

## A Page for the Young.

### THE BEGINNING OF EVIL.

Our evil actions spring  
From small and hidden seeds;  
At first we think some wicked thing,  
Then practice wicked deeds.

Oh, for a holy fear  
Of every evil way!  
That we might never venture near  
The path that leads astray!

Wherever it begins,  
It ends in death and woe;  
And he who suffers little sins,  
A sinner's doom shall know.

### TASTING DEATH

In a time of great darkness, when priestcraft and intolerance were doing their worst to suppress Divine truth, a party of soldiers, under a very cruel leader, were one day riding along a road in Scotland when they met a lad carrying a book. Upon being questioned as to the nature of the work he replied, with a fearless upward glance—

"The Bible."

"Throw it into the ditch!" shouted the fierce commander.

"Na," returned the boy, in his broad northern accent, "it is God's Word."

A second order to the same effect only caused him to grasp his treasure more firmly. A very cruel command followed.

"Then pull the cap over your eyes," was the mocking retort. "Soldiers, prepare to fire!"

For a moment the soldiers hesitated, but their leader's face was stern. The lad never flinched; he was not afraid to face death or taste its bitterness, because he knew he should pass through it into the immediate presence of the Lord who loved him, and who redeemed him at the cost of His own precious blood. He heard a voice, unheard by others, whispering to his inmost soul, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

"I will not cover my eyes," he said firmly. "I will look you in the face, as you must look me in the face at the great judgment day."

Wonderful words from one so young at such a time of peril! Another moment and he lay shot through the heart, but his spirit was with the Lord who gave it.

Dear readers, nowadays few are called upon to die for their faith; but do you esteem God's Word your dearest treasure? Would you have all fear of death removed? Then look in simple trust to Him "who, by the grace of God, tasted death for every man."

### "IF I SHOULD DIE BEFORE I WAKE."

"Mother, every night when I go to bed I say 'Now I lay me;' and do you know, mamma, though saying it so often, I never thought what it meant until Fanny Gray died? I asked nurse if Fanny died before she waked, and she said 'Yes; she went to bed well and had a spasm in the night, and died before she knew any thing at all.' Now, mother," continued Rena, "I want you to tell me about 'Now I lay me,' so that when I say it I may think what it means."

"Well, Rena," said her mother, "I shall be glad to tell you. What does it mean when you say, 'Now I lay me down to sleep?'"

"O, that means, mother, that I am just going to lie down in my bed, to go to sleep till morning."

"Well, then, as you lie down to sleep, what prayer do you offer to God?"

"I pray the Lord my soul to keep." I want the Lord to take care of my soul while I am asleep, and take care of me all over, mother. But, mother, if I should die before I wake, would the Lord be taking care of me then? Now, it seems to me when Fanny died that God did not take care of her that night, and so she died."

"O no, Rena! God did take care of her. The little verse says, 'If I should die before I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to take;' so you see God took little Fanny's soul to himself, and when she awoke she was in the arms of the blessed Jesus. Now, Rena, when you say 'Now I lay me.' I want you to think in this way. Now I am going to bed and to sleep, and I want the Lord to take care of me. If I am not a good child, and do not pray to God, ought I to ask Him or expect Him to take care of me? Let me lie down feeling that I am in the Lord's care, and if I should die before I wake, that I am still the Lord's child, and I pray that He may take my soul to dwell with Him."

"O mother! I will try and remember. Why, I used to say it slow and clasp my hands and shut my eyes, and yet I did not think about it. Thank you, mother dear. Please hear me to-night when I go to say my prayers."

Ah, little children, are there not a great many who, like Rena, say their prayers without thinking what they mean—mere words without any meaning in them? God cannot listen to such prayers. They are not for Him unto whom all hearts are open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid.

Think of what I have written about little Rena when you say "Now I lay me" to-night; and pray that God may watch over you, waking or sleeping.