

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



OUR YOUNG PEOPLE



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Martin Luther.

EVERY one has heard of Martin Luther, the great Reformer. Born in the year 1483, in a little village in Germany, he lived for many years in great poverty, often singing carols in the street for a morsel of bread. Afterwards, when he determined to become a monk, and was living at Erfurt monastery, he came across a Latin Bible, and was so deeply interested in it, that he spent all the time he could in studying it, till he learned God's blessed truth, and the only way of salvation through the Lord Jesus Christ.

Then he longed that others should know the same precious

truth too. He left the monastery, and though much persecuted by the Pope of Rome and his priests, he found many friends, among whom was the Elector of Germany, who took him to his own castle of Wart-

burg, where he carried out his great work, the translation of the Bible into the German tongue. Luther knew well that if the people had God's own word in their hands, in a language they could understand, they

would soon find out the real truth, and would know that the church of Rome is a false church, and that Jesus Christ is the only Saviour.

Martin Luther was a very kind man. He loved children wherever he met them, and always had a kind word for them. Some of his happiest letters are to his own children, when he earnestly sought to train them for God.

After a very eventful life, he passed away (between two and three o'clock on the morning

of 18th February, 1546), to be with Christ, which is far better. He was buried in the church of All Saints, at Wittemburg; and at his funeral, Dukes and nobles were present. More than three hundred years



Abstain from all appearance of evil.—1 Thess. v. 22.

have passed since Luther died, but "he being dead, yet speaketh."

In our picture will be seen a portrait of Martin Luther—Luther singing on the streets of Erfurt—and Luther nailing his celebrated theses to the church door. Under the portrait is a picture of the Cathedral at Worms, in which church was held a great meeting of the Catholic bishops and priests, before whom Luther appeared to defend his course; alongside we have a picture of the College at Wittemburg, where Luther was Professor, and the remaining illustration is that of Luther's room. We advise our young people to get a life of Luther and read it carefully. It will interest you, and no doubt prove of service to you.

I Can Let it Alone.

"I CAN do something that you can't," said a boy to his companion; "I can chew tobacco."

"And I can do something you can't," was the quick reply. "I can let tobacco alone."

Now, this is the kind of a boy we love to see. The boy who has the backbone to refuse when asked to do a foolish or wicked thing is the one of whom we are proud. It is an easy matter to sail with the wind or float with the tide, and it is easy to form bad habits; so that none can boast over the power to do that. It is the one who can let them alone that is worthy of praise. And the best time to let tobacco alone is before the appetite for it has been formed. There is nothing inviting about it then.

Don't use it, boys. It is filthy, poisonous, disgusting stuff at its best. Be men enough to let it alone. Hold up your head and say that you are its master, and never intend to become its slave.

Bad Bargains.

ONCE a Sunday School teacher remarked that he who buys the truth makes a good bargain, and inquired if any scholar recollects an instance in Scripture of a bad bargain.

"I do," replied a boy, "Esau sold his birthright for a mess of pottage."

A second said:

"Judas made a bad bargain when he sold his Lord for the thirty pieces of silver."

A third boy observed;

"Our Lord tells us that he makes a bad bargain who to gain the whole world loses his own soul."

I Like Your Jesus.

A LITTLE Moslem child once said: "I like your Jesus, because he loves little girls! Our Mohammed did not love little girls." She had laid hold upon at least one of the greatest differences between the two religions.

Willie and the Apple.

LITTLE Willie stood under an apple-tree old: The fruit was all shining with crimson and gold, Hanging temptingly low; how he longed for a bite, Though he knew if he took one, it wouldn't be right!

Said he, "I don't see why my father should say,— 'Don't touch the old apple-tree, Willie, to day.' I shouldn't have thought, now they're hanging so low, When I asked for just one, he would answer me, 'No.'

He would never find out if I took but just one; And they do look so good, shining out in the sun! There are hundreds and hundreds, and he wouldn't miss So paltry a little red apple as this."

He stretched forth his hand,—but a low, mournful strain Came wandering dreamily over his brain: In his bosom a beautiful harp had long laid, That the angel of Conscience quite frequently played:

And he sang, "Little Willie, beware, oh beware! Your father is gone, but your Maker is there; How sad you would feel, if you heard the Lord say,— 'This dear little boy stole an apple to-day'!"

Then Willie turned round, and, as still as a mouse, Crept slowly and carefully into the house: In his own little chamber he knelt down to pray That the Lord would forgive him, and please not to say, "Little Willie almost stole an apple to day."

The Time to Serve God.

WE visited a woman of ninety, as she lay on her last bed of sickness. She had been hoping in Christ for half a century. In the course of conversation she said: "Tell all the children that an old woman, who is just on the borders of the grave, is very much grieved that she did not begin to love the Saviour when she was a child. Tell them, 'Youth is the time to serve the Lord.'"

Habit.

THERE was once a horse that used to pull around a sweep which lifted dirt from the depths of the earth. He was kept at the business for nearly twenty years, until he became old, blind, and too stiff in the joints to be of further use. So he was turned into a pasture, or left to crop the grass without any one to disturb or bother him. But the funny thing about the old horse was, that every morning after grazing awhile, he would start on a tramp, going round and round in a circle, just as he had been accustomed to do for so many years. He would keep it up for hours, and people often stopped to look and wonder what had got into the head of the venerable animal to make him walk around in such a solemn way, when there was no earthly need of it. It was the force of habit. And children who form bad or good habits in youth, will be led by them when they become old, and will be miserable or happy accordingly.

Only One Life.

REMEMBER, dear young reader, that though you may have many years given you, you are in possession of only *one life*. Days and years are the threads that are woven in the web of life, and an ill-spent hour or day, or year in our youth makes an ugly flaw in that web. Life's web, as it is woven, passes into eternity, beyond your reach to alter it.

David's son, the wise King Solomon, got *one* golden opportunity, and he knew its value, and seized it. In a dream by night, the Lord appeared to him, and said, "Ask what I shall give thee," and Solomon at once made choice of "a wise and understanding heart." This so pleased the Lord that He not only granted the King's request, and that too in the fullest measure, but gave in addition, riches and honour, above all other Kings, all his days. Had Solomon chosen some foolish thing, or had he preferred something of little value, what a loser he had been!

Do not forget that this *One Life* which we enjoy is a precious time of choice, and that youth is the golden season of it. Each swiftly flying year warns us that the opportunity is passing. Be wise in seizing it, and so spending it as to receive at the close of life the Master's welcome, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

Peace Through Blood.

"Peace through the blood of His cross."—Col. i. 20.

IF you had been disobedient and naughty to your dear mother, you would feel that there was something between you and her, like a little wall built up between you. Even though you knew she loved you, and went on doing kind things for you as usual, you would not be happy with her; you would keep away from her, and it would be a sorrowful day both for her and for you. For there would be no sweet, bright *peace* between her and you, and no pleasant and untroubled peace in your own heart.

The Lord Jesus knew that it was just like this with us, that there was something between us and God instead of peace, and this something was sin. And

there never could be, or can be any peace with God while there is sin, so of course there never could be any real peace in our hearts. We could never take away this wall of sin; on the contrary, left to ourselves, we only keep building it higher and higher by fresh sins every day. And God has said, that "without shedding of blood there is no remission," that is, no forgiveness, no taking away of sins. Now, what has Jesus Christ done for us? He has made peace through the blood of His cross. He is the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world; and the sin was what hindered peace.

Look at His precious blood shed to take away your sins! Do you see it, do you believe it? Then there is nothing between you and God, for that bleeding Hand has broken down the wall; the blood has made peace, and you may come to your heavenly Father

and receive His loving forgiveness, and know that you have peace with God, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Try.

AGENTLEMAN travelling in the northern part of Ireland, heard the voices of children, and paused to listen.

Finding the sound proceeded from a small building used as a school-house, he drew near; as the door was open, he entered and listened to the words the

boys were spelling. One little fellow stood apart, looking sad and dispirited. "Why does that boy stand there?" asked the gentleman. "Oh! he is good for nothing," replied the teacher. "There's nothing in him. I can make nothing of him. He is the most stupid boy in the school." The gentleman was surprised at this answer. He saw that the teacher was so stern and rough that the younger and more timid were very nearly crushed. He said a few words to them, and then placing his hand on the brow of the little fellow who stood there, he said: "One of these days you may be a fine scholar. Don't give up, but try, my boy, try." The boy's soul was aroused. From that hour he became ambitious to excel. And he did become a fine scholar, a great and good man, beloved and honoured, and the author of a well-known commentary on the Bible. It was Dr. Adam Clarke.

The secret of his success is worth knowing: "Don't give up, but try, my boy."



SOLOMON'S DREAM.—1 Kings iii. 5-9.

Notes on the S. S. Lessons

By the Editor.

Effect of Jonah's Preaching.

Jonah iii. 1-10.

OUR readers will remember that in the 1st chapter of this book we read about Jonah's sin in refusing to do as God had commanded him, and of the trouble he got into through his disobedience. In the lesson we have before us, we learn that God is one who delights to pardon those who repent. Only to think of Jonah's sin, and then remember that God has been so good as to spare his life; and not only so, He now shews Jonah that He freely forgives all the past, and is willing to use him again as a servant. Dear children, is not such a God one whom we ought to love and to serve cheerfully.

Jonah has learned a lesson, and he profits by it. So when God says, "Go to Nineveh, and deliver My message," he obeys at once; and when he enters the great and wicked city, he at once begins to cry out, "Yet forty days and Nineveh shall be overthrown." No doubt some people thought he was crazy, and perhaps some laughed at him at first. But do you suppose Jonah cared for that? Don't you think Jonah felt happier doing God's will in that city of sinners, than he did while walking down the wharf at Joppa, or while in the hold of that ship, or while in the great fish's mouth. I am sure he did. And so will you be happier if you do God's will, even though the work itself may seem hard.

But the Ninevites soon stopped their jeering, and all the people, from the king, down to the poor beggar became sorry for having sinned so much, and God forgave them, and did not destroy the place. They found out, as Jonah had done, that God is ready to forgive. Have you found this out? If not, come today and prove God, and you will find that He will forgive you all your sins, and make you happy.

Hezekiah's Good Reign.

2 Kings xviii. 1-12.

A BOUT 75 years after Jonah went to Nineveh, or about 725 years before Jesus was born, there was a king in Jerusalem named Hezekiah, and it is told of him that he did that which was right in the sight of the Lord. Perhaps some of his actions did not please his people, because he took

away their idols, &c., but that which they did not like, was just what God was pleased with. So, dear children, if you do just what God tells you, you must expect to have some of your companions say things against you. If you read the second verse, you will see that Hezekiah's mother is mentioned, and no doubt she was a good woman. How thankful little boys and girls should be for pious mothers.

When Hezekiah was busy clearing away all the idols, &c., he came across a brass serpent which Moses had made by God's command (read Numbers xxi. 4-9). The people were worshiping it, and forgetting the God who had commanded it to be made, so the good king broke it all up, and he called it by a name which means the brass thing. What He meant to teach was, that we must not look to the instruments or men that God uses, but to GOD who uses them.

We also read that Hezekiah "trusted in the Lord," and that he clave to the Lord. Are you trusting in the Lord? Do you believe in Jesus, of whom that brass serpent was a token or type. John iii. 14, 15.

Hezekiah's Prayer Answered.

2 Kings xx. 1-17.

THE good king is very sick, and the prophet is sent to tell him to put all his business in order, for he is to die. At once he turns his attention, not to business, nor to giving orders to his family, but to God. He prays and asks God to spare him. The prophet had not time to get out of the house before God sent him back to tell Hezekiah that he had heard the prayer, and would heal him, and that he would live for fifteen years longer. Hezekiah had powerful enemies, who wanted to take Jerusalem, but God says, "I will defend this city." We thus learn that God hears and answers prayer—that God is not slow in sending answers to prayer—and that God gives even more than we ask for. Do you pray to God? When you pray, do you expect to receive an answer? When God has answered you, are you thankful?

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