

Little Charley's Chapel.

A MINISTER who went to preach somewhere in the North, was directed to tell the driver when he got to the station to drive him to "Ebenezer" Chapel. He acted upon these instructions, when the driver turned to his "fare" and said, "Ebenezer, oh, you mean little Charley's Chapel, don't you?" "Little Charley's Chapel; no, I mean Ebenezer." "Yes; we old folks know it as little Charley's Chapel," he said. "Why do you call it Little Charley's Chapel? The fact is, sir, some years ago we wanted a new chapel, but times were very bad, and the people were very poor, and labour and materials were very dear, so we resolved to give it up. But a day or two after the meeting a little boy about nine years old came to the minister's door and rang the bell. The minister came out himself, and found the little fellow with his face all flushed, and the perspiration standing on his forehead, and his little toy wheelbarrow, in which there were six new bricks. "Oh, please, sir," said Charley, "I heard you wanted a new chapel, and were thinking of giving it up; so I begged these few bricks from some builders who are building a house down the village, and I thought they would do to begin with." The minister called the committee together again, and Charley's little barrowful of bricks was brought before them. The child's enthusiasm was contagious, and the desponding committee plucked up heart; and little Charley laid the first stone of the big chapel, which will hold 1,000 people and cost £6,000; and now it is out of debt." "And what has become of little Charley?" The old man's voice grew husky. "If you'll let me pull up at the churchyard, sir, I'll show you Charley's grave. You can always tell his grave, for the Sunday school scholars keep it bright with flowers. He used to live close by the school, and he died the very day the last pound of the chapel debt was paid. It was a summer day, and he made them set his window open that he might hear the children sing. He would have them sing a happy tune, and he died trying to join them in it from his little bed; but though he could hardly begin the hymn on earth, we all believe he finished it in heaven."



Notes on the S. S. Lesson.

Jesus and Abraham.

John 8: 31-38 and 44-59.

YOU are now to read of some more that Jesus said on the last day of the Feast of Tabernacles. We are told that these words were spoken "in the Treasury" (ver. 20), which is at one end of the Court of the Women, where the people were in the habit of assembling. The "Treasury" was the place for collecting money for the poor and for other purposes. You heard how the rulers were waiting, hoping that the officers they had sent out would bring Jesus to them, but they were disappointed. They could not take Him before His "hour" was

come. But they went on trying to find something against Him, that they might turn the people against Him, and have Him killed.

Our lesson is what Jesus said to the Jews about being the servants of sin, and how they could be free. It is just as true of us to day. Do you not often feel as if you *must* be cross, or angry or disobedient, even when you have resolved to be very good? That is Satan in your

heart, and you are his servant. Ah, but you say, "God's servants have to obey Him, and it is very hard to always do right." True, but which would you rather be, the slave of a bad, wicked master, or of your own dear parents? "Oh," you say, "no one is a slave to their dear papa or mamma; we *love* to do things for them." Exactly; and that is what Jesus meant by *being free*.—*loving* to obey God, our Heavenly Father, being *children* instead of *servants*. Notice also the two ways of receiving the truth. Abraham believed God's promise, and rejoiced in it as if he had really seen and heard Jesus. The Jews, who called themselves Abraham's children, even stoned the Saviour who had come.

'OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.'

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