

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



# OUR YOUNG PEOPLE



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## John Wycliffe.

WE expect that each of our little readers owns a Bible, and we hope that its truths are precious to each one. We now intend writing a few facts concerning the man to whom we are largely indebted (under God) for our English Bible.

John Wycliffe was born over three hundred and sixty years ago (1324) in England. Nothing whatever is known of his parents or early training, and it is not till he was over 40 years of age that he comes into view as a great thinker, and one of the bravest men of his generation. We say brave, for remember there is more true courage in opposing evil than is shewn in fighting battles with enemies. His courage and bravery was shewn in his bold attacks upon the errors of the

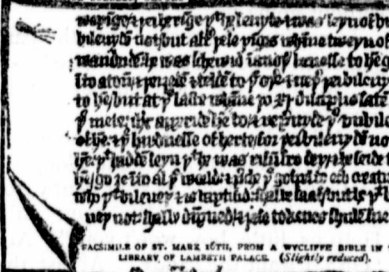
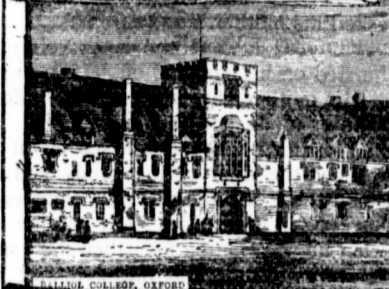
Church of Rome, and his determined rescue of God's Word from the darkness which had so long hidden it from the people.

For years, in the face of opposition, persecution and danger, he laboured to accomplish the work he had set before him, which was, to give the whole Bible in our own language to the people of England, so that every man in the realm might read in the tongue wherein he was born, the wonderful works of God.

How Wycliffe performed his noble task has been abundantly told in many a book on that theme of interest, the English Bible.

When his translation of the Bible

was completed, every possible effort was made to hinder its circulation, but still from generation to generation, copies of the proscribed volume were handed down as heirlooms in many an English home, often



stealthily circulated from hand to hand; until by the invention of printing, and the labors of great scholars who followed Wycliffe, the Bible was multiplied so that every little child may now possess a copy.

It was in the Rectory at Lutterworth that the great work of translating the Bible was performed. Wycliffe was appointed rector in April, 1374, and he still held the office at the time of his death, 1384. Thirty years after his decease, by decree of the Council of Constance, his grave was opened, and his remains removed. These were burnt, and the ashes cast into the adjoining brook named the "Swift;" and Fuller, describing the scene, quaintly but truly says, "This brook conveyed them into Avon, the Avon into the Severn, the Severn into the narrow seas, they into the main ocean; and thus the ashes of Wycliffe were the emblems of his doctrine, which is now dispersed all the world over."

Our picture gives (1) a portrait of Wycliffe; (2) a scene which occurred in his sick room, when some priests came, thinking he was about to die, and urged him to say that he was sorry for what he had done and said against the Catholic church and priests. He listened quietly to all they had to say, and then cried out, "I shall not die, but live, and declare all your evil deeds." (3) A view of Baliol College, of which Wycliffe was a professor, and beneath it is a *fac simile* of portion of Wycliffe's translation of the Bible, while (4) by its side is a picture of the monks digging up and burning Wycliffe's bones.

### "God Says we Mustn't."

**A**S a mother sat reading to her three children, she came to a story of a naughty boy, who had stolen apples and pears from an orchard near his father's cottage. After reading part of the story, according to the usual practice, she made a pause to put a few questions.

"William," she asked, "why ought we not to do as this naughty boy did? Why ought we not to steal apples and pears?"

"Oh!" replied William, "because they do not belong to us."

"And what do you say, Robert?"

"I say, because if they caught us they would be sure to send us to prison."

"And now, Mary, it is your turn to give a reason. Say, dear, why ought we not to steal apples or pears, or anything else?"

"Because, said little Mary, looking up meekly to her mother, *because God says we mustn't.*"

"Right, my love," said her mother; "that is the true reason, and the best reason that can be given. What God commands we are bound to do, and what He forbids us we are bound to leave undone. *'Thou shalt not steal'* are His own words. If ever you are asked by any one why you should not do what is wrong, let your answer be the same as the one you have given me—'**BECAUSE GOD SAYS WE MUSTN'T.**'"

### A Hymn 600 Years Old.

**G**UARD, my child, thy tongue,  
That it speak no wrong!  
Let no evil word pass o'er it;  
Set the watch of truth before it.  
That it speak no wrong.  
Guard, my child, thy tongue.

Guard, my child, thine eyes;  
Prying is not wise;  
Let them look on what is right;  
From all evil turn their sight;  
Prying is not wise;  
Guard, my child, thine eyes.

Guard, my child, thine ear;  
Wicked words will sear;  
Let no evil words come in  
That may cause the soul to sin;  
Wicked words will sear.  
Guard, my child, thine ear.

Ear, and eye, and tongue,  
Guard while thou art young;  
For, alas! these busy three  
Can unruly members be;  
Guard, while thou art young,  
Ear, and eye, and tongue.

### The Heathen Have Beat.

**O**NE day Robert's uncle gave him a penny. "Now," said he, "I'll have some candy; for I've been wanting some a long while."

"Is that the best way you can use your penny?" asked his mother.

"O yes! I want the candy very much." And he hurried on his cap, and off he ran in great haste.

His mother was sitting at the window, and saw him running along, and then he stopped. She thought he had lost his penny; but he started off again, and soon reached the door of the candy store; and then he stood there awhile, with his hand on the latch, and his eye on the candy. His mother was wondering what he was waiting for; then she was more surprised to see him come off the step, and run back home without going in.

In a minute he rushed into the parlor with a bright glance in his eye, as he exclaimed,—

"Mother, the heathen have beat!—the heathen have beat!"

"What do you mean by 'the heathen have beat?'"

"Why, mother, as I went along I kept hearing the heathen say, 'Give us your penny, to help to send us good missionaries. We want Bibles and tracts. Help us, little boy, won't you?' And I kept saying, 'Oh! I want the candy.' At last the heathen beat; and I am going to put my penny into the missionary box. It *shall* go to the heathen."

**Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me.**—Matt. 25 : 40.

## The Pharisee and the Publican.

THOSE who need mercy and blessing from God must seek it earnestly, humbly—by prayer in the Saviour's name. Jesus had been speaking of a poor widow, who obtained justice from a judge because she continued to ask, and He taught the people that they ought not to get weary of prayer; for God is more ready to hear and more able to help than a mere man can be.

Jesus then spoke of a poor sinner who needed pardon, and how he gained it.

A Pharisee and a Publican, or tax-gatherer, went up to the Temple to pray. The publican, standing afar off—as if fearing to approach—bent his head down in sorrow and humility, in grief for his sin. He felt so very sorry for his sins, that he smote his breast, and said, "God, be merciful to me a sinner."

God looked down, and saw the poor man so earnest, so humble, so penitent; and he listened to his very short prayer; for it came from the heart. Perhaps it was only whispered; but God heard it all, and answered it. How happy the publican must have felt! His sorrow was gone, his sins were pardoned; God had become his Friend.

How different the Pharisee! He thanked God that he was not as other men, nor even as this publican. He did not know his own heart.

## How to Go to Jesus.

ONE evening, after a children's service, a teacher was talking to a young girl who was weeping for her sins.

"Suppose," said he, "that Jesus were in this room; what would you do?"

"I would go to Him at once," she replied.

"And what would you tell him?"

"That I was a lost sinner."

"And what would you ask Him?"

"Oh, I would ask Him if He would forgive me."

"And what would Jesus answer?"

She hesitated for a moment, and then she looked up, smiling through her tears, for at once she saw it all:

"Why," she said, "He would answer, 'Yes.'"

And, simply trusting in the Saviour's word, she went to Him there and then, and Jesus said, "Yes."

## Children in China.

SOME days ago as I went to my work, a walk almost across the city, the thermometer between 90° and 100°, I thought of you, and wrote you a thought letter. I often write thought letters to shut out the outside world. Going along the bank of the canal, a little girl of some four or five years came from her play to meet me, with a pleasant smile—but, children, she was so dirty! I don't think you ever saw such a dirty, half-dressed little girl. I did not know her at first, through all the dirt, and she could only have known me as a foreigner. She put her little hand up to take mine, and led me along to her home.

I wonder what you would have thought of that for a home? Just one room in theirs—her father, mother, and little baby sister live there together; the

fuel room and pig pen in the front yard; not one blade of grass, no flowers, no pretty playthings; and as I sat on the brick bed, talking with and teaching her mother, some of her companions came and sat down close by me—they were all just as dirty as she was.

I think I pity the children in this land more than the grown-up people; none of the nice times and pleasant woods you have in a Christian land; mothers here so

often have no pleasant words for their little girls, only scoldings and often blows; little girls are not loved as boys are.

In the same room where I taught, I saw some years ago a sight which filled my heart with joy; a girl of some twelve or thirteen lay dying. She had learned to read and pray, and loved Jesus; she spoke to her mother just before she died, and told her she was going to be with Jesus, and was glad to go. Her father was and still is a heathen, but we hope her mother and brother love her Jesus.

Won't you pray for the little girls in China that they may know and love your Jesus?—Miss M. J. Evans, in "The Little Missionary."

AN aged Christian on his death-bed was asked the cause of the perfect peace he had in a state of such extreme weakness that he was often entirely unconscious of all around him. He replied, "When I am able to think, I think of Jesus; and when I am unable to think of Him, I know He is thinking of me."



**Jesus Honored.**

John 12: 1-16.

**W**HAT a pleasure it is to those who love Jesus in studying the lesson to-day, to find Him honored. How often we read in the papers of dinners given to men who are considered of importance. Great men have dinners given in their homes. And so this house, whom Jesus had given health for disease, gladness in place of sorrow, smiles instead of tears—give Him a supper. Martha honors her Lord by serving, that is, helping during supper, seeing that everything is proper for so great a guest. Mary honors her Lord by pouring the very precious ointment on His feet and wiping them with her own hair. These sisters could not do enough for one who had done so much for them. Had He done more for them than He has done for us? No. He had not died the cruel death for them then. Let us honor Jesus as these friends at Bethany did, by inviting Him to our homes and keeping Him in our hearts. A home without Jesus is a sad place.

A little girl who had learned to love Jesus, one day sat down and read to her mother from the Bible, and then said: "This is my Friend, mamma, and I want you to know all about

Him, so that He may be yours, and you will keep Him in our home because you want Him yourself." So every day the little girl would read something about Jesus to her mother, and she would listen, just to please her child. But it made her think, and she became very much interested in this Jesus, her little pet's Friend, and it wasn't long before Jesus came to stay, the best and most honored Friend of the whole family. One little loving girl did that. And every little boy and girl can do something to honor Jesus. When He is in our home, let us do everything we can for Him. Mary laid the best she had at His feet. If we love Him with all our hearts, it will not be a sacrifice to give Him our best. This wonderful guest we cannot honor too much. When He rode to Jerusalem the people strewed flowers and palm branches in His way. Let us strew the paths of those whose lives are dark, with the flowers of kind deeds, gentle words and loving acts. Help in any way you can, for Jesus has said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, you have done it unto Me."



MARY ANOINTING THE FEET OF JESUS.

**Gentiles Seeking Jesus.**

John 12: 20-36.

**N**O wonder that the Greeks, who had come to the feast at Jerusalem, wanted to talk with Jesus after hearing of His great work in Bethany and seeing His great triumphal march into Jerusalem. But Jesus knew that He was to stay with them but a short time—that He was to die. So He tells them in the words of our lesson, what He thinks will help them to better lives after He is gone. He tells them He will draw all men to Him. What does He draw us from? He draws us from sin, which brings sorrow, pain and all kinds of distress. Christ draws you from Satan and breaks the cruel chains. To what does Jesus draw us? He draws us to a happy life here and great honor with Him hereafter. He

draws us by loving us, and oh! how He longs to have, not only the Jews and Greeks, to whom He speaks, but you and me, and everybody know, and love, and honor God, His Heavenly Father. And Christ will honor in Heaven those who honor Him here. A poor slave, who had honored and praised his Lord, through all his suffering, was asked by a cruel slave-master, when in the act of whipping him, "What can

Jesus do for you now?" The half dead black man replied, "Him teach me to forgive you, massa!" True to the last to his great Master. If this poor oppressed slave could honor and praise Jesus through everything, how much ought we to honor him, who gives us so much happiness.

Now, how is it with us? Do we want to see Jesus? We must see him as our Saviour. We must see what he wants us to do, and what characters he wants us to have. Jesus is the one altogether lovely, and he wants us to be like him. We always become more or less like those we live with; then to become like Jesus we must be with him, and see him as he is every day.

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