

**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 the friend.

"Responsible, 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 lookout against obstacles and accidents, and watch that every thing goes straight, else he will 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 judgment to instruct. You are master over a hard lot, and if you don't master them they will master you."

"That is so," admitted 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 man is master, even Christ.' I work under God's directions. When he is master, all goes right."—*The Youth's Companion.*

**EVERY DAY A LITTLE.**

Every day a little knowledge. One fact in a day. How small is one fact! Only one!

Ten years pass by. Three thousand six hundred and fifty facts are not a small thing.

Every day a little self-denial. The thing that is difficult to-day will be an easy thing to do three hundred and sixty days hence, if each day it shall have been repeated. What power of self-mastery shall he enjoy who seeks every day to practice the grace he prays for.

Every day a little happiness. We live for the good of others, if our living be in any sense a true living. It is not in great deeds of kindness only that the blessing is found. In "little deeds of kindness," repeated every day, we find true happiness. At home, at school, in the street, in the neighbor's house, in the playground, we shall find opportunity every day for usefulness.—*Lutheran Herald.*

**A LITTLE BROWN PENNY.**

A little brown penny, worn and old,  
Dropped in the box by a dimpled hand;  
A little brown penny, a childish prayer,  
Sent far away to a heathen land.

A little brown penny, a generous thought,  
A little less candy just for one day;  
A young heart awakened, for life mayhap,  
To the needs of the heathen far away.

The penny flew off with the prayer's swift wings.

It carried the message by Jesus sent,  
And the gloom was pierced by a radiant light  
Wherever the prayer and the message went.

And who can tell of the joy it brought  
To the souls of the heathen far away,  
When darkness fled like wavering mists,  
From the beautiful dawn of the gospel day?

And who can tell of the blessings that came  
To the little child, when Christ looked down?  
Or how the penny, worn and old,  
In heaven will change to a golden crown?

It is not poverty so much as pretense that harasses a ruined man—the struggle between a proud mind and an empty purse—the keeping up of a hollow show that must soon come to an end. Have the courage to appear poor, and you disarm poverty of its sharpest sting.  
*Mrs. Jameson.*

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