

"Oh, my God," he exclaimed, "let me with thanksgiving remember and confess unto thee thy mercies to me. Let my bones be bedewed with thy love, and let them say unto thee, Who is like unto thee, O Lord? Thou hast broken my bonds in sunder. I will offer unto thee the sacrifice of thanksgiving."

And now, dear reader, see that mother and son, with hand pressed in hand, with calm joy on each brow, and holy peace—heaven's own peace—reigning in each heart. Say on what sight more noble can the human eye gaze? what purer, truer happiness can be witnessed on earth? And the humble instrument of it all, that lowly, loving woman Monica.

Weeping mothers, dry your tears, and take comfort from this scene. Despairing mothers, ye who follow the sad track of your wayward sons with bleeding hearts, follow them, like Monica, with your prayers. You shall reach them thus, and you may, like her, win them back not only to your own home and heart, but to the fold of the Good Shepherd, who yearns over the straying lamb with a love stronger than that sweetest of earthly love—a mother's.

And remember to *live* the religion you *teach*. This was a great secret of Monica's success. She was an epistle of Jesus Christ which needed no translation: her pagan husband could read *it* when no entreaties could persuade him to read the inspired word itself; her pagan mother-in-law could read *it*, with its chapters of unwearied love and self-denial, with its line upon line, and precept upon precept of Christian example; and her dissolute son, though steeped in vice and hardened in sinful habits, felt the charm of her lovely Christian life, and at last sought and found his portion—his peace—in his mother's Saviour-God.

And who shall tell where the influence of Monica shall end? How many shall rise up to bless the mother of St. Augustine! Hers will be no starless crown, but one sparkling with jewels from every nation and shore.

In her forgetfulness of self she was unconsciously using the surest means to render her memory unforgotten, undying. She was a single-eyed woman. God's glory and the salvation of souls were the aims of her life. She did not seek to achieve fame in the world, or to make her name known in other circles. She took up the talent bestowed upon her—a heart glowing with love to God and man—and she traded with it in her own home circle—woman's first sphere. Great was her reward, golden was the harvest she was destined to reap. "Them that honour me," God says, "I will honour."

Dear reader, go you and do likewise. Do your part, and trust God to do his. He is faithful that hath promised, who is able also to perform.

LITTLE THINGS.

Life is made up, not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things, in which smiles and kindness and small obligations given habitually are what win and preserve the heart, and secure comfort.

"Thousands of men breath, move, and live—pass off the stages of life—are heard of no more. Why? They do not a particle of good in the world, and none are blessed by them as the instrument of their redemption; not a word they spoke could be recalled, and so they perished; their light went out in darkness, and they were not remembered more than the insects of yesterday. Will you thus live and die, O man immortal? Live for something. Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storm of time can never destroy. Write your name in kindness, and love, and mercy, on the hearts of thousands you may come in contact with year by year; you will never be forgotten. No! your name, your deeds, will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind, as the stars on the brow of the evening. Good deeds will shine as the stars of heaven."—*Chambers*.

In most quarrels there is a fault on both sides. A quarrel may be compared to a spark, which cannot be produced without flint and steel; either of them may hammer on wood forever, no fire will follow.