

"REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH."



# OUR YOUNG PEOPLE



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## "When the Bee Stung Mother."\*

**A** YOUNG boy was once asked how long he had known his Saviour, and if assured that all his sins were forgiven, and when he first come to know and understand that.

"When the bee stung mother," said the boy quickly.

how He had taken my place, and died in my stead, until one summer's afternoon. I was then playing at the door of our cottage. Mother was working in the kitchen, at the window, with her sleeves turned up upon her arms. Suddenly, whilst I was playing around the doorstep, a large bee came buzzing round and round my head. I soon got frightened, and tried once or twice to flap it away; but it seemed to come



"When the bee stung mother? Tell me what you mean, my boy."

"Sir," said the boy, "I have a very dear mother, who had for some years told me what Jesus had done for me; but I never really understood and realized

closer and closer each time. At last, in despair, I ran up to my mother, and I hid myself under her long white apron. With motherly care she immediately put her iron down, covered me further up with her apron, putting her arms outside, as it were to assure me that I had full protection.

"This was hardly done before the bee settled upon one of mother's bare arms, and stung her so deeply

\* This incident and the illustration are copied from 'Our Own Gazette,' the organ of the Y. W. C. Associations of England. An excellent monthly publication. 50 cts. per year. May be secured from the Toronto Willard Tract Depository.—Ed.