

## Fear Not.



IN the winter, when the storm is raging at night, the wind howling on the roof-top, the rain battering on the window, perhaps the thunder rolling in the sky, I know what takes away all your fears. It is when your mother comes, and, giving you a

kiss on your forehead, says, "Don't be afraid; I am beside you." Then she puts her kind arm underneath, and you rest upon it like a pillow. That is what the Great God does to you and me.

Everlasting arms of love  
Are beneath, around, above:  
I shall not have any fear,  
With God's presence always near.

## The Master.

"The Master is come, and calleth for thee."—John 11: 28.

THIS is one of the most endearing names of Christ, though you might not think it. "The Master is come and calleth for thee." "Why troublest thou the Master any more?" And why was the name so sweet to the disciples? Because they had given their hearts to the Master, and counted it their greatest joy to be *taught* and *ruled* by Him.

Now, children, the name "master" makes you think of just two things—*teaching* and *ruling*. The "master" to most of you means your *teacher*. The "master" to many of those about you means the person whom they *serve*. I hope that you all love your teacher just now, and try to learn as much as you can from him, and that when you boys go out into the world you will find a good master, whom you will obey with pleasure. But what I am especially anxious for is, that you take Jesus now and forever as your Master in both senses—to teach you and to govern you—and that you would seek to learn from Him as much as you can, and to obey Him always.

If you are to enter His school and engage in His service, you must begin by giving yourself to Him, who first loved you and gave Himself for you. I have read of Socrates, that His pupils used to gather round him at the beginning of each session, in order each to give him some present as a token of their personal esteem. On one occasion, it is said, when this was being done, one poor youth was seen hanging in the background, with a downcast look and tearful eye, when suddenly, the rest having bestowed their gifts, he ran forward, under the impulse of a love that could not be restrained, and, casting himself at the feet of his great master, cried, "Socrates, I have

nought to give thee; but I offer thee *myself*." Now, so should it be with you. You are to begin with a full surrender of yourself to Christ. And He will expect you to continue in His word, giving Him your attention and obedience day by day. So will you be "disciples indeed," and "faithful servants," who will not need to be ashamed before Him at His coming.

Happy are they who early give their hearts to Christ, and grow up, like Mnason (Acts xxi. 16), to be "old disciples in His school, becoming grey in the service of our Lord! May Christ's words be true of you, dear children,—"One is your Master, even Christ; and all ye are brethren."

## Pity—Mercy.

WHAT is "pity"? When you see a hungry child in winter, shivering in rags in the street, you *pity* it. What is "tender mercy"? A tiny bird is struggling on the ground with broken wing. You take it up in your hand and carry it indoors, and lay it gently on a soft bed. You show *tender mercy* to it. That is what God has done to you and me. He pitied us in our sins, and shows His tender mercy in healing our sorrows.

Jesus will never cease to shew  
His loving, tender pity,  
Till Sorrows shall no more know  
Within the Holy City.

## The Secret of Courage.

IN a naval action the English captain noticed how coolly, and with what fearless courage, a midshipman behaved in the hottest fight. Afterwards, in praising the lad for his valour, he asked him how it was he could be so calm. "I had a few words with God in my cap before the fight begun," was his answer. This was the secret of his bravery; let us lay it to heart.

## Don't Weep, but Work.

TWO gardeners, who were neighbours, had their crops of early peas killed by the frost. One of them came to condole with the other. "Ah!" cried he, "how unfortunate. Do you know, neighbour, that I have done nothing but fret ever since. But, bless me, you seem to have a fine healthy crop coming. What are these?"

"Why, these are what I sowed immediately after my loss."

"What, coming up already," said the fretter?

"Yes," said the other; "while you were fretting I was working."

A HAPPY, joyful spirit spreads joy everywhere; a fretful spirit is a trouble to ourselves, and to all around us.