



### Little by Little.

It is a common fault to overlook the unobtrusive modes of doing good which lie in the path of every one, under the impression that were an opportunity given to achieve, by a single stroke, some stupendous work of beneficence, it would be cheerfully and resolutely embraced. We are apt to be too long-sighted in relation to the use of moral influence. In looking out afar for some magnificent work, for the performance of which we will greatly congratulate ourselves, while the world will wonder at our bravery, we fail to see a thousand opportunities for blessing others, because they are so near and simple. We are at great pains to send the missionary to some far-off field of desolation and want, while we fail to do our own families that work which is identical with the missionary's labour. We interest ourselves in the progress of a revival, while we neglect that personal activity and faithfulness to those around us, upon which all revivals depend. Like legislators declaring war and granting appropriations, while they neither take the sword, nor contribute to the expense, we would generalize every system of benevolence, so as to excuse ourselves from service. Yet this is a semblance of benevolence, bringing neither the fruit nor the blessedness of genuine virtue.

Every philanthropist, whose achievements have been embalmed in the memories of the good, has won his laurels by the labour of his own hands, in the way of humble, simple, self-

denying activity. There is no highway to distinguished usefulness. It is to be attained, if attained at all, only by perseverance in the ordinary common-place way of laborious duty in the personal sphere which we occupy. Howard's memory is sacred and sublime; but the labours which consecrate it were performed in the prison-house and the hospital—amidst the repulsive associations of poverty and crime, one by one, and little by little. If he had waited for the opportunity of performing at a stroke the good deeds which were the accumulated results of years of trial, he had died unknown and unhonoured. So will we find it in the case of every good and great man. If we could draw aside the veil which his renown has cast over him, we should find him laboriously plodding over the details of duty or labour, the combined results of which have made him famous. Little by little the pyramids were built; and by those details of inconsiderable or repulsive deeds is the title to enlarged beneficence, or distinguished goodness to be won. He who manfully and disinterestedly grapples with the duty of the present hour has the true spirit of benevolence.

### — Father's Letter to his Son.

DEAR WILLIAM,—Your father loves you very much, and nothing would make him so happy as to see you truly wise and good. But I am often very anxious about you, for there are many dangers that you are not aware of.—And it is to warn you of these dangers, and to keep you from them, that I now write this little letter to you. And as it is my own letter, I hope you will read it often and carefully; and your father's prayer is, that God may bless it to his dear boy.

One of the greatest dangers in this country is the danger of acquiring a liking for intoxicating liquors, and thus becoming a drunkard; and the best way of being safe from this great danger is by becoming an abstainer