

boy alone of all the vast crowd had seen the dilemma and had rushed in to the assistance of the unfortunate creature.

As the lad brought the blind man safely to the sidewalk I could not help thinking that here was an expression of that one touch of nature that makes the whole world kin.—*Golden Days*.

"WHAT I CAN."

I CAN'T GO OUT to the distant lands,
Where the heathen live and die,
Who have never heard of the children's Friend
Above the bright blue sky;
And I can't go yet to tell the news
Of the Saviour's love to man,
But I'm quite, quite sure that when God says
"Go,"

I'll go as fast as I can!

I can't give much, for I am not rich
So I mean to collect the more,
And also give what I really can
Out of my little store;
I'll give my pennies, my love, my prayers,
And ask god to bless each plan
That is made for the good of the heathen
world—

I'll pray as much as I can!

I can't write books, and I can't build ships
To sail o'er the ocean wide,
But I can read of the world's great need
Across on the other side;
And when I know, I'll be able then
To tell how the work began,
So I mean to study with all my might,
And read as much as I can!

I can't do work that the world calls great,
But I can do one by one
The little things in my daily life
That the Lord would have well done.
Where He leads on we are bound to win,
So I'll follow His conquering van,
And keeping close to my Saviour's side,
I'll work as hard as I can!

—*Children's World*.

"I AM MY OWN MASTER."

"I AM my own Master," says the young man. Well, be your own master, and sit down and have an earnest and plain talk with yourself. Ask yourself who you are, what you are, what you have been doing, what you are doing now, and what you propose or expect to do hereafter. Ask yourself what you have done to make the world wiser, or better, or happier. Try to ascertain whether you have done the world harm or done it good; see if you have been of any real service to mankind, and how. What are you worth to the world in which you live? What great enterprise for the promotion of human interest would suffer by your death? How many would miss you or care whether you lived or died?

You are one of fourteen hundred millions of human beings on earth. How much, and what sort of influence have you exercised on others? or have you, or do you exercise any influence worth notice?

You are your own master. Does the master try to be a man, or is he content to be a mere cipher, an "O" in society? Has he sufficient self-respect to keep himself above all that is low, coarse, vulgar and bad? Does he always speak the truth—never use obscene or profane language—never do a mean thing? Is he always regardful of age, respectful to equals, and kind to inferiors? Does he labour earnestly to improve his mind, his morals and his manners; or is he careless, idle and indifferent to such things? Does he spend much time in the company of idlers—smoking, drinking and foolish talking? If so, tell him—that master of yours—he is on the wrong track, and if he does not switch himself off, there is surely a crash ahead, and no one to save the pieces, and when it comes, the verdict of the people will be, "Served him right." He might have known it would come. He lived for it and he has it. "You are your own master."

Better watch that master very closely—see that he forms no bad habits, keeps out of bad company, uses no improper language, is always engaged in some honest and useful pursuit, lives honestly, truthfully and usefully. If these and like things are well and faithfully attended to, then and then only may you expect to be of any real service to the generation and age in which you live.—*Selected*.

"TRY HIM WI' A TEXT."

"WHAT's wrang wi' ye noo? I thoct ye were a' richt," said a ragged Scotch boy, himself rejoicing in the Saviour, to another, who, a few nights before, professed to be able to trust Jesus, but who again began to doubt; "what's wrang wi' ye noo?"

"Mon, I'm no richt yet," replied the other, "for Satan's aye tempting me."

"And what dae ye then?" asked his friend.

"I try," said he, "to sing a hymn."

"And does that no send him away?"

"No, I am as bad as ever."

"Weel," said the other, "when he tempts ye again, try him wi' a text, he canna stand that."

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