

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



OUR YOUNG PEOPLE



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"When the Bee Stung Mother."*

A YOUNG boy was once asked how long he had known his Saviour, and if assured that all his sins were forgiven, and when he first come to know and understand that.

"When the bee stung mother," said the boy quickly.

how He had taken my place, and died in my stead, until one summer's afternoon. I was then playing at the door of our cottage. Mother was working in the kitchen, at the window, with her sleeves turned up upon her arms. Suddenly, whilst I was playing around the doorstep, a large bee came buzzing round and round my head. I soon got frightened, and tried once or twice to flap it away; but it seemed to come



"When the bee stung mother? Tell me what you mean, my boy."

"Sir," said the boy, "I have a very dear mother, who had for some years told me what Jesus had done for me; but I never really understood and realized

closer and closer each time. At last, in despair, I ran up to my mother, and I hid myself under her long white apron. With motherly care she immediately put her iron down, covered me further up with her apron, putting her arms outside, as it were to assure me that I had full protection.

"This was hardly done before the bee settled upon one of mother's bare arms, and stung her so deeply

* This incident and the illustration are copied from 'Our Own Gazette,' the organ of the Y. W. C. Associations of England. An excellent monthly publication. 50 cts. per year. May be secured from the Toronto Willard Tract Depository.—Ed.

that the insect was unable to draw out its sting, and in an exhausted state crawled slowly down my mother's arm.

"My mother, who felt the sting very sharply, was a little taken aback; but looking at the bee crawling down her arm, a thought struck her, which was the means of my salvation.

"She said to me, 'There, you may come out now; the bee has stung mother instead of you; come out and look at it crawling on mother's arm. It cannot hurt you now.'

Timidly I lifted the apron, and put my head out, to see if it really was so. Sure enough, there was the bee crawling still slowly down my mother's arm; and my mother, pointing to the sting higher up, said, 'There it is; it has stung mother instead of you.'

"Half afraid and much astonished, as well as not a little sorrowful for my mother, I looked out from under the apron at the sting. My mother then explained to me how it was a picture of what for long she had told me about Jesus having taken my place, and been punished in my stead.

"I had learned and often repeated that verse, 'By His stripes we are healed,' but I never understood it till my mother went on to explain to me, with the bee and the sting before us, that it was just a picture of what Jesus had permitted to be done to Himself—to be punished instead of us, who deserved to be punished. Yes, sir, it was when the bee stung mother I saw it all, and I have rejoiced ever since in believing and being assured that Jesus died for me on Calvary."

"Dear children, have you looked to Jesus? Have you seen him as wounded for you? If not, look now. "He was wounded for your transgressions."

The Wasted Pin.

A LITTLE girl picked up a pin, which she threw in the fire. Half an hour after, a lady's carriage came to take her to ride. She was all ready, only she wanted a pin,—only one pin, to pin her shawl. She raced here and there for it, and searched the carpet, and tried everywhere to find a pin, until the lady got tired of waiting and drove away; and so she lost her ride in the park by simply wasting a pin.

The proverb says, "Waste not, want not;" and Jesus said, "Let nothing be lost."

Hold On.

A MOTHER, with her three children, was clinging to the wreck of the steamer *Bohemia*, when the mother said she must let go and be drowned. Her little girl replied, "Hold on a little longer, mother. Jesus walked upon the water and saved Peter, and perhaps He will save us." The little girl's words so strengthened her mother that she held on a few minutes more, when a boat was sent to their rescue.

The Bible Says I May.

I AM a little soldier,
And only five years old;
I mean to fight for Jesus,
And wear a crown of gold.

I know he makes me happy,
And loves me all the day;
I'll be His little soldier—
The Bible says I may.

I love my precious Saviour,
Because He died for me,
And if I did not serve Him,
How sinful I should be.

He gives me every comfort,
And hears me when I pray;
I want to live for Jesus—
The Bible says I may.

I now can do but little,
Yet when I grow a man,
I'll try and do for Jesus
The greatest good I can.

God help and keep me faithful
In all I do and say;
I want to live a Christian—
The Bible says I may.

"They are Brothers."

A LITTLE boy seeing two nestling birds pecking at each other, enquired of his elder brother what they were doing.

"They are quarrelling," said he.

"No," replied the child, "that cannot be, they are brothers."

What a blessed thing if all children could remember that brothers should never quarrel. God has made them of one blood, and of one life, and they should always be kind and tender to each other.

"Behold, how good and how pleasant it is, for brethren to dwell together in unity."

God Counts.

"O I WANT one of those cakes!" cried a little boy, jumping up as his mother left the room, after placing a plate of cakes upon the table.

"No, no," said his sister, pulling him back.

"Mother won't know it; she didn't count them," he cried.

"If she didn't, perhaps God counted," was the little sister's prompt reply; and the little boy's hand was stayed.

Ah, children, you may be certain that God counts, and sees, and knows everything you do. No night so dark that He cannot see, and no sin is so small that He does not observe it. God counts, and weighs, and notices everything we do. "The eyes of the Lord are in every place." Let us ever live as in His sight.

Keep thy father's commandment.—Prov. vi. 20.

The Gospel Ship.

TIME FOR SETTING SAIL.

"Now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation."—2 Cor. vi. 2.

WHEN does the vessel sail? When does it weigh anchor? This is what you would hear a person asking if he were going to cross the ocean.

Now, dear children, remember that our life is as a voyage. We are sailing over that which has been called the "Sea of Life." When we go on a voyage we have some place which we desire to reach. So, you desire to reach Heaven. Now then, what is the advertised hour of starting?

Hear it—it is *Now!* Stop and ponder that little word written on the sign-boards of Eternal Truth. It is soon read. It is only three letters; but on these three letters hangs a whole Eternity. *NOW.* It is God's time. It is the best time. It may be the only time! Not to-morrow; to-morrow may come, but it may come too late.

It would never do to go down to the wharf on Tuesday, if the ship were advertised to sail on Monday. God says, *NOW.* Many have put off, and perished. Dear children, don't put this off. Youth is the time to serve the Lord. You have sinned, young though you are. If *you* believe, *you* will be saved, and will receive the gift of God. In other words, you are not too young to set sail on the Gospel ship, and now is the time to get on board.

A DOCTOR writes: "A boy who early smokes is rarely known to make a man of much energy of character. I would particularly warn boys who want to rise in the world, to shun tobacco as a deadly poison."

JONATHAN EDWARDS, when a boy, wrote in his journal: "Resolved to live with all my might while I do live." That was a good resolution, and it was well kept.

"He Never Failed Me."

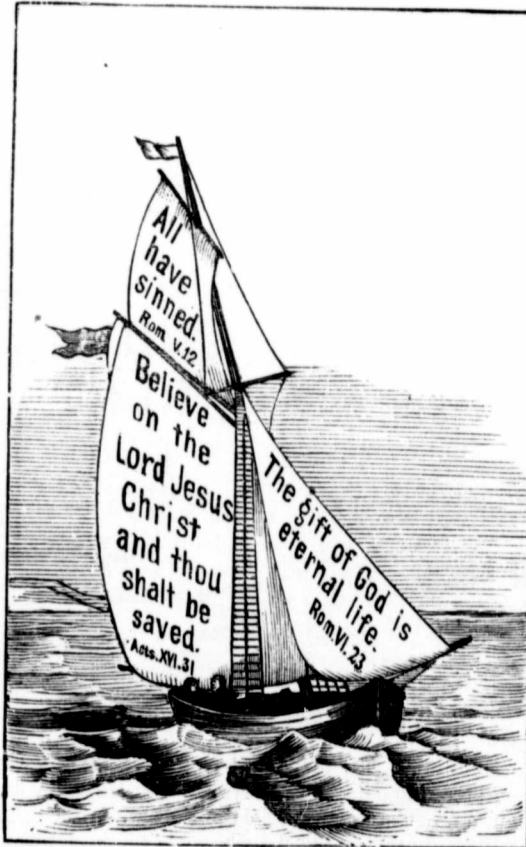
A GENTLEMAN once visited a public school. At recess a little fellow came up and spoke to the teacher. As he turned to go down the platform, the master said, "There is a boy I can trust: he never failed me." We followed him with our eye, and looked at him when he took his seat after recess. He had a fine, open, manly face. We thought a good deal about the master's remark. What a character had that boy earned! He had already got what would be worth more to him than a fortune. It would be a

passport into the best store in the city, and, what is better, to the whole community. We wonder if the boys know how soon they are rated by other people. Every boy in the neighborhood is known, and opinions are formed of him: he has a reputation either favorable or unfavorable. A boy of whom the master can say, "I can trust him: he never failed me," will never want employment. The fidelity, promptness, and industry which he shows at school are in demand everywhere, and are prized everywhere. He that is faithful in little will be faithful in much.

A LITTLE girl, while walking with her father, on a starry night, looked up to the sky, and being asked what she was thinking about, said, "I was thinking if the wrong side of heaven is so beautiful, what must the right side be?"

Some Things you will not be Sorry for Learning.

FOR hearing before judging.
For thinking before speaking.
For holding an angry tongue.
For stopping the ear to a tattler.
For being kind to the distressed.
For being patient to all.
For asking pardon for wrong.
For speaking evil of no man.
For being courteous to all.



Notes on the S. S. Lessons.

By the Editor.

The Sinful Nation.

Isaiah 1: 1-18.

ISAIAH has been called the "Evangelical Prophet," because he says so much of the dear Saviour "who was to come." Our lesson gives us one great reason why it was necessary for Jesus to come down to earth. He came to save sinners, and the lesson to-day tells of a "sinful nation." Perhaps our young readers may think that the prophet is speaking of a nation of heathens, away off in some distant island of the sea; but if you read this chapter carefully, you will find that it was not such a nation, but a people for whom God had done wonderful things. He had delivered them out of bondage.

He had guided them through the great wilderness. He had given them a beautiful country. He had blessed them with many faithful preachers. In fact he had done all He could, as the Bible asks: "What could have been done, that I have not done?" (Isa. 5: 4). And yet after all, they had forsaken—had provoked—had gone away from God. How wicked! How sinful! And yet God says, Why should you be as you are? Why should you let

the disease of sin get worse? Just see how bad they were. God speaks of them as having sick heads, faint hearts, and a body full of wounds. That is the way God describes their miserable condition as sinners. And yet all the time they were pretending to be so very religious. They went to church regularly. They gave into the collections, and they said prayers, but it was all mockery, and God said He was tired of it all. Now, you would expect that after such wickedness God would say, "I will have nothing more to do with you." But "God is Love," and so He says: "Come and let us talk this all over. It is a fact that you are great sinners, and you are dyed with sin, until it looks like an impossibility to get it out; but that which is impossible with man is possible with Me, and I will make you white as snow, and just like wool." Dear children, God says the same thing now to you. And how will He do it?

"What can wash away my sin?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus."

The Suffering Saviour.

Isaiah 53: 1-12.

ONLY the blood of Jesus could wash away sin. Now, that means that Jesus must die—must suffer before you and I could be saved. What an awful thought that *our* sins made it necessary for another to suffer—not another man like ourselves,—that would be no use, for all have sinned, and therefore no man could atone for another—but it needed an innocent one to suffer; it needed one whom God could accept in our place, and there was only one person whom God would accept, and that was His own dear Son. And "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son" to die for us, and in our

lesson to-day the prophet tells us about this "Suffering Saviour." And to think that when He came to save that sinful nation, instead of being thankful to God, and at once accepting the Son of God, they persecuted, hated, arrested, smote, and at last killed Him. See what our lesson says: He was despised, rejected, stricken, afflicted; and why? Read the 5th verse, and wherever the word "our" appears, put in the word MY. He was wounded for

my transgressions. Dear children, how are you treating this loving Saviour? If you have not believed on Him—if you are not loving Him—you are doing just what the "Sinful Nation" did. You are rejecting Him. You are, by your actions, saying they served Him right when they put Him to death. I am sure when you think of this, you will at once say, "Lord, I must not treat you so. I will love You and obey You." May the Lord help you to do so.

And if you do decide to accept of Jesus as *your* Saviour, you will really be helping, as it were, to bring to pass that which we read in the 11th verse: "He shall see of the travail of His soul, and be satisfied." Oh, dear children, only think of it! By accepting Jesus you give Him satisfaction, and He will also satisfy you.



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