get a handsome shade-tree, is to go to the *nursery*, and get a small tree, so that you can take *all the roots* up with it; then it will live, and grow, and become a tree of beauty. So in bringing persons to the Church, you take a man, and it may be here is one root running off into the grog shop, another root running into the theatre, and so on. All these roots you must cut off; and when you have pruned him, and got him into the Church, what is he but a mere