

ROYAL HOUSEHOLD FLOUR makes the bread used on the tables of royalty

A GREAT MASTER.

"I am my own master!" said 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.

"A master must lay out the work which 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 everything goes straight, or else he must fail."

"To be sure 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."

"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 so did Herod; and so did Judas. No man is fit for it. 'One is my Master, even Christ.' I work under his direction. He is regular and where He is master all goes right.—Sel.

A DANGEROUS SNARE.

Some men console themselves and flatter themselves that they are very good very right and very safe because they have never done anything very bad. They overlook the fact that much of our trouble comes from the things which we have left undone. Our sense of guilt is not so keen and sharp when we neglect our duty as it is when we fall into actual transgression. But sins of omission involve the soul in actual guilt and condemnation.—Christian Advocate.

BROTHERS ALWAYS.

Boyhood brother-love is a strong young plant that will give large returns under home cultivation. It is often allowed to wither long before manhood has come, when it ought then to be coming to its finest flower and fruitage. But brotherhood can mean more and more as the years pass, or it can become an empty name. A boy of six years who was learning to be a brother, said impulsively to his mother, "I do just love my little brother, and I wish we could be little brothers always." And he was instantly assured that what he wanted could come true. Is it as true to-day in the lives of the big brothers who read this as some of them might wish?—Sunday School Times.

"Things may seem to be upside down, men's hearts may be failing them for fear and for looking on those things which are coming on the earth, but 'the Lord is King, be the people never so impatient. He sitteth between the Cherubim, be the earth never so unquiet.' And for our own individual life, in spite of all our mistakes and failings, in spite of all our clumsiness and unworthiness we belong to him and he belongs to us. Union with God. This is the beginning, the

middle the end of our religion. For this is the purpose of God for each soul in the day when he created it."—The Bishop of Newcastle.

HOW TO DISPERSE DOUBTS.

Is the Christian teased with doubts? He has a way out of his distress, and that is by doing. Instead of debating with himself whether he believes this doctrine or that, let him get up and do a Christlike thing. If he finds that following Jesus in the life leads him into immorality and sin, then he is justified in nursing his doubts. But let him take to himself the profound truth of Carlyle's aphorism, "Doubt of any sort cannot be resolved except in action." Doing is essential to knowing. Live Christ and there will be no room for speculative doubts. Live him, and he is real.—Sunday School Times.

To take up the cross of Christ is no great action done once for all; it consists in the continual practice of small duties which are distasteful to us.—J. H. Newman.

Despise no little sins; they have ruined many a soul. Despise not little duties; they have been to many a saved man an excellent discipline of humility. Despise not little temptations; rightly met they have often nerved the character for some fiery trial. And despise not little crosses; for when taken up and lovingly accepted at the Lord's hand, they have made men meet for a great crown.—E. M. Goulburn.

And is there not in every day—

Earth's beauty and sweet love's caress,
In health, in books, in childhood's day—
More than enough for happiness?

And though our petty plans fall through,
All noble deeds that have been done,
All noble deeds that we may do,
Shall help the triumph to be won.
Our Shepherd watches where we lie;
He guards us if we wake or sleep;
Green pastures spread before the eye,
Still waters in the sunshine sleep.
—M. J. Savage.

Do we not drift through life, giving each other crumbs off the loaf that will only seem to break in that paltry way? Yet the crumbs have the heaven and sweetness of the loaf in them; the commonest little wayside things are charged full of whatever is really within us. God's own love is broken small for us. "This is my body broken for you."—A. D. T. Whitney.

He deliberately inwove his life into all that is commonest in life. He has made it impossible for us, if indeed we have his spirit, to think of any salient aspect of human life without thinking of him. Where childhood is, there is Bethlehem; where sorrow is, there is Gethsemane; where death is, there is Calvary; where the toiler is, there is the poor Man of Nazareth; and where the beggar is, there is He who had no place where to lay his head.—W. J. Dawson.

There is room enough on earth to find graves for the finest abilities and noblest powers. The ground which received one talent will also receive the five. Every man can be his own sexton. You can easily find a spade to dig a grave for your talents and abilities, your money and your time. But understand that in burying your talent you are burying yours if, in burying aught that God has given you, you are burying part of your very life.—Joseph Parker.

I do not know that martyrdom will prove any harder than that discipline which renders us quick to forgive, which can look upon the success of a rival with loving-leisure, which can maintain a guileless integrity in the minute transactions of life.—George Brown.

A COMPARISON.

Love's an umbrella
We borrow from Fate,
Keeps off the showers
Of Greed and Hate.

Then to continue
The simile stern,
Many who take it
Forget to return.

—McLandburgh Wilson.

UNINSTRUCTED.

"Binks overcame a lot of obstacles," said Banks to his wife. He never went to school in his life, but he is a successful business man and prominent enough to be sent as a delegate to the St. Louis convention. "Oh, I know!" exclaimed Mrs. Banks. "He's one of those uninstructed delegates the papers tell about."—Cleveland Leader.

IN THE WRONG DEPARTMENT.

A prominent physician tells this story at the expense of the modern craze for specialization in the medical profession. A poor woman from the East side of New York went to a nearby dispensary to ask aid for her little son, who had had one of his fingers smashed with a baseball bat. At the first room where she applied she was told by a curt attendant that the boy could not be treated there.

"Wrong place, he explained 'this is the eye and ear department.'
'Vere is der thumb and finger department?' inquired the woman, simply.—Ex.

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