

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



OUR YOUNG PEOPLE



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Rescue the Perishing.

I SUPPOSE most of our young readers have heard of Grace Darling, the brave girl who lived with her father and mother at Longstone lighthouse. On the 6th of September, 1838, there was a terrible storm, and W. Darling, the lighthouse keeper, knowing well that there would be many wrecks and much sorrow on the sea that dark, tempestuous night, waited anxiously for the day-break, and when at last it came, he went to look out. About a mile away he saw a ship in great distress, but the storm was so awful he had hardly courage to venture through it for their relief. His daughter, Grace, who was watching the wreck through a glass, could no longer bear to see the poor fellows clinging to the pieces of the vessel which remained on the rocks where it had been broken, and make no effort to help them. So she implored her father to launch the life-boat and let her go with him to the rescue. He consented, and father and daughter, she taking the oars while he steered, went pulling away for the wreck; and I can fancy how the poor fellows watched the life boat like a speck on the waters, counting each minute as it neared them, then fearing, as it seemed to be almost lost amid the mountains of hissing and boiling waves, lest it should never come to them at all. But at last they are alongside, the sufferers hesitate not a moment, but

jump for the lifeboat, and so nine precious lives were saved from a watery grave.

Every one sang the praises of brave Grace Darling. A sum of £700 (or about \$3,500) was presented to her as a testimonial, and she was invited to dine with the Duke of Northumberland. She died at the early age of twenty-seven, of consumption.

Now, my young readers cannot all be Grace Dar-

lings, but they can come to the help of the perishing, those that are sinful and weary and ready to die. They can all do something, by working, by little efforts of self-denial, and by praying for those who are in danger of being lost; and then, one day they will hear those wonderful words, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto Me." A testimonial worth having indeed!



Tell the Truth.

"WILLIE, why were you gone so long for the water?" asked a teacher of a little boy

"We spilled it, and had to go back and fill the bucket again," was the prompt reply; but the bright noble face was a shade less bright, less noble than usual, and the eyes dropped beneath the teacher's gaze.

The teacher crossed the room and stood by another who had been Willie's companion.

"Freddy, were you not gone for the water longer than was necessary?" For an instant Freddy's eyes