

suffer! Even pain becomes sweet when endured in a good cause, and he counts not even his life dear, if by its sacrifice he can win the great end for which life was given.

Not those only who are doing great things are working out the object of life. Here is the grand error over which thousands stumble into lives of inglorious action. Because they cannot be leaders, they will not be soldiers. Because they cannot do some great thing, they will do nothing. The names of martyrs and reformers, of philanthropists, and of many who have done the world some great service, ring in their ears, and would rouse them to action, if they saw a field of duty and a harvest ripe for their sickle. But the world is not in need of such spirits only. When they are wanted, they will come at the call of God, and stand in their lot to do and die.—

What the world needs now, is a race of men and women to be holy themselves, and show the power of holiness to those around them. Let each man, as did the returning Jews, build the wall of the city over against his own door, and soon the work will be done, and well done. Let every man do good as he has opportunity, and the opportunities will be abundant, and he will have no time to spare.

Specially, let him see to it, that his own vineyard is not left to lie waste, while he cultivates the vineyards of others: but watering, training, and pruning his own vines, let him teach by example, and distribute of his fruits among those who have less.

They soon learn the object of living, who thus labour to do good. They find that to enjoy God, is to enjoy everything worth possessing. And this glorious reward is not so much a gift as a result. It flows into the heart of him who has the great end of life in view; and when this life is ended, it becomes his joy for ever.—*N. Y. Observer.*

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 or 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.

HOW TO NOURISH THE SPIRIT OF PRAYER.

The power to walk in the Spirit is given by the Spirit; but either all have not this power, or all do not use it. I think rather it is that all have it not, for if they had it, a power so mighty and so beneficent, they surely could not help using it. All have it not; but I do not say that they all might not have it; on the contrary, all might have it, but in point of fact they have it not. They have it not because they seek it not; for an idle wish is one thing; a steady, persevering pursuit is another. They seek not the Spirit by the appointed means, the means of prayer and attending to God's holy Word, and thinking of life, and death, and judgment.

Do those seek the Spirit of God who never pray to God? Clearly they do not. For they who never pray to God never think of him; they who never think of him, by the very force of the terms, it follows that they cannot seek his help. And yet they say, "Oh, I wish to be good, but I cannot!"— But this, in the language of the Scripture, is a lie. If they did wish to be good, they would seek the help that could make them so. There is no boy so young as not to know that, when temptation is on him to evil, prayer to God will strengthen him for good. As sure as we live, if he wished really to overcome the temptation, he would seek the strength.

Consider what prayer is, and see how it cannot but strengthen us. He who stands in a sheltered place, where the wind cannot reach him, and with no branches over his head to cause a damp shade, and then holds up his face or his hands to the sun in his strength, can he help feeling the sun's warmth? Now, thus it is in prayer: we turn to God, we bring our souls, with all their thoughts and feelings, fully before him; and by the very act of so doing, we shelter ourselves from every chilling of worldly care, we clear away every intercepting screen of worldly thought and pleasure. It is an awful thing so to submit ourselves wholly to the influence of God. But do it; and as surely as the sun will warm us if we stand in the sun, so will the Giver of light and life to the soul pour his Spirit of life into us; even as we pray, we become changed into his image.

This is not spoken extravagantly. I ask of any one who has ever prayed in earnest, whether, for that time, and while he was so praying, he did not feel as it were another man; a man able to do the things which he would; a man redeemed and free? But most true is it, that this feeling passes away but too soon, when the prayer is done. Still,