

draw their affections up to the better land ; to take away their wealth, honors or pleasures ; and when all these fail, and they still cling to earth, how often does He take, in kindest love, some dear one of their own number, perhaps a precious lamb, to which their souls cling more closely than to Him, up to the green pastures beside the still waters of the river of life. Happy are they who recognise his voice in these apparent bereavements, and, following, after are gathered into the fold of the Good Shepherd.—*Pacific.*

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### LITTLE ACTS.

Little acts are the elements of true greatness. They raise life's value, like the little figures over the larger ones in arithmetic, to its highest power. They are the tests of character and disinterestedness ; they are the straws of life's deceitful current, that show the current's way. The heart comes all out in them. They move on the dial of character and responsibility, significantly. They indicate the character and destiny. They help to make the immortal man. It matters not so much where we are as what we are. It is seldom that acts of moral heroism are called for. Rather, the real heroism of life is, to do all its little duties promptly and faithfully.

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### LOVE FOR SOULS A TRUE TEST OF A RENEWED HEART.

Years ago, and in a parish which I knew, there lived a woman notorious in the neighborhood for profane swearing, habits of drunkenness, and manners rude ; coarse, as well as irreligious. She feared not God, neither regarded man ; and trained up her children for the devil. One evening she happened to be within earshot of a preacher ; and as he was emptying his quiver among the crowd, an arrow from the bow drawn at a venture, was lodged in her heart. Remarkable example of free, sovereign, subduing grace ! She was converted. Her case, as much as that of the thief on the cross, of the jailer at Philippi, of Saul on his way to Damascus, was one of instant conversion—day burst on her soul without a dawn. She hastened home. She found her family asleep, and saw in each child a never-dying soul, that her own hand had rocked into deeper, fatal slumbers. Seized with an intense desire to have them saved, she could not delay the matter till to-morrow, and so rushing on the sleepers as if the bed beneath them had been in flames, she shook them, woke them, crying, Arise, call upon thy God ! And there at the midnight hour, with her children kneeling round her, her eyes streaming with tears, her voice trembling with emotion, did that poor mother cry to God, that he would have mercy also on them, and pluck these brands from the burning.

Near by the dwelling where the mother roused her children from their beds to flee, not from a house on fire, but from the fire that is never quenched, stood the cottage of one whose joy over a converted sinner carried us away to the heavens, where angels rejoice over one sinner that repenteth. He had long been a Christian ; not so his wife, from whose side he had often stolen in the dead of night to pray for her salvation. He continued instant in prayer. Mothers, sisters, all who carry others in their prayers to the throne of grace, pray on ! God's time to answer—the time to favor her at length came. She was smitten ; seized with anxiety ; pierced with convictions ; but she could find no peace. She walked in darkness, and had no light, and giving herself up for lost, once said, for instance, when her husband and she had lain down for sleep, If you should die before to-morrow, it will be happy for you ; if I should, farewell, an everlasting farewell—I shall open my eyes in torment. But the time of her redemption drew nigh. She had sown in tears and was to reap in joy. A minister hearing of her distress, came to visit her. She was in the garden. Her husband left the house to call her. Who seeks me ? she asked. Without forethought, as if the words had fallen from heaven on his lips, he replied, Jesus Christ seeks you ! She started ; an ashy paleness overspread her face ; and, deeply affected, she followed him in silence