

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



OUR  
YOUNG PEOPLE'S  
MISSION UNION



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**Robert Raikes, the Founder of Sunday Schools.**

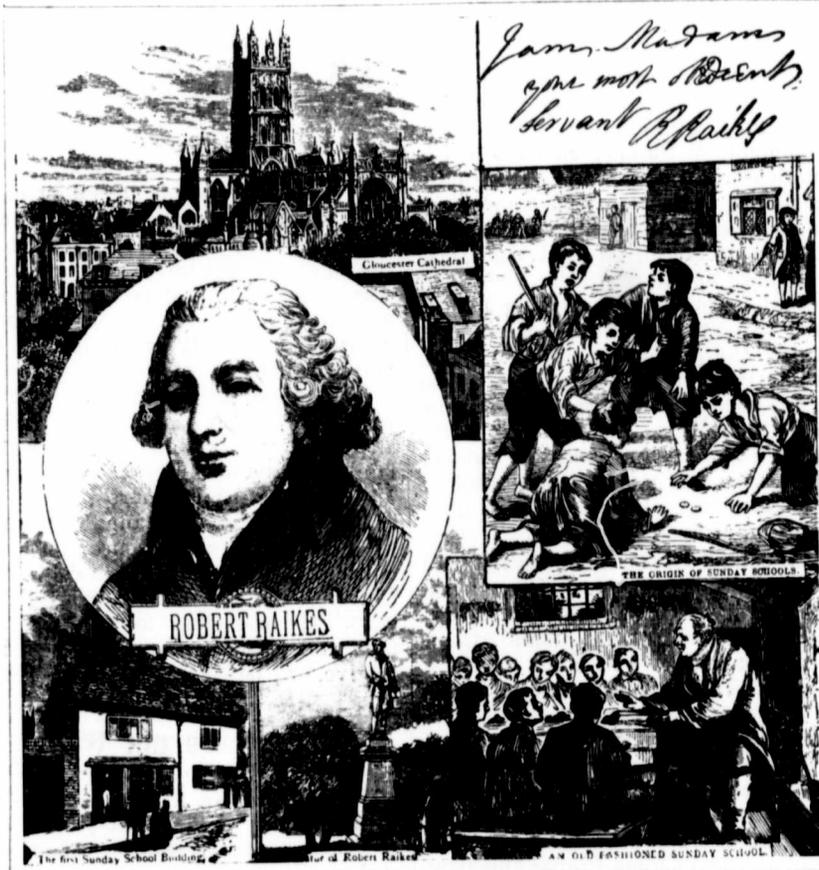
**R**OBERT RAIKES was born September 14, 1735, a hundred and fifty years ago, in Palace-yard, Gloucester, just beneath the shadow of the cathedral. His house is still standing.

Robert Raikes was a thorough Christian. He was called "The father of the poor," even before he was connected with the Sunday School movement. Those for whom he more especially cared were the prisoners in the Gloucester gaol. Among them he was daily to be found—at times gently re-  
proving, but more often entreating the fallen to reform. One result of his visits to the prisoners was to discover that children neglected grew up to be criminals, and hence looking round upon

the young of his own city, he asked himself, what can I do to save them? In a most unexpected way Providence showed him a way in which he might benefit them.

One morning business led him to a very degraded part of Gloucester. His object was to hire a gardener. The gardener was from home. But while Raikes was speaking to the man's wife, a group of noisy, wretchedly ragged boys, playing in the streets, disturbed and tried to annoy him. Their great misery and idleness grieved him much, and he inquired whether they belonged to that part of the town.

"Ah, sir," said the woman, "if you could only step down here of a Sunday, you would be shocked indeed; for then the street is filled with these wretches, who have nothing to do on that day, but spend their time in noise and riot."



"Can nothing be done for them?" asked Mr. Raikes. "Poor children! Is there anybody near who will take them to School on a Sunday?"

To carry out his benevolent design for the children, he sought the help of the Rev. Thos. Stock, an excellent clergyman in Gloucester. Raikes told him his plan; the clergyman was so pleased that he promised all the help in his power; and this he gave him many a time by going to the schools on the Sunday afternoon to examine the children, and see what progress they had made.

The plan was this: the children were to go soon after ten in the morning and stay till twelve; they were then to go home, and return at one, and after reading a lesson, they were to be taken to Church. After Church they were to be employed in repeating the catechism, till half-past five, and then to be dismissed, being strictly enjoined not to make a noise on their way home, and by no means to play in the streets.

Mr. Raikes' first schools were more like the ragged schools of our day.

Raikes' success soon led others to copy his example, and to establish more Sunday Schools in other parts. In 1785, a "Society for the Support and Encouragement of Sunday Schools in the different Counties in England" was instituted. In the course of four years from the commencement of Sunday Schools, there were no less than 250,000 children being taught on the Lord's Day.

We have no space to follow up the history of Sunday Schools, but we know our Young People will be pleased to learn how these were first started, and to see the pictures in our first page, especially the portrait of Raikes'. It may also interest them to know that now there are in the world twelve millions three hundred and forty thousand, three hundred and sixteen Sunday School scholars, with one million four hundred and sixty thousand, eight hundred and eighty teachers. What an army!

If you were to collect all the men, women and children in Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Manitoba, British Columbia, North West Territories, Prince Edward Island, there would only be about one-third as many as there are Boys, Girls and Teachers in Sunday Schools of the World.

Robert Raikes died at Gloucester, April 5, 1811. But he lived long enough to see his work taken up earnestly by others, and now that the Sunday School System has been in existence for a hundred years, a Bronze Statue in honour of its founder has been erected on the Thames Embankment.

But while we thus honour his memory, the millions of children and the thousands of teachers who now meet week after week, all over the world, are the most lasting memorial of one who rests from his labours and whose works follow him.

## The Passover.

Exodus xii.



**I**F you turn to the twelfth chapter of Exodus you will read that the time had come when the children of Israel were to prepare to leave Egypt. But before they left, something had to be done: a lamb was to be slain — its blood to be taken and sprinkled outside each door, on the side-post, and at the top, so that the angel who was sent to destroy the Egyptian first born, might see the sign and not enter that house. The blood was a sign of the safety of the people, young or old; it kept away death from every house on whose door-posts it was sprinkled. God had commanded this.

This done, the doors were shut. The night was dark and all was quiet. The Egyptians slept; but the Israelites were awake, eating the lamb—for the flesh of the lamb was to be cooked and eaten with bitter herbs.

In the dead of night an angel came, and killed the first born in every house; but he passed over houses where the Israelites dwelt. So dear children Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us. (1 Cor. v. 7). He was slain for us; and if we believe God and trust in what Jesus has done, God will forgive, or pass-over our sins for His sake.

## Do not Wait.

**"I** WISH I was a big woman, to help you, mother," said a little girl.

"Bring mother's thimble; that will help me," said mother, smilingly. Just as if God meant for little children to wait until they grow up before helping their dear parents! No, no! God gave them two nimble feet on purpose to take steps for mother, and eight fingers and two thumbs on purpose to bring and carry for her.

## Two Pictures.



At the Bristol Fine Arts Academy there are shown two very beautiful but forcible pictures. The first represents a lamb cut off from the shepherd's snug fold by floods of water. A river flowing by has risen by the heavy rains, and has spread over all the lowlands. The solitary lamb is standing on a mound of dry grassy earth, which is slightly higher than the surrounding land. The little thing stands there like some daring boy who has gone down too far to the sea, when the tide has come quietly in, crept all around him, and left him desponding, and without any hope of escape. The sheep in the picture is all alone, surrounded by a waste of wild waters, crying for help in vain. There is a cottage in the background, but there seems to be no life in or, about it. The evening has come on, too, and the red sun is sinking fast and leaving in the west a fiery light behind him. Altogether it looks a most dreary, dismal outlook for the poor sheep.

Not far from this picture hangs another, where Jesus is seen with a smiling face carrying two little lambs in his arms. They seem very peaceful and contented as they look up in the face of Him who lovingly bears them. We looked upon the pictures with mingled thoughts. We thought of the lambs whom Jesus carries in his bosom, of those who are safe in the Great Shepherd's fold. We thought, too, of the little sheep who are away from the Shepherd's fold and care, and who are standing all helpless and alone amidst the dark, cruel waters of sin.

What a sad thought, that there are some children who are not in Jesus' fold; it is sad, because in the midst of their want and danger they do not realize the love and care and kindness of the Good Shepherd. The lonely sheep on the flooded moor is in want and in great danger. The lambs which rest so peacefully and contentedly in the Saviour's arms have all their wants satisfied, for the Lord is their Shepherd, and "they shall not want." If you are not "safe in the arms of Jesus," ask Him to take you up out of danger and woe. He is looking down upon you and waiting to bless you. The old prophet has said, "He shall feed his flock like a shepherd: He shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom."—GEO. F. OWEN.

**L**ITTLE children, do you like to get letters? The Bible is God's letter to us. Do you prize it? Do you read it? Do you store it up in your hearts?

## Letters from our Young Prize Winners.

I am very proud and happy to know I have been awarded one of your beautiful Bibles. Many thanks, kind sir, and may God help me to persevere and study in it night and day, with a sincere desire not only to know my Heavenly Father's will but to do it with joy and much pleasure.

I cannot thank you sufficiently for your goodness to an orphan boy; but He whose eye never slumbers nor sleeps will bless you and crown your blessed labours with great success.

C. J. HORN.

DEAR SIR,—I am a girl going on ten years. This is the first time I tried to write a letter. I wish you to know that I like the story in your Mission Union. It tells us so much about Jesus and how he loves little children. I wish to try for the prize you offer in your last paper for the miracles of the Bible. \* \*

## Our Bible Study.

**N**OT having received any reply to our last Bible Lesson, we now extend the time for competition to June 15th. The prize is offered for the best arranged and most complete selection of Scripture texts upon the subject of Faith—What is it; and what does it secure?

## "Idols" and "Idles."



HERE was a little girl in her second term at school who was amusing herself one day at home by writing texts on a card. One read in this way: "Little children, keep yourselves from idles." Pretty good advice, though not exactly what the Bible verse means.

We hope our dear young readers may learn to keep from IDLES. Don't be idle at home; don't be idle at school. Learn to be industrious; but above all, be ever active in good deeds. Again, keep yourselves from IDOLS, as the passage in 1 John 5: 21 says. We give you the names of a few idols to avoid:—

Intemperance. Phil. 4: 5.

Deceitfulness of Riches. Matt. 15: 22.

Old habits and besetting sins. Heb. 12: 1.

Love of this world and its pleasures. 1 Jn. 2: 15.  
Self. 2 Tim. 3: 2.

I have loved thee with an everlasting love.—Jer. xxxi. 3.

### Loved, Though Naughty.



**W**HAT a blessing that the Lord's measure of forgiveness is not according to our tears or even our feeble faith! "He will abundantly pardon" (Isaiah lv. 7). Not once, and never again, but according to His own blessed rule, "until seventy times seven" Matt. xviii. 22.

"Ah!" says Satan you've done it again! Now God will not love you." Liar! He still loves me—loves me when I fall—loves me even when I am naughty.

"Granny," said a little girl, "do

you love me?"

"Yes, dear, of course I do."

"Do you love me when I am naughty?"

"Yes dear."

The little one looked up into her grandma's kind, forgiving face with some surprise, and said, "My mother doesn't love me when I'm naughty. I wish I lived with you."

"Why May?"

Because if you always loved me I'd never be naughty."

What good arguing! Loved and so kept. Loved when naughty, and so kept from being naughty. May such a life be ours!—*William Luff.*

### True Honesty.

"**W**HY did you not pocket some of those pears?" said one boy to another. "Nobody was there to see you."

"Yes, there was; I was there myself, and I don't ever intend to see myself doing a mean thing."

Noble words! Let every boy adopt and practice this sentiment.

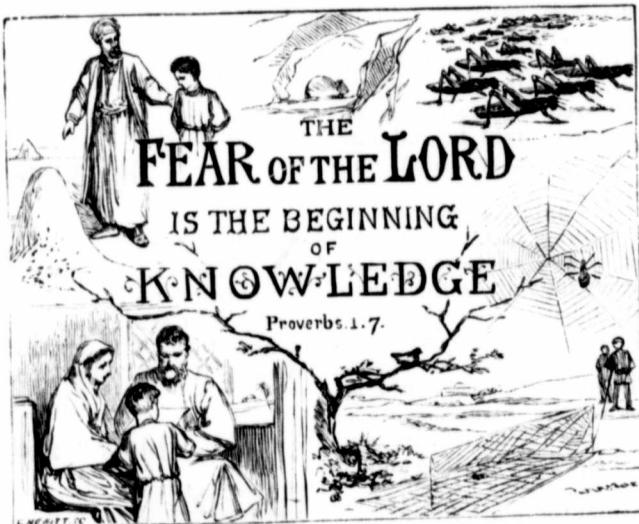
### Reward of Obedience.



**C**IRCUS came to town and everybody knows how the music, and the grand tent and horses set all the little boys a-going. Quarters of dollars and shillings are in great demand; and many a choice bit of money have the circus-riders carried away which was meant

for better purposes. A little boy was seen looking around the premises with a great deal of curiosity.

"Halloo, Johnny!" said a man who knew him, "going to the circus?" "No, sir," answered Johnny: "father don't like 'em." "Oh, well! I'll give you money to go, Johnny," said the man. "Father don't approve of them," answered Johnny. "Well, go for once and I'll pay for you." "No, sir," said Johnny; "my father would give me money if he thought it were best; besides, I've got twenty-five cents in my strong box,—twice enough to go." "I'd go, Johnny, for once: it is wonderful the way the horses do," said the man. "Your father needn't know it." "I shan't" said the boy. "Now why?" asked the man. "Cause," said Johnny, twirling his bare toes in the sand, "after I've been, I could not look my father in the eye, and I can now."



THE  
**FEAR OF THE LORD**  
IS THE BEGINNING  
OF  
**KNOWLEDGE**

Proverbs. 1. 7.

**Children obey your parents in the Lord: for this is right.**

Eph. vi. 1.

### "OUR YOUNG PEOPLE'S MISSION UNION."

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