

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



# OUR YOUNG PEOPLE



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## The Little News Boy.

"OH, I am so glad that it is snowing," said a little boy, as he looked out of the window of his comfortable room, and watched the beautiful snow-flakes as they fell, and fast covered up the dust and dirt of the city streets.

But this boy, surrounded by all that could be desired to make him comfortable, little thought that there were hundreds of lads in the city who did not view the falling snow and the cold weather in the same light as he did. For instance the little news boys, who had to be up early in the morning to start out with the morning paper so that the merchant might read the news before he went down to business; or the other lads who for hours have to stand at the street corners, in the midst of the snow storm, and face the bitter cold blasts of wind, many of them with no coverings for their poor chilled hands, and but little to keep the body warm—for remember, children, that all city newsboys are not so comfortably dressed as is the boy in our picture. Many of those lads, when their days work is done, their last paper sold, have to wend their way to some

poor cheerless, fireless attic or cellar, which is all they have to call home. Some have no parents, while others have fathers and mothers who drink that horrible liquor which makes them forget all love for their little boys, or respect for themselves.

We often feel sorry for these news boys, but we are glad to be able to tell our little readers that in most large cities, kind men and women have opened places called "The News Boys' Home," where, for a few pence, these lads, who have no home, may sleep and get their meals. In these homes, also, classes are held, in which the boys are taught to read and write; and some of these lads, notwithstanding all their hardships and all their exposure to evil associations, grow up to be good Christian men, and we know two or three merchants in different cities who were once news boys. We hope our readers will remember in their prayers the work of these News Boys' Homes. Also pray

that God may bless the efforts made to bring these little lads to Christ.

SET all the merry bells and chimes of childhood a-ringing "Glory to God."



THE LITTLE NEWS BOY.

### "Worth Winning."

**T**HERE was a boy who worked away from home, named John. Every week he wrote to his mother, who lived on a small farm away up among the hills. One day John picked up an old envelope from the waste paper basket, and saw that the postage stamp on it was not touched by the postmaster's stamp, to show that it had done its duty and henceforth was useless.

"The postmaster missed his aim then," said John, "and left the stamp as good as new. I'll use it myself."

He moistened it at the spout of the tea-kettle, and very carefully pulled the stamp off.

"No," said John's conscience, "for that would be cheating. The stamp has been on one letter; it ought not to carry another."

"It can carry another," said John, "because, you see, there is no mark to prove it worthless. The post master will not know."

"But *you* know," said conscience, "and that is enough. It is not honest to use it a second time. It is a little matter, to be sure, but it is cheating. God looks for principle. It is the quality of every action that He judges by."

"But no one will know it," said John faintly.

"No one?" cried conscience. "God will know it, and that is enough; and He, you know, desires the truth in the inward parts."

"Yes," cried all the best parts of John's character; "it is cheating to use the postage stamp the second time, and I will not do it."

John tore it in two and gave it to the winds. And so John won a victory. Wasn't it worth winning?

### The Sick Lamb.

**L**ITTLE Christian had a lamb,—his very own plaything; a frisky, pretty thing it was, and as fond of fun as Chris. himself. But one day it fell down the steps at the back of the house, and lay bleating on the ground, in pain, until Chris. and its mother came to its help. The poor little lamb had broken one of its legs, and could not stand. Christian cried to see his pet in pain, and tended the wounded limb day and night with loving care. But the old sheep wanted to be nurse also; when Chris. would put his lamb to bed, old Anna—as they named the sheep—would bring in her mouth little bundles of sweet, fresh grass, and would often come in with a mouthful of water which she would pour over the broken leg as Chris. had done. Some of you may think sheep very foolish creatures, but this may show you that, when timidity is laid aside, they are as sagacious as many other animals.

In the end the lamb died, and was buried; and now comes the sad part of old Anna's love. She took herself to the grave of her dead lamb, and never

left it,—neither eating or drinking—and on the morning of the third day was found there by Christian—dead? Was not this a proof of deep love in a poor, dumb creature? You who have fond mothers who have hung with sorrow over your beds of sickness,—you will understand something of this love. Boys and girls, how truly and tenderly should you love your mothers!

And there is One who gave His life for you,—who so loved you that He chose rather to die a shameful death than that *you* should bear the just punishment of your sins at the hand of God. How you should love Him for this! How *do* you love Him; or do you love Him at all?

### A Helper.

**I**N a cemetery a little white stone marked the grave of a dear little girl; and on the stone were chiseled these words: "A child of whom her playmates said, 'It was easier to be good when she was with us.'" Was it not a beautiful epitaph?

### Crooked Habits.

**W**HILE shaking hands with an old man the other day, we noticed that some of his fingers were bent quite inward, and he had not the power of straightening them. Alluding to this fact, he said: "In these crooked fingers there is a good text for a talk to children. For fifty years I used to drive a stage-coach, and these bent fingers show the effects of holding the reins for so many years."

This is the text. Is it not a suggestive one? Does it not teach us how oft-repeated acts become a habit, and, once acquired, remain generally through life? The old man's crooked fingers, dear children, are but an emblem of the crooked tempers, words, and actions, of men and women.

### An Anecdote of Edward VI.

**A**T the coronation of Edward VI., when the three swords for the three kingdoms were brought to be borne before him, the king observed that one was yet wanting, and he called for the Bible.

"That," said he, "is the sword of the Spirit, and ought in all right to govern us, who use these for the people's safety by God's appointment. Without that sword we are nothing, we can do nothing. From that we are what we are this day . . . we receive whatsoever it is that we at this present do assume. Under that we ought to live, to fight, to govern the people, and to perform all our affairs. From that alone we obtain all power, virtue, grace, salvation, and whatsoever we have of divine strength."

Dear children do you value the Bible as that young king did?

His name shall be called Wonderful.—Isaiah ix. 6.

Good News for All in the Ark.

OH, fancy being shut indoors and seeing nothing but water, water, water everywhere for months! How dull it must have been! And so it would have been, had not *God remembered Noah*. He never forgets His children; but He took *special* care of the ark and its contents. Besides, God gave Noah and his family something to do—to look after and care for the living creatures in the ark, so that the time did not hang heavily on their hands.

Still they must have been glad when the rain left off, and the wind began to blow away the clouds, and they could see the waters getting lower and lower. At last Noah, anxious to find out if any part of the earth was drying up, sent forth a raven, but the raven did not come back. He then sent forth a dove, which returned to him, and he pulled her in. He sent her out a second time, and she came flying back with an olive leaf in her beak. This was good news for all in the ark! "THE WATERS WERE ABATING!" But Noah's family must be patient. The ark will be their home for two months longer, and then God will set them on dry land again.

My Saviour.

THE sun's rays stole through the windows of the school-house, gently lighting on many a fair face. It was Sunday, and the children were listening again to the old story of the Saviour's love. With tears in eye and with tender voice, a lady was picturing something of what our dear Lord suffered and bore for us.

The lesson had been brought to a close, school was dismissed, teacher and taught passed forth into the scented June air, when the lady caught sight of one little loiterer, all alone and silently weeping.

"Jessie, what is the matter," she asked.

"Oh, ma'am, I never felt before what my Saviour went through for me! Oh, what can I do for Him?"

There was a moment's silence. The lady knew the wayward heart to which she spoke.

"Jessie, darling," she said, "you can try to be the

very best girl in all the class and school, for His sake."

That week the lady was called for some months to a distant country. On her return she was speaking with the school-mistress, when the latter, knowing nothing of that Sunday afternoon's talk with the child, said suddenly, "I can't think what has come over Jessie Brown. She used to be so troublesome; now she is the best child in the whole school.

Little reader, this is true. Resting on and trusting in Jesus' love, did, indeed, work this great change in Jessie's life. Has it done the same in yours? Have you ever said, like her, "What can I do for my Saviour who did so much for me?" Ah! perhaps not; perhaps the reason is you do not yet know or love him, though he loves you and is calling you to himself. Will you obey His call? "Hear, and your soul shall live."

Bad Books

NEVER, under any circumstances, read a bad book; and never spend a serious hour in reading a second rate book. No words can overstate the mischief of bad reading. A bad book will often haunt a man his whole life long. It is often remembered when much that is better is forgotten; it intrudes itself at the most solemn moments, and contaminates the best feelings and emotions. Reading trashy second-rate books is a grievous waste of time also. In the first place, there are a great many more first-rate books than ever you

can master; and in the second place, you cannot read an inferior book without giving up an opportunity of reading a first-rate book. Books, remember, are friends—books affect character; and you can as little neglect your duty in respect of this as you can safely neglect any other moral duty that is cast upon you.

Watch.

My soul be on thy guard,  
Ten thousand foes arise;  
The hosts of sin are pressing hard  
To draw thee from the skies.

Oh, watch, and fight, and pray,  
The battle ne'er give o'er,  
Renew it boldly every day,  
And help divine implore.



## Notes on the S. S. LESSONS.

### The Saints in Heaven.

Rev. 7 : 9-17.

**J**OHNSAW a multitude of the saved; they were so many that no man could count them. They were of every nation, and tribe, and language. (The gospel is to be preached everywhere, and some will be found in all tribes who will take Christ as their Saviour.) They were dressed in white, to show that they had been washed in the blood of the Saviour. They carried palm branches. They cried with loud voices, giving the praise of their salvation to God and the Lamb. These were redeemed sinners, who had lived on earth and been saved through Christ. Then all the angels (holy beings who had never sinned and so never needed a Saviour) fell before the throne and worshipped God, ascribing to Him all blessing, glory, wisdom, thanksgiving, honor, power and might, for ever and ever.

John looked on this glorious throng in wonder. The question may have arisen in his mind, who are these arrayed in white, and whence came they? One of the elders "answered" by asking John the question. The apostle did not try to reply. He said to the glorious being, "My lord, thou knowest." He wished to be told, and the elder said, "These are they which came out of the great tribulation, and they washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb" (Revised Version).

Because they have been thus saved, they are before the throne of God and serve Him day and night in heaven, which is His great temple. And the great God on the throne shall "spread His tabernacle over them" (Revised Version; comp. Lev. 26 : 11; Isa. 4 : 5, 6; Ezek. 37 : 27). They shall never more be hungry or thirsty, nor shall the hot sun overcome them; for the Lamb shall "be their Shepherd," and guide them unto "fountains of waters of life." And God shall wipe away every tear from their eyes.

### The Great Invitation.

Rev. 22 : 8-21.

**T**HE Lord Jesus has sent to us, during this year, many messages. But to-day we have His last message, the last words which He caused to be written in His book for us.

Some time He is coming to this earth again, but He will not then teach us. When He comes again, it will be to reward those who have served Him, and to punish those who have not. We do not know when this time will be. He will come quickly, suddenly, and it will then be too late to change our ways. If we are wicked, we will keep on in our sinful ways; but if we are righteous, then we will be pure and holy forever.

Blessed are they that He finds doing His commandments, for He will give them the right to the tree of life, that they may enter in through the gates into the city.

But oh! what dreadful company those that are without the city will have! Murderers and idolaters and liars; in short, all the wicked, guilty, and impure, It is their own fault that they are there. Jesus has

often invited them to come to Him and be saved. And now once more, in this last message, He invites everyone. Would you like to know whether you are really invited? I will tell you how you may be sure. See!

\_\_\_\_\_ will let him take the water of life "freely."

Now write your own name in place of that word which is crossed out. Now, you see, it all depends on whether you choose to take what is offered. And when you have accepted

the invitation for yourself, then go to work and ask others to *come* also.

"Whosoever heareth," shout, shout the sound!  
Send the blessed tidings all the world around;  
Spread the joyful news wherever man is found,—  
Whosoever will, may come.

#### INVITATIONS.

**COME** (To the waters. Isa. 55 : 1.  
And drink. John 7 : 37.  
And dine. John 21 : 12. And never hunger. John 6 : 35.  
And rest. Matt. 11 : 28.  
Let us walk in the light. Isa. 2 : 5.  
I will not cast you out. John 6 : 36.  
Whosoever will. Rev. 22 : 17.)

### 'OUR YOUNG PEOPLE,'

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