



OUR YOUNG PEOPLE



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Our Queen.

WE now present to our little readers a portrait of

a lady who is beloved not only by those over whom in the Providence of God she has been called to reign as Queen, but is equally revered by those of other nations. Her Majesty Queen Victoria enters this month upon the fiftieth year of her reign. It was early in the morning of June 28, 1837, that King William the Fourth died, and about an hour afterward the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord Chamberlain, with four other gentlemen, waited on the Princess at Kensington Palace to tell her

that she, a girl of eighteen, had succeeded to the most important position in the world. She received the

news calmly, but with tears, and at once asked the Archbishop to pray with her for wisdom to "judge so great a people." Forty-nine years have passed

since then, forty-nine of the most celebrated years in English history—years of progress in knowledge, in civilization, in public order and safety. Now our Queen rules over the largest empire the world has ever known, an empire of 9,126,999 square miles, on which the sun never sets. Her subjects number 35,337,394, being a quarter of mankind; and no sovereign was ever more widely loved and honored.

Our picture also includes a portrait of the Prince Consort, who died in 1861, and was universally lamented. The

buildings which form the balance of our picture are the Royal residences—Windsor Castle, London;



Osborne House, Isle of Wight, and Balmoral Castle, Her Majesty's favorite summer residence in the Highlands of Scotland.

The true secret of the stability of the Throne and of the long and prosperous reign of Victoria, is fully expressed in the text which appears below her portrait, "Established by righteousness." That she may long continue to reign is the devout wish of her people, and we can ever heartily join in *singing our prayer* :

"God save our gracious Queen!
Long live our noble Queen!
God save the Queen!"

Tell Them to say "Yes" to Christ at Once.

I READ some time ago about a boy who loved Jesus, who had to undergo an operation in the hope of saving his life. His name was Henry. So little Henry had a limb taken off, but that failed to cure him; but when he was told that he might not live more than two days he looked up and said, "Only two days and I shall be with Christ." And when asked if he had any message to his young companions, he answered, "Just tell them to say 'YES' TO CHRIST AT ONCE."

Now what was it that made little Henry happy, and not afraid to die? It was just because he had himself said "YES" to Jesus, that is, he had trusted in Him as his own loving Saviour. He had been led to know that he was a lost sinner in himself, and had obeyed the loving call of Jesus to come to Him for pardon, rest and eternal life.

Now you may be also called to die when you are young, so make sure now that you may say "Yes" to the call of Jesus, then you will be one of the lambs of His flock, and if called away it will be to be with Jesus in heaven, where sin and death can never come. Jesus came to seek and to save the lost. You cannot be saved because you are good. It is because you are a lost sinner that you need Jesus to save you. So "be lieve on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." "He that believeth on Him is not condemned: but He that believeth not is condemned already" (John 3: 18.)

Useful to the End.

THE "Apostle of the Indians," John Elliot, on the day of his death, in his eightieth year, was found teaching the alphabet to an Indian child at his bedside.

"Why not rest from your labours?" said a friend.

"Because," said the venerable man, "I have prayed to God to make me useful in my sphere, and He has heard my prayer; for, now that I can no longer preach, He leaves me strength enough to teach this poor child his alphabet."

Eighty years of age, and bedridden, yet still at work for others! And shall the young find nothing to do for those about them?

The Little Cloak.

BY LILLIE E. BARR.

I SING no splendid deed of fame:
My theme, two children nine years old,
Crossing the Melton Moor one day,
When winter winds were keen and cold,
When all below was white and still,
And all above was dull and grey:
And anxious robins could not sing,
And streams were frozen on their way

Brother and sister; on they went;
Their childish hearts of kindness full,
Yet scantily clothed, and scantily fed,
They, like the birds and streams, were dull,
And yet the little shivering lad
Tried hard his own sore need to hide;
Tried hard to give the smile and word,
That cheered the sister at his side.

She had a little woollen wrap,
And suddenly with tears she spoke—
"Why it is big enough for both;
Come closer, dear, and share my cloak.
'It will not shield us both Marie;'
"Come closer to me, do not fear;
And if it is not big enough,
We'll stretch it, just a little, dear."

They crept together hand in hand,
They found that comfort shared is best;
They laughed and ran, and were as warm
As croodling birds within a nest.
And oh, how beautiful those souls,
That always find it wise and fit,
To stretch their blessings and their love,
Beyond themselves a little bit!

Conversion.

MUCH may often be learnt by close attention to the literal meaning of a common word. Such a word is "conversion." Literally and simply, it means the *turning straight round* from one direction to another.

If a little child is following a path which is leading him into a tangled and dangerous wood, and, in alarm and desire for safety, he turns directly back and retraces his steps homewards, that is conversion.

And if a man, who has been following the path of sin, turns decisively in the opposite direction, saying, "I will go to my Father, and will say unto Him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and before Thee," such a man is converted. He was going to hell—he is now going to heaven.

A POMPOUS schoolboy, after boasting of his rich relations, asked one of his companions, "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."

Christ's True Friends.

TWELVE disciples in a house, and so many people gathered together that "that they could not so much as eat bread?" What have the crowd assembled for? To listen to Jesus. Some of them His enemies; but the greater number attracted by the wonderful things He said and did. There seemed to be very few ready to help Him, but many to hinder Him.

Somebody pushes through the crowd. He has a message for Jesus—His relations want to get Him away, they want Him to leave off teaching and come home. They say He is mad to be going on in this way, and they try to hinder His work. But Jesus would not stop till He had finished. "My mother and relations! Whosoever will do the will of God, the same is My brother, My sister, and mother."

Christ's friends are those who love and obey Him, who help on His work in the world, and who are ready even to suffer for His sake. For such, Jesus has all the love which is due to a mother, sister or brother. Of them God says, "I will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be My sons and daughters." Are you one of Jesus Christ's friends? "Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you."



A Boy's Sermon.

"Eddie," said Harrie, "I'll be minister, and preach you a sermon."

"Well," said Eddie, "and I'll be the peoples."

Harry began:—"My text is a short and easy one—*Be kind*. There are some little texts in the Bible on purpose for children, and this is one of them. These are the heads of my sermons:—

"First. *Be kind to Papa*, and don't make a noise when he has the headache. I don't believe you know what a headache is; but I do. I had one once, and I did not want to hear anyone speak a word.

Second. *Be kind to Mamma*, and do not make her tell you to do a thing more than once. It is very tiresome to say, 'It is time for you to go to bed' half a dozen times over.

"Third. *Be kind to Baby*—"

"You have left out 'be kind to Harry'" interrupted Eddie.

"Yes," said Harry, "I don't mean to mention my own name in the sermon. I was saying, *Be kind to Baby*, and let her have your red soldier to play with when she wants it.

"Fourth. *Be kind to Jane*, and don't scream and kick when she dresses you."

Here Eddie looked a little ashamed, and said, "But she pulled my hair with the comb."

"People mustn't talk in church," said Harry.

"Fifth. *Be kind to Kitty*. Do what will make her purr, and don't do what will make her cry."

"Isn't the sermon nearly done?" asked Eddie. "I want to sing.

And so without waiting for Harry to finish his discourse or give out a hymn, Eddie began to sing, and so Harry had to stop.

But did not Harry preach a capital sermon?

Young folks should practice it.

Not Ashamed.

I THANK God," said a noble Christian lady once in my hearing, "I thank God that although looking back upon my life since I came to Jesus, I see much in it that has been faulty and wrong, yet I have never been ashamed to own myself a Christian. How could I," she continued. "Could I blush to speak of my honored

earthly father, or dear brother and sisters? A thousand times no! Then, how could I be ashamed to declare that God, the Eternal, loving Father, has in infinite condescension adopted me for His child?—that the Lord Jesus left His glorious throne above and stooped to death that He might purchase me for His own? In grace He vouchsafes to call Himself my Brother. Ashamed of Him! No, indeed. My soul shall make her boast in the Lord!"

Little reader, the Lord Jesus is ready and willing to put this great honor upon you. He has redeemed you at a mighty cost—you a little lost sinner! Now He offers Himself as your Brother and Friend. Will you refuse Him?

Perhaps you feel inclined to accept His offer, but dread that some relative or friend may *ridicule you for becoming religious*. Oh, cast away such unworthy hesitation! Turn to Him now, just as you are. He will receive you. And throughout your life may this be all your joy, "that Christ is not ashamed of you."

Little Charley's Chapel.

A MINISTER who went to preach somewhere in the North, was directed to tell the driver when he got to the station to drive him to "Ebenezer" Chapel. He acted upon these instructions, when the driver turned to his "fare" and said, "Ebenezer, oh, you mean little Charley's Chapel, don't you?" "Little Charley's Chapel; no, I mean Ebenezer." "Yes; we old folks know it as little Charley's Chapel," he said. "Why do you call it Little Charley's Chapel? The fact is, sir, some years ago we wanted a new chapel, but times were very bad, and the people were very poor, and labour and materials were very dear, so we resolved to give it up. But a day or two after the meeting a little boy about nine years old came to the minister's door and rang the bell. The minister came out himself, and found the little fellow with his face all flushed, and the perspiration standing on his forehead, and his little toy wheelbarrow, in which there were six new bricks. "Oh, please, sir," said Charley, "I heard you wanted a new chapel, and were thinking of giving it up; so I begged these few bricks from some builders who are building a house down the village, and I thought they would do to begin with." The minister called the committee together again, and Charley's little barrowful of bricks was brought before them. The child's enthusiasm was contagious, and the desponding committee plucked up heart; and little Charley laid the first stone of the big chapel, which will hold 1,000 people and cost £6,000; and now it is out of debt." "And what has become of little Charley?" The old man's voice grew husky. "If you'll let me pull up at the churchyard, sir, I'll show you Charley's grave. You can always tell his grave, for the Sunday school scholars keep it bright with flowers. He used to live close by the school, and he died the very day the last pound of the chapel debt was paid. It was a summer day, and he made them set his window open that he might hear the children sing. He would have them sing a happy tune, and he died trying to join them in it from his little bed; but though he could hardly begin the hymn on earth, we all believe he finished it in heaven."



Notes on the S. S. Lesson.

Jesus and Abraham.

John 8: 31-38 and 44-59.

YOU are now to read of some more that Jesus said on the last day of the Feast of Tabernacles. We are told that these words were spoken "in the Treasury" (ver. 20), which is at one end of the Court of the Women, where the people were in the habit of assembling. The "Treasury" was the place for collecting money for the poor and for other purposes. You heard how the rulers were waiting, hoping that the officers they had sent out would bring Jesus to them, but they were disappointed. They could not take Him before His "hour" was

come. But they went on trying to find something against Him, that they might turn the people against Him, and have Him killed.

Our lesson is what Jesus said to the Jews about being the servants of sin, and how they could be free. It is just as true of us to day. Do you not often feel as if you *must* be cross, or angry or disobedient, even when you have resolved to be very good? That is Satan in your

heart, and you are his servant. Ah, but you say, "God's servants have to obey Him, and it is very hard to always do right." True, but which would you rather be, the slave of a bad, wicked master, or of your own dear parents? "Oh," you say, "no one is a slave to their dear papa or mamma; we *love* to do things for them." Exactly; and that is what Jesus meant by *being free*.—*loving* to obey God, our Heavenly Father, being *children* instead of *servants*. Notice also the two ways of receiving the truth. Abraham believed God's promise, and rejoiced in it as if he had really seen and heard Jesus. The Jews, who called themselves Abraham's children, even stoned the Saviour who had come.

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