

A Page for the Young.

HE COULD NOT REACH THE BRAKE.

HERE is an old story of a California stage-driver who dreamed of a journey down the mountain side under perilous conditions. In his dream, he started from the top of the mountain, with a crack of his whip and a shout to his horses, and the stage rolled grandly along the gently declining road. Soon the descent became steeper, and the horses were dashing along on the full gallop, but the driver, confident of his power to check them when the necessity should come, still cracked his whip and urged them onward. The stage was now going at a fearful rate, and the passengers became affrighted; but the driver only grasped his lines more firmly, and pulled steadily upon them. At length he could no longer disregard the danger, from the headlong speed at which he was driving, and he reached forward to place his foot upon the brake, when he found that it was beyond his reach! To loosen his hold upon the lines would be to give up all control over his frightened horses, and he made another and a more determined effort to reach the brake, but the brake was still beyond his reach. Faster and faster went the stage down the steep road, and more and more frantic became the efforts of the driver to stop it; but the brake was beyond his reach! Just below there was a sudden turn in the narrow road. Upon one side was the solid wall of the mountain height; upon the other a fearful precipice. To pass that at the speed at which he was going, would be to court instant death. Once more the driver gathered all his energies together for one last frenzied effort to check the speed of the flying stage, but alas! it was of no use! He could not reach the brake!

Who has not known men who were on the down grade of intemperance, and who could not reach the brake?—whose destinies were freighted with the lives of near and dear friends, whom they were bearing down to lives of misery and disgrace, but who could not reach the brake!—who saw wealth, honour, love, happiness, being left behind them in thier flying descent, but who could not reach the brake!—who saw before them the yawning abyss of eternal death for themselves and thier children, but still they could not reach the brake!

Young men, who are driving joyously along the gently declined road, is it not time to stop and consider the dangers of that fearful descent toward the abyss of intemperance upon which you are but just entering?

Is it not better to deny yourself a few seeming pleasures, rather than encounter

destruction at the end of the way? Is it not better to turn about while you can control your actions, and mount toward the loftier heights of honour and renown, rather than continue the descent toward disgrace and eternal death?

NEAREST WAY TO HEAVEN

When Mr. Whitefield was preaching in New England, a lady became the subject of Divine grace, and her spirit was peculiarly drawn out in prayer for others. She could persuade no one to pray with her but her little daughter, about ten years of age. After a time it pleased God to touch the heart of the child and give her the hope of salvation. In a transport of holy joy, she then exclaimed: "Oh, mother, if all the world knew this! I wish I could tell everybody. Pray, mother, let me run to some of the neighbours and tell them, that they may be happy and love my Saviour."

"Ah, my child," said the mother, "that would be useless, for I suppose that were you to tell your experience, there is not one within many miles who would not laugh at you and say it was all a delusion."

"Oh mother," replied the little girl, "I think they would believe me. I must go over to the shoemaker and tell him; he will believe me."

She ran over and found him at work in his shop. She began by telling him he must die, and he was a sinner, and that she was a sinner, but that her blessed Saviour had heard her mother's prayers and had forgiven all her sins, and that now she was so happy she did not know how to tell it.

The shoemaker was struck with surprise, and his tears flowed down like rain. He threw aside his work, and by prayer and supplication sought mercy and life. The neighbourhood was awakened, and, within a few months, more than fifty were brought to the knowledge of Jesus, and rejoiced in His power and grace.

IN EVERYTHING

In *everything*, remember not in one or two, not in great things only, but in even the smallest thing that tires and perplexes you, "let your requests be made known unto God." This is our encouragement. We are to come with expectation, praying for help. We are to come also with "supplication," that is, with earnest prayer, prostrating ourselves before the mercy throne. We are to come with thanksgiving, also. We are to remember how much we possess, although there be so much that we want; how much we are to bless God for, while there are so many burdens which we beg Him to remove.