

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



OUR
YOUNG PEOPLE'S
MISSION UNION



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Summer and its Lessons.

SUMMER! Is there not a wonderful charm in the word? During the cold bleak days of winter or early spring, how often do we send our thoughts a little way forward, and say to ourselves, "It will be summer soon."

While at school you had visions of play and rambles which sometimes withdrew your mind from lessons; and then, in the distance, there rose up the outline of the glorious holidays. Well, well, it has come, this hoped-for, longed-for summer. The trees are perfect in beauty; the flowers have burst forth in battalions; the hay-fields are fragrant, and getting ready for cutting.

But summer, with all its loveliness, seems to say, "TIME IS SHORT; WATCH—PRAY—WORK." We have passed



SUMMER.

the longest day. A few weeks hence the glory will depart from the earth. Yes, the time is very short. Very short! Gather up your hours, redeeming the time. When summer has passed we shall expect it to leave some fruit behind; and so, dear children, when the wealth of summer has gone, the fruit which abides is that which is found on the tree of a pure and loving and truthful soul. Flowers have been called "stars in the earthly firmament." The flowers of such a soul are stars in the firmament of God, which shine for ever and ever.

The Lamb of God.

John i. 29.

The object—
"Lamb."

The owner—
"God."

Its work—"To bear away sin."

Whose sin it was to bear away—"The sin of the world."

“My Own Savior.”



LITTLE child was asked by her teacher to write down all the titles of Jesus Christ that she could think of. She could not remember many, for she was only a little thing, but at the bottom of the list she put what

was best of all, “And he is *my own* dear Savior.”

Can you say, like this dear little one, “Jesus is mine; he is *my own* Savior?” Then you can say also, “I am *his own* child,” and that is better still.

Would it be enough if you could only say, “Jesus is *my own*?” Why, you have many things that are your own, and sometimes you are careless enough to forget them, or lose them. But what if you should *lose Jesus*?

Ah, but then you are “his own.” You can not only sing, “Jesus is *my* Shepherd,” but you can say, as well, “I am *his own* little Lamb.”

Will the Good Shepherd ever lose “his own sheep?” Will he ever forget them? Will he ever let any one take them from him? No; for he has plainly said, “My sheep shall *never perish*; neither shall *any one* pluck them out of my hand.” John x. 28.

And then this heavenly shepherd knows all his sheep by name. How many thousands of sheep, he has, scattered throughout the world, and yet he does not forget the least lamb in the flock!

You sing sometimes, “Jesus loves me,” but you may sing quite as truly, “Jesus knows me.” And what a happy thought it is, that you have a gracious Savior who not only knows your name, but knows everything about you—your imperfections and failings, and your little troubles and trials; you can pour them all into his loving ear, and not one will be forgotten!

“Blessed Jesus, gentle Shepherd, I thank Thee that I am one of Thy lambs. Thou knowest I am very apt to stray away from the fold. Watch over me and keep me in safety, I pray Thee, and let me *never perish*.” —Selected.

Song of the Tape-Measure.

WHERE is my tape measure? I can go no farther in my work without it; for positive exactness is required not only in the *inches*, but in the *sixteenths* and *thirty seconds* of an inch!

Hustling over the special articles which usually cumber the table of a seamstress, I found, at length, the little symbol of discipline and perfect-

ness. As I caught it up and unrolled its tiny coil, a humming sound fell on my ear, and anon from its gentle tones, I caught these words:

“Measure the thoughts that are filling thy mind;
Measure the words thou art speaking;
Measure the eyes that all error would find
Measure the acts oft repeating.
Measure thy feet that they stand in the light;
Measure thy hands and be careful,
Measure thy life by truth, goodness and right,
Measure for God, and be prayerful.”

My little measure seemed doubly dear after this episode, and I resolved that I would try to act through life by the kind advice contained in the song of the Tape-Measure.—Selected.

All for Me.

For me He left His home on high;
For me to earth He came to die;
For me He in a manger lay;
For me to Egypt fled away;
For me He dwelt with fishermen;
For me He slept in cave, in glen;
For me alone He meekly bore;
For me a crown of thorns He wore;
For me He braved Gethsemane;
For me He hung upon a tree;
For me His final feast was made;
For me by Judas was betrayed;
For me by Peter was denied;
For me by Pilate crucified;
For me His precious blood was shed;
For me He slept among the dead;
For me He rose with might at last;
For me above the skies He passed;
For me He came at God’s command;
For me He sits at God’s right hand;
For me He now prepares a home;
For me He shall in glory come.

—Selected.

A Friend’s Letter.

DEAR Children;—“Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven.” Treasures of purity, truth, charity and love. Pure thoughts and virtuous deeds fill the measure of life, and constitute heavenly treasure. “Sweet the pleasure, rich the treasure.” It is not the outside riches but the inside one that produce happiness. The harder you struggle for abiding riches the better. Devote time and toil to obtain them. True wealth consists in virtue. Self-denying efforts bring wealth to the spirit. Heavenly wealth never perishes, never disappoints, destroys not the body, corrupts not the soul. Be “rich toward God.” Purity is a bright jewel—“a pearl of great price.” Having it, you have riches untold.—Selected.

Moses and Aaron before Pharaoh.

ONE day, Moses, and Aaron his brother, both of them aged men, yet in good health, went at God's command and stood before the mighty king of Egypt with a message from the King of kings. It needed courage on their part; but they were not afraid, because they felt sure that God was with them.

Pharaoh asked them for a sign that they had the power that they said they had. God had said Pharaoh would ask this. Aaron cast his staff on the ground, as God had commanded, and it became a live serpent! The king sent for his wise men and sorcerers, who were no doubt told what had been done and what was expected of them. By their tricks they could make it seem to some as if they did the same thing. Perhaps they threw down real serpents; for many of these men could tame serpents and carry them about with them, as though they were sticks. But Aaron's serpent swallowed up all theirs! This showed that Moses and Aaron possessed a power which they did not. God gave His servants the power, and God has promised to give you power if you will only believe in Jesus,—power to overcome evil, power to do good.

The Straight Path.

THE Bible is strict and old-fashioned!" said a young man to a grey haired friend who was advising him to study God's Word if he would learn how to live. "There are plenty of books written now adays that are moral enough in their teaching, and don't bind one down as the Bible does."

The old merchant turned to his desk and took a couple of rulers, one of which was slightly bent.

With each of these he ruled a line, and silently handed the ruled paper to his companion.

"Well," said the lad, "what do you mean?"

"One line is not straight and true, is it? When you mark out your path in life, *don't use a crooked ruler!*"

"What Are You Crying For?"

CHILDREN cry for many things: sometimes from illness, sometimes from temper, sometimes from disappointment; but the children I am going to tell you about cried for something else. What was it?

One Sunday, little Jamie came back from the Sunday school crying. Had he been naughty, or had the teacher returned his lesson? No.

His sister said to him, "Jamie, what are you crying for?"

"Oh, sister," said he, "I have come away again from school without going through the gate. I cannot find Jesus!"

Yes, he was crying for what I wish you would all cry for—a new heart. He was crying to find Jesus. And there never was a crying soul yet, where there was not a seeking Saviour. And two people like that, looking for one another, are

sure to find. The Lord Jesus found Jamie, and answered his prayer; He let him in through the golden gate, and now he is in the golden city. "I have heard thy prayer; I have seen thy tears."

A CHRISTIAN mother was once showing her little girl, about five years old, a picture representing Jesus holding an infant in His arms, while the mothers were pushing their children toward Him. "There, Carrie," said her mother, "this is what I would have done with you if I had been there." "I wouldn't be pushed to Jesus," said Carrie earnestly; "I'd go to Him without pushing."

Jesus said, Suffer little children to come unto Me.



Can't Rub it Out.

"DON'T write there," said a father to his son, who was writing with a diamond on the window.

"Why not?"

"Because you can't rub it out."

Did it ever occur to you, my child, that you are daily writing that which you can't rub out?

You made a cruel speech to your mother the other day. It wrote itself on her loving heart and gave her great pain. It is there now, and hurts her every time she thinks of it. You can't rub it out.

You whispered a wicked thought one day in the ear of your playmate. It wrote itself on his mind, and led him to do a wicked act. It is there now: you can't rub it out.

Honesty.

BE true and just in all your dealings." This applies to all, whether they keep shop or not. We should accustom ourselves to be honest in little things.

(1) Not cheat in games—marbles, &c.

(2) In school—not copy from neighbour (1 Thess. iv. 6.)

(3) In business—strictly honest in our dealings. (Deut. xxv. 13—15.)

Do you ever try to get more than is right for your money? (Prov. xx. 14.)

What do you think about getting rid of a bad sixpence?

Keep your hands from picking and stealing."

Picking—i.e., taking small things. Corner of loaf—sips of milk—lumps of sugar.

This often leads to greater thefts.

My son, keep thy father's commandment, and forsake not the law of thy mother.—Proverbs vi. 20.

A Lord in the Family.

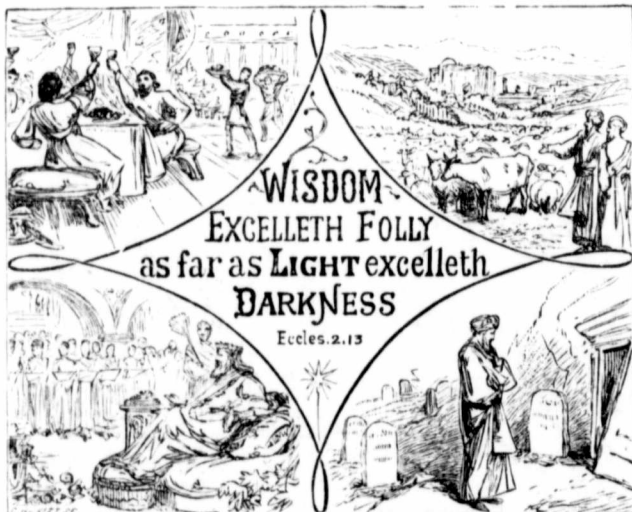
APOMPOUS, silly schoolboy was one day boasting how many rich and noble relations he had; and having exhausted his topics, he turned with an important air and asked one of his schoolfellows:

"Are there any 'lords' in your family?"

"Yes," said the little fellow, "there is one at least; for I have often heard my mother say that the Lord Jesus Christ is our elder Brother."

The boy was right, and as he grew up, it was his privilege to know more of this elder brother, and to tell the perishing multitudes the tidings of

His grace. Blessed are they who have one Lord in the family, and who know Him as their elder Brother and their everlasting Friend.



Keep the Words Out.

"I DON'T want to hear naughty words," said little Charlie to one of his schoolfellows.

"It does not signify," said the other boy, "they go in at one ear and out at the other."

"No," replied Charlie; "the worst of it is, when naughty words get in, they stick; so I mean to do my best to keep them out."

That is right. Keep them out, for it is sometimes hard work to turn them out when they once get in.

A Bit About Kings.

THE most powerful king on earth is working; the laziest, shir-king; a very doubtful king, smo-king; the most common-place king, jo-king; the leanest one, thin-king; the thirstiest one, drin-king; the slyest, win-king; and the most garrulous one, tal-king.

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