

ful celebration of the triumphal Ascension of Christ to the right hand of God.

"Though vile and worthless, still
Thy people, Lord, are we;
And for our God we will
None other have but Thee:
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our Fatherland."

Little Kindnesses.

If you were toiling up a weary hill,
Bearing a load beyond your strength to bear,
Straining each nerve untiringly, and still
Stumbling and losing foothold here and there,
And each one passing by would do so much
As to give one upward lift and go their way,
Would not the slight reiterated touch
Of help and kindness lighten all the day?

If you were breasting a keen wind, which tossed
And buffeted and chilled you as you strove,
Till, baffled and bewildered quite, you lost
The power to see the way, and aim and move,
And one, if only for a moment's space,
Gave you a shelter from the bitter blast,
Would you not find it easier to face
The storm again when the brief rest was past?

There is no "little" and there is no "much";
We weigh and measure and define in vain.
A look, a word, a light, responsive touch
Can be the ministers of joy or pain.
A man can die of hunger walled in gold,
A crumb may quicken hope to stronger breath,
And every day we give or we withhold
Some "little thing" which tells for life or death!

—Susan Coolidge

Never in Vain.

No message of love to God and man has ever been in vain; no love of man or God has ever perished from the universe; no life of love has ever been or ever can be lost. This is the only infinite and only eternal message, and this is why the mission and message of Jesus of Nazareth must abide. This is the reason that the life of Jesus is eternal, and that all things must be subdued unto Him; for "love never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall be done away; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall be done away. For we know in part, and we prophesy in part; but when that which is perfect is come, that which is in part shall be done away. . . . For now I see in a mirror, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part, but then shall I know even as also I have been known."

And when at last we shall clearly know what now we dimly see in Jesus Christ—that "love is righteousness in action;" that mercy is the necessary instrument of justice; that good has "been the final goal of ill;" and that through testing innocence must have been glorified into virtue—when we shall see that God is love, and law is Gospel, and sin has been transformed into righteousness, then shall we also see that "there is one body, and one Spirit, even as also we were called in one hope of our calling; one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all, who is over all, and through all, and in all."

Then shall we see that "unto each one of us was the grace given according to the measure of the gift of Christ;" . . . and we shall all "attain unto the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a full-grown man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ;" and

"Every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all."

St. Paul a Great Soldier.

The Apostle Paul had all the elements out of which a great military commander is evolved. If his own nation had been in his day given to making war, and if he had been allotted a military command, Saul of Tarsus might have become one of the greatest generals in the history of the world. He had the happy combination of dash and caution which enter into the make-up of great leaders; he had a discerning knowledge of human nature, so that he would have been able wisely to select his lieutenants; he had vast and contagious stores of

enthusiasm locked up in his breast, sufficient to set an army on fire with heroic ardor; he had a brain which was big enough for the conquest of the whole world; he had organizing power equal to the conduct of the largest campaigns ever projected; while his personal courage, his fortitude, his wisdom, his single-eyed devotion, his ability to turn defeat into victory, and to evolve order out of chaos—all these attributes he possessed in their very highest development.

Saul of Tarsus, a soldier—the very words make one tingle to his finger tips. Measure this man in his military possibilities with other great commanders, and he does not in any single direction suffer in the comparison. In strategy—the art of manoeuvring and massing men so as to bring them with advantage and skill at the right moment face to face with the enemy on the battle field, he was the equal of Hannibal; in tactics—the science of handling men in actual conflict—he was not surpassed by Napoleon or Wellington; in personal dash and daring, the spirit which by personal example sets the blood on fire and rouses an army to its noblest deeds, Marshal Ney was never more magnetic or heroic; in personal valor he was never surpassed by any man who ever fought. He had all the native elements of a great soldier in his nature, and indeed he displayed all these elements in the work he did as an apostle to the Gentiles. In the best sense Saul of Tarsus was a great military hero.

No wonder that this man, whose life was passed among the best soldiers the world ever saw—the conquerors of the ancient world—and who had in him the soul of a soldier himself—no wonder that he utters to the Church this exhortation: "Endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ"; no wonder that he closed his campaigns with the shout of victory—"I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith."

Helen's Lesson.

Helen sat by the window with her basket of mending, but the light had grown dim, and her work lay idly in her lap as she watched the passers-by and wondered in bitterness of spirit if any one of them was as miserable as herself.

Her lot was, indeed, a peculiarly hard one. Grinding poverty, ill-health and overwork, a lack of almost every pleasant thing, and a superabundance of petty trials and vexations, made up her life.

That day had been especially hard, and as she sat looking into the street the words, "destitute, afflicted, tormented," flashed into her mind and seemed to characterize her; and then, remembering to whom the Apostle applies them, she was shocked and ashamed.

"If my troubles came to me in the way of persecution," she thought, "it seems as if I could bear them better. There would be something grand and inspiring in the thought that I was suffering for my faithfulness to Christ. But I am no martyr, and yet it seems as if these things were crushing me, the pressure is so great."

She clasped her hands and prayed: "Lord, help me! I cannot bear it! Help me, help me!"

Her face was still turned toward the window, though for some minutes she had seen nothing without, but now suddenly she was aware of someone passing, a young girl who lived in the neighbourhood. Helen always pitied her because she was lame. One foot was turned over so that in walking her weight rested upon the ankle, making her limp badly. People said that by proper treatment when she was a baby the foot might have been made to grow straight.

Helen knew that at her own birth one of her feet had been similarly out of place, and that it had been straightened and held in proper position until it could grow stronger and no longer need support. She could remember when she was a very little child wearing the iron upon her foot, and sometimes crying because it hurt, and begging to have it taken off. How thankful she was now for the love which had refused to yield to her wishes until the physician said it was safe to remove it. But for that she would have been as lame as the girl outside her window.

All this Helen had often thought of before, but now the new thought came: "Perhaps God is

treating me now just as my father did then, and He does not free me from these things that hurt me so because He knows that they are necessary to prevent some greater suffering. Oh, I wonder if that can be!"

Then she remembered the text, "He doth not willingly afflict nor grieve the children of men," and she was helped and comforted. Her prayer was answered.

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

Vocal Training for Children.

From Harper's Bazar.

A general prejudice exists against the cultivation of children's voices. Parents believe that their daughters should reach the seventeenth or eighteenth year before beginning vocal studies, and any teacher will tell you that a male pupil who has not passed his twenty-first year is an exception. The fear of straining the voice by training it too early seems universal; but it is a matter for grave consideration whether even greater risks may not be run in neglecting to train it in time. Talent for music is almost invariably demonstrated during childhood. Those who have voices usually begin to sing when they are children—sometimes as soon as they can talk. The gift is considered a wholly natural development, and the little one is left to warble its songs as it pleases. While one child is being carefully instructed in the rudiments of harmony, with a view to subsequent piano lessons—while she is taught how to sit at her instrument, hold her hands, practice finger exercises, and in short, is thoroughly drilled year after year in all that may establish a foundation of correct method—her little sister or brother with a voice is left entirely to Nature, who, alas! often proves herself a most inefficient music mistress. Most children labour from the first under congenital defects, and those who are fortunate enough to escape, frequently absorb the defects of those with whom they are constantly brought in contact.

With the exception of some extraordinary temperaments, æsthetic feeling in any marked degree is purely a question of cultivation. A child with a sensitive musical ear, but a healthy normal physique, shrinks from a discordant note, but imitates unconsciously ugly pronunciation, throat or nasal delivery, and indistinct enunciation—tricks which will send her later on to the throat specialist or assuredly cause her and her teacher many a painful and weary hour.

In America, where the voices are beautiful in timbre and possess resonant power, we are peculiarly afflicted with defects of utterance. Words are swallowed, jerked out, and carelessly run together in most unsingable fashion; the national habit of leaving the lips stiff and half closed while speaking rapidly, causes overwhelming difficulties to the vocalist who attempts to sing in a foreign tongue. How many children hear all about them errors, which they cannot fail to carry into their songs! One listens to a choir of boys, and the tones are enchanting in their clear purity; but when the solo comes, one can scarce endure the mumbled sounds, which leave us to guess at the meaning of the familiar anthem. The breath is taken in the middle of a word, the voice is badly placed, every possible rule is broken, and it is evident that no vocal chords can stand the strain placed upon them by the faults which should have been uprooted before taking such a deep and injurious hold. Is it not wise to guide by a course of valuable instruction the children who possess singing voices?

LEMON ICE.—One quart water, one tablespoonful corn-starch; boil till all taste of starch is gone. Add the lemon (two large lemons to a quart). Sweeten to taste when the mixture is cold, and leave the rind in for awhile. Strain through a sieve and freeze.

For nervous headache use K D.C.

—The Ontario Jockey Club Races commence on Tuesday, May 21st, and last five days. The entries are more numerous than ever, and as many American horses are coming, the races promise to be quite of an international character.