

The Greatness of Little Things... By REV. A. C. OSTE.

"Now Moses kept the flock of Jethro his father-in-law."—Exodus 3:1.

A short period had made a great change in the circumstances of Israel's law-giver. Just a little ago he was in the midst of the excitement and magnificence of Pharaoh's court. He had been there well-nigh forty years, until he had become learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians.

That seems to be a great come down. But man's place is where God puts him. If God marks out our sphere it is not the sphere that determines our greatness or littleness, but the way we use our work.

Whether we are conscious of it or not, we are every day doing something to give molding for good or ill the characters of those with whom we are living.

Our public life, the better we are known to it, the more we are made aware of it.

Outside the home. In our lives outside of the home the little things that are not considered trifles may constitute the difference between a person who does much for the cause of Christ and one who does little.

Most of us spend the larger part of our time in our homes. In the papers we read of the great things that are going on in the great world outside. What we are doing seems insignificant. Perhaps we sometimes tire of the ceaseless round of humble duties.

down their lives and thus and their probation. Every work should be done as unto God. His eye is never removed from us, and a complete record of our lives remains with him as our day's diary.

Why, God, thought Marian, 'has a missing head'. This moment, Lucy wants a drink, perhaps. Let others miss me! never miss me, God!

One bright Sabbath morning in June, Greta Brown was one of the brightest, most enthusiastic and popular girls in Miss Gerry's school.

It was a faithful work we are doing in looking after those who are in need.

How often it happens that a poor boy who goes from a country to a large city, and enters a business, for the first time, comes out of the firm.

When Greta went to sleep that night, Dr. Milken's text and Mark's story mingled together in a most curious way.

"The first few were measured after I came. I did not know, but soon the name, Elizabeth Darrow was called."

It was not until she touched it that she realized that she was not the girl she had been when she was a young girl.

If only the seal for outside work which can be seen of men, had not checked the lovely secret graces of humility, and trust, and patience, under little daily trials, they too, are needed for perfect growth.

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