

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

WHERE TWO WAYS MEET.

Where two ways meet the children stand,
A broad fair road on either hand;
One leads to Right, and one to Wrong:
So runs the song.

Which will you choose, each lass and lad?
The right or left, the good or bad?
One leads to Right, and one to Wrong:
So runs the song.

MASTER SELF.

"There was once a little boy," said Mamma, "and he loved Somebody very much. It isn't a very large Somebody, but it has bright blue eyes and curly hair."—"Why, it's me!" said Charlie. "It's me, myself."

"So it is," said mamma, laughing. "And it's 'Master Self' whom Charlie loves best. He even doesn't love Sister so much as 'Master Self.' So he keeps all his pretty toys and doesn't give them up. He loves 'Master Self' better than Mamma, for when Mamma says, 'Go to bed,' and 'Master Self' says 'No,'—Charlie likes best to please that naughty 'Master Self.'"

"I won't please 'Master Self,'" said Charlie, and he kissed Mamma, and said "Good-night." Next day, Mamma gave Charlie a bright, new ten-cent piece, and said he might go with Nurse to buy some candy.

When Nurse and Sister were ready, and Charlie had taken his little stick, they set out. Charlie was thinking. He was thinking very much, and he was saying to himself: "I don't love 'Master Self.'"

He walked quietly by Nurse's side. Now and then he looked at the money in his hand; it was very bright and very white. It seemed a long way to the candy store.—"What will you buy, Charlie?" asked Nurse.

"Some candy for myself," said Charlie, as they reached the Park.

"Keep close to me while we cross the road," said Nurse; but just then Charlie pulled her dress and whispered: "Look, Nurse! Look there!" and Nurse saw a little girl standing near a tree, alone and crying.

"What's the matter with her, Nurse?" asked Charlie.

"I'll ask her," said Nurse. "What are you crying for, dear?"

But the little girl only cried the more, and Charlie went close to her and said: "What's the matter, little girl?"

The little girl could not speak, she was sobbing so much. "Don't cry," said Charlie in great distress. "It makes me want to cry too."

"Oh dear! Oh dear!" said the little girl. "I have lost my money! All, my money." But soon she began to tell Nurse how it was. She was going to get some bread, and she had the money in her hand,—and," said she, "a boy pushed me, and I fell and lost my ten-cent piece, and I can't buy the bread, and mother will be so angry."

"I'm glad I didn't lose my piece," said Charlie, squeezing it hard.

"I am very sorry for you," said Nurse. "If I were you, I'd run home and tell mother."

"I can't! I can't!" cried the little girl. "It was all mother had, and we're so hungry!"

Charlie held his money tightly. What was

he thinking of all the time? He was saying to himself: "I don't love 'Master Self.'" He pulled Nurse's dress and said: "Nurse, can't you give the little girl some money?"

"I haven't my purse, dear," said Nurse.

The little girl moved away, crying. Charlie walked on beside Nurse. They were near the candy store. He could see the sweets in the window,—sticks and balls and creams! Charlie turned his head. He saw the little girl looking back too. She was still crying. Charlie pulled Nurse's dress. "Nurse," he said, "I want to turn back."

"What do you want to turn back for?" asked Nurse. "Here is the store."

Charlie raised himself on tiptoe to get nearer Nurse's ear, and whispered:

"I want to please the little girl and not 'Master Self!'"

Nurse knew what he meant. She turned back. Charlie looked once more at the candy store, then he ran across the street. When he came close to the little girl he held out his bright ten-cent piece and said: "It is for you, and not for 'Master Self!'"

The little girl stopped crying and began to smile; then she tried to say "Thank you," to Charlie; but Nurse said: "Run now and buy your bread," and she ran off, after looking back to nod and smile at Charlie.

But Charlie was even happier than she. He walked briskly home and sat on Mamma's lap and told her all about it. Mamma kissed him and said: "Isn't Charlie happy now?"

And Charlie said: "Yes; because I didn't please 'Master Self.'"

A TRUE STORY.

Several years ago a missionary was traveling in India, where the Bible had never been seen, or the name of Jesus heard. He had been told that the natives in that part of the country were very fierce and brutal, and that his life would be in great danger; but he was so anxious to carry the Gospel to them that he ventured to go. When he reached that village, he was immediately surrounded by twenty or thirty furious and passionate men, who would not listen to any explanation of his errand, and threatened him with instant death.

The missionary showed no fear, but calmly asked the privilege of telling them a beautiful story before they should kill him.

They consented to this; and, forming a circle around him to prevent his escape, they stood, with stones in their hands, ready to take his life as soon as his story was told.

Do you wonder what that story was? It began with the first verse of the Bible: "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth."

As he told them of Adam and Eve, of Noah and the ark, the rainbow and the olive-leaf, of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, of Moses and his miracles, of the Red Sea and the tables of stone, their interest was soon aroused, and they became eager listeners; but when he went on in his account from the Old Testament to the New, and began the history of the wonderful Babe of Bethlehem, they drew closer and closer around him, and, dropping their stones, hung upon his words with almost breathless attention.

Before the story of the Saviour's death was reached, they were all melted to tears, and

when they heard of the Cross, the resurrection, and ascension, their enmity was all gone, and they welcomed the missionary as a friend and teacher. The "beautiful story" saved his life.

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.

"Responsibility—is it?"

"A master must lay out the work he wants done, and see that it is done right. He should try to 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 may 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. When he is Master, all goes right."—*Dr. Bacon.*

FRUIT FROM A SMALL SEED.

The child who, half a century ago, dropped into the missionary-box the *one cent* that was blessed to the conversion of the son of a Burman chief, sowed a seed that was "less than all the seeds." But it became a tree. A little tract, that cost just that single cent, fell into the hands of that young man, and he was so anxious to know its contents that he travelled from Burdwan, 250 miles, to Rangoon, on purpose to learn to read it. The Christian teachers soon taught him, and from the reading of that tract he arose with a new heart in his bosom, and went home with a basketful of similar tracts to distribute among his people. He was a man of influence, and crowds came to hear him talk and explain the Gospel as he had learned it. In one year 1,500 natives were baptized in Arracan, as the result of his labours.

BETTER THAN GOLD.

"I will give that to the missionaries," said Billy, and he put his fat hand on a little gold dollar, as he counted the contents of his money-box.

"Why?" Susie asked.

"'Cause it's gold. Don't you know the wise men brought Jesus gifts of gold? And the missionaries work for Jesus."

Stillness for a little, then Susie said: "The gold all belongs to Him anyhow. Don't you think it would be better to go right to Him and give Him what he asks for?"

"What's that?" Billy asked.

Susie repeated softly: "My son, give Me thine heart."