

I know is wrong?" That was brave and courageous.

A good definition of courage is "*not to be afraid to do what is right, but to be afraid to do what is wrong.*" The stories of Daniel and his three friends, and of Joseph, give us fine examples of those who possessed true courage; who were not afraid to do what is right, and who were afraid to do what is wrong.—*Congregationalist*.

THE GREAT MASTER.

"I am my own master!" cried a young man proudly, when a friend tried to persuade him from an enterprise which he had on hand. "I am my own master!"

"Did you ever consider what a responsible post that is?" asked his friend.

"Responsible? Is it?"

"A master must lay out the work which he wants done, and see that it is done right. He should try and secure the best ends by the best means. He

must keep on the look out against obstacles and accidents, and watch that everything goes straight, else he must fail."

"Well."

"To be master of yourself you have your conscience to keep clear, your heart to cultivate, your temper to govern, your will to direct, and your judgment to instruct. You are master over a hard lot; and if you don't master them, they will master you."

"That is so," said the young man.

"Now I could undertake no such thing," said his friend. "I should fail sure, if I did. Saul wanted to be his own master, and failed. Herod did. Judas did. No man is fit for it. One is my Master, even Christ. I work under His direction. He is regulator; and where He is Master, all goes right."

"One is my Master, even Christ," repeated the young man slowly and seriously. Everybody who puts himself sincerely under His leadership, wins at last.

A Fortnight in Galilee.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER VIII.

FOREST SCENERY, ON THE TOP OF TABOR.

We were glad to leave the filth and heat of Tiberias, for the open country, seeing now in a clearer light than ever before the force of Cowper's contrast: "Man made the city; God made the country;" and justifying with all our heart the choice of the Bedouins, who prefer the open tent to the close dwellings of filthy towns-people.

We head our horses for Mount Tabor, which is some fifteen miles to the south-west. For an hour or two our path is up, up, up, along a dry water-course, with bare rocks on the right hand and on the left. But the morning is cool, the sun is behind us, our horses are fresh, and the views, as we look back, new at each stage of the ascent, are constantly shifting and enlarging; and so we journey on, heedless of the exertion of climbing. Now we have gained the upland, and feel that we are well rewarded for our toil. The country on to the foot of Tabor looks different from anything