

knowledge higher than that found in any college curriculum. It is not a beautiful thought too for the members of the mission bands that nothing is too small for God to employ. You often dream of what you will do and be when you get big if God spares you. But you must not forget that there is something you can do now. Much can be accomplished by little things. You know that there are many lovely coral islands in the Pacific ocean. Now these islands were constructed through centuries of patient toil by creatures far smaller than you are, insects so small that they have to be placed under a microscope in order to be seen. What they have done for the natural world you can do, in the mission band, for the spiritual world. You can help to build islands of peace and righteousness in the hearts of the dark-eyed heathen children. God takes a special delight in the work and gifts of the little ones who save up their pennies so carefully and lay them so lovingly in the mission box for Jesus. Some of us may not have much time, money or influence, but let each of us, old and young, give what we have, do what we can. What seems small in our own sight may meet a great need. It was here that Moses, the man of God so signally failed, and are we not too often like him? God called him to a special work—that of speaking to the Egyptians. He assured him of His presence, strength and assistance, but Moses' mind was so filled with thoughts of himself, his diffidence, his inefficiency, his stammering tongue that he lost faith in God and limited His power. He said who am I that I should go before Pharaoh and his learned and magnificent court. Instead of listening to my message they will scorn me and I will be a hindrance rather than a help to the cause. If he had looked upward, instead of inward and outward, he would have known that the God who made his mouth could give him words of wisdom. God dealt very patiently with Moses, encouraging and almost entreating him to rise to the occasion, but in spite of all this he said send some one else. His hesitancy provoked the Lord to anger and he took the Kingdom from him, as he did from Esau and as he will from us if we neglect or delay. God can carry on His work without us. He will not force us into His service. He can raise up others to do His bidding but like Moses and Esau we will miss the blessing. An opportunity once past can never be recalled. No penitential prayers or tears will ever bring it back again; it has gone forever. Perhaps in all history there is no sadder or more heart-rending cry than that wrung from the heart of Esau when he prostrated himself at the feet of his father and pleaded, "Hast thou but one blessing my Father? Bless me even me also, O my Father." In that moment of awful agony he knew the worth of what he had lost. He saw what he might have been and what he might have done; but it was too late. When he would have inherited the blessing, he was rejected and found no place of repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears.

Let us pray that the Holy Spirit may open our eyes, day by day, to see and seize our opportunities, that we may not

at last in bitterness and anguish of soul say with the poet,

Oh! what a glorious record,
Had the angels of me kept;
Had I done instead of doubted
Had I warred instead of wept.

Just for To-day.

BY CANON WILBERFORCE.
Lord, for to-morrow and its needs,
I do not pray;
Keep me, my God, from stain of sin
Just for to-day.

Let me both diligently work
And duly pray,
Let me be kind in word and deed
Just for to-day.

Let me be slow to urge my will,
Prompt to obey;
Help me to mortify me flesh
Just for to-day.

Let me no wrong or idle word
Unthinking say;
Set Thou a seal upon my lips
Just for to-day.

Lord, for to-morrow and its needs
I do not pray;
But keep me, guide me, love me, Lord,
Just for to-day.

Dishonesty Recompensed.

The late Duke of Buccleuch, in one of his walks, purchased a cow in the neighborhood of Dalkeith, which was to be sent to his palace on the following morning. The Duke, in his morning dress, espied a boy ineffectually attempting to drive the animal forward to its destination. The boy, not knowing the Duke, bawled out to him:

"Hie, mun, come here an' gie's a han' wi' this beast."

The Duke walked on slowly, the boy still craving his assistance, and at last, in a tone of distress, exclaimed:

"Come here, mun, an' help us, an' I'll gie' you half I get."

The Duke went and lent the helping hand.

"And now," said the Duke, as they trudged along, "how much do you think you'll get for this job?"

"Oh, I dinna ken," said the boy, "but I'm sure o' something, for the folk up at the big house are gude to a' bodies."

As they approached the house the Duke disappeared from the boy and entered by a different way. Calling a servant, he put a sovereign in his hand, saying:

"Give that to the boy who brought the cow."

The Duke, having returned to the avenue, was soon rejoined by the boy.

"Well, how much did you get? said the Duke.

"A shilling," said the boy, "an' there's half o' it t'ye."

"But you surely got more than a shilling?" said the Duke,

"No," said the boy, "that's a' I got—and d'ye no think it's plenty?"

"I do not," said the Duke; "there must be some mistake, and, as I am acquainted with the Duke, if you return I think I'll get you more."

They went back, the Duke rang the bell and ordered all the servants to be assembled.

"Now," said the Duke to the boy "point me out the person that gave you the shilling."

"It was that chap there," pointing to the butler. The butler confessed, and at-

tempted an apology, but the Duke indignantly ordered him to give the boy the sovereign. "You have lost," said the Duke, "your money, your situation and your character, by your covetousness; learn henceforth that honesty is the best policy." The boy by this time recognized his assistant in the person of the Duke, and the Duke was so delighted with the sterling worth and honesty of the boy, that he ordered him to be sent to school at his expense.—Telegraph.

Boys Who Became Famous.

A Swedish boy fell out of a window and was badly hurt, but with clenched teeth, he kept back the cry of pain. The king, Gustavus Adolphus, who saw the boy fall, prophesied that the boy would make a man for any emergency. And so he did, for he became the famous General Bauer.

A boy used to crush the flowers to get their colour, and painted the white side of his father's cottage in Tyrol with all sorts of pictures, which the mountaineers gazed at as wonderful. He was the great artist, Titian.

A German boy was reading a blood and thunder novel. Right in the midst of it he said to himself, "Now this will never do. I get too much excited over it. I can't study so well after it. So here it goes!" and he flung the book into the river. He was Fichte, the great German philosopher.

Are Your Lungs Weak?

To Every Sufferer from Coughs, Consumption, and Similar Signs of Lung Weakness a Great Specialist Offers His New Scientific

Treatment Free!

Nearly everybody you meet will regard it as a kind of insult to be asked if they have weak lungs. All seem to have a solid faith in the soundness of their own breathing machine. In cases of trouble they will admit there is a "heavy cold" or a "touch of Bronchitis," or even a "spell of Asthma," but as to weak or unsound lungs—never—never. Even the poor consumptive, who scarcely speaks without coughing, whose cheeks are wasted, hollow and bear the hectic flush of doom, will assure you with glistening eyes that his cold is on the mend, and he will be all right when the weather changes.

Never was there a cure for lung trouble equal to the newly-discovered Dr. Sluocum treatment. This forms a system of three remedies that are used simultaneously and supplement each other's curative action. It cures weak lungs, bronchitis, coughs, consumption, and every other ailment of the pulmonary region. It destroys every germ that can effect the respiratory system, and even in advanced stages of lung trouble positively arrests the tubercular growth, while it also builds up the patient so that his system is enabled to throw off all other wasting diseases. Thousands of cases cured already prove these claims. Thousands of grateful people bless the discovery.

If the reader is a consumptive or has lung or throat trouble, general debility or wasting away, do not despair, but send your name, post-office and nearest express office address to the T. A. SLOCUM CHEMICAL CO., Limited, 179 King Street West, Toronto, when three large sample bottles (the Slocum Cure) will be sent you free. Don't delay until it is too late, but send at once for these free samples and be convinced of the efficacy of this great remedy.

Persons in Canada seeing Slocum's free offer in American or English papers will please send to Toronto for free samples. Mention the Dominion Presbyterian.