

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



OUR YOUNG PEOPLE



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'What O'Clock is it?'

WHEN I was a young lad, my father one day called me to him that he might teach me to know what o'clock it was. He told me the use of the minute-finger and the hour-hand, and described to me the figures on the dial-plate, until I was perfect in my part.

No sooner was I quite master of this knowledge than I sat off scampering to join my companions in a game of marbles; but my father called me back again.

"Stop, Willie," said he; "I have something more to tell you."

Back again I went, wondering what else I had got to learn; for I thought I knew all about the clock as well as my father did.

"Willie," said he, "I have taught you to know the time of day. I must now teach you the time of your life."

Now, life is very uncertain, and you may not live a single day longer; but if we divide the four-score years of an old man's life into twelve parts, it will give almost seven years for every figure. When a boy is seven years old, then it is one o'clock of his life, and this is the case with you.

I waited rather impatiently to hear how my father would explain this further lesson, for I wished to go to my marbles."

"The Bible," said he, "describes the years of a

man to be threescore-and-ten or four-score years. When you reach fourteen years old, it will be two years o'clock with you; and when at twenty-one, it will be three o'clock; at twenty-eight, it will be four o'clock; at thirty-five, it will be five o'clock; at forty-two, it will be six o'clock; at forty-nine, it will be seven o'clock, should it please God to spare your life.

In this manner you may always know the time of your life, and looking at the clock may remind you of it. My great-grand-father according to this calculation, died at twelve o'clock, my grand-father at eleven, and my father at ten. At what hour you or I shall die, Willie, is only known to Him who knoweth all things.

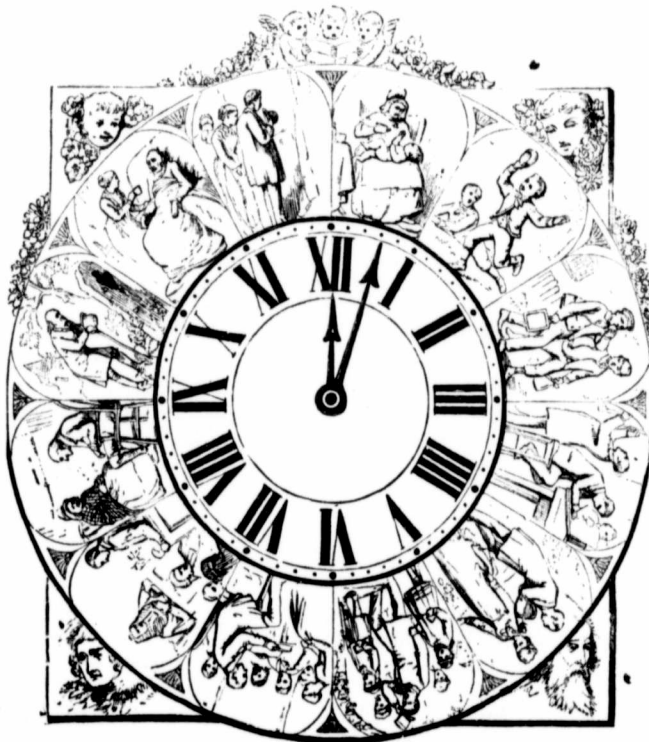
Seldom since then have I heard the enquiry, "What o'clock is it?" or looked at the face of a clock, without being reminded of the words of my father.

Our Brother.

"He is not ashamed to call them brethren."—Heb. 2; 11.

SOMETIMES people do not

like it to be known if they have relations not so well off as themselves, and do not care to mention them. How different this is from the Lord Jesus! He is the Son of God, the King of kings, and yet He is not ashamed to call us brethren. He came down to earth on purpose to be made like us in every thing (Heb. 2: 17), so that He might be our brother. He is our good, kind, strong Elder Brother, and He will be to us



Redeemed * * with the precious blood of Christ.—1 Peter i. 18, 19.

every thing you can think of about the very best brother you ever heard of.

What a difference it makes to the summer holidays when a dear elder brother comes home! And if a great home trouble comes, who is wanted so much as the elder brother who feels it all because it his sorrow too, and yet knows what to do and how to help the others through the dark time? So it is Jesus who can make all your happiest times happier still, and yet He is the Brother born for adversity (Prov. 17: 17.) who comes to comfort and help us as no one else can, when we are in trouble.

Perhaps you think, "Oh now I should like to know that Jesus is *my* Brother!" If He is your Saviour, He will be to you all that every one of His other beautiful names tells you He is. But He has told us something which should help you to lay hold of this one. When the multitude sat about Him, listening to His words (Mark 3: 34.) He looked round about on them and said, "Behold My mother and My brethren! For whosoever shall do the will of God, the same is My brother, and My sister, and My mother." Doing the will of God is just trying to do what He tells you and what pleases Him. And Jesus knows if you are really wishing and trying to do this. And if you are, that shows you are His little brother or His little sister, for He says so. And although He is the Mighty God, He is not ashamed to call you so, and you may say:

Christ is my Father and my Friend,
My Brother and my Love;
My Head, my Hope, my Counsellor,
My Advocate above.

Letters from our Little Readers.

WE have selected these letters from several received, because we wish to speak to our young readers upon matters referred to in them. You notice that little Edith acted as we hope all our young friends will ever act. She was honest. She did not try to pass off as her own work that which others helped her do. If she had done so, she would have been committing two sins—first, she would tell an untruth; and second, she would steal, for if her answers won the prize, she would be taking that which did not belong to her. We trust Edith and all our young friends may be ever kept from being deceivers.

Then, Sarah wishes to grow to be Jesus' own child. I am sure her little friends all over wherever our paper is read, will pray that she may be so. She says she *likes to read the Bible*. Well, that is just what we wish she and all others may do. Remember, the Bible is God's Word—His letter telling all about Jesus, so if we really love the Bible we shall certainly learn to love Jesus. Now let us read the letters—

"The Bible Study in the last paper I tried to find the references, but it was too hard for me,

without help. I found all the names of Jesus in Dr. Brookes' Truth; but two or three, Aunty helped me find them. I would have sent them in this letter if I had found them without help."

Your little friend,

EDITH MALONE,

Mt. Sterling, Ill.

"I was very much pleased with my present. I hope I shall grow to be Jesus' own child. I like to read the Bible and find the answers. I am going to try for the other prize. I like to read the little papers too."

From your friend,

SARAH F. FULLER,

Cooper, Madoc.

Room for the Children.

"Suffer little children, to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven."—Matt. 19: 14.

LET the little children come
To a Saviour's breast;
Little souls feel weariness,
Little hearts need rest.

Jesus wants a tiny hand
In the harvest-field;
To the touch of fingers small
Giant hearts may yield.

Jesus wants a baby voice,
Praises sweet to sing;
Earth's discordant choruses
Shaming—silencing.

Jesus bids those little feet
Carry comfort rare
To some troubled, weary soul,
Full of dark despair.

Little saints have work to do,
Little souls to win,
Standing at the golden gate,
Asking *children* in.

Perhaps amidst the crowding throng,
No one else might see
That some little faces asked
"Is there room for *me*?"

Heaven is full of little ones,
God's great nursery,
Where the fairest flowers of earth
Bloom eternally.

Our Prizes.

WE have examined the papers sent in to us in reply to the Prize offer for references to "Titles of Jesus," and have awarded the prizes to Charles Perry, Clayton, and Jessie Jane Carruthers, of Kirkwood. We were much pleased with the neat appearance of many of the letters sent, and also in noticing the evidences of careful study. Of course all cannot win the prizes, and we trust our

young friends who have failed this time will "try again." We have not received as yet any replies to the Bible Acrostic published in last paper. How is this? Surely you are not being discouraged.

Now, we are going to try another plan for one or two numbers of our paper. We will give a nice pocket Bible (illustrated) to the boy or girl sending us the best Bible Acrostic or other form of study, suitable for use in our paper as a "Prize Bible Study." We will print the accepted paper over the name of the person sending it.

A Lesson from the Flowers.

THE Lord Jesus taught the people from other things besides birds.

Jesus pointed to the flowers in their beautiful colours, in the dress which God had given them.

Notice *the lilies*, these beautiful delicate flowers, painted by God's hand; they are not cared for by the gardener, but are growing wild in the open country. It is not by any labour, or thought, or care of their own, but by God's care that they grow so beautiful, so glorious. Rich people sometimes wear costly dresses, but even Solomon—the wise, the rich king—was never dressed in anything nearly so splendid as the beautiful petals, of the lily.

If God cares for the flowers of the field, which cannot know His kindness, will He not much more care for us? He will give all things needful for this life. Especially seek what Jesus bids us to seek first of all.

How dearly God must love us,
And this poor world of ours,
To spread blue skies above us
And deck the earth with flowers!

There's not a weed so lowly,
Nor bird that cleaves the air,
But tells, in accents lowly,
His kindness and His care.

A LITTLE school-girl gave this pretty definition of the word "happy": "To feel as if you wanted to give all your play things to your little sister."

The True Hero.

A BOY nine years old was bathing one day, when, by some mischance, he got into deep water and began to sink. His elder brother saw and ran to save him, but, lacking strength or skill, he also sank to the bottom of the river. As the two drowning brothers rose to the surface for the last time, they saw a third brother, the youngest of the family, running down the bank for the purpose of trying to save them. Then it was that the dying nine-year-old acted the part of a hero. Struggling as he was with death, he gathered all his strength and cried to his brother on the shore, "Don't come in, or father will lose all his boys at once."

Noble little fellow! Though dying, he forgot himself, and thought of his father's grief. He was a genuine hero. His brother obeyed his dying command and was

spared to comfort his father when his two dead sons were taken from the river clasped in each other's arms.

Boys, you are not called to be heroes in this way, but you are called to consider the feelings of your parents and study how to avoid giving them pain. The best way to do this is to love them dearly. Love will not only keep you from hurting their feelings, but it will make you sources of joy to their hearts.



Blessed are those children whose words and deeds make sweet music in their parents' soul. Read what God's word says about duty to Parents. Exod. 20:12.

Read Your Bible.

DEAR children, read your bible, lay its truths up in your heart, and practice them in your lives. Don't let it tell you that you haven't opened it for a month—aye, for a day, but read it at least every morning and evening. The Psalmist speaks of the Bible—the Word of God, as a "lamp" and as a "light." And again he says, "Oh, how I love Thy law. It is my meditation day and night." Meditate upon it during the day, and take our word for it, the coming generation of men and women will be holier and purer for it.

Notes on the S. S. Lessons.

The Second Temple.

Ezra 1: 1-4; 3: 8-13.

IN our last lesson we learned how God punished Belshazzar for his wicked pride and his profane use of the holy vessels. The very night he dared to insult God in this way, his city (Babylon) was taken and he was killed by the soldiers of King Cyrus. "So the Lord punished the King of Babylon and that nation for their sin."

In the first year of his reign Cyrus made a decree, that the Jews might go back to their own land; and about fifty thousand of them did so, under Ze-rub-babel, or, as he was called, Shesh-baz-zar, a prince of Judah, grandson of Jehoi-a-kin. Joshua the high priest went with them; and Cyrus gave them back all the vessels of the house of the Lord, five thousand four hundred vessels of silver and vessels of gold, and they took them back to Jerusalem.

In the second year after their return they laid the foundations of that temple in which our Lord afterwards taught. But the people who lived in Samaria wanted to join in building it, as if they belonged to the same people, and wanted to make one nation with the

Jews; but the Jews would not let them, because they were heathens, and were not of the seed of Abraham; so the Samaritans tried to stop them, and at last they sent men to Babylon to tell the king how rebellious the Jews had always been, and he had better not let them build up a strong city like Jerusalem. The building of the temple was stopped for a time, but they went on with the houses of the city.

In the reign of Darius, twenty years later, the Jews tried again, and got a new decree from the king, and he ordered those people who had hindered the Jews to help them, and the governors to give them timber, and stone, and money out of the taxes to help the work on.

Then the temple was finished in the eighth year of Darius; and they de-di-ca-ted it, and kept the Pass-over. But the old men mourned because this house was not what the temple of Solomon had been. They had lost the ark, and the two tables of stone, and the pot of manna, and Aaron's rod, and there was no longer the glory of the Lord sitting between the cherubims.

Nehemiah's Prayer.

Neh. 1: 1-11.

NEHEMIAH, whose name means, "*The comfort of the Lord*," belonged to the tribe of Judah. He was born at Babylon, while the Jews were in captivity. He was a prayerful, patriotic and brave man. One day a man who had come up from Jerusalem told him of the ruin of that city.

Nehemiah felt sorry at heart, and so much did he grieve, that he became sad looking and pale. His sorrow was so great that he did not eat anything for several days. But he did not content himself with fasting and weeping. He knew that these would be of no service to the poor captives. He also knew

that so far as he was himself concerned he was powerless to help. But he remembered one who could help, and who had said, "Call upon me in the day of trouble and I will deliver thee." He knew God, and so he prayed, and asked God to bless that which he purposed doing. And what was that? It was a bold act and a great work. He intended to ask the king to let him go and re-build the walls! Now, there are some things which men do on which they dare not



DEDICATION OF THE SECOND TEMPLE.

ask God's blessing, and if they did it would be withheld. There are other undertakings too, respecting which we forget to ask God's blessing, or think it is not necessary to do so. The work Nehemiah was about to undertake was such that he knew he could not do unless God blessed him, and he was sure he could do it with that blessing. What we want our dear young readers to learn from this lesson is this. Prayer is not to be confined to things concerning religion, but to all you do. You should never go to school without asking God to help you.

We hope our young readers will bear in mind that all the success and blessing which followed Nehemiah's work was answer to the prayer. So if you are going to be useful and happy you must be very much in prayer.

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