



OUR YOUNG PEOPLE



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Something About Spiders.

WE may not like the spiders, but that ought not to keep us from studying what is wise and wonderful about them: just as we ought to try and see all the good things we can in people that we do not like.

There are many things about the spiders that show wisdom—not so much in the spiders themselves as in God who made them. One wonderful thing about spiders is the little spinning and weaving mill in their bodies, by which they spin little threads which they can wind and unwind, and weave into carpets for their "parlours," where they invite the flies. No man has ever been able to make thread as fine and strong as the spiders make.

There is in Africa a papermaking spider. With her little threads she weaves on the wall of a house a sheet of paper about the size of a hand, and then a long piece about as wide as a little finger; then she fastens the two pieces down, until really she has made a paper tent on the wall. In this she puts a number of little eggs, then

takes her place on the top of her tent, and keeps watch for three weeks against any insects that would harm the eggs. At the end of that time the eggs change to little spiders that fill the tent.



The most wonderful things about spiders are their eyes. Each spider has eight. Those that live in dark holes, and only need to see in front of them, have all of their eyes in the front of their bodies; but the spiders that live in webs, and need to look in every direction, have their eyes all over their bodies, upon eight little watch-towers, as if each eye was a watchman. Thus we are reminded that God thinks not only of the stars, but also of the sparrows and spiders, and all little things, providing for their needs.

Solomon tells us in Proverbs that the spider takes hold with her *hands*; but whoever saw the hands of the spider?

They have plenty of legs, but where are their hands? Well, if you take a microscope, and look at what you thought were the front feet, you will see on each of them a thumb and forefinger; with these they take hold in kings' palaces. Now, all of these things

make us call the spiders "little and wise," but when we think a moment, we remember that God made the spiders' wonderful hands and eyes, and taught them to spin and weave and watch.

If you, who are little, would also be wise, you must ask God to make you so, as the boy Solomon did when God made him the wisest man in the world. "If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God."

What We Cannot Give.

WE can do much to help one another in this world of ours. We can give our money, our time, our affection, and even our thoughts when they are put into words, and thus may bring a great deal of comfort and happiness into the lives of others. I want to tell you of something we cannot give to anybody.

A mighty monarch lay dying. He had done much for his country in freeing it from its enemies, and grateful hearts were following him with loving wishes into the unseen world. They would have done anything for his relief, but in vain were all the efforts of friends and physicians, for a greater Power than any on earth had summoned him away. He was asked by one at his bedside if he wanted anything.

"What thou can'st not give me," was the sad reply.

What did he mean? He meant that he wanted an assurance of heaven; peace of mind, and pardon of sin. No one on earth could give him these. He could only come as a humble suppliant, a guilty sinner, to the Throne of Grace that he might obtain mercy. Let us hope he so came, and passed from death unto life, from an earthly crown to shine as a ransomed sinner, a jewel, in the Redeemer's diadem.

The Rock and the Chart.

MANY years ago the British Government received information of a certain sunken rock said to be fraught with peril for mariners. They sent out a ship with an experienced crew to explore the spot. The captain made his observations, but declared that no such rock was to be discovered. With this decision, however, one of his officers ventured to disagree, maintaining that the rock *was* there. Shortly after, being entrusted with the command of a ship, the officer sought and found it, and it was thenceforth marked in the chart. Despite this fact, the first captain persisted obstinately in his unbelief, declaring that "he would yet sail a ship over the spot where the rock was supposed to be." That unbelief cost him dear. Having command of a vessel, he deliberately attempted this feat. Then, indeed, with one fell shock his eyes were opened. Too late! The ship struck and went to pieces; passengers and crew were saved, but the captain refused to leave her. He could not face the consequences of his folly.

Dear children, God has given us a chart, on which

the rocks ahead are plainly marked. In the written Word of God we have clear directions for the voyage of our life. Some of you are, I hope, already sailing by these; others, I fear, are careless, or do not yet believe the solemn statements of the Book. To all such there is danger ahead. May God open our eyes to see, and our hearts to believe. There is only one way of safety amid the quicksands and rocks of life. Jesus, he is the Saviour of His people.

A Day Less.

A YOUNG lady had been urging her Sunday class to come to Jesus and trust in His love. Very gently she besought them; but her loving appeal met no response. Quietly and gravely the little group came together again on their homeward way.

"Miss Weir was very hard with us," said one.

"I mean to be a Christian," returned another very seriously, "but I am too young yet. I'll come some day."

"I'll come to-morrow," broke in a third, with a light laugh which was not pleasant to hear. It was evident she spoke in mockery.

"Then you'll have a day less to give Jesus," whispered a soft voice. It was little Ursie Leighton's, the youngest of the group.

"A day less to give to Jesus." Had she not too little to give Him already? Was not the longest life too short to be spent in His service? And who could tell that her life would be long? No, she would come without further delay, and not keep back one day from the Lord. She remembered the text, "Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation."

Children, may this, too, be your resolve.

"One day is with the Lord as a thousand years."

In it so much good may take place for good or ill; events may happen which will affect or alter the whole course of our lives; ay, even secure our happiness for eternity.

Come now; come to-day: then may you joyfully sing,—

"Happy day! happy day!
When Jesus washed my sins away;
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing every day."

A Good Prayer.

A LITTLE African was one day heard to pray thus: "Lord Jesus, my heart bad too much. Me want to love you, me want to serve you, but my bad heart will not let me. O Lord Jesus, me can't make me good. Take away this bad heart. O Lord Jesus, give me new heart! O Lord Jesus, me sin every day. Pardon my sin! O Lord Jesus, let me sin no more!"

God Only Can Forgive Sins.

WHEREVER the Lord Jesus went, crowds of people were sure to come. One day, as soon as he had gone into a house at Capernaum, multitudes flocked to it. Even the outside, round the door, was crowded, for all the people were anxious to hear His holy and heavenly words, as He taught them.

Four men came outside that house—they were carrying a sick man on his bed. But they could not enter by the door, the crowd was too great. So they went up the stairs outside, to the top of the house, and they moved the covering from the inner room where Jesus was, and let down the sick man and his bed among the people.

This strange conduct stopped Jesus from teaching for a little while; and He, and all the people, looked at the poor palsied man as he lay on his bed before Him. Jesus spoke to the sick man, not to scold him nor to scold the people who had brought him—for Jesus was pleased to see in the trouble they had taken to get at Him, a sign that they believed in His power to heal. Jesus then said, "*Son, thy sins be forgiven thee.*"

Some of the people who were there found fault with Jesus' words, and they said among themselves, "*No-body but God can forgive sins.* That was true; but Jesus was God.

The Sleep of Death

"DO you think the little girl was really dead?" asked the teacher of a class of neglected-looking boys gathered in from the lanes, to whom she had been reading through the story of Jarius daughter.

"Please 'm, I think she was," answered a ragged little fellow at the end of the form.

"Why, then, do you think, did the Lord Jesus say she was sleeping?"

"Please 'm, it was *only sleep to Him*, He could wake her so easy."

"Only sleep to Him,"—how sweet the thought, that, terrible as death is to us, with its icy chill, its gloomy pallor, its dust, and ashes, and corruption; it is "only sleep to Him" who has the keys of hell and

of death, and can wake the slumberer with His slightest word.

"Only sleep to Him." Our voices cannot break that slumber, nor can any human acts disturb it. Above the grave, thunders may roar and cannon boom, storms may beat, and armies wheel and charge, but no such sounds disquiet the tenants of the grave.

But when Jesus calls, the dead arise. His voice pierces the tombs, enters the dull ear of death, and awakes the slumberers from their graves.

The Very Reason.

"YOU need not be afraid," said some boys who were coaxing one of their number to rob a cherry-tree which his father had forbidden him to touch. "You need not be afraid, for if your father should find out that you had taken them, he is so kind that he will not hurt you."

"That is the very reason," replied the boy, "why I should not touch them. It is true my father may not hurt me, yet my disobedience, I know, would hurt my father, and that would be worse to me than anything else."

And is not this a good reason why the saved children of the Lord should do no evil? To "continue in sin that grace may

abound," shows that we know little of sin and less of grace. Let us see to it that we "grieve not the Holy Spirit of God, and if in anything we have grieved it, let us pray with Cowper,

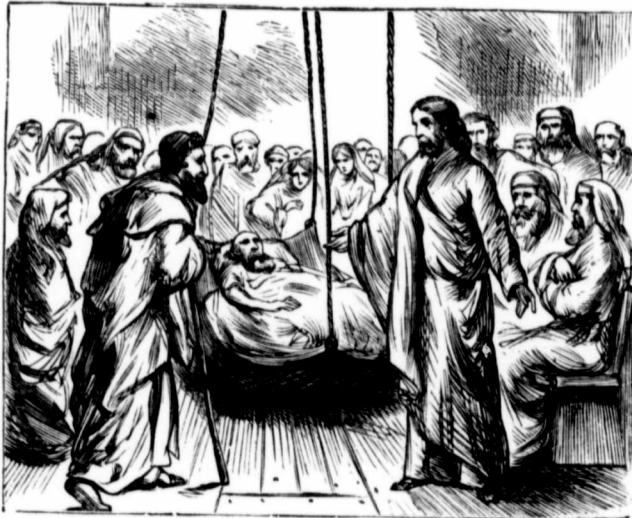
"Return, oh, Holy Dove return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast."

Self Control.

A YOUNG Karen girl, who was a trouble to others by her bad temper and language, suddenly changed, and from being hated became quite a favourite with her companions.

Being asked how this came about, she said: "When bad words rise I pray to God, then shut my teeth tight, and choke them as they come up."

Might not some of our little readers learn a lesson in this from this poor half-taught heathen girl?



Notes on the S. S. Lessons.

The Death of Lazarus.

John 11 : 1-16.

WHEN Jesus was on this earth, there lived at Bethany, about two miles from Jerusalem, a family, of whom it was said, "Now Jesus loved Martha, and her sister (Mary), and Lazarus." They were a happy family—how could they be otherwise with Jesus as their Friend? They were always glad to see Jesus whenever He came that way; to show Him and His disciples such kindness as they were able, and to listen to His wonderful words of love (Luke 10 : 38-42).

Martha always had open house for Jesus, and she seemed as if she could not do too much to make Him comfortable whenever he called. Bright and happy indeed is the home which Jesus loves to visit.

To-day we have to talk about this home smitten with sorrow. A few weeks ago Jesus sat at their table, and they all were full of joy. Now into this house sickness has come. Remember, dear children, there is no home, no family, however happy, however good, can escape sickness or trial of some kind. But all who love God have in their



times of sickness and sorrow One to go to, who is ready to comfort and help them, and show them that all is for their good. Jesus is our Friend in need and in deed.

When Lazarus was taken ill, Jesus was at Bethabara, about thirty miles off. The sisters sent a message to their Friend, "Behold, he whom Thou lovest is sick." But he did not go at once. He had good reasons for not doing so. He knew that their faith needed to be strengthened—and that this might be done, it was necessary that He should let sickness and death do their work.

Two days after, Jesus said, "Our friend Lazarus sleepeth." Perhaps our little readers may be interested in knowing that the word "Cemetery" used as a name for a burial ground, really means "a sleeping place." When Jesus said, "I go to awake him out of his sleep." He meant, "I go to raise him up again." They thought he meant "sleeping," so Jesus said plainly, "Lazarus is dead" and then set out for Bethany.

The Resurrection of Lazarus.

John 11 : 17-44.

NOW Bethany was only two miles from Jerusalem, and many of the Jews came to comfort poor Martha and Mary in their sorrow. While they were all there, trying to console them, a man came and told them that Jesus was coming. Martha got up directly and went to meet Him, but Mary sat still in the house.

Martha met Jesus, and with tears said to Him, "Lord, if Thou hadst been here my brother would not have died. But I know that even now whatever Thou wilt ask of God, He will give Thee." She remembered, perhaps, how Jesus had raised the ruler's little daughter, and the widow's son.

Soon Mary came also to Jesus, and Mary was pale and worn with weeping; and all the Jews, her friends, were weeping also; and Jesus was very sorry for them.

He was grieved for them, the good, tender Saviour. He would no longer delay what He meant to do, so He said to them, "Where have ye laid him?"

And when they showed Him the tomb, we read, Jesus wept! What

a tender, loving Saviour we have. But He is more than that; He is a mighty Saviour. He told them to roll away the stone, and when this was done He shouted, "Lazarus, come forth!" and at once the dead man rose and came out.

How delighted Mary and Martha must have been to see their dear brother alive again, and how they must all have thanked and worshipped the Lord Jesus for His goodness to them,

Jesus, may we ready be,
On that great day to welcome Thee,
And with Lazarus rejoice,
When we hear our Saviour's voice.

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