THE SAWHIBEEH.

That is a long and rather uncouth word, I know. It is the name of the Egyptian Nile boat. The boats themselves, as you can see from the picture, must appear very pleasing, as, stretching their great sails to the wind, they glide over that famous river. We should find the cabins very comfortable too, and could easily make a home in one of them for a two months' voyage into the heart of Egypt.

How delightful it would be to sail on the great river which Joseph knew so much about, and on whose bank Moses was hidden till Pharaoh's daughter found him out! We should see the great pyramids, and the wonderful ruins of what in Moses' time were splendid temples. Egypt then was the greatest country in the world. Now it is one of the weakest and poorest. But you see the Egyptians were idol-worshippers; and so they lost their power centuries ago. God says in his holy word, "The nation and kingdom that will not serve me shall perish."

"I SAWYE."

More than five hundred years ago the great battle of Crecy was fought by the English and the French. An old king came from Germany to help the French. He was very brave, and as he was so blind that he could not see any-
Grandpa had heard enough, and unseen by the children, he stepped out of the door and crossed the yard to the house where Fred lived. Opening the library-door a pretty scene met his eye. On the couch sat Nellie with baby Ben beside her. Leaning over them and holding the new picture-book stood Fred. As grandpa came in three happy faces looked up to welcome him.

"Freddie is showing us his new book," said Nellie.

"And he's telling us all about the pictures too," added Ben.

"It's a very nice book, grandpa," said Fred.

"I like it ever so much."

In the afternoon there was as always a party at grandpa's. Late in the afternoon grandpa called the children together under the shade of his favorite elm.

"Come, Johns," called grandpa.

From behind some bushes came Jobs leading a gray donkey harnessed to a red cart.

When the exclamations of admiration and astonishment had a little subsided, grandpa spoke: "I have intended for a long time to give to my grandchildren a donkey and cart, so soon as Frank and Fred were old enough to drive; but as I could get but one, I have wished to place it in the hands of the one who would be most unselfish in its use. I have watched both of you boys very carefully for the last few months. This morning I went to each house. I found one boy unwilling to share any of his gifts with his little sister, while the other was helping sister and brother to enjoy them fully. Fred, the donkey and cart are yours; but remember, I intend them for the pleasure not of one but of all. Be as thoughtful of your cousins as you have been of your sister and brother, then I shall be satisfied."

A donkey and cart had long been the object of Frank's ambitions. To find that he had lost this through his own selfishness was a bitter lesson. He began to watch himself more closely, and found himself more selfish than he knew. Ashamed for himself he sought to overcome this his greatest fault, and was so successful that on the next birthday, grandpa presented him with a beautiful little row-boat to be used like the donkey for the benefit of all.

Christie Evans.

THE CHILD'S PAPER.

MINNIE'S RED SASH.

(See story was written by a little girl thirteen years old.)

Minnie was invited to a party. She had just been given to her a bright red sash which she thought very pretty, and wished to wear to the party. The day came bright and sunny, just the day for a party. While dressing her mother got the bright blue sash for her to wear. Minnie wishing to wear the red one, exclaimed, "O mamma! can't I wear the red one?"

"No," said her mother, "I think the blue one more suitable."

At thisMinnie having had her mind set on wearing the red one, stamped her little foot angrily, and said, "I want to go at all if I can't wear the red one."

"Very well," said her mother, decisively, "I fear you will have to stay at home."

"I won't stay at home! I'll go as soon as I can put on the sash," Minnie said.

"Minnie you may go as soon as there stay until I call you," said her mother. Minnie obeyed but in no pleasant mood.

At about five o'clock her mother called her. Minnie did not answer, but opened her door and came slowly down stairs with a very unhappy expression on her face. Her mother took her kindly by the hand, and seating herself on the sofa, drew her child to her side.

"Minnie," she said, "repeat the fifth commandment."

Minnie repeated it, saying, "Honour thy father and thy mother."

"Minnie," said her mother, "you have broken one of God's precious commandments, and Minnie could restrain herself no longer. "O mother," she sobbed out, "do forgive me, I was very wicked."

"I do freely forgive all, my darling," said her mother, and as she kissed her kindly she repeated, "Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city."

MAY.

A GOOD WORD TO BOYS.

Nearly all boys are fond of pets. What dearer pet can you find than a pair of nice playful rabbits? Boys know that there is just as much difference in rabbits as there is in horses. I know a boy who has a pair of Himalayas. The body of a Himalaya rabbit is covered with fine white fur. The eyes are large and luminous, and glance and flash with wonderful brilliancy. They are quite red, and when the rabbit stands where it is partially dark, these pretty, red eyes look like two balls.
THE CHILD'S PAPER.

of life. But the most remarkable part of the description is yet to come. Every Himalaya rabbit has a black nose, black tail and four black paws. Did you ever see a rabbit sit straight up on his hind legs, with erect ears, and with every muscle in his little nose in active motion, as if he was after a good smell that was floating about in the air, and that he was about to catch? I have seen this done repeatedly, and sometimes it has made me half suspect that the rabbit had been to school, and learned this trick of some naughty little boys, who was making faces on the sly at his teacher.

Every little boy, when a babe in his mother's arms, seems to be as free from ugly spots as these dear little rabbits are. But, by-and-by, there comes a change. Spots appear, not on the little boy's body, but on his character. Anger is a very dark spot. Selfishness is another. I don't want to be another. Then there are such spots as untruthfulness, and break-the-sabbath-day, and fight-with-bad-boys-on-the-street, and use-bad-language, and I do not know how many more.

The Himalaya rabbit has just five spots, and every one of them is as much an ornament to him as diamond earrings are to a fine lady. But the spots on a boy's character are not ornaments at all. They are not beauty-spots. The more of them a boy has, the less lovely he appears. By-and-by his spots become dangerous ones. Dear little boy, see if you can discover any such spots coming in your character. Look sharp, for they are faint and small at first. If you find any, as I fear you will, ask your parents or your teacher what you shall do to get rid of them. And, best of all, ask God to take them away from you. Edgar L. Rens.

FALLS OF THE YELLOWSTONE.

Three falls are found in the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone, one of the most remarkable gorges in the world. For thirty miles the river runs through a chasm the depth of which varies from one thousand to three thousand feet. The prevailing color of the rocks is white, but they are marked with bands of red, or yellow, or black; so that they make a very beautiful picture. The falls are at the head of the Grand Canyon, where the river is only about eighty feet wide, and takes a leap of nearly four hundred feet over the rocks. The many-colored rocks, the dark green pines, and the bright moss, with the sparkling water and the snowy foam, make a most beautiful picture.

Indeed, how many, many beautiful things God has put into this world for our enjoyment. If, by his help, we only make our characters beautiful, that will be far better than any landscape.

EDITOR'S CORNER.

Oly children! Is there anything strange in that? We read in the Bible about holy men, and it sounds right enough. But why should there not be holy children just as much as holy men? I am sure there ought to be.

Of course a holy child will not be just the same as a holy man. He will not have a man's experience, or a man's knowledge, or a man's strength. The young tree in the garden is small and weak, and bears two or three or perhaps half a dozen pears. When it has grown up you may get a bushel of pears off of it; but the pears from the young tree and from the old are just the same in kind and quality. The old tree bears more, that is all.

For a child to be holy does not mean that he is to be a little old man. It does not mean that he is to have no enjoyment in play. It does not mean that he is to be solemn and gloomy and go about all the time with a sad face. The holy child can be the happiest child that lives. I do not know how it is child that lives; but it is the fact that children sometimes as well as older persons, seem to think that being holy and being unhappy are about the same thing, or that the other.

Nothing could be farther from the truth.

God knows all about you, children. He knows that you have to study. He knows that you need play. What he wants is that at your study and at your play you should be holy.

Now what is it to be holy? It is to be godlike. But do you ask, "Can I, a little child, be godlike?" I answer, Yes. That is what our Heavenly Father asks of every heart, being, old and young. You must try, every day of your life, asking always for God to strengthen you, to do that which is just right, as God has told us in his word. God does everything just exactly right, because he is infinite. We are very liable to make mistakes. But we must try very earnestly and always to do just right in everything. The nearer we come to being just right in all things, in thought, word, and deed, the nearer we are to being godlike.

You see that there is a great deal in this. Holiness is not being right in action only, or in word only, or in thought only; but being right in all of these things together. So you will need to read the Bible, which "gives directions how to live." You will need to pray earnestly for the Savior's help and strength, for the Holy Spirit to live in your heart, and teach you the truth. You will need to keep a careful watch on your temper, and on your thoughts. You will need to remember that you are God's child.

But any child who tries to live thus will find that it grows easier every day. He will find that Christ is always ready to help him. He will feel that Christ is really with him.

Dear children, it is easy to be holy. And when God says, "Be ye holy, for I am holy," he means children as well as older people. To be holy is to know here on earth something of what heaven is.

There is one very curious thing about these strangely-marked Himalayans. At first they have no spots at all. They are perfectly white as soon as they have any fur; but, in a few weeks, the faintest possible shade begins to appear on each little nose, tail and paw, and it spreads and grows darker and darker,
thought all the nicest things were left, until she found that the contents of the attic were all going, when she was satisfied.

"Where are your rubbers, Boss?" asked Mrs. Stanly, when the little miss had come in which they were to move, and she had found that little miss struggling with the great cat, who had no intention in his head of "moving."

"O mamma, I packed 'em in my dolly's trunk, there was such a coming flock!" Mamma groaned.

"Where are my driving gloves?" called Mr. Stanly. "I had them only yesterday."

"I guess I put 'em in the stove," said Madge, "the hole on the back, you know."

"She means the pipe holes," said papa. "Never mind, mamma, we don't move every day, you know."

"I wish we did," whispered Boss. Boss and Madge rode on the front seat with papa. Mamma and Aunt Mary in behind. It was the second day of May and all the five miles' ride was fall of spring voices.

"Here's your new brown gilets," said papa, after they came to the end of their ride; "how do you think you'll like it?"

Boss looked up at the plain square house. "I guess we shall miss the steeple and the show windows," she said, and that sent them all in at the door laughing. "But it is a nice place, mamma, and I'm so glad we're here."

In five minutes everybody was busy as a bee, for night would come afoot too soon, and there was the unpacking to be done.

Well, it was a tiresome day for all, so that when mamma put the girls to bed, Boss drew off one stocking slowly asking, "Went they ever move to heaven, mamma?"

"No, dear," said mamma, "not really."

"But everything I'll be nice all the time, squints and violets and all.

"Yes, dear, everything will be beautiful there."

"Mamma, that's a real rest thought for little girls, isn't it?" asked Boss rubbing sleepy eyes.

"Yes, darling," said mamma, "and for bigger ones too, for even if life in a hard day, Christ friends are sure of rest there. So good-night, little comforts.""

(xxxx)

**Scriprou Enigma**

1. The place where King Solomon's army was built.
2. The tribe to which little Miss could not guess.
3. The warrior who slew Goliath's brother.
4. The cup-bearer who was "mad" in his monarch's presence.
5. The stone by which Jonathan bids David farewell.
6. The mother of Absalom.
7. The labor of which Joseph gave his name. "High unto death for the work of Christ.""}

(xxxx)
JESUS AND THE CAULDRON OF JESUS.

Was it not wonderful? The little girl sick, then dead; her parents and friends weeping about her, and Jesus standing there, and with a word bringing her back to life! How grateful that father and mother must have been! How astonished were the disciples, Peter and James and John, as they saw this wonder. And the maidens herself—do you not suppose she ever after had a deep affection for Jesus?

It was God only who could do such a wonderful thing as that. The fact that with a word he called the dead maiden back among the living, is proof that Jesus is God. And this power of his over life and death shows us another thing. It shows us that he can forgive sin, that he can call the heart that is "dead in trespasses and sins" back into "newness of life." The same Jesus who has power over death has power over sin. He can take it away. He can make the sinning heart, which is a dead heart, into a holy heart, a living and loving heart.

Children, do you not need your hearts thus changed? Will you each one ask himself whether your heart is a dead heart? If you must honestly say that it is, will you not take it to Jesus, that he may make it live? Say to him, "Jesus, my heart is sinful and dead; wilt thou make it to live?" He
THE CHILD'S PAPER.

will hear your prayer. He loves to pardon. Believing on him, your heart will be made new, you will delight in sin no more; instead of being "dead in sins" any longer, you will be "alive unto righteousness." And that will be a more blessed condition than even the daughter of Jairus enjoyed when Jesus called her back to life.

RAFTING.

That raft floating down the lake is almost big enough to be an island, is it not? All the winter through the lumbermen have been busy in the woods, cutting down the great trees. These are hauled over the snow to the bank of some river, and when the spring freshets come, down the logs go with the current to the greater river or the lake. Then they are gathered together in a raft. The men that manage it while it is being towed to the sawmill live in a house built upon it. They steer it with immense oars which it takes two men to handle; and it requires a good many days to transport it through such a lake as Ontario.

You see it takes a good deal of time and patience and work, between the setting up of the lumber-camp and the cutting up the logs at the mill. And then there is more time and patience and work needed before the lumber can be made into houses or furniture. But I do not know of any good thing that can be done without time and patience and work. Do you?

MARY'S QUESTION AND ANSWER.

THE FIRST WIFE.

Mary was committing to memory the gospel of Matthew. Indeed, as Mary said herself, she was learning it by heart. By heart is the only true way to learn God's truth. We may have our memories well stocked with precious truths, and our heads may be full of wisdom's words; yet if these truths have not been lodged in our hearts, our lives will not be much better than before we knew the truth, for the heart is the ruler of the life. Out of the heart come the words and the deeds as well as the thoughts that make our lives what they are. So Mary, knowing this was not content only to fix the words of this gospel in her mind and memory; she wished to receive their truths into her heart, that she might show them forth in her life. In order to do this, she tried to understand the true meaning of all she learned, and was not ashamed to ask of her friends and teachers when she felt herself in need of enlightenment. When she had come to the twenty-third chapter of St. Matthew's gospel, the thirteenth verse caused her to stop and think for a long time. Then, with her Testament in her hand, she went to her mother and asked her simple questions.

"Mama," she said, "what does 'Woe unto you' mean? Is it a curse?"

"Oh," said her mamma, "you have come to the 'Woes' of Jesus, spoken to those who cared for the forms of religion, but not for its substance: But woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye shut up the kingdom of heaven against men; for ye neither go in yourselves, neither suffer ye them that are entering to go in."

"Yes," said Mary, "I have just learned that verse. I don't quite understand its meaning. Molly Waring said it was a curse upon the scribes and Pharisees. But, mamma, Jesus taught, 'Bless, and curse not.'"

"You are right, my child," said Mrs. Ledworth. "Our blessed Lord did no cursing. I think it was in sorrowful warning of the doom of all hypocrites that the Saviour of the world spoked those earnest denunciations of the wicked, practices of those who professed to be teachers and guides of the people. Not as any imprecation our Lord cried, 'Woe unto you,' but as a solemn declaration of misery sure to befall those who thus grossly sinned. When the Master once said, 'Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven,' he spoke to all such as should choose to become poor in spirit, humble, lowly, meek. He assured such that heaven was the rich reward surely awaiting them. Now he assures with equal force that woe, misery, destruction as surely await those who reject the heavenly kingdom, and by their hypocrisy shut the gates of the kingdom in the faces of those who, but for their teachings and example, might have entered in. The Saviour but reminds these great sincerity of the dooms that their own actions invite. They might have a blessing by becoming humble and patient. They scorn the blessing, and choose rather the fearful doom pronounced by Almighty God upon those who reject the truth, and set themselves against the saving Word, which is the Christ of God."

"Ah, now I see," said Mary. "To know and love Jesus is the only true salvation. The scribes and Pharisees hated Jesus, and tried to keep others from believing on him, they exalted themselves, and in the judgment-day God would abuse them. It is a dreadful woe, mamma."

"And," said her mother, "the same woe is in store for all of us who are not content to invite others to reject, the salvation offered in Christ Jesus."

Mary E. C. Wyeth.

THE NEW HAT.

"Come, Lou, let's hurry, the first bell has rung and we shall be late for Sunday-school."

"Late at last, I shall take time to finish dressing as I please," replied Lou Grossner slowly and deliberately putting on her hat before the glass and moving her head first to one side then to the other to see the general effect; then with a self-satisfied air she added: "Wendy Maggie Armstrong wish she had a new hat just like this!"

"You seem to delight in making Maggie envious of you, Lou. I can't see what pleasure you take in doing so."

"It's just fun, Carrie, to see her open her eyes in surprise when I come out in anything new, and then wish she had the same.""

"It's because she loves you, Lou, and would like as far as possible to impress you in every way. Besides, Mr. Wilson says it is wrong for us to either envy our neighbor, or purposely exult in others as he has seen some of us do.

"Did n't he, though, give us a lecture on pride, envy, and jealousy? Daisy Sandforf said she knows two-thirds of it was meant for her, for he passed her on his way to Sunday-school just as I was bounding upon him.

Barbara Brack how said she had made Lily Bush by showing her the new kid gloves she wore."

"Poor Lilly! I too heard it all, and was sorry for her. Daisy showed her gloves with such pride, and thanked Lily as not being able to get a pair like them, and how she would not wear red mittens to church, or Sunday-school either. Lily's mother can't afford to get her any better, and it was mean-spirited in Daisy to show her gloves off with such pride to excite Lily's envy or anger, when, too, she knew her mother was too poor to get her anything better than the nice warm mittens she had on.

"Perhaps it was rather hard upon Lilly, but that has nothing to do with Maggie Armstrong. Her father's rich, but close and stingy, they say. So when Maggie can't come out as early in the season as some of us girls, she gets hopping mad, I tell you!"

Carrie gravely shook her head. The words she had then heard came to her mind: "Let us not be desirous of vain-glory, provoking one another, envying one another. And how Mr. Wilson had said in explanation that "we must never indulge in the sin of pride and envy." How she did wish Lou would feel this also, but could not express it, or tell her thoughts then, so once more she pleasantly said, "Hurry, Lou, it is really getting late now and I shall have to go on without you."

Lou, as proud as a peacock in her new spring finery, hastened after her sister and together they soon overtook others to whom they were to go to Sunday-school; among them Daisy Sandforf, Maggie Armstrong, and Lily Bush. But as soon as Lou made her appearance there was evidently less ease among the girls.
THE CHILD'S PAPER.

Lilly was conscious of her mitens and tried to make her hands less conspicuous, and Maggie gave her last winter's hat a little self-satisfied twinkle.

"Well, that was clever, said she to herself, "I shall make the best of it, for Lou would like nothing better than to see me jealous of her. But my isn't she a stunner this time. Silk-furred muff and satin ribbon. I don't believe father will give me money enough to get one scar so grand. And it is provoking to have Lou Grosvenor get the start of me, it makes her so sort of distant and stuck up."

As the listeners entered the chapel the pleasant, earnest voice of their superintendent was heard reading a chapter from the Bible upon Christ's innuility; of his lovely birth, his meekness and patience when reviled and persecuted by those whom he had come to save; and of his great love towards all mankind.

The hearts of the children were touched and many a silent tear rolled down the cheeks of the sensitive little hearers. And even Lou Grosvenor, who at first had held her head rather high hoping all would notice her new hat, felt a blush tingles her cheeks as Mr. Wilson, looking straight at her, added:

"And to think this kingly head for which no crown was too good, was bowed upon an ignominious cross to redeem us from sin—from pride, vain-glory, envy, covetousness and all uncharitableness, such as many of you, I am painsed to see, indulge in."

A prayer was then offered up and school closed. Lou, for once, seemed more thoughtful and as she turned toward home she said to her sister,

"Carrie, you are right; there is not much fun in having new clothes just to make others envious, and I'll try to be less proud in future."

LULU'S VICTORY.

"Mamma, may I spend the afternoon with Edith? She wants me to stay to tea."

Mrs. Rose looked up from her sewing. She was aware that a bright red spot burned on each cheek. The baby was fretting. He was tiring of his toys, and wanted somebody to hold him awhile. Lame brother Hugh looked up with a sad face as Lulu spoke. Then and not the little sister at home. How could she be spared?

"May I go?" she repeated.

"Yes, dear, I suppose so," said the poor mother with a sigh, and Lulu went to change her dress. But she did not feel very happy. She had seen that they were all disappointed that she wanted to go out. Should she leave them for her own pleasure, and could she enjoy herself if she did so?

She thought of her verse in Sunday-school: "Even Christ pleased not himself." She was trying to be like him. Here was a little place where she might deny herself, and make others happy, for his sake.

A few moments passed, and Lulu came into the sitting-room again. She rocked the baby to sleep, she read a story to the crippled boy, and took out the patching threads for her mother. She felt happier than she would have done had she gone to visit Edith, for she had gained a victory.

SNAPPER

Snapper was a rat-terrier, and wore to the rat that ventured in her way! But Snapper was kind as well as brave. Some little rabbits belonging to the children happened to fall through a hole that nobody had noticed in the bottom of their house. But Snapper saw them, and picking them up at once in her teeth, as carefully as if they had been her own puppies, she carried them into the house and laid them down by the kitchen fire. It would have been natural enough if she had killed the little, soft, defenseless things. But no; she somehow seemed to know that they would hurt.

Snapper was only a dog, but I think she sets us a good example. Be brave against enemies and hurtful things, quick, and ready to destroy them. Be kind and helpful to the weak and helpless, and on the lookout to render them a service. Is not that Snapper's lesson for us?

EDITOR'S CORNER.

HAPPY children! This is what I have been saying recently of some children whom it is my good fortune to know. They often are seen happy, I think, and have enjoyed their school and their play. They have been happy in each other's society; and, all in all, have had just such good times as bright, healthy children have everywhere.

But recently there has come to them an added joy. They have all the pleasure they previously possessed—health, useful study, innocent sports, happy homes; and besides all this, and better than it all, they are rejoicing in the Saviour's love. For these children—quite a company of them—have given themselves to Christ, and believe that he has accepted them and pardoned their sins. They call themselves his children, and are trying to serve him. This makes them happier than they were ever before. Their consciences are at rest. They are at peace with themselves because they are at peace with God. You perhaps remember the verse, "Therefore, being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ." These children have put their faith in Jesus, and so they know that they are "justified," that is, pardoned, and so they have peace.

If you had known them before, and knew them now, you would see that they are happier and better than they used to be. There is something about them that makes them sweeter and more lovable. They are obedient because it is right, and not simply because they are compelled to obey.

These Christian children have just as good times as they ever did. To be religious with them does not mean to wear sorrowful faces, nor to go about in a gloomy way, as if they had no friends, nor to expect that they are going to die soon. Not at all. They have their plays and their frolics. They enjoy good laughs, and are very merry with each other. I think, indeed, that they have a new enjoyment in their play, because their hearts are so light. If they were happy before, they are far happier now.

I have not been telling you of some ideal children, but of some who really are just what I have here tried to describe. I have told you about them because I want you to follow their example. I wish all the dear children who read these words really loved the Saviour, and would take him to be their Saviour and Friend. You would be more happy than tongue can tell. You would have all the real pleasure you have now, and the love and care of Jesus besides. Your conscience would be at peace. You would feel sure that Jesus would help you every day to live right, and you would know that when you were through with the life here on earth—whether that be sooner or later—he would take you to be with him in heaven.

Children are generally happy. But the very happiest are child-Christians. Try it for yourselves and see.
THE CHILD’S PAPER.

THE MISTRESS.

MISS CRUMP.

THE CHAIR.

THE SCENE.

THE CHILD’S PAPER.

MAMIE SPRING.

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MAMIE SPRING.
CHERRIES ARE RIPE.

The two sisters in the picture are having a feast. I think those cherries are great black cracknels—so good and juicy. Jennie and Jessie enjoy them all the more because they are sharing them. Selfish pleasures are never half so enjoyable as pleasures that are shared with others. Is not that so, children?

LOUIE; FOURTH OF JULY.

Tax tears would come, one big drop and then another, faster than Louie could wipe them away. It was so hard to be sick Fourth of July. For two or three days, one of the first things she thought of when waking up was the Fourth itself. "Dear me!" said Louie softly, her eyes turning towards the window, "I've tried so hard to get well, and here I'm not one bit better than I was a week ago. I'll just have to lie here all day, and make lots of trouble besides, while the rest have all the fun. I don't want to go to the woods to much," and again the little red-bordered handkerchief wiped off the tears that would chase each other down his pale face.

Louie thought he was alone. He had been so busy with his thinking that he never minded his mother's light step. But that was no matter. The more the good mamma knows of our thoughts, the better they can tell how to care for us. In a moment she went towards the door, and cheerily, boys get off to dream-land, I do believe, I'll read just a verse or two first."

Mamma turned up the shaded lamp a little, and read:

"In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am, there ye may be also. There's never a bit of sickness up there, Louie," she said, as she finished the reading, "nor any disappointment nor trouble of any kind. It's a lovely home Jesus has made ready for us, if we are his disciples. We are to be with him, too, and that is best of all. That where I am, there ye may be also."

Then the mother knelt, and in a few words asked the Lord Jesus to bless and comfort and keep them through the night, and make them quite ready for the home above.

Louie tears were all gone long before she finished, and the little red handkerchief was under his pillow to stay till the guns waked him early in the morning.

The eve shine and everything looked very delightful out of Louie's window. Even the trees and flowers, as they swung to and fro in the breeze, looked as if nodding their joyful compliments to each other.

Every sight and sound was one of wild joyousness all the morning, and Louie was almost as happy as the rest.

"I can't go with the others," he said to himself, as propped up in the bed he watched the wagon loads of merry people start off for the woods, "but if I can keep mamma from being lonely, why that's something anyhow. Guess it's a good deal. Then besides, I never should mind about these things, when there's that home to go to, by-and-by, where none of these things happen, these disappointments, I mean."
And so Louis' thoughts wandered off to the mansions above, and by the time the round of the last wagon wheels died away he was fast asleep.

It was noon when he waked, and there was the nicest, jolliest Fourth of July dinner all ready for him and mamma to eat together.

"I guess while they're out and they were a long time about it, with nothing to hurry them, mamma told the sick boy stories, and the time went on wings.

She told him about the first Independence Day, and how it all came about, and the sick boy got quite excited over it.

"It was in Philadelphia," she said, "that people from each of the States met together to decide whether or not we, the people of the States should be free, or the oppressed subjects of Great Britain. That Fourth of July was the day in which they were to tell the world what they would do.

"Up in the belfry of the church there waited, hour after hour, a gray-haired old man with his hand on the bell-ropes, ready to ring forth the joyous peal of liberty. Outside the hall where the men were met stood a little boy, eagerness to watch the service at the church. When the word came, never did foot run faster than his, and never did bell ring more joyously than that one, as it echoed freedom over the city and through the land.

"I should have run faster than I'd been that boy, though," said Louis, a little color actually coming into his pale face.

"Perhaps you would," said mamma, smiling, and glad her boy had really forgotten for a minute that he was sick.

Then she told him other stories of the olden time, and stories of her childhood which were not so very old, till Louis was surprised to hear the wagon coming home again, and mamma said she must go and get tea.

"I wonder where the day has gone," thought Louis. "One thing I guess I've found out to-day, if I have nothing else," he added solemnly, "it is that the jolliest mother of any boy in town, and I think, no, I know, that the Lord has been very kind to give her to me, and I don't mean to worry any more about things, because they always come out better than I think." — Mrs. R. M. Wheel.
and George wrote back right off: "Dear Frank, yes; only I wish you would n't act so mean again till you know.

"Well, that was the right way to do," said grandpa. "And I am glad George Paramo proved such a noble-hearted boy; some of your friends you might not have won back so easily. O Frank, think of the wrong you did him; resolve never again to accuse one of your mates so meanly; never to know things against them you cannot prove. Think how wicked it is to do so, Frankly.

"O grandpa," replied Frank brokenly, "I'm sure I never will again.

Dear children, do any of you accuse your mates thus unkindly, and unjustly? Oh, think how mean, how wrong such ways of dealing are.

Rosa Graham.

A Hindu and a New Zealander met upon the deck of a missionary ship. They had been converted from their heathenism, and were brothers in Christ; but they could not speak to each other. They pointed to their Bibles, shook hands, and smiled in each other's face; but that was not all. At last a happy thought occurred to the Hindu. With sudden joy, he exclaimed, "Halilujah!" The New Zealander, in delight cried out, "Amen!"

These two words, not found in their own heathen tongues, were to them the beginning of "one language and one speech."

THE CHILD'S PAPER.

There is a little girl that I know of who has not been famous for her orderliness. On the contrary, she was very disorderly, except when she had a "cleaning-up" fit. Her clothes, her playthings, her books, would be left just where it seemed most convenient for her to throw them down when she was through with the immediate use of them.

But Mary, as we will call her, has been trying hard to correct this bad habit. The other day her mamma was sick, and Mary had a good deal of work to do in putting the house in order. She did it very thoroughly and well. But scarcely was everything nicely arranged before Nettie, Mary's four-year old sister, had scattered a good many of her things about mamma's room, and so spoiled the nice orderliness that Mary had worked so hard to produce.

"O mamma," said Mary, "now I see what work a disorderly person makes. I see how much trouble I must have given you sometimes. It's a different thing, isn't it, mamma, when one has to do the work herself?"

Mary, you see, was learning by experience. It was a different thing to feel the trouble that disorderliness made from being simply told about it. There are a good many things that we never really learn till we learn them by experience. There is one thing that I wish everyone of the children who read this paper would thus learn. It is the happiness that comes into the heart when one trusts in the Saviour for the pardon of sin, and for the eternal joy of heaven.

Your Christian friends—parents, teachers, companions—can tell you something about this. You can read about it in the Bible and in good books. All this may help you somewhat in forming an idea of how good a thing it is to be a Christian. But it will not be till you yourself put your trust in Christ that you will know the real blessedness there is in it. The Psalm says, "O taste and see that the Lord is good: blessed is the man that trusteth in him." That means, make trial for yourself, and then you will know how good God is. But the mere hearing of the ear will not do. It is not the simple listening to the truth, but the obeying the truth that the Lord wants of us.

Now, why not make trial for yourselves of this religion, this faith in Jesus and obedience to him? This is the only way in which you will assuredly know about it. Religion promises great things. Why not try for yourselves and see if its promises are not every one true? You may be very sure that you will find all her ways pleasantness and her paths peace.
"What things, little girl?" questioned Aunt Emma.

"Time, and—and the being able to do things—" Helen hesitated; it was n't easy to put into words, though she knew just what it meant—" you know, Auntie, it may be little things or big things, our hands or our feet, our thoughts, our tongues, and ever so many others.

Aunt Emma smiled. "Yes, dear, whatever God has given us the power to do ought to be done rightly and well, done so as to please and honor him. To let that poor little soul—do nothing when we might do something—is being unfaithful to him who has trusted us with it." "Like the man with the one pound," put in Helen.

"Just so; you wanted teacher in that neglect to one who has given us so much of use in sin.

Suppose Helen, it was grain, instead of money, that this man gave to his

servants. All that the poor man did in the proper season, and when harvest-time came they had a much larger amount of grain than at the first, because they had made good use of it.

"But what did the one man do, Aunt Emma?"

"He carefully put the grain away in a sack in the barn, and when after some years the owner claimed it, he brought it out, and lo! it was all mildewed and rotted and dried up, of no use for anything. So you see the very keeping of some things wastes and spoils them, while the using of them increases their value. We have only sin when we do something wrong, but you see here Jesus shows us that we sin when we fail to do right."

"Why, I never thought of that way," said Helen, with a very sober look.

"Perhaps not, dearie, but don't forget it in the future. To waste time or anything else God has given us, or to spend it foolishly or recklessly, is as wrong as to use it for evil purposes. Try little Helen, to make a good use of your life and everything is it, that at the end God may say to you also, 'Well done, good and faithful servant.'"

Auntie E. S. Brown.

THE SARCASM OF THE ELEPHANT

An officer in the Bengal army had a very fine and favorite elephant which was supplied daily in his presence with a certain allowance of food, but being compelled to almost himself on a journey, the keeper of the beast diminished the ration of food, and the animal became daily thinner and weaker. When its master returned, the elephant exhibited the greatest signs of pleasure. The feeding-time came, and the keeper laid before it the former full allowance of food, which it divided into two parts, consumed one immediately and left the other untouched. The officer, knowing the sagacity of his favorite, saw immediately the fraud that had been practised, and made the man confess his crime.

PRECEPT—PRAYER


The Lord is good unto them that wait for him, to the soul that seeketh him. Lom. 1:25.

Honor thy father and thy mother: and, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. Talm. 21:19.

A. R. M. L.

THE CHILD'S PAPER.

CASTLE BUILDING.

Lay the bricks on every side,

Close them skillfully with care;

Ah, thy notion house is growing

And high and very fast.

Little Nellie's eyes are watching

As the painted walls appear;

She and Curtis think there's nothing

Half so grand beneath the sky.

Keep thy patience, little building;

Wax and noise thy work under;

Time to toil down before thee,

Other walls have fallen now;

Other hands have oft created

Canters large and fair as thin,

Built with every hope and heart's best,

Yet they crumble and decline.

Wax no time to vainly weeping

Over rows that man has made;

Work again, and build the stronger;

Some they then will be repaid.

For every load of paint

Patient hands shall slowly raise,

Reaching to the abundant race,

Radiant with celestial beam.

HELEN'S DIFFICULTY

Helen Preston was reading the parable of the pounds. When she had reached the end, she sat back in her little rocking-chair, with a very sober face. Presently Aunt Emma came to the living room, placed the small figure in the chair, and said, "Why, Helen, what's the matter? You look completely puzzled."

"So I am, Auntie. Why didn't he praise the man for taking such good care of his one pound? He never want to use it, why wasn't he right to keep it carefully until the owner's return?"

Not so, little one," rejoined Aunt Emma. "You ask questions so fast that you don't even wait to tell me what you are reading.

"The parable of the pounds, Aunt Emma, in the nineteenth chapter of Luke."

It came and sat down by her little niece, and after a moment's thought, said, "What was the command given to each man as he received the pounds?"

Helen glanced down at the open Bible in her lap, and after a little hesitation, replied, "Occupy till I come."

"Yes, and when their lord returned he called them all to him, that he might know how much each man had gained by trading. Evidently, then, the command signified that they were to make good use of that which he intrusted to their keeping. It was to be employed in such a way as would make it most profitable to the owner."

Helen's face brightened. "Now I understand it. I thought they were only to take care of the pounds until his return, or to use them if they wished, and could do so without loss."

"When you read these parables you must remember they are picture-lessons—stories with meanings to them, and the things Jesus wanted to teach the people were more important than the real facts in the story. Do you know what is the meaning of this parable? Helen always liked Auntie's questions. Now she said eagerly, "Oh, yes; you know this was our Sunday-school lesson not long ago. Teacher said it was to show us how God expected a right use of the things he gave us."

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The other day as I was taking a cross-town car, I noticed among a little knot of persons all waiting to take the same car, a little bench-backed, crippled boy. Watching to see if he got safely up the steps, what was my surprise to see the crooked, doubled-up figure suddenly straighten out, as the boy jumped nimbly up and seated himself on the back platform, peering cautiously round the side of the car, to see if the driver had noticed him.

There he sat, as straight, handsome, bright a looking boy as one would wish to see. I wondered if this boy ever realized the price he was willing to pay for the pleasure of a ride on the platform of a streetcar; and as I left the car, after riding a few blocks, I asked the little fellow to give up his ride, and walk a few steps with me.

"What is your name, my boy?" I asked, as we stepped upon the pavement.

"Martin Luther Smith," he replied.

"Well, Martin," said I, "I do not believe the good man for whose sake you were named ever stole."

"I do not steal!" and my little companion fixed his brown eyes upon me with a look of wonder and indignation.

"I do believe he told lies, either," I continued.

"Neither do I tell lies," said the little fellow.

"Why, the driver stepped, "I was only fooling.""

"Feeling whom?"

"Why, the car-driver."

"You did not fool me."

"No, ma'am, I wasn't trying to."

"Nor yourself."

"Of course not."

"Nor God."

"No answer."

"I am afraid, Martin," said I, "that if you keep on 'fooling' in this way, you will be a cripple some day."

"I guess not; I never run risks, like some boys that grab rides."

"Not in a certain way, perhaps; but you run the same risk that all boys do who try to deceive and cheat. You run the risk of growing up a crippled character. You would think it a great pity to lose the use of your limbs, and go through life maimed, and unfit for work or pleasure. But it would be a far greater pity to grow up a deceitful boy, with a conscience warped and twisted by tricks of dishonesty. Keep a straight conscience, Martin; be 'upright in heart.' Then you will be ready to do God's work in the world, and enjoy the good he has in store for you; for 'no good thing will be withheld from them that walk uprightly.' Will you try to remember all that, my boy?" said I as we shook hands good-by.

"Yes, ma'am, I will," And Martin looked as though he meant to keep his promise.

Emma A. Smeaton.
THE CHILD'S PAPER.

walk; you'll not be very apt to get the drawing materials unless you're a little more punctual."

Still Winnie Marsh dallied, with book in hand and hair yet uncombed; the second bell was ringing, and she, the usual, stood with brush and comb in hand, her patience quite exhausted. Winnie always thought there was plenty of time, and very often found herself mistaken. She was quick to learn and had a good memory, but lack of punctuality had cost, not only herself, but her friends, a great deal of trouble. Promptness is one of the essential elements of a perfect character. Make a habit of being punctual in little things, and the greater ones will take care of themselves.

The tardy bell rang just as Winnie reached the schoolhouse gate; and she was fairly out of breath, and confused besides, when she took her seat in the geography class which recited immediately after devotional exercises. She knew very well that the Connecticut was the largest river in New England, but in her haste and confusion she said the Merrimac. Only perfect works for the entire month secured the box of "Water Colors," and Winnie Marsh hung her head with shame and mortification, for she liked this prize better than any that had been offered during the entire year, and she had been certain of winning it. It seemed a very easy thing to be perfect and punctual for one month, and if Winnie had only studied her geography at night instead of reading a new story book and taking a walk after tea, she would have been at school in time and have answered the question correctly.

Aunt Agnes, with whom Winnie lived, had warned her; in fact had often talked of the disagreeable consequences of this bad habit. But Winnie must needs have a lesson before she would do any better. Carrie Howe, who was not half so clever, but always prompt,

and who studied at the right time, gained the prize. "I am sorry you lost your chance," said Miss Gramme at recess, "but you alone are to blame; in the future try to be on time."

Not long after this Miss Gramme gave a picnic for the scholars. They were to go in a steam tug to a beautiful lake, spending the day and returning before dark.

"Exactly at eight," all must be at Miss Gramme's; but careless, unpunctual Winnie was just eight minutes behind, and the tug had left the wharf when she arrived, breathless, with her dinner basket in hand. It was a long, long time before Winnie forgot this disappointment; she walked slowly back home, firmly resolving to turn over a new leaf. "I can't do it in my own strength," thought Winnie. "I will ask God's help, and then I will be sure to succeed." Mrs. E. S. L. Thompson.

PAYING STONES.

The blocks of hard stone that are so much used in paving the streets in New York city are quarried from the Palisades—the great line of cliffs that stretch along the west side of the Hudson river for twenty miles or so. The picture shows one of the docks where they are loading these stones upon a schooner to send down to the city.

A paving-stone is not handsome, but it is useful. What a careless, grind, grind, goes on over it during the busy hours in such a street as Broadway, for example. Some things are useful, you see, not by doing anything, but by just being and enduring. But that is not the way in which those who have minds can do the most good. They must not simply lie, but do something else.

"MAKE OTHER ONES HAPPY."

It was examination day at Bertie's school. Some of the mothers and aunts sat in chairs behind the teacher's table. And Bertie's grandma too was there, with her beautiful gray hair which Bertie liked so much. Then there was the school doctor, Mr. White. Of course all the children wanted to be perfect in reading and spelling that day, if they never were before. When it was all over, Dr. Bell told the children that he thought they must have had a very happy time in school, because they had learned their lessons so well. "And now," he said, "I hope you will all have a very happy vacation. How can you do it? What will make you happy, boys and girls?" Up went the hands—one, two, three, four, five.

"That little girl may tell me," said Dr. Bell.

"Play," said Mabel.

"And what do you say, Robbie?"

"Go berrying," answered Robbie, with a little smack of his lips. And so one after another answered. Some said "Play," some "Swim," "Work in the garden," "Go to grandma's," and many other answers. By-and-by Dr. Bell saw Bertie's hand come up. "Well, Bertie, what are you going to do to be happy?" he asked.

Bertie's eyes twinkled, and his face laughed all over as he said, "Make others happy."

"Yes, yes," said Dr. Bell. "I like your plan best of all. I like to see children enjoy their play, and their gardens, and swings, and berry-picking. But wherever you are, boys and girls, whatever else you do, the thing that will be most sure to make the vacation happy is to try to make other people happy, forgetting all about yourself. Let me tell you about one of the happiest families I know.

"In the morning Neil and Daisy help their mamma, or smooth her forehead when she has a headache. Sometimes they try to do a little sewing for her, though they do not know how very well. Even little Harry will run to the kitchen with a message for Bridge. When mamma tells them they may go out to play, the girls take their brothers too; and often and often they give up the plays that they would like themselves, so that they may please the little boys.

"Their mother is sick so often that I have become quite well acquainted with the children in my visits; and they are such happy children that I often wish all boys and girls knew how happy they might be. Bertie would follow the same plan. Bertie has thought it out, you see, and if he and all the rest of you boys and girls only try, this vacation, to make others happy, I know I shall have my wish. What was it you wished your friends?"

"A happy vacation," they answered.

"Yes," said the doctor, "and how can you be happy?"

"Make others happy," they said again, and I hope they all remembered. Lilian Penny.

MARRY'S QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

THE SECOND WED.

"Was it unwise for you to write letters to Mr. George, hypochondria! For ye devour widows' houses; and for a pretense make long prayers; therefore ye shall receive the greater damnation."

Mary repeated this, with a mixture of thought and painful. Then she sat silently for a time. She was used to think well for herself before asking questions concerning her Bible lessons. "I was thinking of the contrast, mamma," she said at last. "The second time I am "Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted." This 'woe' so terrible, is
THE CHILD'S PAPER.

"Sometimes these prayers, consisting of an hour of prayer alternating with an hour of meditation, occupied nine hours of the day, we are told," said Mrs. Ledworth. "The Pharisees of to-day pretend after different outward fashion instead, but the pretense, like the offence, is the same in both cases. And the same fearful doom awaits the evil doer of the present age that awaited those to whom the blessed Saviour spoke in warning rebuke—" she turned her sorrowful eyes from the open book to her mother's face, "how much better it is to suffer wrong than to do wrong. Just as much better as a hurricane is better than a wave. O mamma, I wonder why the scribes and Pharisees could not see it too."

"Because having wilfully rejected the light, their whole body was full of darkness," answered her mother, adding the Lord's own words, "'If, therefore, the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness.'"

... CAMPING OUT...

These men are enjoying their vacation by camping in the woods. Their tent is made of rough boards. Their cooking stove is a circle of stones. But they enjoy the contrast to their ordinary mode of life, and get strength and health as well. Never want to be on a vacation, for instance, in your love to your parents. You want to keep on loving them all the time. You never say, and you never feel, "Mamma, I have loved you a long time now; and I think I would be the better for a little rest and change, so I am going to stop loving you for a time."

"How funny that would sound!"

This shows what I mean. We are never to think that a vacation is a time to seek after completeness of character, after becoming like our Father in heaven. It will not do for us to stop in our endeavors after holiness. There are too many enemies of our souls that we must take advantage of every moment when they find us off our guard. The Bible tells us about our adversary the devil, who like a roaring lion walketh about seeking whom he may devour. And he is if it finds any of us taking a vacation from our watchfulness; especially taking a vacation from prayer and reading the Bible.

No, no. There are some things in which, if we value our highest good, we shall never take a vacation. Even in school vacation children want to eat—what appetites they do have! They cannot live without. So if we would have our souls grow, we must feed them. God's holy Word, prayer, work for our Father—these are the food of the soul, upon which it thrives. It will not do to have any vacations where these are concerned. So, children, while you enjoy your vacation from study, remember that there are some things in which you never can take a vacation here on earth. Then, by God's grace we get to heaven, we shall never want any vacation in his service, for we shall be eternally and joyfully doing in doing his holy will.
THE CHILD'S PAPER.

THE LITTLE CORALSCENT.

CLOSE to the window, mother dear, 
Flower move my countenance; 
How beautiful to bring again 
The summer's balmy air.
How lovely are the leaves and flowers, 
Gay lends sing sweetly; 
And everywhere I turn my eyes 
All nature smiles to me.

"I was a wayward child, mother, 
Often person so quick, 
The song of joy of God, 
The great, the wise, and good; 
And so be not displeased, mother, 
To soften my hard heart, 
And call me in my early days 
To choose the better part.

"I heard His voice at midnight, when 
Upon my sheepskin bed, 
I heard it at the ditty-dawn, when 
You barked my whelp's head; 
It spoke in tones sublime and deep, 
But very lovingly; 
"Give me thy heart, my little child, 
Ere woe, and follow me.

"Mother, I will," my spirit said; 
"I hear thy gracious voice, 
And gladly will I make known 
The holy way of my own. 
And then he gave me such sweet peace 
And patience and my pain! 
I know he'll not forsake me, 
When I shall be well again.

"I thought it very hard at first 
To be so sick, dear mother, 
And looked with envy, as they played, 
On Bell and little brother; 
But now I bless the gracious hand 
That saved me to God, 
To make me live behooveful to God, 
And for eternity.

HOW NETTIE PLEASED NOT HERSELF.

"Mamma, please give me the verse." Every morning it was Nettie Lane's custom to ask her mother for a Bible verse. Nettie was nine years old, and could read very well; but she liked to be asked the verse, and afterwards Nettie would look for it in the Bible, Mamma thought a moment, and then said,

"For even Christ pleased not himself." That is a very deep verse, and there is a great deal in it to help my little girl when she is in danger of being selfish.

Nettie thanked mamma, and repeated her prayer verse over and over, until she knew it perfectly.

"I know why mamma gave me that verse," she said to herself as she went to school. "I am selfish, I suppose, or I would have given Jennie the new magazine last night. I was only looking at the pictures, and she wanted to finish the story in it; and I wouldn't lend Walter my slate. Oh, dear! I wish I could keep from pleasing myself so often.

"Nettie, O Nettie Lane?" called some one.

Nettie looked around, and saw one of her schoolmates leaning from a window, beckoning to her.

"What do you want?" asked Nettie, drawing near. She knew that Sue Hill had been sick and away from school for some time.

"Have you got time to stop, Nettie, and show me where the lesson are?" said Sue.

"I'm here, and want to try and catch up with the class. Maybe I can come back by next Monday."
the stillness of the night, when
only the silent stars are shining.
In summer and in winter it keeps
up its voice of melody.

This beautiful waterfall, pour-
ing its full torrent down the pre-
cipice, has its origin back in some
little trickling stream. Some-
where up in the hills, if you could
find the little runlet, you could
turn it aside with your hand, so
that it would take another course,
perhaps, and not pour down by-
and-by over these rocks. But
you could not stop this great
waterfall.

So I think we can learn a les-
on here about habits. They are
the streams of our human na-
ture. At first they are tiny little
streamlets. They can easily be
dispatched or stopped. But the
longer we let them run
the harder they are to stop. By-
and-by, instead of our being able
to stop them, these habits will
carry us rushing along, and per-
haps plunge us over some abyss
of evil. Oh, we must be on our
guard what habits we form. Chil-
dren can find it comparatively
easy to correct bad habits, but
it grows harder every year.

Will you learn this lesson from
the waterfall, children? A

**MABEL'S OFFERING.**

**Little Mabel** felt very rich.
She had forty cents, all her own—
a beautiful new quarter, a dime,
and a half-dime. Some of this
had been given to her on her
eighth birthday, and some she
ehad earned herself by going of
errands. Looking it over one
day, she said, "Mamma, I think
I ought to give half of this to
the Lord," but how to divide it
was a problem that occupied
some time to solve. At last it
was decided. The bright quar-
ter was quietly slipped into an
unused compartment of the little
tolet-book, until an opportunity offered to "give it to the
Lord." Time passed; but no temptation of goodies

**THE WATERFALL.**

Down it comes pouring over the rocks!
How the water leaps and foams and flashes in
the sunlight! Myriads of jewels seem to be

glittering in the torrent. Then how musical
is the voice of the water as it pours over the
rocks! And it never ceases. You can hear
it in the broad, high noon, or, if you listen in

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or toys could induce her to think of spending the precious quarter for herself, although as yet no way had seemed open to bestow it where she felt it belonged. In -justice and in her small pecuniary, she would say, "I have fifteen cents, that is not mine; I shall give it to the Lord when he wants it." At length a good missionary came to Mount Mansfield School, and told the children about the people in a far-off land, how miserable and degraded they were; knowing nothing of Jesus and his wonderful love; living and dying in heathen darkness, unless Christian people went to them, with his love in their hearts and his Word in their hands, to teach them the only true way. In conclusion he asked the children what they would do for Missions. There were two ways in which they could help. They could pray each day for the spread of the gospel in heathen lands, and they could give of what God had given them, to send Bibles and missionaries to those who have never heard of this way of life.

Mabel listened with great interest, and at the close of the sermon hastened to her cousin with the joyful exclamation, "Oh, mamma! the Lord has sent for my money, and I am going to give it to him for the heathen.

So the bright silver piece went on its way to do good, how much we cannot begin to reckon. In the Lord's sight it may be of more value than the thousands offered by the rich and great.

M. R. Y.

RUBY'S CONFESSION.

"Look up, Ruby, look up!" said Aunt Katie gently, as Ruby steadily plied the broom in her cosy little sitting-room. "I like to see you digging out the corners and sweeping so nicely along the edges, but don't be like the man with the muck rake. Always turning your eyes downward. Look up, and you'll see some handsome cloths festooning the otherwise clean, pleasant room.

Ruby's eyes went up to the ceiling at Aunt Katie's words, while her broom quickly followed.

"I never thought much about cloths, auntie," she said, as she ran her broom around the room, taking down the ugly festooning.

"Well, auntie, as I am both mistress and maid, I shall certainly have to plead guilty this time, but we'll see if I do again."

Auntie smiled as she continued.

"Children, I'm afraid, make me think of some of our sins, besetting sins they are too, sometimes, like pride and selfishness. They don't come to the front and get right before us all the time, like our naughty thoughts and ungoverned ways, but they hang in the corners and dark places of our hearts, where we don't mind them, but where they make our whole lives unclean and unlively. If we would but look up more, more towards the light that cometh down from above, we should see these cloths of our pride and selfishness, and, by God's grace, wipe away at them, till they should no more make our lives unclean and hateful."

"Thank you, auntie," said Ruby; "it is a good text and a good little sermon, and I'll try and remember."

---

THE NOBLE PINE.

How small those men appear by the side of that great tree, and the picture does not show the whole of it. Those pine-trees sometimes grow to the height of a hundred feet, and there have been found specimens that were two hundred feet or more. Such trees are a noble deal like that pine-tree. It starts with a little seed of good in the heart. If it only grows straight from the start, how noble it becomes! The boy or girl of firm character will make the man or woman who cannot be bent into crookedness of life. So, boys and girls, take care that your characters are growing straight now. A noble character is the grand thing on earth. OAK.

TOM'S TORCH.

The lesson was on the seventh chapter of Judges, about Gideon and his three hundred, and the wonderful battle they fought with their pitchers and lamps and trumpets. It was a jolly lesson. Tom thought; but Miss Manso's application was rather queer. "Are we too strong enough," she said, "to bear a torch or blow a trumpet?" and she looked straight at Tom.

Tom hesitated a moment, then answered, "To be sure, Miss Manso. Jim and I, and members of a club more than a year ago, and we used to parade with torches; and as for trumpets, why, I blew one of those when I was just a little chap."

"Poh! she doesn't mean it that way," said Jim.

"Beg pardon, Miss Manso," said Tom awkwardly, "I believe I don't quite understand."

"Gideon and his three hundred, fought," said Miss Manso, "for God and the right. We are not called upon to do exactly as they did, but we can as truly bear witness for the right. I have heard of a little girl in a snapshot who asked a passenger, "Does your love fossil?" She bore a torch, as did also the little boy who, on being urged to steal and told that no one would see him, replied, "Yes, God would see me. To bear witness for Jesus would be equivalent to bearing a torch or blowing a trumpet under Gideon. How many are willing to enlist in the ranks of the Great Captain, to hold up that little light, or blow a loving peal for Jesus?"

Merry eyes grew thoughtful. The boys knew the "old, old story"; should they commit themselves to the service of this same Jesus? "I'll try," said Jim. "And I" said Cousin Tom.

"We'll all try," said Mark Smith, the biggest boy in the class.

"We're all going," said Ruby, "and we were moose. "Don't say that it will be a perfectly easy task," she said. "There would be little virtue in so doing it if it never cost an effort. Be prepared for difficulties, and don't forget to consult the Great Commander, or to watch for orders from him."

Tom and Jim walked thoughtfully home together. "It was no use to try," said Tom dejectedly, "a little moose, Jim and I, and my torch would go out on the double-quick."

"But there's the Great Captain," said Jim doubtfully. "Isn't there something about being conquerors through him? Let's stick to it."

"And wave our torches high in the air," was Tom's reply.

"Well, Tom Walker, here you are at last," said Bell, as Tom entered, "suppose any one of your boys to try is like a small all the way home. I want you to amuse Nellie and Amy. I'm tired to death. You children are enough to try the patience of a saint. O dear, how I do miss mother!"
Crabs and Lobsters

There were some crabs that looked like they were quite ornate and small, and some that looked like they were quite large and ornate.

The child's paper.

Uncle Tom thought Tom was the best boy he had ever seen, and he was very pleased that he had him as a nephew. He thought Tom was very intelligent and had a lot of good ideas.

Tom had a lot of friends and he was always ready to help them out. He was very kind and always tried to make people feel comfortable.

One day, Tom and his friends were walking down the street when they saw a group of crabs and lobsters. They were surprised to see so many of them.

Tom and his friends decided to help the crabs and lobsters. They picked them up and put them in a bucket of water. Then they took them to a place where they could be cared for properly.

Tom was very happy to see how much he could do to help others.

The child's paper.

There is no reason that I know why children should not try to grow in goodness as well as in knowledge. I think it is important to teach children to be good and kind, and to have a strong sense of right and wrong.

There are many things that can be learned in a little prayer meeting. It is a good way to spend time together and to learn about God and His love.

The child's paper.

Today we are going to learn about the importance of being kind and helpful to others. We will talk about how we can be good friends to each other and how we can help others in need.

The child's paper.

The child's paper.

The child's paper.
TILL THE CHILD'S ALBUM.

The little child
With every pulse and all his grief,
Seeks mother's breast forever joined,
In love and faith.

Each little care
It is, if it could not bear alone,
To mother's side has quickly flown,
And lived there.

That mother's love
Has chased the shadows all away;
She brightened the world in her own way.

"T is known abroad.

Oh, glowing rays
Of Jesus and the hallowed soul,
I'll take to him my grief, the whole;
Each tear he'll wipe.

True or pain,
I can so feebly bear alone;
But to my Savior make it known;
He will sustain.

His grace and love
Burst the comfort that I crave,
Dispel the shades, subdue the wave,
And doubts remove.

Come weary soul,
To Jesus come, with faith and prayer,
And leave thine every burden there;
He'll make thee whole.

MABEL'S SACRIFICE

"Be sure and come to Big Rock to-mor-
row, Mabel; we can't get along without you.

"Never fear, I shall be there. I would not
miss the picnic for anything. So

They parted Friday after school. Mabel
ran home as fast as possible and happy as
could be, for the half-dozen little friends who
with herself intended to have a grand
frolic on the morrow were the nicest, dearest
little creatures in the whole school, and there
was no doubt about mother's permission, she
felt confident.

Upon entering the sitting-room Mabel was
greeted by an astonishing piece of news vouch-
safed by tiny Katie.

"Mamma all do 'way 'morrow. Poor Kitty!

"Why," said her mother, in answer to Ma-
bel's questioning glance, "I have just heard
of your aunt Milton's serious illness, and
must hasten to her. I fear, with all the haste
I can make, that I shall be too late. The
telegram read, 'Come immediately. Aunt
Milton dying.' You are her 'name-child,' and
I wish I could take you with me, but it
hardly could be to take a child there at such a
time; besides, who would take care of little
Kitty? She would grieve sadly if left to
scurvies."

"Oh, no, mamma dear, of course you
could not take me. But, never mind, I expect
I should be frightened anyway to see any one
die, and especially dear, sweet Aunt Milton.
Do n't you think there can be any hope for her?"

"I fear not, though it must be very sudden.
Poor father feels it sadly."

Mabel forgot all about the picnic until she
was put in her little room, with dear little
Kitty sleeping by her side. As she opened
her Bible to read, she suddenly remembered
all the promised pleasures of the morrow,
when together with her little friend Sissie she had ex-
pected to have such a 'splendid time' at Big
Rock.

At first Mabel felt as if she never
could give up this picnic. She was only a lit-
tle girl, and loved all such nice things as pic-
nies. She knew but little about the aunt
who lay so near to death's door, having seen
her just once, and that when she was but a
moist baby; so, when she heard that she did not feel
quite as she would have done had the sick
one been a daily companion, tenderly loved.
Opening the Bible, her eyes fell upon the
words, "No one liveth alone.

"Ah," thought little Mabel, "I am not a
man, I know, but I must not live unto my-
self for all that. If I tell dear mamma about
the picnic, she will worry about my going, and
I could not go without leaving Kitty alone all
day. No, I will just keep still until father
and mother have left town; then I will take
Kitty and run over to Sue's, and explain why
I cannot join the excursion."

Dear little Mabel read a few verses in the
Book, and then kneeling down beside her
baby sister, prayed as well as she knew how
for strength to do her whole duty cheerfully,
and then committing her father and mother
to our Father's care. She went to sleep,
and knew nothing more until morning, when
bright and early she awoke, dressed hastily,
and ran down to help her parents off, so
sweetly did she behave; and when mother
last kiss had been given, and they were start-
ing, she looked so earnestly up into their faces
that they felt there never was such a dear,
trustworthy daughter as their little Mabel.
Thus trusted and loved, it would have been
very wrong to betray her parents by leaving
home for a frolic of any kind.

The train that bore her father and mother
away left very early, so that Mabel had ample
time in which to help her little friend out of
the impossibility of going to the much-
talked-of picnic. Sue could not help crying,
she was so disappointed, and could hardly be
reconciled to the altered state of things.

"I know, if you had asked your mother,
we should have told you to go and leave Kitt-
y with Mary just for part of one day."

"Yes, I suppose she would have contrived
some way for me to go, and Kitty would have been
nearly sick, perhaps quite so, by the time I
came back, and, besides, it would not look
much as if I cared for my parents' grief to be
off frolicking."

Well, to shorten this long story, when Ma-
bel's father and mother returned, and heard
from Kitty and Sue what Mabel had done,
how she had denied herself, they rejoiced
over their little daughter's faithful adherence
to her idea of duty, and felt as if she could be
trusted in the utmost, because she was one of
those who are "faithful over a few things."

This one act of little Mabel's influenced her
whole life. After J. V. Bailey, she found a
child must satisfy the power of Christ's precious
principles in the weakest, the youngest of his flock.

Do not hesitate to do your duty.

Ruth Argus.

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THE YACHT.

It is a beautiful picture, is it not, that of the trim yacht, with all her sails set, bounding over the waves? Yachts are meant for pleasure-boats. Some of them are designed to sail very fast, and a great many yachtsmen enjoy trying the speed of their boats in races. Some of them are elegantly fitted up, and a party can make a home in the comfortable cabins, sailing when they choose, and stopping when they see fit. It costs a good deal of money to build and to keep a first-class yacht, and it
THE CHILD'S PAPER.

is only rich men who can indulge in the luxury. But if any one can afford such a luxury and wants it, I suppose it may be right that he should have it.

But yachts are not only pleasures, they do not serve any very useful purpose. They look very beautiful, slinking along before a fresh breeze; but they are not meant for ocean voyages; they do not carry cargoes from land to land. They are boys—very elegant and costly toys, to be sure, but merely play-things, after all. There are some people that are a good deal like yachts; they are more for show than use. I trust that the children who read this paper are all trying to be useful. To be of service is a great deal better than to be merely for ornament. To be esteemed for what you can do is more to be desired than to be praised for making a show. To be useful—ah, children, that is one of the great things in life. He, moreover, who is most useful, is quite as apt to be an ornament to society as he who simply cares about the ornamental part.

THE PECMIKAKER.

John Whipple was inclined to be a bully. He was very hard on boys smaller than himself. Willie Packridge had done something that he did not like as they all were starting out for their game of ball, and John, as the boys say, was just "going to pitch into him," when Stephen Lambert interfered.

"See here, John," he said quietly, "it is not very manly to abuse a boy smaller than yourself."

"It's none of your business, any how," said John, "and I advise you to let me alone."

"I am going to let you alone, but you must let Willie alone."

John started to pull off his coat, bristling up for a fight.

"Now, John," said Stephen good-naturedly, "I am not going to fight, and you know it. I am not a fighter. I have been brought to settle quarrels in this way; besides, I have no quarrel to settle. But you are not going to abuse Willie. Come on, boys," he added, "let us go and have our game before it is too late. If John will come and play, all right, he's a good pitcher, that we know. If he don't want to play, he can stay here. A good game of ball is better than a fight any time. Come on!"

Off the boys went to the ball ground, John with them, for he had begun to be rather ashamed of himself. So Stephen kept the peace, and made the quarreler some boy yield, though he was not a bit of a fighter.

MARY'S QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

THE THIROM WOE.

MARY'S cousin, Jane and Gertie, were passing the work with her, and when Sunday came they joined her in her customary reading with grandma in the pleasant vine-shaded porch.

"Now unto you, scriptures and Pharisians, hypocrites! for ye transgress sea and land, to make one princes' house, and whom he is made, ye make him twofold more the child of hell than yourselfs, Mary read from the lesson before her.

"Belle Graves," said Janie, "makes me think of the scriptures and Pharisians, hypocrites,

"Yes, and the Lord said to the scribes and Pharisees. I know 'tis not nice to talk about people's faults in an unkind way, and I try not to do it., but one can't help seeing them, and if we didn't see them we couldn't beware of them, and I think, if we remember our Lord's words about those who act in this sinful way, it will help us to keep from acting in the same manner. I would not want to be like Belle or Emma, or Mr. Lang."

"I am glad," said grandma, "that you see so clearly that our Lord's words are for the sins of to-day and the sinners of our own knowledge, and not only for the sins and sinners of eighteen hundred years ago. The same spirit that tempered the men of that day tempers all those of us who care more for our own peculiar visions than for God's truth, and who are too poor to have others admire and believe in and quite another themselves, rather than to lead them to our blessed Lord, whose honor and glory should be our chief concern.

Let us pray that we may not, by cherishing this spirit, mar the downfall of men against all selfish, seeking-hypocrites."

Mary E. C. Week.

WHICH GAVE THE ROSES?

A long time ago a little lame girl was playing with her dolls in the chamber of a pleasant country house. The windows were open and through them came the song of birds, the murmur of life outside, and with it a harsher sound—that of Bridget's scrubbing brush, as mounted on a step-ladder she scrubbed the paint over the front door. A little time passed, and that Nellie, as we will call her, heard the front gate shut and a minute after that angry voices.

"Sure the ladies of the house don't want for to buy nothin', an' ye peddlers are a disturbance at all times. I'll be along the day, when ye can see for yerself ye can't get in at the door. Off wid ye!" exclaimed the Irish girl in her ugliest tone.

A man answered just as sharply, but in such a way that Nellie felt there was a kind of bitterness back of his anger. She was shy, and dreaded peddlers above all things, but she did not like to have Bridget hurt his feelings. She hopped to the window and peeped out as he bawled the gate down the stairs. There was a long hall of two and a wide yard to cross before she reached the street, and then the peddler had got a considerable distance off, having turned up a lane leading to a main street. Nellie hurried after him, bareheaded, soon calling softly. "Man, man! Wait a minute."

When he heard, he turned and watched her coming fast, in queer little hops, exclaiming..."
THE CHILD'S PAPER.

THE CHILD'S TAPER.

What?

"Why—why—what have you got to sell?"

"Where did you come from?"

He arched his face to stare at her, his eyes bright with interest.

"Back there—the corner house. I was sorry the girl was so cross."

"And you came here too," said Nellie, her face brightening.

The man was standing in the corner of the room, looking at the light in her face. She had not run away as he had expected, but she had not run away to play. She was just as she was when she had come into the room, standing there, looking at the light in her eyes.

"What," said the glowworm, "do you employ the light I carry for myself for my own use? If not, I'll keep it out of sight. I do not shine for such," and in an instant all was darkness.

Just then a stranger, who happened to be passing by, and who was admiring the luminous life of the glowworm's light, which the vain little thing had hid, unconsciously stepped his foot to one side, and in doing so extinguished the glowworm in all its pride.

I wonder if there are many boys and girls who read this like the glowworm. I think not; for if any of you can help a brother or sister or any one by explaining a lesson or being polite, I am sure you will, and not like the selfish glowworm hide the light, which should shine not only for yourself but for others.

THE PROUD GLOW-WORM

One night, when it was very dark and not even a star could be seen, a little ant that had been put to work all day, and was

burying home—for it was late, and she had a sweet little baby at home waiting for her—saw a bright light just ahead of her, and she was very glad, for the road was dangerous and very lonely for a poor little ant, so she kept it in sight and walked in its glow next day home, when she hurried forward and discovered that it was a glowworm, and as she was a polite little lady, she said, "A blessing, neighbor, on your light. I kindly thank you for it." "Good night."

"What," said the glowworm, "do you employ the light I carry for myself for my own use? If so, I'll keep it out of sight. I do not shine for such," and in an instant all was darkness. Just then a stranger, who happened to be passing by, and who was admiring the luminous life of the glowworm's light, which the vain little thing had hid, unconsciously stepped his foot to one side, and in doing so extinguished the glowworm in all its pride.

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A BEAVER DAM

The instinct and industry of the beaver are proverbial. These animals display real engineering skill. They need that the water in which they build their "lodges" should be of a sufficient depth at all seasons of the year. They then build a dam across the stream, the current of which will vary from 50 to 150 feet. The dam is composed of mud, branches of trees, and stones; it is generally ten or twelve feet in thickness at the bottom, and two feet or so at the top. A dam frequently grows by inundating floating trees and branches, as well as by the vegetation and even trees of some size that grow on it. You can see how hardly the beavers work, and how many trees they have to cut down and put into place when the water rises, as well as when it is low. "Busy as a beaver" means something, does it not?

EDITOR'S CORNER.

LITTLE girl to whom I spoke. Mary will call her—some time ago gave her heart to the Saviour, and is a very happy Christian. She finds, of course, that she has a good many difficulties to contend with, and a great deal to learn, in order to become an eminent Christian. But I think she is honestly

exercising to press forward day by day.

Like a great many other girls of her age and older ones too—she is fond of reading the story books she gets from the Sunday school library. Now to read a proper number of these books is all well enough; but one may read too many, and become too much absorbed in them, living in the marvelous world among the heroes and heroines of these books. The trouble in such cases is remedied. In the first place, living in this unreal world makes real life seem very dull and uninteresting. Then, in the second place, the number of these books in very apt to get false ideas of character. An impracticable standard, or one that would not suit your circumstances, is set up in the story; or the standard in one story is in conflict with that in another. So the reader's ideas may become twisted.

So I was very glad to hear that Mary said one day to her father, "I think, perhaps, I ought not to read so many of these books, because I am up to make the characters she reads about the standard, and not Christ Himself." Mary had got hold of the right idea. Christ's character is to be the standard of our character. We are to seek, children and all, to become like Christ. "He left us an example, that we should follow in his steps." The child should seek to follow this example just as truly as any grown person. When you do this, you will feel that your character is improving every day.

A good practical way is to ask yourself, How would Jesus do if he were in my place? I do not suppose you will always be able to answer this question just right. You will make some mistakes, doubtless. But if you keep on asking this question and trying to govern yourself by honest answers to it, you will find that you are coming nearer and nearer the standard all the time. Christ is the true guide, and the only guide.
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American Tract Society, 355 Chestnut St., NEW YORK, 355 Chestnut St.
AN AFRICAN LION.

This picture is from a drawing made from life, and represents a black mane South African Lion. The artist who made the original drawing said, "He was certainly the most splendid specimen of a lion I ever saw, and was a sort of animal that, while looking at him through the bars and admiring his wonderful proportions, one could not help feeling a large amount of satisfaction at being on the right side of the bars, and well out of the reach of those terrible paws."

The Lion is called the "King of beasts" because of his strength and dignity. But some of those who know his habits well, deny that he has any great amount of courage, except when he is wounded and furious. They call him, indeed, a sneak. You see, it takes more than size or strength to make even a lion noble. True nobleness means character, not bodily size or power. If then the lion is
THE CHILD'S PAPER.

not really noble, but only strong and cruel, so we would much rather see him in a picture, or behind the bars of a cage, than to meet him where he had a chance to spring upon us, and torment us as a cat does a mouse.

THE STORY OF THANKSGIVING

"What does it all mean, mamma?" asked little Ralph.

It was Thanksgiving morning. Mamma, at the kitchen table, was preparing the turkey for the oven, and Ralph, all ready to go to church with Aunt Nellie, stood watching her hopefully.

"What does that mean, dear?" Mamma turned with the needle in her hand, and looked curiously at Ralph.

"Thanksgiving. What makes us have Thanksgiving Days every year, and did people always have them?"

"Oh, that is it," said mamma. "Well, I will tell you, Ralph. Thanksgiving Day was not always kept yearly by the American people as it is now, though its regular observance began very early in some parts of the country. This was its origin: Long years ago some people lived in old England whom other folks who had power treated very badly. These became so discouraged, so tired of persecution, that they left their homes, and at last resolved to go and settle in the great New World about which they had heard so much. So they packed their goods, and with their families sailed across the big ocean to America. Here, in the place they named New England, they found the freedom they could not enjoy at home, but their sufferings were very great. England was a good land, but America was then mostly a wilderness, and between cold and hunger and other hardships, life to those poor exiles grew very, very dreary. But they put their trust in God, although it was a belief of their that when they were unfortunate He was frowning on them, and when they were prosperous He smiled. For this reason they began setting apart regular days for fasting and giving thanks; the latter usually in autumn, and the former towards spring.

The first Thanksgiving Day celebrated in this colony fell, however, on an appointed fast day, the end of February, 1631. It happened in this way: The people had been in great distress all winter. Food was getting scarce; the ship which had been sent to England for supplies had not returned, and it was feared that it was lost. As the fasting day drew near, the people were all discouraged. It was rumored that even the great governor's last batch of bread was baking in the oven, and that was a sorry prospect. But God did not desert his children; on the very night before the appointed fast-day, loud cries of joy were heard from the few who were still watching for the ship. They had discovered it, and sent a boat out to it; came full laden for the suffering people. So the fast-day was ordered changed to a Thanksgiving day, and we may believe they had a joyful time.

The setting apart of Thanksgiving days was not altogether confined to the New England States. Settlers in other parts sometimes appointed them, but it was long before it became a yearly custom—not in New York till the year 1643. But once started, it grew very popular; the governors began to issue proclamations, and Thanksgiving Day has become now as much a part of the year as Fourth of July or Christmas; I am sure I do not know how we would ever do without it."

"O mamma," Ralph broke in eagerly, as she paused, "how glad I am I know about it! Those poor people had a great deal to be thankful for, but I'm sure I have more. When I think of all the nice things and pleasant times I know,—oh, mamma, what a thankful time I'll have in church, this morning!"

Surely we should all, big and little folks, have a thankful time this season, thinking how fortunately our ships came in With each Thanksgiving Day.

Rosa Graham.

WHAT A LITTLE THING CAN DO

The picture is of a creature called "Gomora Columna." That is a rather hard name, is it not? It belongs to one kind of a coral insect. The insect, a little thing, is of the kind of creature known as polypes. They are the little things that look almost like flowers, on the top of these two branching arms in the picture.

These polypes, which are mainly mouth and stomach, secrete the hard bony coral, just as bones grow in the human body, only, of course, the amount that each of these little creatures can form is very small. But then each little helps. That coral in the main stem and branches, in the engraving, has all been formed by polypes like the little ones that are at work above. So, slowly but surely the branches grow. They extend out in different directions, and in the great coral beds, such as are found in the Pacific Ocean, they gradually grow till they make reefs. From these reefs the coral islands are formed. But you can very easily see that it requires the labor of countless polypes to make even a small island.

But this work of the coral insect, it seems to me, shows us the value of little things. A great many little polypes make the coral island. A great many little acts go into the making of character. We must be careful that all of these acts are right.

Then there is another way of looking at it. They are only little things that a child can do. But these little things may be very helpful and useful. So, children, do not hesitate to do what you can, because these things may mean much to themselves. Do your best, however little you see, the thing that you can do. That is the safe rule.

OAK.

SORRY," said Miss Rogers, the English governess, to a dark-eyed girl of twelve. "You are invited to drive with the Percivals to Magnolia Garden at nine to-morrow morning. You must study an extra hour this afternoon. Let us go to our lessons now.

Miss Rogers' voice was full of kindness, and she laid her hand on Sophie's brow with an encouraging manner. Sophie hated study. "I'd like to know things, but this dull, tedious way of finding them out is no fun," she said to her brother Guy, one day. "I like to draw, and my music lessons, but oh, dear! that dreadful grammar and geography." Then Sophie laid her head down on the window-seat, and wished she was a bird, with nothing to do but to flit from flower to flower.

It was a lovely May morning, redolent with the perfume of flowers, and in two weeks it would be time for the summer vacation. "Then," thought Sophie to herself, "I can visit and have as good a time as I wish." Sophie forgot, or rather did not wish to remember, that the mind is a storehouse, where from day to day we must lay by the treasures and supplies for all the future years.

Grace Percival was of the same age, and as Sophie declared, 'she liked the most of all to go anywhere with Mrs. Percival and Grace, for they had lived always in Charleston,' and Sophie had only come there with her parents and governess six months before. Then Mrs. Percival and Grace were so entertaining. Sophie did not pause to consider that this was Mrs. Percival who had improved her time and taught Grace to do the same. Sophie believed that persons were either studying or not studying; which is all a mistake, for when we are really determined to do a thing, we can do it, whether we like it or no.

Grace Percival said, 'I will have my lessons correctly,' and then she applied her mind to study, without allowing herself to think of what she would do if it were not for those "hurried lessons."
"If I could only draw maps, instead of bothering with the boundaries of Maine and New Hampshire, the principal cities, and all that stuff!" thought Sophy, when her teacher spoke of the extra hour. "It is a bit of use to propose it, though, for Miss Rogers is as firm as a rock," which was a very good thing for Sophy, if she had only known it, and she did realize it later on in life. "If the Cloth of Golds* are in bloom yet, I'll get some seeds for Aunt Nina and send to her—bounced on north by—then for the third time Sophy, whose mind was here and there, had to refer to the map for the northern boundary of Maine. The wist sang in the branches of the old pine which stood by the schoolroom window, "With all your might! with all your might!" but instead, Sophy thought it was saying, "Come out into the sunshine and hear the mocking bird sing." Our stars have to be ready to hear, else we do not get things straight sometimes.

Sophy knew very well that unless her lessons were well learned, her mother would not consent for her to go pleasureing the next day. Maine and New Hampshire had never been mixed up in such a dreadful way before, thought Miss Rogers when Sophy came to recite. It gave her much pain to report "very imperfect lessons" to Sophy's mother that evening. There was a very heavy feeling at Sophy's heart, and a pair of tear-stained eyes, when Miss Rogers sent a note to the Percivals asking that Sophy be excused, as she could not possibly go. If Sophy had known the deep anxiety which she caused her friends, she would have ended her care. less ways much sooner than she did.

A year later she gave her heart to God; then Sophy began to improve, relying not on her own strength, but on that mightier arm which can and will sustain in all times and all places.

E. N. L. Thompson.

* A very handsome unpublished note found in the South.

"I HAD TO."

LITTLE Effie had spent several weeks with us, going home only for an occasional day. Once she stayed with her friends over the Sabbath. The day was long, and she was restless, because no one read to her there and she could not read well herself. After a while an uncle called; he was out of tobacco and wanted some badly. He was ashamed to be seen at the tobacconist's on the Lord's day, and sent this child for the vile weed. Effie took the money, and soon returned with the paper of tobacco; but she kept thinking it over after her return, and finally told us of it. "Was it right, Effie, to buy things on God's day?" I inquired. "No, ma'am." "What made my little girl do so?" "I had to!" "Had to do wrong, and break God's commandment, who says, 'Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy'?" "Yes, ma'am!" "No, my child, you did not have to do so; you must never do so again, but tell your uncle, or any one who bids you do such a thing, that it is disobeying God to do so. If he had asked me to buy an article on God's day, do you think I should have done so?" "No, ma'am." "Why not?" Little Effie thought a long time, and then answered, "Because you love God." Annie Isa.

WOODYING UP

It is a lively scene—the brilliantly lighted boat lying at the wharf, while the crew carry the wood on board that must be burned in the furnaces, to make the steam for the engines. Great flaring torches give light in the wood yard. There is a glare from the tops of the tall chimneys as the furnace fires glow. And far up in the quiet stars burns on serenely. Pretty soon there will be wood enough taken on board, and then they will cast off the lines, and the great wheels will turn, and the pilot will be at his post, and the boat will go swiftly along on its voyage. But it must burn the wood to make the steam, or else the engines would stand still.

So, if you want the engines of your mind to run, you must stop sometimes to "wood up." You must read and think, so as to give your mind something good to think on. And you must ask the Great Pilot, the loving Saviour, to guide you so that your course in life will be right.

EDITOR'S CORNER.

HE other day I was called to attend the funeral of a little boy whom I knew very well, as he was a neighbor and playmate of my own children. He had not been sick very long, and, indeed, almost before we knew that he was seriously ill, we were told he was dead. He looked very natural as he lay in his little coffin, it almost seemed as if he were only lying in a little bed, and when he had had his sleep out would get up. But no; he has been buried out of Reach—that is, his body has been. His soul has gone to be with Jesus.

Now why do I tell you about death, children? Certainly not because I would like you to be all likely to die at once. I suppose that most of you who read these words have a good many years yet to live. That at least is what we call the probability, in your case. But the death of this little friend of mine has impressed upon me the uncertainty of the life even of children. So I want you to think about the matter.

If your father had told you that he was going to take you on a long journey some time, he could not say just when, you would be very sure to have all your preparations made so that you could go at any time. You would not want to be hurried off unprepared. Now there is just one thing certain in regard to the future of every one of us, and that is that some time we must die—take the great journey into eternity. If we are wise, we shall be ready for that journey, shall we not? For, think a moment, children; if we are ready to die, we are ready to live. If you now, while you are children, are ready to take the great journey out into eternity, you are really ready to live here. Because, to be prepared for that journey means to love Jesus and trust in him, and so to be sure of being happy with him for ever. Certainly it is just this that makes us fit to live. So, however strangely it may sound, we are not ready to live till we are ready to die. It does not make our life one single day shorter to be ready for the end of life. But it should make us happier to know that we are ready to go on the great journey whenever our Heavenly Father calls us. Indeed how can any one, even the little child, be really happy, when he knows that he may be about to die at any time, and that he is not ready?

So I think there is a useful lesson for you, dear children; not a sad, gloomy lesson, out of the coffin of my little friend. Be ready for death, even though you may expect to live till your hair is white. Ready for death, you are ready for life now and for evermore.
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HIS ADMITTANCE

This is what the German words on the gate-post mean. But Mistress "Crumpelhorn" does not care a bit for the prohibition, it is all the same to her whether you say, "No Admittance!" or "Verbotener Eingang!" When she sees a gate open, and tender fresh grass within, she is going in. Master Fritz, in spite of his exertions, will not be able to stop her. But the fault is his. You see he was put there to keep the gate shut. But he got to chasing butterflies, or something of the kind, and left the gate open, and of course Mistress "Crumpelhorn" took advantage of it.

Fritz remembered his duty too late. He will be sorry enough when the flower beds are trampled down and the beautiful lawn injured by the cheney cow. He may count himself fortunate if he gets off with a good, sound punishment.

Children, you are all gate-keepers; and unless you are watchful there will harm come to the gardens you are set to guard. The gardens are your hearts. Evil thoughts, evil motives, evil purposes, are the destructive beings that will break in, unless you keep constant watch. And do not trust to your own care only. Ask God to set a watch over you, and protect your hearts from the intrusion of these evil things.

GUY MONROE.

There was a slight pause in the conversation at the breakfast-table, and Gray's voice broke in upon the silence with, "Papa, I want a pony ever so much. Jim Chase has one."
"Why, my boy," papa replied, "the purchase of a pony would be a rich bit of extravagance for a poor man like me. You must remember Jim Chase has a rich father." "Oh," moaned Gay, "I wish we were rich. Any way, you might buy me a bicycle; we would have to learn to feel that. Will Smith has one, and jolly times he has with it." "You don't know what you ask, my son," Mr. Monroe replied gravely, "A bicycle would cost as much as a pony; and if I could afford to buy one, you are far too small to use it." "Well," persisted Gay, "I could ride a velocipede, and they only cost five dollars. I should certainly think you could get me one of those." "Is there anything else that you think I might purchase for your benefit?" inquired Mr. Monroe, "because, if there is, you might as well speak of it now." "Oh, yes," said Gay gayly, "I want a watch. Ever so many of the boys wear watches. And one thing I must have this very day, and that's a decent ball, that miserable little five-cent one is too small for anything." "A pony, a bicycle, a velocipede, a watch, and a ball!" said Mr. Monroe. "To meet these modest demands your mother would be obliged to dispense with her new cloak, and I to wear my shabby overcoat for yet another winter. Of course, you would want your new suit all the same, and new skates and a new sled would be considered indispensable as the winter advanced. But perhaps we might afford to purchase some of these articles if your mother and I wore our old clothes and gave up a few of the luxuries of the table. Would that suit you, my son?" "O papa, you know it would n't. I'm not so great a pig as to take all the nice things, and let you and mamma scrip at such a rate. But you can't blame me, papa, if I long sometimes for the things which I see other boys have." "The boys who have these 'things' for which you long are very few compared with the great mass of boys who don't begin to have the comforts and privileges which you enjoy. The hint suggests, 'A matter of life or death' in the abundance of the things which he possessed. And so a boy's life is not to be judged by his outward possessions. Many of the men whom the world delights to honor have suffered great privations in boyhood, and have risen to eminence only by the exercise of the greatest courage and perseverance. Bicycles, velocipedes, and expensive balls are not absolutely necessary for your best physical and mental growth."

"Oh, dear, what big words you use! What sort of a thing is 'physical and mental growth'?"

"Physical applies to the body, and mental to the mind, and neither is a rich as 'velocipede,' which you seem to find a very simple word. We wish your body to grow large and strong, and so we plan for warm garments and healthful food and exercise. We wish your mind to grow likewise, and we send you to school and teach you in many ways at home. Now what do you think I mean by all that I have said?"

"Oh, you don't want me to cease you any more for ponies and toys, but to think how many nice things I have, and that, after all, it is n't the things which make the boy, but the spirit which is in him."

"That's it exactly; and now perhaps that five-cent ball will do for a few days longer."

**THE DINOSAUR.**

It is a good deal of a bird, is it not? See how much larger it is than the ostrich, and compare the native New Zealander standing by its side. This bird belonged to a race that is now, so far as we know, extinct. Learned men, who have made the subject a study, can tell from the bones pretty nearly what the

shape of the dinosaur was. Some of these birds were eight or ten feet high, and some reached up to the height of twelve or fourteen feet.

The men who found the bones found with them fragments of eggs, from which it is judged that the egg of the dinosaur must have been fourteen inches long, and capable of containing as much as 250 common hen's eggs.

These of our readers who live in or near New York City can see the skeletons of some of these birds in the American Museum of Natural History, Central Park.

It was a wonderful world that God made, and the more we find out about its wonders, the more we ought to remember and admire his greatness and power.

**KATIE'S TRUST.**

A TRUE STORY.

"Katie, it is time for you to start for school."

Nineteen-year-old Katie slowly laid down her story-book, put on her hat, and took her books and lunch-basket from the table. Then she lifted her face for her mother's good-by kiss. Mrs. Gray gave the kiss, but she was very busy and did not notice that Katie's eyes were full of tears.

"Hurry, dear, or you will be late," she said.

The little girl went reluctantly through the yard, and out into the quiet street. For a little while there were houses, but soon Katie turned a corner. The street she had now entered had lately been made. There were no houses upon it, and a great many cows fed on the grass at the side. Katie had not always lived in the country, and she was terri-

ably afraid of these great horned animals. Yet it was a whole mile to the schoolhouse, and she knew she must go quickly. Looking straight down at the ground, she be-

gan to run as fast as her feet would carry her. Before long she heard a sound, and 'looking up saw a large cow not three feet away. Katie gave a little cry. The cow lifted its head and looked at her with its big, soft eyes. The poor little girl was frightened almost out of her wits. She thought the cow would run up into the air with those dreadful horns. What should she do? She stood quite still. It seemed as if she could not go on. Just then she thought of something that her Sunday-school teacher had said. "Wherever you are, whatever you are doing, God is close beside you. He is just as really beside you as if you could see him. If you are afraid, you can whisper a little prayer, and he will take care of you." A sweet smile crept into Katie's face. She closed her fingers as if she were holding tight to her mother's hand. She felt as if someone were beside her. "O Jesus, take care of me. Do n't let the cow hurt me," she whispered. Was Katie afraid now? No, she felt as safe as if the cows were the other side of a high fence.

Katie was foolish to be afraid of the gentle cows, but they taught her the great lesson of trust and fear. May she keep it through all her life!

**THE LORD'S MONEY.**

"Bertie, Bertie, is n't this a shame?" cried little Caspar Dennis, as he held up a silver quarter for his older brother to look at.

It was a bright quarter, and at first sight there was nothing the matter with it, but closer inspection showed that it had been bored, and the hole had afterwards been carefully filled up.

"They would n't take it where I bought my slates," said Caspar ruefully, "and then I tried to pass it at the candy-shop, and the lady shook her head, and when I offered it to the conductor in the car, he was quite cross, and asked me if I did n't know how to read. When I said 'Yes, of course I did,' he pointed to a notice in big letters, 'No mutilated coins received here.' What shall I do with it?" finished the little fellow with a sigh.

"You have no idea who gave it to you, have you, Caspar?" said Bertie.

"Not the least. It is part of the changes I had from Uncle John's Christmas gift to me."

"Well, you must be sharper next time."
THE CHILD'S PAPER.

Now, if I were you, I would put it into the Missionary Box. The Society will work it all somehow.

"But I don't want to put a whole quarter in the box.

"It is not a whole quarter, Casp, it's a quarter that's had a hole in it. Nobody'll take it from you. You may just as well get rid of it that way as in any other." Bertie and Caspar Hall were in their father's library when this conversation took place. They thought themselves alone. But just on the other side of a curtain which divided the room from the parlor, their little cousin Ethel was sitting. As Caspar moved towards the mantel where the family missionary box stood in plain sight, Ethel drew the curtain aside, and spoke to him.

"Boys," she said, "I did not mean to listen, but I could not help overhearing you, and Caspar dear, don't drop that quarter into the box, please."

"Why not, Ethel?"

"The Lord's money goes into that box."

Bertie looked up from his Latin grammar to meet the glowing face of the little girl. Her eyes were shining, and her lip quivered a little, but she spoke gravely.

"It was the lamb without blemish, don't you know, that he had to offer to the Lord. If you saw Jesus here in this room, you would like to say, 'I give this to Thee,' because nobody else will have it.' It was gold, frankincense, and myrrh, the wise men offered the infant Jesus."

The boys drew nearer Ethel. She went on.

"It isn't much we can give to him who gave himself to us, but I believe we ought to give him our best, and what costs us something. Excuse me, but it seems mean to drop a battered coin into God's treasury, just to get it out of sight."

Caspar and Bertie agreed with Ethel. They were about to do wrong from want of thought. Are there no older people who should remon...
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