

What I May Do.

I cannot do great things for Him
Who did so much for me;
But I would like to show my love,
Dear Jesus, unto Thee;
Faithful in very little things,
O Saviour, may I be.

There are small things in daily life
In which I may obey,
And thus may show my love to Thee;
And always, every day,
There are some loving little words
Which I for Thee may say.

There are small crosses I may take,
Small burdens I may bear,
Small acts of faith, and deeds of love,
Small sorrows I may share;
And little bits of work for Thee
I may do everywhere.

And so, I ask Thee, give me grace
My little place to fill,
That I may ever walk with Thee,
And ever do Thy will;
And in each duty, great or small,
I may be faithful still.

Grand Trunk Railway.

J. C. Gibson, Conductor on G.T.R., Hamilton, Ont., writes: "It gives me pleasure to inform you of the excellent results I have received from the use of your great remedy, K.D.C. For a considerable time I had been a sufferer from acute indigestion; my body was wasting away for want of proper nourishment, which my stomach refused to accept, nor was I able to find any remedy that afforded any relief, until one of my sons brought home a few packages of K.D.C., and requested me to try them. It is now about six or seven months since I commenced taking the K.D.C.; my health has improved, my weight has greatly increased, and I feel like myself again."

Catch Questions.

If a goose weighs ten pounds and a half of its own weight, what is the weight of the goose? Who has not been tempted to reply on the instant fifteen pounds?—the correct answer being, of course, twenty pounds. It is astonishing what a very simple query will sometimes catch a wise man napping. Even the following have been known to succeed:

How many days would it take to cut up a piece of cloth fifty yards long, one yard being cut off every day?

A snail climbing up a pole twenty feet high ascends five feet every day and slips down four feet every night. How long will the snail take to reach the top of the post?

A wise man having a window one yard high and one yard wide, requiring more light, enlarged his window to twice its former size, yet the window was still only one yard high and one yard wide. How was this done?

This is a catch question in geometry, as the preceding were catch questions in arithmetic. The window was diamond shaped at first, and was afterwards made square.

As to the two former, perhaps it is scarcely necessary seriously to point out that the answer to the first is not fifty days, but forty-nine; and to the second not twenty days, but sixteen—since the snail who gains one foot each day for fifteen days, climbs on the sixteenth day to the top of the pole and there remains.

K.D.C. Pills tone and regulate the bowels.

Indecision.

Of all people who provoke us few are more tiresome than those who will never do anything thoroughly. Their actions are incomplete. A natural deficiency of brain-structure mars their deeds. They leave the door open; they always remember something to be done just as they are leaving the house, and spoil the effect and good augury of the departure by running back for a pocket-handkerchief, a memorandum book or a final order to the waiter. But the worst of it is they won't let others do what they want right off,

A matter has been settled. It is an immense fact and saving of time to accept decisions; it clears the way. A small thing done is sometimes better than a big one prepared or in preparation. These hesitating tempers, however, won't let the small thing do itself. The matter, as I said, has been settled, dismissed. Then they say, "Oh! but—" The luckless decision is caught by the last joint of its tail just as it was going steadily and safely out of the room—caught by the last joint of its tail, pulled back all flustered and rampant, to have a smut rubbed off its nose. Plague on it, let it go with the smut! As it is, the charm of the launch is spoiled. These people, too, won't eat or drink in a complete way. They put back, ask you to take back a piece. They will have "only half a glass, please." They will be helped "presently." They affect a combination of meals, tea and dinner, say, and a cloth over half the table. They mourn over a wholesale clearance of old papers. They dread nothing more than a final decision of little things; and, whatever they do, seem to leave some part of it designedly unfinished.

Morning Service.

Of course you go to Church in the morning, if you can. Nothing except dire necessity should keep you away. I am not now speaking of your Communion. That is the highest privilege, the greatest of all blessings. You communicate weekly, or fortnightly, or monthly. You have a rule; at least, you ought to have a rule about your Communion, as well as about lesser things. But what about the Sundays on which you do not communicate? Even if you are a weekly communicant as a rule, there are some Sundays on which you do not go to the Early Service for your Communion. What then must you do? The answer is an easy one. You must do the thing which is next in order of importance—that which in some sort takes the place of sacramental Communion, when it cannot be had. I mean you can, and you must have "Communion in the prayers." In what prayers? In the prayers of the Holy Communion Office. These are the best prayers; do not put any others in their place. It is the duty of every Christian to attend the Communion service on every Sunday and on some of the holy days of the Church. It is well to go to the service on as many days as possible. But on Sundays it is a needful duty as well as a precious privilege. Do not misunderstand me. I do not tell you that it is your duty at once and always to be a weekly communicant. That will come soonest by doing what I now tell you. What I want you to see is the duty of being present and joining in the prayers of the Communion Office, whether you communicate or not. This you should do every Sunday. And this principle should guide you as to the "Morning Service" which you attend. What I mean is this. I will suppose you have not received the Holy Communion some Sunday morning. You are going to church at mid-day. Where shall you go? To what service must you go as a matter of duty? There is a safe and easy answer to the question. You should go to the Mid-day Celebration of Holy Communion, wherever you can get it. The church may be far off. It may be inconvenient for you to go there. But do not think of convenience. Consider your duty. Think of God, of the commandment of the Lord Jesus, of the service appointed. As an instructed Christian, you do not go in a vague way "to church," but to the "Lord's service."

For nervous headache use K.D.C.

Appreciation.

A certain class of persons live in the belief that to indulge in censorious criticism indicates knowledge of a superior quality. From a youthful eagerness to display newly-acquired information is often developed a habit of hypercriticism and cavilling depreciation which emphasizes itself with age. These persons seem to imagine that any word of praise denotes weakness of judgment, and accordingly they disparage, right and left, with a lofty pretence to superiority which at once invites an aggressive attitude. No one ought to resent wise and sincere criticism, else little progress

would we make; but helpful, judicious admonition is one thing, obnoxious and wholesale denunciation another.

Nothing is more distasteful to a modest, truthful, unaffected nature than the lip-homage of fawning sycophancy; but helpful encouragement need not be fulsome flattery. There are some natures, not over-confident, easily discouraged, and faint of heart, who fail utterly before disapprobation, and whose small mustard-seed of effort needs to be nurtured by discreet praise before it can start a timid growth. Which of us has not, at some time, had the heart taken out of him by some one of those who "hint a fault and hesitate dislike"? How many ideas, born of enthusiasm, fail of result from lack of sympathy!

Not alone are they in this regard who churlishly refuse "honour where honour is due," but the most kindly disposed of us may find that he fails, at times, in that gracious and benevolent behaviour which he would maintain toward those about him. There are those who exercise toward perfect strangers such unfailing and courteous attentions as should win lasting regard; but this same deportment is never observed except toward strangers, and those of his own blood may go a lifetime without recognition of any gentle effort at pleasing, or may, in fact, be rudely repulsed if the smallest service is exacted by those who have every right to expect and demand it.

Human we are, and "from its birthday to its dying" humanity needs much help in freeing itself from the clods of clay from which it sprang. Give the sorely-tried, patient mother a just appreciation of her long period of self-sacrifice. Tenderly repay the much enduring father for his faithful, unremitting service; it is hard to be losing youth and vitality, to be looking forward to the near approach of decrepit old age. You can forgive some querulousness, some unreasonable demands. Thank the tender-hearted friend for her thoughtful help in a troubled time, not only in words but in deeds; there lies the true appreciation. Even the most self-reliant and independent ones are grateful for a moment's shifting of the burden.

And the little children—poor little, eager, expectant souls!—do not frown them down in a carping, fault-finding spirit; appreciate their well meant endeavours, even if they fail of the intent. The little ones so often are blamed for a fault which comes only from error of judgment. And how can they be wise—those inexperienced babies? Give their intention a thought, and behind the fault you will often find there lies a beautiful motive, awkwardly expressed.

We all need appreciation: I do—you do. William Hunt, whose delightful "Talks on Art" are so treasured by art-students, tells us that it shows much more knowledge to praise judiciously than to condemn unreservedly. And from our Blessed Lord and Master comes: "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone."

The Secret of a Happy Day.

Just to let that Father do
What He will;
Just to know that He is true
And be still.
Just to follow hour by hour
As He leadeth;
Just to draw the moment's power
As it needeth.
Just to trust Him, that is all!
Then the day will surely be
Peaceful, whatsoe'er befall,
Bright and blessed, calm and free.

Just to leave in His dear hand
Little things;
All we cannot understand,
All that stings.
Just to let Him take the care
Sorely pressing;
Finding all we let Him bear
Changed to blessing.
This is all! and yet the way
Marked by Him who loves thee best;
Secret of a happy day,
Secret of His promised rest.

—Francis Ridley Havergal.

Take K.D.C. for sour stomach and sick headache.