

and imparts life wherever he goes; as it is written, "Out of him shall flow rivers of living water." He is not merely the world's light, but the world's fountain; dispersing the water of life on every side, and making the wilderness to blossom as the rose. His life is blessed, his example is blessed, his ministry is blessed! Souls are saved, sinners are converted, and many are turned from their iniquity.—*Bonar.*

A CALL TO FAMILY WORSHIP.

This busy age is in danger of crowding out family worship. There is time to eat, to sleep, to labor, to chat with friends, but not much time to talk with God either morning, noon, or night. The best company and the most loving friend is put back in the corner, while hours are spent with the gay and giddy ones, with neither brains or hearts. Christians, is this right? Is it wise? Is it safe? You hope to dwell in God's house forever; be careful, then, how you treat him in your houses now. You expect him to treat you in the most loving and tender way up in heaven, then don't put him in a low place in your home on earth.

In the morning you should be thankful that in the night death did not come instead of sleep, torture instead of comfort, terror instead of peaceful rest. Now as you are about to go out to wrestle with the work of life, leaving home and wife and children, who should bring all before God, asking his protection and seeking for them and you, that wisdom needed for the day with its many difficulties, dangers and temptations.

In the evening when weary and careworn you return to the bosom of your family and meet with a joyous and hearty welcome, and are again permitted to lie down in peace with the loved ones, how fitting you should show forth the loving kindness of the Lord and declare his faithfulness at the family altar, in the presence of the little ones, committing them and yourself to him who neither slumbers nor sleeps. Do you think this a drudgery? Do you not like it? Then be sure there is something wrong with your soul. You have reason to suspect that you do not love God as you should, or your mind is too much on other things.

Family worship should be made interesting. It certainly can be so made. You have the best book in the world to read from. You have the most beautiful songs that ever were made put into your hands, and to you the most pleasant circle in all the world. The hour of

prayer properly spent is surely the "sweetest" of the day.

But then it is not less profitable than sweet. You are not of those who say, "What profit shall we have if we pray unto him?" You believe in the power of prayer—you know that God is both able and willing to do the best things for those who ask him. Is it too much, then to require you to ask for these things? You may think God knows without you telling him what you want. True, but he has said, "For these things will I be equiried of," to do them for you. This is not too much for him to ask, nor is it too much for you to do.

Family worship has a wonderfully educating effect upon the mind. It cultivates the habit of casting all burdens upon the Lord. And it cultivates the social in religion. Every way it is blessed in its effects.—*Selected.*

FIRST FAMILY PRAYER.

The late Rowland Hill was once driven by a storm into a village inn, and compelled to spend the night. When it grew late the landlord sent a request by the waiter that the guest would go to bed; Mr. Hill replied, "I have been waiting a long time, expecting to be called to family prayer." "Family prayer? I don't know what you mean, sir; we never have such things here." "Indeed! then tell your master I cannot go to bed until you have had family prayer." The waiter informed his master, who, in consternation, bounced into the room occupied by the faithful minister, and said, "Sir, I wish you would go to bed. I cannot go till I have seen all the lights out; I am so afraid of fire." "So am I," was the reply, "but I have been expecting to be summoned to family prayer." "All very good, but it cannot be done in an inn." "Indeed! then pray get my horse. I cannot sleep in a house where there is no family prayer." The host preferred to dismiss his prejudice rather than his guest, and said, "I have no objection to have prayer, but I don't know how." "Well, then summon your people and see what can be done." The landlord obeyed, and in a few minutes the astonished domestics were on their knees, and the landlord called upon to pray. "Sir, I never prayed in my life; I don't know how." "Ask God to teach you," was the gentle reply. The landlord said, folding his hands, "God teach us how to pray." "That is prayer, my friend," cried Mr. Hill, joyfully; "go on." "I am sure I don't know what to say now, sir." "Yes