

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



# OUR YOUNG PEOPLE



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## Capt. Cook.

**J**UST as the name of Columbus is associated with America, the name of Capt. James Cook will be thought of in connection with the islands of the Pacific. This great sailor was born in 1728, of poor parents, and, one would have thought, with but little prospect of a great career. His father designed him for a haberdasher, but young James fretted for the sea, till at last he was placed on board a collier vessel. Hesoon made himself trusted and respected; and he rose in a few years, so as to take a prominent part in a Canadian expedition. A little

English vessel, well named the Endeavour, was, a few years after this, fitted out on an expedition to the South Seas, for the purpose of studying Astronomy and Natural History. Capt. Cook was chosen to com-

mand the vessel. Great difficulties surrounded him, and at length a terrible disease broke out on board, and cut off many of the crew and passengers, and he

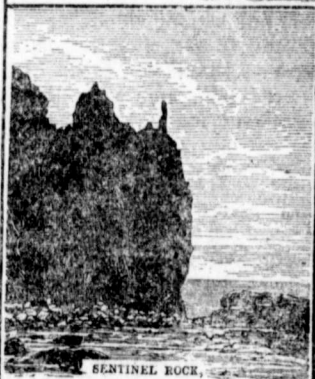
was compelled to return. But in a second voyage to the same regions, Capt. Cook succeeded in the objects which had been put before him, and proved that the great continent which it was supposed by many existed at the South Pole was a mere dream. A third voyage—his last—followed.

In January, 1778, he, with his two ships, the "*Resolution*" and "*Discovery*," reached the Sandwich Islands. The natives had never before seen a ship, and they looked upon these as floating islands, and

Capt. Cook as a great god. Early the following year, the Captain returned and anchored on the western side of Hawaii, and soon after some circumstances transpired which led to ill-feelings between the natives



CAPT COOK.



DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF CAPTAIN COOK.



and sailors, and one day while the Captain was on shore endeavouring to settle some dispute, he was killed by one of the chiefs, and his body being recovered, was buried at sea, and thus he lay at rest in the bosom of the mighty ocean, leaving behind him a name which has since become a household word in every English home.

For nearly a hundred years after Capt. Cook's death, the spot where he fell was only marked by a cocoa-nut stump set up on a bed of stones and broken lava, on which different visitors fixed sheets of copper with simple inscriptions. Within the last few years, however, a monument has been erected by some of his fellow-countrymen.

But we wish to tell our young readers of the bright side of the history of those islands of the South Sea. Where heathenism and darkness once reigned supreme, the light of the glorious Gospel of Jesus Christ has shined in, and now the whole country is professedly Christian; and in the reign of one king named Kamehameha the land passed from a savage to a civilized condition. Although the king named never became a Christian, yet through the powerful influence of his step-mother he caused all the idols to be cast away and destroyed. In 1824 the king and his wife visited England, where both of them took measles, and died in London. They were taken back to Honolulu and buried.

The present king, Kalakaua, is a fine looking, kind and well educated gentleman.

Our engraving gives us a portrait of Capt. Cook, with a picture of the attack made on him by the natives; also of the monument referred to in this article. Above these appears a portrait of the present king, while in the lower left hand corner is a view of Sentinel Rock, dedicated to the memory of Capt. Cook.

We advise our young readers to ask their parents to buy the book entitled, "The Isles of the Pacific,"\* which gives a beautiful description of those interesting islands, with many fine illustrations. We are sure you will be delighted with the book, and much benefited by reading it, or by hearing some friend read it to you.

### Not Afraid.

**A** DEAR little girl was lying dangerously ill, and there was scarcely any hope of her getting better.

"Does my little one feel afraid at the thought of death?" asked her father, bending lovingly over her.

"No, dear papa," said she, smiling; "my hand is all the while in the hand of Jesus, and He will not let it go."

Have all our readers the sweet trust of this little girl?

\* "The Isles of the Pacific, or Sketches from the South Seas." 274 pages, over 100 illustrations. Price, 90 cents. For sale at the Toronto Willard Tract Depository.

### The Best of Books.

**O**F all the books that I have read,  
I love the Bible best;  
It tells how Jesus dwelt below,  
And was the sinner's guest.  
How could the Lord of glory come  
From his eternal throne,  
And through this sad and weary world  
A lonely stranger roam?

I've read the story o'er and o'er,  
But it seems always new;  
I feel the tears flow down my cheek,  
To think that it is true—  
That He should walk o'er Judea's hills,  
By Galilee's blue sea,  
And have not where to lay His head,  
Then bleed and die for me.

O Jesus, Lamb once crucified,  
Oh, wash my sins away;  
Thy praises teach Thy child to sing,  
Through my life's little day;  
O Saviour, fit me, when I die,  
To join the hosts above,  
And through eternity to praise  
Thy great and wondrous love.

### A Time and Place for Everything.

**D**AISY DARROW was always in a hurry. If she was sent on an errand, she ran every step of the way, and came home flushed and out of breath. If a task was set her, she was in such haste to finish it that she often slighted it.

One day in the early spring Daisy was walking with her mamma. "Oh dear," she sighed, "how I do wish the flowers would hurry and come!"

"There is a time and place for everything," said Mamma Darrow, "and I want my little daughter to learn that God never hurries. All that He does is well done, and He wants His children to be earnest and diligent and careful about their work, but never to be rash and hasty. Let the daisies of the field teach you this lesson, my little Daisy. They will come in God's time, and when they come they will be perfectly made, for God works slowly and surely."

### What Floy Saw.

**O**NE morning a little girl went out for a walk. She opened her blue eyes wide, and these are some of the things she saw:

A lovely green carpet on the ground. White daisies and yellow buttercups right on the carpet! Trees all dressed in green, that seemed to be waving their arms to the birds. Golden and white butterflies, that looked as if they were trying to catch the sunbeams. And over all, a soft mellow light that made everything look happy.

"Oh, pretty world, I love you!" said she; and then she said softly, "I love God, 'cause He made you!"

I will bless thee, and thou shalt be a blessing.—Gen. xii. 2.

## Pharaoh and his Host Destroyed.

**A**FTER the people of Israel left their houses in the cities of Egypt, they met with a new and unexpected trouble. King Pharaoh, with his great army of horsemen and chariots, followed the Israelites, to bring them back into slavery. No doubt the Israelites, young and old, were dreadfully afraid when they saw the army following them at a distance—especially just at that time, for they seemed to be shut in on all sides. In front was the Red Sea, and there was neither boat nor bridge to take them across; on each side were rocks or very steep hills, up which they could not climb; so that there seemed no way of escape.

At first Moses told the people to stand still, and they did so with great fear, looking for help from God. Then God directed Moses to tell the people to march forward.

Moses went forward, held out his rod, and the waters divided; and the Israelites passed over in safety. Their enemies attempted to follow; but God broke off the wheels of their chariots, and they moved very slowly. Then the waters rolled back and destroyed them all.

Oh, how the Israelites sang unto the Lord, who had triumphed gloriously! praising Him for saving them out of the hands of their enemies.

## How to Do It.

**R**IDING in the cars the other day I found a seat with a bright little girl of eleven summers. She was from Halifax, N. S., and said she attended the Baptist Sunday-school. "How many girls are there in your class?" "There are sixteen now." "What do you mean by sixteen now?" "Oh, sir, one year ago there were only three of us." "How did you grow so fast?" "We three agreed to keep asking every little girl we saw who did not go somewhere else, if she would not come into our class, and now we have sixteen."

Brave, useful little girls, to increase their number from three to sixteen, and how many other Sunday-school classes might be multiplied did other scholars do the same thing, keep asking everybody who does not belong to some other class to join theirs. Constantly inviting, that's the way to do it.

## Third Finger and Thumb.

FROM THE GERMAN.

**T**HE third finger of a lady's hand was very proud, because it was the ring-finger, and had upon it gold rings ornamented with precious stones. It began to despise its little brothers and sisters.

The other fingers were all very angry at this, and the thumb said, "If you don't care about us, we don't care about you, and won't help you."

The thumb was as good as his word, and this unpleasant state of things went on for three days. If the third finger wanted to pick flowers, the thumb would say, "I shall not help you, because you are so proud; and the flowers would have to be left." Once the third finger wanted to gather a cherry; but 'he

other fingers would not stir to help it, and the cherry remained upon the tree. The lady was fond of knitting stockings, and her third finger wanted to help her; but neither the thumb nor any of the other fingers would help her, she being so proud, and no knitting could be done, for down fell the knitting-needles.

Then the finger saw that without help from the

others she could do nothing. She ceased to despise them, and they forgave her, and henceforward they worked in a friendly spirit together.

Let us remember, dear children, that not only is it foolish to be proud, but it is very sinful. If you turn to your Bible and read Proverbs 8:13, you will learn that God hates pride. And also bear in mind that there is really no such thing as being independent. We are dependent each upon the other. The proud finger found out that without the help of the other fingers it could do nothing. So, dear readers, don't be proud, don't be foolish, but be ready to help others, and thankfully accept help from others.

## A Good Answer.

**A**VERY good answer was given by a little negro boy in a mission school. The missionary asked, "What people are meant in the verse, 'Blessed are the meek?'" All the class thought quietly for a moment, then one little fellow replied, "Those who give soft answers to rough questions."





**Walking in the Light.**

I John 1: 5-10; 2: 1-6.

**A** GAIN and again John tries to tell us of the love of Jesus, and how His precious blood can cleanse us from all sin. Oh, how anxious he is to have us follow Him who came to be the Light of the world. What would we do, without the beautiful light which comes with the sun every morning? What a dismal, unattractive, forlorn place this world would be, if darkness reigned all the time. We could not work, or play, or even live very long. And suppose we had been in darkness for a long while, and had found out the horror of it, and had almost given up trying to live, and all of a sudden some one should come and say: "You need not be in darkness any longer, I have given you light."

Oh, how grateful we would be, wouldn't we? Al. good children love the light; it is only when they do wrong that they think of getting away in the dark from those who love them. If ever any one wants you to hide away to do anything, you may know that there is wrong somewhere, and say like a little girl I know said, when a friend wanted her to do something which she did not know whether to do or not. She pondered awhile, and then looked up into the face of the tempter, and replied, "Let's show it to mamma first." Anything you feel like hiding, little ones, or another wants you to hide, is generally wrong; and if you are in any doubt, "show it to mamma first." Now, John, who was so loving himself, says if we walk in the light we will love one another. Not quarrel, and disagree, but walk lovingly together. I have heard that when John was an old, old man, too old to walk about, or preach, he used to want to be carried into the prayer-meetings, just to say, "Little children, love one another." And to-day he says, "Walk in the light." The light of Jesus' love, is what we must walk in, and then we will "love one another." God is light. Sin, and wrong of any kind is darkness. Keep in the light. Shun the dark. There is safety in the light. There is danger in the dark. *Jesus* is the light.

**John's Vision of Christ.**

Rev. 1: 4-17.

**J** OHN had been banished by a wicked emperor, to a lonely, barren island, way far off from everybody. Alone o die. Was he alone, children? No, for the One whom he loved best was with him;

so he certainly was not alone. Jesus never leaves his loved ones alone. If we are children of Christ we need never feel alone, even though the whole world forsake us. On this barren, desolate spot, Jesus appeared to this banished disciple in greater glory than ever before. But it was the same Jesus that had nowhere to lay His head while upon earth, who now appeared to John on this rocky istand. It was not too humble a place for Christ to come, in all His glory. Christ very often appears to us in a more beautiful way when we are in trouble, than when we have other things to brighten our lives. Eet me tell you of a young friend of mine. She was a little girl; she had everything she could wish; a very kind father, who only loved to give her everything; and she was on her way to a little friend's, whose

father had failed and lost everything; but she had a loyal heart, and she had not deserted this friend, as so many had, because now she was poor, and lived in a tenement house. As she rang the door-bell, she thought, "Poor Belle, how can she stand this dirty place, her home was so lovely?" The room she was shown to had no carpet on the floor; a few chairs and a table do service for furniture. Her friend is sitting by the window sewing, with a ready smile for her as she entered. "Oh, Belle! it breaks my heart to see this, your home was so beautiful." "Why, Jessie! I do not mind it. It is for such a little time, and my other home is just waiting for me, and it is so lovely. I like to read about it so much more, now that we have no home here." "Oh, are you

going to have a home? Are you just waiting here? Where is it? I'm so glad." Then Belle told Jessie about her heavenly home, and it made Jessie *think*; for all her thoughts were centered in her earthly home. Ah! children, that is the principal thing. Are we thinking too much of the home God has given us here? Let us not forget our beautiful home in heaven. Let us live here, so that we may live there.

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