

THE
CHILD'S PAPER.

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AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, NEW YORK.

JUNE, 1877.



THE GAZELLE.

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." K.

—1877—

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-

thing, he had the bridle of his horse tied to the horns of two soldiers on either side, and so was led into the battle. The English conquered, and this old king John was killed. The prince of Wales, the son of the king of England, was only fifteen years old, but he fought very bravely. When King John fell, this young prince took the motto of the old man for his own. It was of two words, in German, which mean, "I serve." The princes of Wales keep this motto to this day. Does it not seem as if it would have been more natural for a king's son to take "I rule" for a motto?

With what spirit did Christ, himself the King of kings, come into this world? For thirty years, long after he was a man grown, he served his father and mother, quietly doing his work at home. Then, the three years that he went about preaching, did he appear like a king? No, he had no home, but went from place to place, teaching men to be humble. "And whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant." Once, you remember, he took water and washed his disciples' feet! He taught that it was better to be the servant of God than the king of men.

Let us take this motto, "I serve," for ours. Let us count it the greatest joy and the highest honor to be a servant of God. Let us pray for strength to do his will, even in the smallest and lowliest of duties, remembering the promise that those who serve him on earth shall reign with him in heaven. *Sadie M. Der.*

THE TWIN COUSINS.

FRANK and Fred Kessler were twin cousins. At least that was what their grandfather called them, for they were both born on the same day. People sometimes say that twins are alike, but these twin cousins were not at all alike. Fred was a generous little fellow, who shared all his pleasures with his sister and baby brother. Frank was very selfish and careless of the pain or pleasure which he gave to his only sister Minnie.

Grandpa noticed with grief how this habit of thinking only of self grew, as all bad habits will, upon his little grandson. He talked to Frank many times, but seemingly without effect. At length he determined upon a lesson. On the morning of their eleventh birthday he sent to each of the boys a book of beautiful pictures. In the course of the forenoon grandfather started out to call on each of his grandsons. He went first to Frank's. Entering the parlor he saw Frank and Minnie at the window. Frank was flying a toy-balloon. As grandpa opened the door he heard Minnie say, "O Frank, please let me hold the string a minute."

"I want to hold it myself," said Frank. "Just once. I'll give it right back."
"I won't, so there. What a tease you are!"
"You are real mean," said Minnie, half crying. "You want let me do anything. I should think you might let me look at those pretty pictures grandpa gave you."

"Yes, and have you thumb the pictures all up. Look at your own books."

"Come and show them to me then."
"I do not want to look at pictures. I want to fly this balloon," said Frank shortly, watching with interest the rising and sinking of the bright-headed globe.

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 nettle sprang out his eyes. 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 an always a party at grandpa's. Late in the afternoon grandpa called the children together under the shade of his favorite elm.

"Come, John," called grandpa.

From behind some bushes came John 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 ambition. 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.

Christine Eack.

MINNIE'S RED SASH.

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

MINNIE was invited to a party. She had just had given to her a bright red sash which she thought very pretty, and wished to wear it to the party. The day came bright and sunny, just the day for a party. While dressing her 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 this Minnie having had her mind set on wearing the red one, stamped her little foot angrily, and said, "I won't go at all if I can't wear the red one."

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

"I won't stay at home, I'll go and wear my red sash too."

"Minnie you may go to your room and there stay until I call you," said her mother. Minnie obeyed but it was 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," said she, "repeat the fifth commandment."

Minnie repeated it, saying, "Honor 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 fondly 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 size playful rabbits? Boys know that there is just so much difference in rabbits as there is in horses. I know a boy who has a pair of Himalayas. The body of a Himalayas rabbit is covered with fine white fur. The eyes are large and lustrous, and glance and flash with wonderful brilliancy. They are quite red, and when the rabbit stands when it is partially dark, these pretty, red eyes look like two balls

of him. But the most remarkable part of the description is put in green. Every Himalaya rabbit has a black nose, a 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 would be afraid he should not catch it? 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 boy, who was making faces on the sly at his teacher.

Gill each extremity is a clear, handsome black. Now I want to draw a useful lesson from this peculiarity.

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, just 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 n't 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. Egbert L. Baugh.



FALLS OF THE YELLOWSTONE.

Texas falls are found in the Grand Cañon 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 Cañon, 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.

There is one very curious thing about these strangely-marked Himalayas. At first they have no spots at all. They are perfectly white as soon as they have any fur, but in a few weeks, just the faintest possible shade begins to appear on each little nose, tail and paw, and it spreads and grows darker and darker,

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 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 get about all the time with a sad face. The holy child can be the happiest child that lives. I do not know how it comes about, 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 one leads to 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 god-like. But do you ask, "Can I, a little child, be godlike?" I answer, Yes. That is what our Heavenly Father asks of every human 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; he never fails, 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 exactly 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 Saviour'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. *We will feel that Christ is really with him.*

Dear children, it is a blessed thing 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.



SUMMER WEATHER

ITV' books are blowing
O'erhead to the seas
Gulls become blowing
Buffs through the trees.

Little birds are raising
High their songs of love,
Each one kindly giving
Chorus, the Lord above.

Insects too, and clouds
Like the wanderer above;
White great hills broad o'er,
Gathering valleys green.

Little white clouds flying
Through the sky so blue,
Everything is trying
What it best can do.

Children's voices singing
Gayly through the leaves,
Joy and gladness bringing,
Like the birds and flowers.

Little hearts so cheery
Brighten with their love
Familiar hearts grown weary,
Waiting rest above.

EVENING PRAYER

From the Garden

BY MISS A. WOODS.

AM silent and seek repose,
Beneath my twilight bow I close,
Father, let Thy merciful eyes,
In shadow see where I lie;
Have I sinned thus this day?
Wash me clean as Jesus' blood.

Thou shalt smite the leprosy good,
All my iniquity, dear Father, keep
In Thy strong hand while they sleep;
Great that great and small may be
Safely, kindly kept by Thee;

Send sweet rest to hearts in pain,
Close the weeping eyes again,
Let the moon in heaven keep
Watch above the world asleep.

Watch above the world asleep.

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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, Bess?" asked
Mrs. Stansly, when the day had really 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 cunning folk."
Mamma frowned.

"Where are my driving gloves?" called Mr.
Stansly. "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 hole," said papa.
"Never mind, mamma, we don't move every
day, you know."

"I wish we did," whispered Bess.
Bess 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 full of spring voices.

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

Bess looked up at the plain square bonnet.
"I guess we shall mix the stripe and the
show window," 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 altogether too soon, and
there was the unpacking to be done.

Well, it was a strenuous day for all, so that
when mamma put the girls to bed, Bess drew
out one stocking slowly asking, "Wont they
ever move to heaven, mamma?"

"No, dear," said Mrs. Stansly.
"But everything'll be nice all the time then,
squirts and violets and all."

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

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

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

How blessing.

INDEX

The Scripture Pages in Child's Paper for May.	
1. Hebrews	July 15-16
2. Colossians	July 17-18
3. Oth-iel	July 19-20
4. Edam	July 21-22
5. WITH	July 23-24
6. HU-	July 25-26
7. MIL-	July 27-28
8. Iona	July 29-30
9. TV-	July 31

SCRIPTURE INDEX

- The place where King Solomon's bury was built.
- The tribe to which Shimei belonged.
- The warrior who slew Goliath's brother.
- The cap-beaver who was "and" in his mamma's presence.
- The stone by which Jonathan laid David's remains.
- The mother of Anahel.
- The laborer who was "high water death for the work of Christ."
- The name by which the father-in-law of Moses is first mentioned.

The initials of the above names form a word which should inspire us with both gratitude and hope.

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1877.

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THE CHILD'S PAPER.



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MAY, 1882.



“HE TOOK HER BY THE HAND, AND THE MAID AROSE.”

JESUS AND THE DAUGHTER OF JARICH.

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 maiden 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 unrepentance, and sin” back into “a river of life.” The same Jesus who has power over death has power over sin. He can take it away. He can make the stony 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; will not thou make it to live?” He

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 saw-mill 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 WEEK.

MARY was consulting 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 those 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.

"Mamma," 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. Leonard. "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 spoke 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 answers with equal force that woe, misery, destruction are surely awaiting 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 sinners of the doom that their own actions invite. They might have a blessing by becoming humble and penitent. 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 who by word or life reject, and cause others to reject, the salvation offered in Christ Jesus."

Mary E. C. Wynn.

THE NEW HAT.

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

"Late or not, I shall take time to finish dressing as I please," replied Lou Governor slowly and deliberately putting on her hat before she gazed 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: "Wont 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 first 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 imitate you in every way. Besides, Mr. Wilson says it is wrong for us to either envy our neighbor, or purposely excite envy in others as he has seen some of us do."

"Didn't he, though, give us a lecture on pride, envy, and jealousy? Daisy Sandford said she knows two-thirds of it was meant for her, for he passed her on his way to Sunday-school just as she was telling Missie Brace how mad she had made Lilly 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 taunted Lilly as not being able to get a pair like them, and how she would not wear red mittens to church, or Sunday-school either. Lilly's mother can't afford to get her any better, and it was unspiritual in Daisy to show her gloves off with such pride to excite Lilly's envy or anger, when, too, she knew her mother was too poor to get her anything better than the nice warm mittens she wore."

"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 greatly 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 with her; but she could not explain, 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 on their way to Sunday-school; among them Daisy Sandford, Maggie Armstrong, and Lilly Bush. But as soon as Lou made her appearance there was evidently less ease among the girls.

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

"Well, any how," 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 hasn't she a stunner this time. Silks and feathers and satin ribbons. I do not believe father will give me money enough to get one near 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 humility; of his lowly 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 braves. And even Lou Grosvenor, who at first had held her head rather high hoping all would notice her new hat, felt a blush tinge 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 pained 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."

J. K. S.

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 so weary that a bright red spot burned on each cheek. The baby was fretting. He was tired of his toys, and wanted somebody to hold him awhile. Lame brother Hugh looked up with a sad face as Lulu spoke. They all needed 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 she took out the banding threads for her mother. She felt happier than she would have done had she gone to visit Edith, for she had gained a victory.

M. K. S.



SNAPPER

SNAPPER was a rat terrier, and was in the rat trap 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 one at a time in his 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, defenceless things. But no; she somehow seemed to know that they must not be 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 have always been 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 ever were 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 these 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 aright, 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.

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CHERRIES ARE RIPE.

The two sisters in the picture are having a feast. I think those cherries are great black cherries—sweet and luscious. 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?

LOUIS' FOURTH OF JULY.

The tears would come, one big drop and then another, faster than Louis could wipe them away. It was so hard to be sick Fourth of July. For two or three days, one of the first

ing and the last at night, Louis' tired head, had been the report of dozens of torpedoes, and once in a while the rattle of a bunch of firecrackers. And now to-morrow was the "Fourth" itself.

"Dear me!" said Louis softly, his 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 did want to go to the woods so much," and again the little red bordered handkerchief wiped off the tears that would chase each other down his pale face.

Louis 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's know of our thoughts, the better they can tell how to care for us. In a moment she went towards the bed, and

"Have I been gone too long, Louis? Never mind, to-morrow's the Fourth, and I expect we'll have grand times here, all by ourselves. I should have to stay here all alone if it wasn't for you. I'd be lonely enough, wouldn't I? Let's see. It's time for sick

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, Louis," 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.

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

The sun shone and everything looked very delightful out of Louis' window. Even the trees and flowers, as they swung in 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 Louis 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 happens, these disappointments, I mean."



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 so Louis' thoughts wandered off to the mansions above, and by the time the sound of the last wagon wheels died away he was fast asleep.

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

Then while they ate, 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 to not war, 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-rope, ready to ring forth the joyous peal of liberty. Outside the hall where the men were met stood a little boy, eager to carry the news to the watcher at the church. When the word came, never did foot ring 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 guess I should have run faster, if 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 haven't anything else," he added aloud. "I've got 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. Withers.

TWO BIRTHDAYS IN ONE. BOBA'S SOLEILOUV.

I HAVE been having a talk with my mother. It is her birthday. I always like her birthday because we are all so happy. I like to surprise her with my little gift among the rest. But to-day I went into her room and saw a look on her face. I never exactly saw there before on her birthday. She was reading her Bible, and I looked over her shoulder and saw her write some words in the margin of her Bible. She often marks verses. Sometimes she makes a line under one word in a verse, or two words, and then a line around the verse. This time I saw her write "Two Birthdays to-day." She did not tell me to go away, but bent down and kissed me. I asked her then what that meant. She told me. I shall not forget. I shall mark that verse, and maybe some day I shall have two birthdays in one year. I am afraid I have not yet. She said that verse was the one she loved best of all, as it was the one that led her to

Christ. It was when she was a little girl no older than I. Her teacher preached from it, and she was listening very carefully, for she was not happy, and he was telling how Christ was crucified to take away our sin. He made it very plain, and he made Christ appear very precious. All at once she saw it. She loved Him as her Saviour from sin. Then she loved Him as her Saviour. Before she knew it, she said, it was her soul's birthday. And to-day it happened that that very chapter, with that for the first verse, was her chapter in course, for she reads one every day. And she had not counted nor thought of it, but began to read it on her birthday. And that is how she has two to-day. Her verse is the first one in the third of Galatians. Just the last part. I shall take it for mine.

J. F. K.



A FOREST SCENE

I FANCY that it is so quiet in that forest that you can almost hear the silence. There is no human being stirring among those trees. It is a lonely place. It may be miles from any human habitation. But you would find every leaf and flower and bird just as perfect here in this forest solitude as where men congregate. All the work that God does is complete and perfect. That teaches us a lesson, does it not? We should strive to do all our work well, whether it is work that is to be seen or not. God sees all the work we do, the work in our own hearts as well as that which is seen by others. He wants this secret work done well. "Be ye therefore perfect," is his law for all of us.

TWO BLUE PENCILS.

"BEEN a time as I had in school to-day, grandpa," said little Frank.

Frank was sitting, as he loved to sit in the twilight, on a low stool at grandpa's side.

"A very happy time, I hope," spoke grandpa's pleasant voice.

"Oh, no, grandpa, a very bad time indeed. But I didn't make it; I was doing sums, trying to be real good, when all of a sudden I missed my little blue pencil, and looking round I saw George Parsons writing his words with it. I just didn't like it, grandpa; I'll

always lend my things, but I don't like folks to take 'em without asking; and so I pulled his sleeve, and I motioned to him to give it to me, but he only stared at me, and went on writing words. And then I couldn't stand it any longer; I forgot the rule and all, and called out real loud: "George Parsons, you've got my pencil, and you know it, and I just want you to give it back to me?" And—O grandpa! what do you think I had to do then? Go and sit on the front bench, and lose five minutes of my recess! I had to do both those dreadful things, all through George Parsons. But just the minute I got out, I went after him, and I told him I wanted my pencil straight, and—do you know, grandpa?—he wouldn't give it to me; for all I asked and asked, he's got it yet; he went home with it in his pocket. But he'll have to give it to me, won't he, grandpa?"

Frank panted with a big sigh. "But what did he say?" asked grandpa thoughtfully.

"Oh, he said it wasn't mine, it was his; that his mother gave it to him, and he guessed he was n't going to give it to me."

"Then you really think this was your pencil, and George took it? So he must have told a story too," continued grandpa, in the same thoughtful tone. "Did you ever detect him in one before, Frankie?"

"N—o, grandpa."

"And you looked thoughtfully for the pencil, of course; in your desk, and all around?"

"Why, no, grandpa! What was the use when I knew that George had got it?"

"You knew, Frank? How? You did not see him take it?"

"N—o. But there it was gone, and—and—George never had a blue pencil, and—I know—"

Grandpa shook his head. "This is a bad business, Frank," he interrupted gravely. "You accuse George Parsons of taking your pencil, and then of lying about it, all on a mere supposition, without any proof at all. A bad business, my boy, but there is only one thing you can do now. Promise me to look for your pencil to-morrow."

"Yes, grandpa."

"And if you find it—"

Frank understood. "Of course," he broke in, with a little flush; but, "of course, I know, he's got it," he said softly to himself.

So Frank said to himself over and over next morning on his way to school. But—

Long before the twilight hour he came to grandpa with a drooping head and deeply flushed face.

"O grandpa," he faltered, "I am more ashamed than I can tell. For almost the first thing I saw this morning was my pencil sticking out of a crack inside my desk. It must have dropped in there. And George saw it, too, and—"

"And!" echoed grandpa anxiously.

"Oh, I did," continued Frank quickly. "I took my slate right off, and I wrote: 'Dear George, I'm so sorry! Can you ever forgive'

me?—And George wrote back right off: 'Dear Frank, you; only I wish you wouldn't act so mean again till you know.'

"Well, that was the right way to do," said grandpa. "And I am glad George Ferrons 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, Frankie."

"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.

—Eosa Gibbard.

A Hindoo 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 faces; but that was not all. At last a happy thought occurred to the Hindoo. With sudden joy, he exclaimed, "Hallelujah!" The New Zealander, in delight cried out, "Amen!"

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

AN EGYPTIAN WATER WHEEL.

EGYPT is a dry country, and so if anything it is to be grown in its soil, the land must be watered. The picture shows one way of doing this. The bullock turns the big cog wheel as he is driven round and round at the end

of the sweep. The cog-wheel turns another wheel which is placed directly over the well. A rope made from myrtle twigs runs over this wheel, and to it are fastened buckets, which go down into the well empty, and coming up full pour their contents into a trough. And so the clumsy machinery goes creaking on, but the land is watered and the crops grow. That is the great thing after all. So I think we can learn the lesson that if we cannot have just the machinery, or just the things we want, we will do the best we can with what we have. We may accomplish a good deal after all.

EDITOR'S CORNER.



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.

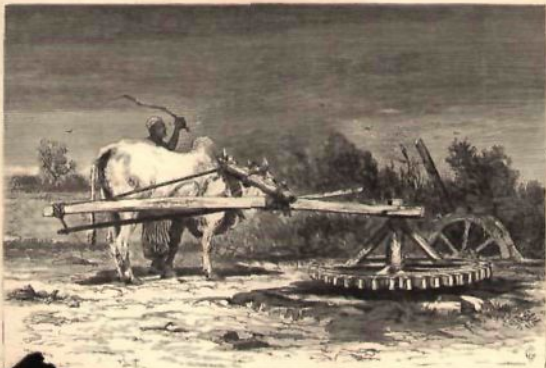
But Mary, as we will call her, has been trying hard to correct this bad habit. The other day her mamma was sick, and Mary had a good deal of work to do in putting the house in order. She did it very thoroughly and well. But scarcely was everything nicely arranged before Nettie, Mary's four-year old sister, 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, is n'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 every one 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 words 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.



CASTLE BUILDING.

BY R. A. L.

Lay the blocks on very even,
 Finish them skillfully with care;
 Ah, thy nimble hand is growing
 Large and high and very true.

Little Nellie's eyes are watching
 As the painted walls spring;
 She and Carlo think there's something
 Half so grand beneath the skies.

Keep thy patience, little builder;
 Work and learn thy work under;
 If the walls fall down before then,
 Older walls have fallen too.

Older houses have oft crumbled,
 Carved large and fair as thine,
 Built with every hope and heart-heat,
 Yet they crumbled and decayed.

What use so fine is really finding
 Over years has had to wait;
 Work again, and build thy tower;
 Some day thou wilt be repaid.

For a temple fair and stately
 Patient hands shall slowly raise,
 Reaching to the cloudless azure,
 Radiant with celestial beams.

HELEN'S DIFFICULTY.

HELEN PRYSTON 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 in, and seeing the small figure in the chair, said, "Why, Helen, what's the matter? You look completely puzzled."

"So I am, Auntie. Why did not he praise the man for taking such good care of his one pound? If he did not want to use it, why was not it right to keep it carefully until the owner's return?"

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

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

Mrs. Vernon 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?"

Helena glanced down at the open Bible to 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 way as would make it most profitable to the owner."

Helena'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?"

Helena 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 has given us."

"What things, little girl?" questioned Auntie.

"Time, and—and the being able to do things—" Helen hesitated; it was not 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 power lie idle—to do nothing when we might do something—is being unfaithful to him who has trusted as with it."

"Like the man with the one pound," put in Helena.

"Just so; Jesus wanted to teach us that neglect to use what God has given us is to neglect good use of it also. Suppose, Helen, it was grain, instead of money, that this man gave to his servants. All but one sowed it 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 rusted 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 often think that we 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 it that way," said Helena, with a very sober look.

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

ANNIE E. S. BOARD.

THE SAGACIOUS 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 absent 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, consuming one immediately and leaving the other untouched. The officer, knowing the sagacity of his favorite, saw immediately the fraud that had been practiced, and made the man confess his crime.

PRECEPT—PROMISE—PRAYER.

WALK on the Lord, and keep his way. Psal. 27: 34.
 The Lord is good unto them that wait for him, to the soul that seeketh him. Lam. 3: 25.
 Hear my prayer, O Lord, and let my cry come unto thee. Psalms 102: 1.

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THE CHILD'S PAPER



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GRABBING RIDES.

One 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 hunch-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 scanned 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 street-car; 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."

"Well, Martin," said I, "I don't believe

the good man for whose sake you were named ever stole."

"I don't steal!" and my little companion

fixed his brown eyes upon me with a look of wonder and indignation.

"I do n't believe he told lies, either," I continued.

"Neither do I tell lies."

"I took you for a little crippled boy a few minutes ago."

"Oh, the brown eyes dropped, 'I was only foolin'."

"Fooling whom?"

"Why, the car-driver."

"You did n't fool me."

"No, ma'am, I was n't trying to."

"Nor yourself."

"Of course not!"

"Nor God."

No answer.

"I am afraid, Martin," said I, "that if you keep on 'foolin' 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 unfitted for work or pleasure. But it would be a far greater pity to grow up a deceitful boy, with a conscience wasted 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 will 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. SMITH.

WINNER'S PRIZE.

"HURRY UP, Miss Winkle! the bell is ringing now, and you ought to have studied your lesson last night, instead of taking a

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

Still Winnie Marsh dallied, with book in hand and hair yet disheveled; the second bell was ringing, and *tick, the clock, about 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. Punctuality 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

and who studied at the right time, gained the prize. "I am sorry you had 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.

PAVING-STONES

Two blocks of hard stone that are so much used in paving the streets in New York city



was the largest river in New England, but in her haste and confusion she said the Merrimack. Only perfect marks for the entire month secured the box of "Water Colors," and Winnie Marsh being 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,

was quarrelled from the Fallsides—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 be, but do!

"MAKE OTHER ONES HAPPY."

It was examination day at Bertie's school. Some of the mothers and aunties 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 were the school committee, Dr. Bell and 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 "Swing," "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 other ones happy."

"Yes, yes," said Dr. Bell. "I like Bertie's 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 Nell 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 Bridget. Then 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 if they 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 I wished you, children?"

"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. LILAS PERRY.

MARY'S QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

THE SECOND ONE.

"Woe unto you scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye devour widows' houses, and for a pretence make long prayers; therefore ye shall receive the greater damnation."

Mary repeated the words slowly and thoughtfully. Then she sat silently for a time. She was wond to think well for herself before asking questions concerning her Bible lessons.

"I was thinking of the contrast, mamma," she said at length. "The second benediction is 'Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.' This 'woe' so terrible, is

spoken to those who make mourners by their afflictions and persecutions. I wonder," added the little girl reflectively, "if there are any persons nowadays so wicked as the scribes and Pharisees."

"Human nature is the same in all ages," answered Mary's mother. "The sins of to-day are but old foes with new faces. The scribes and Pharisees were indeed great sinners, and incurred fearful doom. But the great adversary is the same arch tempter of souls in this day as in theirs. Obeying the promptings of the evil one, and spurning the teachings of the Saviour, the scribes and Pharisees heaped sin upon sin, until their own perceptions of right became blinded. They taught their fellow-men, who looked up to them as leaders, to reject the only true light, and thus shut the door of the kingdom of heaven upon them. Then, having turned the minds of such away from the one true leader, and caused them to believe instead in themselves, they used the confidence thus gullibly obtained to hope and defraud the most helpless of their believers, the widows. They devoured widows' houses. In other words, by one artifice or another they obtained possession of the property of widows. No doubt the great pretensions that these Pharisees made of extraordinary piety and philanthropy induced many persons to believe that these men were safe guardians of their worldly goods, and led them to entrust to their execrable property their property. There were then, as there are now, abundant means of betraying trusts and of cheating the unsuspecting. These Pharisees and scribes did not simply *deceit and ruin*, to their own enrichment, defenceless widows and orphans."

"And for a pretence make long prayers," said Mary sadly.

"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 indeed, but the pretence, 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 serious 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 leucate is better than a woe. O mamma, I wonder why the scribes and Pharisees could not see it too."*

"Because having willfully 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 home is a bark shanty. Their table 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 thus they spend a few weeks.

Sometimes a whole family will go out camping, and the boys and girls enjoy it as much as anybody. We might, I suppose, all of us live in simpler ways than we do, and become the worse for it. What we need to learn is that we are not to live for mere pleasure, but for the good we can do. It is right for us to enjoy ourselves; but we will enjoy ourselves the most when we seek to be useful. If you do n't believe this, try it and see.

EDITOR'S CORNER.



VACATION is the word now, I suppose, among almost all the children. Vacations are good things when properly used. There is no one who is not the better for change and rest. There are some curious facts showing that even such a substance as iron, for example, needs rest if it is to endure the strains that are put upon it when it forms part of some structure. When the mind has been attentive to study during the school-year, even with play-hours every day and the Saturday holiday and the Sabbath rest, there is need that attention be relieved for a time, and that study be laid aside.

There is not the least difficulty in persuading you of this. You are glad enough when vacation comes, and perhaps you think you never will care to go back to school again. I know better than that.

But now while vacations from study are useful and pleasant, and while they help you to study better when you go back to your books, there are some things in which you never should take a vacation.

You never want to take 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 we can take a vacation in seeking 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 ready to 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. How glad he is if he 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 eating. 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. When, by God's grace we get to heaven, we shall never want any vacation in his service, for we shall be divinely and joyfully for ever in doing his holy will.



THE LITTLE COVALESCENT

BY G. S.

LOSE to the window, sweetest dear,
 Please move my chapelair;
 How beautiful is breakie again
 The morning's lovely air!
 How lonely are the trees and flowers,
 Gay birds sing sweetly,
 And everywhere I trace my eyes
 All nature smiles to me.

"I was a wayward child, mother,
 Often perverse and rude,
 Thoughts of duty and of God,
 The great, the wise, and good,
 And so he sent me to school,
 To silence my loud heart,
 And call me to my daily duty
 To choose the better part.

"I heard His voice at midnight, when
 Upon my chapelair I lay;
 I heard it at the day-dawn, when
 You lulled me with lullaby;
 It spoke in some solemn and deep
 But very lovingly;
 'Give me thy heart, my little child,
 Rise up, and follow me.'

"Father, I will, my spirit said;
 'I bear thy gracious voice,
 And gladly will I make myself free
 Thy holy way my choice.'
 And thus he gave me such sweet peace
 And patience and joy;
 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 lonely with you, as they played,
 On Bell and little leather;
 But now I bless the gracious hand
 In mercy sent to me,
 To make me live hereafter in God,
 And for eternity.

HOW NETTIE PLEASED NOT HERSELF.

"MAMMA, please give me my verse." Every morning it was Nettie Lane's custom to ask her mother for a little verse. Nettie was nine years old, and could read very well; but she liked for mamma to tell her 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 short verse, don't, but 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 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 would n'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 lessons are?" said Sue. "I'm better now, and want to try and catch up with the class. Maybe I can come back by next Monday."

Nettie hesitated; she was in a hurry, for the girls had a new game they were going to play that morning before school time. She was about to ask Sue to wait until afternoon, when all at once her morning verse came to mind.

"Yes, I'll show you," she said.

So she went in and showed Sue the lessons, and explained one or two difficult questions which the class had passed over in Sue's absence. Sue was very grateful; and Nettie ran away as fast as she could, but she was only in time, for the last bell rang a few minutes after she reached the schoolroom. She had lost the morning play, but was glad she had helped Sue.

"Nettie," called Uncle Ben from his buggy as he drove up to the door that afternoon, "I'll take you or Jennie out to the greenhouses."

"Oh, how splendid," cried Nettie, and ran off up stairs.

But on the way she remembered that Uncle Ben took her the last time. Surely she ought to let Jennie go now.

"But he said me first, and Jennie would know." And then Nettie's verse came to mind again.

She went quite slowly through the hall, and stopped a moment before she opened the door of her own and Jennie's room.

Jennie was putting away her writing materials.

"Do you want to go with Uncle Ben to the greenhouses?" asked Nettie, half hoping Jennie might be too busy to go.

"Oh, yes," said Jennie. "I'm just enough with my composition, and my head aches. I'll be glad of a ride."

"Jennie's going with you, Uncle Ben," said Nettie bravely, from the doorway.

"Yes?" said Uncle Ben, looking keenly at the little girl.

Jennie was soon ready, and rode gayly away. Nettie felt a little like crying when they were out of sight, for it did take a good deal of strength to keep from pleasing herself.

"I'm so glad your Uncle Ben took Jennie out," said Mrs. Lane. "she has had a headache all day."

"Nettie could have gone," said little Walter. "I know Uncle Ben told her first; I heard him."

"And you gave your place to Jennie, daughter?" asked Mrs. Lane.

"Yes, mamma, I went last time," said Nettie, blushing.

"I think you are remembering your verse, dear," said her mother, kissing her.

"I tried it," said Nettie. "But mamma, it's very hard to give up, even little things."

"Yes, Nettie, but little victories count for a great deal in the end, if they are attempted for Christ's sake."

Jennie declared the ride cured her head, and Uncle Ben brought a lovely bouquet, "for," he said, "the little girl who pleased not herself."

Lucy Randolph Fleming.

PRECEPT—PROMISE—PRAYER

HEARKEN unto me, O ye children; for I should be glad that they my words. Prov. 1:12.
 Do not my words be good to him that believeth uprightly? Micah 2:17.
 Let my heart be sound in the steatite. Ps. 139:16.

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CHILD'S PAPER.



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THE WATERFALL.

Down it comes pouring over the rocks! Here 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

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, pouring its full torrent down the precipice, has its origin back in some little trickling stream. Some where up in the hills, if you could find the little rinder, you could lay 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 lesson here about habits. They are the streams of our human nature. At first they are tiny little streamlets. They can easily be checked or stopped or turned. 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 perhaps plunge us over some abyss of evil. Oh, we must be on our guard what habits we form. Children can find it comparatively easy to correct bad habits, but it grows harder every year.

Will you learn this lesson from the waterfall, children? O.

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 had 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 quarter was quietly slipped into an unused compartment of the little pocket-book, until an opportunity offered to "give it to the Lord."

Time passed; but so temptation of goodies

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 speaking of her small possessions, she would say, "I have fifteen cents, that other is not mine, I shall give it to the Lord when he wants it."

At length a good missionary came to Mabel's Sunday-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 are sent 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 his way of life.

Mabel listened with great interest, and at the close of the sermon hastened to her mission with the joyful exclamation, "O mamma! the Lord has sent for his 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. S. Y.

RUBY'S COBWEBS

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

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

"I never thought much about cobwebs, auntie," she said, as she ran her loom across the room, talking down the ugly festooning. "I do n't call them hideous, though."

"I do," said auntie, "for I am always certain, when I see cobwebs in a house, that somebody in that house is not neat; and of course it must be either the mistress or the maiden who sweeps."

Ruby blushed a little at auntie's plain words, but she was her truest, best-loved friend since her mamma went to the home above, so she only laughed and said,

"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,

"There is another thing. Cobwebs make me think of some of our sins, besetting sins they are too, sometimes, like pride and selfishness. They do n't come to the front and get right before us all the time, like our naughty temptations, and so get swept out of the way. They hang up in the corners and dark places of our hearts, where we do n't mind them, but where they make our whole lives unclean and untidy. If we would but look up more,

more towards the light that cometh down from above, we should see these cobwebs of our pride and selfishness, and, by God's grace, work 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." M. S. Y. WALKER.

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. These 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



make mast for ships, and perhaps this tall tree, after the men have cut it down, will be the mast of a vessel, and go riding over the waves, instead of standing erect and firm in the forest.

It is wonderful, is it not, how such a great tree can grow from a small seed? But it does. You could carry a great many such seeds, if you chose, but you would laugh at any one who should ask you to carry the tree. The seed was put in the ground, or rather dropped from some other tree. It took root; then a slender stalk pushed itself up through the ground. You could have broken it off with one finger. But it kept on growing, and what was very good, it had from the start the habit of growing straight. If it had gone crooking about, with a bend here and a kink there, it would never have been the beautiful, noble pine-tree it now is. So it grew on, and when once it had got well started in this way of growing straight, there was nothing that could make it grow crooked. It stood up erect and firm against the storm, and just kept on growing.

Character is a good deal like that pine tree. It starts with a little seed of good in the heart. If only it grows straight from the start, how noble it becomes! The boy or girl of firm, erect 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 grandest thing on earth. OAK.

TOM'S TORCH

The lesson was on the seventh chapter of Judges, and 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 Mann's application was rather queer. "Are we not 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 Mann, Jim and I were 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."

"Puh! she does n't mean it that way," said Jim.

"Beg pardon, Miss Mann," said Tom awkwardly, "I believe I do n't quite understand."

"Gideon and his three hundred fought," said Miss Mann, "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 stage-coach who asked a passenger, 'Does you love Jesus?' She bore a torch, as did also the little boy who, on being asked to stand and tell 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 enter in the ranks of the Great Captain, to hold up a tiny light, or blow a loving psalm for Jesus?"

Merry eyes grew thoughtful. The boys knew the "old, old story," should they commit themselves in 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.

Miss Mann's eyes were moist. "Do n't think that it will be a perfectly easy task," she said. "There would be little virtue in well-doing if it never cost an effort. Be prepared for difficulties, and do n't forget to consult the Great Commander, or to watch for orders from him."

Tom and Jim walked thoughtfully home together. "It's no use to try," said Tom despondently; "a little boasting from Bell, 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 our promise, Tom."

"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 the house. "I suppose you've crawled like a snail 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!"

Tom thought some one else missed her son, and he was not the point of giving a word of two of crisp advice, but he thought of his torch, and was silent. He set himself pleasantly to his task of pleasing the little ones, and succeeded so well that his father smiled approvingly when he entered the room, and Bell said, "You really did do well for once."

"I wish I could go to meeting with you this evening, father," said Bell.

"And so you can," said Tom; "I'll put the children to bed and take prime care of the lion."

Mr. Walker looked at Tom inquiringly for a moment, and then said, "I think we can trust his, Bell."

Baby Amy was soon tucked away in her snug little crib, but Nellie was allowed to sit with Tom for a while. When the questioning lips were silent and the blue eyes closed in sweet slumber, Tom thought, "Is this bearing a torch for Jesus? Is this sending forth a zeal for him?" And he wished to hear the great Captain say, "Yes, Tom," and peace filled his soul.

When Bell and her father returned, Mr. Walker said, "Well done, my son. I am glad to see you display such a kind and helpful spirit. I have been selfishly absorbed in my own grief, and you are teaching us, dear children, how much there is still to live for."

Then Tom told him about his Sunday-school lesson, and his desire to be a torch-bearer in the service of Jesus.

"Well, Tom, how about your torch?" said Jim, one morning.

"Oh, we've all taken to bearing torches," Tom replied. "Bell is n't like the same girl, she scarcely ever grows at the now."

"Good!" said Jim. "We sha'n't be likely to forget Godson, and his faithful, three hundred."

E. K. K.

CRABS AND LOBSTERS.

THESE fellows, some of whom seem to be pretty much all claws, are shown as they appear in an aquarium. They live, on the whole, pretty amicably, I believe; but sometimes the lobster uses those spurs of his, which are two feet or so long, to whip or punish the crabs or fish that may get in his way. One would not like to get a nip from the claws of either crab or lobster. When one of them once takes hold he does not want to let go. That is not very pleasant to the victim, but it is a good trait of character in a child, if not in a crab. Don't give up! Persevere! There is nothing like an unyielding determination to conquer the difficulties in one's way. It is a good principle in everything you have to do—in study, in work, in rearing character—take hold, but do not let go easily.

EDITOR'S CORNER.



THERE is no reason that I know why children should not try to grow in goodness as well as in knowledge. Some little girls with whom I happen to be acquainted are convinced of

this. They want to grow more like Jesus, and they want to learn how to be useful. So they have established a little prayer-meeting among themselves, and they think it is helping them, as I have no doubt it is.

I do not know just how they conduct their

meeting, for, of course, I have never attended. But I have been told some things about it. They take some subject and see what the Bible says about it, and bring the verses they select and tell them to each other. They talk over their difficulties, and sing and pray together. Thus, I am sure, they are of much help to each other.

What is more, they are learning how to be useful in others by and by, when they shall have grown up. There are a great many excellent people in the world who cannot take part in religious meetings, because they never learned how when they were young. They are afraid of the sound of their own voices. So they cannot, or they think they cannot, tell to others what they think of matters of truth and duty. If only they would speak, they might be a real help; but they have never learned how, and so they are silent.

So I think this girls' prayer-meeting is an excellent undertaking. These dear girls are learning many things that will help them when they are older. They are learning how to be of service. And they are starting right in the Christian path. They are not going just to drift along, taking matters as they come. They are going to set themselves, by God's grace, to grow in Christlikeness. They think it important not only to be Christians, but to be strong Christians. They know that all this has to be learned, and they use their prayer-meeting as one of the means by which they can grow.

There is nothing, I am sure, in a good one to follow. If the children, you who believe you are full of love and faith, try to do one. They and girls both, hold your little prayer-meetings by yourselves, and so get good, and do good, and train yourselves for usefulness by and by when you grow older. You will be glad of it all the days of your life.



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CHILD'S  **PAPER.**

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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 pleas-

ure-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

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 only pleasure-boats; they do not serve any very useful purpose. They look very beautiful, scudding along before a fresh breeze; but they do not stand for ocean voyages, and they do not carry cargoes from land to land. They are toys—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 this 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 PEACEMAKER

JOHN WHIFFLE was inclined to be a bully. He was very hard on boys smaller than himself. Willie Pockridge had done something that he did not like as they all were starting

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 think it wrong 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 all know. If he do n'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 quarrelsome boy yield, though he was not a bit of a fighter. KOA.

MARY'S QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

THE THIRD WOE.

MARY'S cousins, Janie and Gerrie, were passing the week with her, and when Sunday came they joined in her customary reading with grandma in the pleasant vine-shaded porch.

"'Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye compass sea and land to make one proselyte, and when he is made, ye make him twofold more the child of hell than yourselves.'" Mary read from the lesson before her.

"'Belle Graves,'" said Janie, "makes me think of the 'scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites,' every time I see her tyrannizing over her two little sisters, and setting herself up for such a model in school. She defends her own ways and views even against the teachers. And she has such an offensive manner of assuming to know all about every subject that comes up in class. There isn't a girl that likes her, not even Em Hayless, who copies after her, and is even more hateful than Belle herself."

Janie blushed as she added, "I see grandma looking very serious. She may be thinking that I am uncharitable; but all that I have said is the truth."

"Are you speaking the truth in love?" asked grandma gently.

Janie paused a moment, then answered frankly, "Yes, grandma, I think I am. I have no ill-will to Belle or to Emma. I'd be glad to see them both nice and lovelier girls. But it is not true that 'by their fruits ye shall know them.' And these girls' fruits are very disagreeable." Janie made a wry face as she added, "Nobody can love them."

"They are not the only ones that I know, grandma," said Gerrie, "who show the same spirit that the Lord Jesus rebuked in those old-time scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites. I've seen people who set themselves up as leaders and teachers, who taught wrong things. I know that if I went by the sayings and do-

ings of Mr. Lang, who stands up in prayer-meeting and talks very piously, and then goes home and sets the dogs on poor Mrs. Dale's hens, and kills them, because they scratch under his fence; and I would pay little Billy Jones for his month's work cleaning his sidewalks, only because he failed once or twice to get the frozen snow quite cleaned off, I'd be a hypocrite, that's all. Oh, I think folks now-a-days need to pay attention to what the Lord said to the scribes and Pharisees. I know 't isn't 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 could n'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 sinner of to-day and the sinner of our own knowledge, and not only for the sinner and sinner of eighteen hundred years ago. The same spirit that tempted the men of that day tempts all those of us who care more for our own peculiar views than for God's truth, and who strive to have others admire and believe in and pattern after ourselves, 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, merit the doom pronounced against all selfish, self-seeking hypocrites."

May E. C. Wook.

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 withal a much harsher sound—that of Bridget's scrubbing brush, as mounted on a step-ladder she scrubbed the pane over the front door. A little time passed, and then Nellie, as we will call her, heard the front gate shut and a minute after that angry voices.

"Sure the ladies of the house do n't want to be 'buy nothin', an' ye peddlers are a nuisance at all times, let alone the day, when ye can see fer yerself ye can't get in as the doot. Oh 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 loudly slammed the gate. He was a thin, pale man, with a big portfolio under his arm, and he was just about as lame as Nellie was herself. She forgot she was shy, and ran like a little hurt bird back to her dolls and treasures, found a certain precious ten cents and hurried down stairs. There was a long hall or 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, "Mas, mas! Wait a minute."

When he heard, he turned and watched her coming fast, in queer little hops, exclaiming



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 n't very manly to abuse a boy smaller than yourself."

"It is 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."

quite out of breath, "I want to buy something!"

"What?"

"Why—why—what you have got to sell."

"Where did you come from?"

He searched her face so steadily with his great swollen eyes that she trembled in reply.

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

"And you art lame too," he said softly.

The child was retreating, for his manner was strange and serious, but she dared not run away as he opened the portfolio and spread out his wares. They were wood-cuts, rule suggestions, and gay flowers, and he remarked, "I have not sold one this morning—the cheapest one I have is twenty-five cents."

"Oh, then," faltered Nellie, crimsoning, "I have a 'git but ten cents. I thought it would buy something."

"It won't buy any—but wait a minute and tell me which of these you think is the handsomest."

Coming nearer Nellie pointed to a bright pink rose with a profusion of gay buds.

The man shook them into place, made ready to go; then, to the child's amazement, the roses were in her hand, the peddler was fast holding away; the echo of his last words was in her ears: "Here, I give it to you." And as she started he turned the corner and was lost in the crowd. What do you think Nellie did? She sank into the grass and cried as if her heart was breaking. She pined him and came out to help him, and he had so said her that he had refused her gift and refused himself. That was the way she looked at it as she crept home, quite downcast, and for a long time the sight of the fair red roses brought tears into the child's eyes; but when she grew older she knew the poor lame peddler was not after all a loser, for the gift of a child's pity must have fallen softly into his heart, while the return he made was even richer than she knew. He gave the best of himself out of his bitterness and despondency.

ANNA L. NOLAN.

THE PROUD GLOW-WORM.

One night, when it was very very dark and not even a star would be seen, a little ant that had been hard at work all day, and was

burying home—for it was late, and she had a sweet little baby ant 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 until near home, when she hurried forward and discovered that it was a glow-worm; 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 glow-worm, "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 as you?" and in an instant all was darkness. Just then a stranger, who happened to be passing by, and who was admiring the beautiful lights of the glow-worm's light, which the vain little thing had hid, unconsciously stepped his foot to one side and in doing so crushed the glow-worm in all its pride.

I wonder if there are many boys and girls who read this like the glow-worm. 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 glow-worm hide the light, which should shine not only for yourself but for others.

A BEAVER DAM.

The instinct and industry of the beaver are proverbial. These animals display real engineering skill. They used that the water in which they build their "lodges" should be of a sufficient depth at all seasons of the year. They build dams across the streams if the current is gentle, but staved against the stream if it is rapid. 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 intercepting floating logs and branches, as well as by the vegetation, and even lives of some size that grow on it. You can see how busily the beavers work, and how many trees they have to cut down and put into place, when you are told that a single dam is sometimes nearly a thousand feet long. "Busy as a beaver" means something, does it not?

EDITOR'S CORNER.



LITTLE girl whom I know—Mary we 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

striving 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 the heroes and heroines of these books. The trouble in such a case is twofold. In the first place, living in this material world makes real life seem very dull and uninteresting. The heroes and heroines of these stories seem to have so much more exciting times than common children, that the reader is very apt to think real life stupid and tasteless. Then, in the second place, the reader of these books is very apt to get false ideals 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 you is apt 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 find 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.



A CHILD'S PRAYER.

By MISS ADAMS.



BE very near,
O Jesus dear,
To me a little child,
Make me like thee,
And all shall see
That I am grateful,
My Father's love,
Upon thy breast
In loving trust I lay,
For all I know,
Thou lovest me so
Thou dost for me do all thy

For, Lord, divine,
Thou heart of mine
Was full of guilt and sin,
When thou in love
Camest from above,
Thou dost from death to mine.

Now make me fit,
Thou Christ, to do
Like Mary at the feet;
To see thy face,
Whose loving grace
Is like thy voice as sweet.

Oh, to me be
Each day like Thou,
Gentle and meek and mild;
Lord, for the sake
Thou prayer I make,
Please hear and bless thy child.

ALICE AND GRETCHEN.

ALICE and her mother had been in England about a year, and as papa had finished his business, they began to talk about going home to America.

Mr. Hartley, Alice's papa, had been flying about through France and Germany, but Mrs. Hartley and Alice had remained quietly in London. They were both anxious to get back to their "beautiful New York," as Alice called it. They were tired of her, and longed for the blue skies of their dear native land. So one bright morning in September they went on board the great ship that was to take them across the Atlantic.

Alice dearly loved the sea, and she was never tired of sitting on deck and looking far, far out to the blue where the sky and the water meet; and sometimes she saw distant vessels, like great white birds that seemed to be flying from some wonderful unknown country.

But one day she discovered something that was more interesting than the sea or the ships. She went down into the stowage, where the poor people stay on shipboard, and there she found little German Gretchen weeping over her sick mother. Gretchen was only five years old, and she had come from her German fatherland to make her home in the strange new country that was Alice's home.

Alice grew very fond of the chubby little creature, and Mrs. Hartley took kind care of the sick mother till she was well again.

When the ship sailed into the beautiful New York harbor and landed at the Battery, Alice was very sorry to part with Gretchen. Six months passed away, and it was cold, blossoming March. Mrs. Hartley and Alice went down town in the carriage to take papa home from his office. Suddenly they saw a fat little girl, with her dress full of newspapers, trying to cross the street. She slipped and fell, screaming with terror. She was taken into the carriage, but slightly hurt, and, strange to tell, it was the very same little Gretchen that Alice had been so fond of on the voyage from England. Mrs. Hartley drove to the place that the child called home, and found that her

mother had died in the cold winter, and that Gretchen was living with an old woman, who sent her out to sell newspapers.

"She shall come with us, mamma, she's n'y s'e!" said Alice.

"Yes," said Mrs. Hartley; and as the old woman made no objection, Gretchen went home with Alice, and lived there till she was a fair German maiden of twenty; then she went to the far West and had a home of her own.

FROM A MISSIONARY IN CHINA.

THIS is a copy of a letter from a missionary in China to the Sunday-school at his home in this country. Will not some of the young readers of the CHILD'S PAPER say, in answer to it, "We will come?"

FATHERLY, CHINA.

"DEAR FRIENDS—If you have your Bibles with you, please turn to a CHRON 8:34. It reads, 'And the son of Jonathan was Meribath.' The name Meribath means *ambassador against Baal*. He had another name, Meribemeth. (See 2 Sam. 4:4.) The name Baal was often changed to besheth, 'shame,' as much as to say that the worship of Baal was a shame. The whole name means to *show they shame*, in other words, to destroy idolatry.

I think Jonathan did n't hope to finish his war against Baal in his life, but he hoped his boy would follow it up, and he gave him a name that would suggest to him his future work. I read the passage this morning, and my thoughts travelled over the sea to you. I thought, 'It is eighteen years since I sailed for China to make a war against idolatry. I saw last autumn eighteen *Shans*, perhaps more (I keep more), perhaps less, but I fear I shall not live to see the battle ended. Is there not in your Sunday-school some Meribath, with twelve or more of years ahead, who will be ready to take up the weapon and carry on the fight against Baal here?'

"Let me tell you a story from my own life. In my Sophomore year in college Dr. Schaffler came to Williamstown, and spoke of the needs of the missionary work. Before he left he had a meeting for a familiar talk with a few students, inviting us to ask questions. To me the work seemed very, very far ahead, and I turned to him and asked, 'Dr. Schaffler, don't you think the heathen will all be converted before I shall be ready to go?' I think I shall never forget the look he gave me, which had all of a father and all of a missionary in it, and which, with the ripple of a smile lurking about the corners of the mouth, brought there by my childish thought (I was 23), as he answered, 'My dear child, no.'

"The heathen were not all converted before I was ready to come. They are not all converted yet. And I think, my dear child, there will be men in the world's end needing the gospel when you are equipped and ready for your life's work. Will you come? Who will come? Who from other Sunday-schools and other families will come?"

"CHAUNCEY GOODRICH."

PREFACE—PROMISE—PRAYER.

LET US hope that thinkers be made to feel his love.

Blended in the man that makes the Lord his part.

Let the world, O Lord, be upon us, according to us hope to this. Psalm 137:3.

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AN AFRICAN LION

This picture is from a drawing made from life, and represents a black man's 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 streak. 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

not really noble, but only strong and cruel, 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 thoughtfully.

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

"Why, 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 folks grew very, very dreary. But they were Christian people; they trusted in God, although it was a belief of theirs that when they were unfortunate He was frowning on them, and when they were prosperous He smiled. For this reason, they soon began setting apart regular days for fasting and for 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 23d of February, 1621. 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 desisted it, and presently into port 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 1817. 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 passed, "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 have—oh, mamma, what a thankful time I've had in church this morning!"

"Surely we should all, big and little folks, have a thankful time this season, thinking

How bountifully our ships come in
With each Thanksgiving Day.

Rosa Graham.

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 be little in themselves. Do your best, however little may seem the thing that you can do. That is the safe rule.

SOPHY.

"Scrny," 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 Sophy's brown curls in an encouraging manner. Sophy hated study. "I'd like to know things, but this dull, tedious way of finding them out don't suit me," 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 Sophy laid her head down on the window-seat, and wished she was a butterfly with nothing to do but to fit from flower to flower.

It was a lovely May morning, redolent with

every perfume known to the Southern soil; in two weeks it would be time for the summer vacation. "Then," thought Sophy to herself, "I can visit and have as good a time as I wish."

Sophy 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 Sophy declared, she liked the most of all to go anywhere with Mrs. Percival and Grace, for they had lived always in Charleston, and Sophy had only come there with her parents and governess six months before. Then Mrs. Percival and Grace were so entertaining. Sophy did not pause to consider that this was because Mrs. Percival had improved her time and taught Grace to do the same. Sophy believed that persons had a "gift" for 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 "horrid lessons."



WHAT A LITTLE THING CAN DO

The picture is of a creature called "Gomporo 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 those 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

"If I could only draw maps, instead of bordering 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 isn't 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 Gold* are in bloom yet, I'll get some buds for Aunt Nina and send her—budded 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 wind 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 ears 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 pleasuring 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 Parviah 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 mended her careless 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. S. L. Thompson.

* A very beautiful apparatus used one 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 laddy. 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." ANNE DOD.

WOODING UP

It is a lively scene—the brilliantly lighted boat lying at the wharf, while the crew carry the wood on board that is to be burned in the furnace, 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 sky the quiet stars burn so 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 in "wood up." You must read and think, so as to give your mind something good to work upon. 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.



THE 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 that 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 human sight—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 think you are 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 to lead 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 ready to live here. Because, it is prepared for that journey means to have 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 called 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.



RANSOMY QUESTION

BY LEWY HANCOCK FLEMING.



Oh, what do they cry in heaven?
There by the great white throne,
Where the light is clear as crystal,
And the walls of Jasper glow?

"Where the beautiful streets are golden,
The gates of pearl most fair,
And the gate of life by the river
Runs leading awayward."

"You tell of the crowns and crowns
Who stand in the life-to-ward street,
Now come their loud hosannas—
Oh, what is that heaven-song?"

"For when I get to heaven,
And see the Jesus-King,
I hope there will be a life-song
That little ones can sing."

"Did you say it is a new song,
Of Moses and the Lamb?
I know those that olden times,
And, oh, how glad am I!"

"For if it is about Jesus,
It will not seem hard to me;
For he loved the children here on earth,
And he'll live in heaven too."

"And if they sing of his goodness,
His death upon the tree,
I think there will be in that sweet song
A little part for me."

THE OLD FOOT-STOVE.

There came hanging down the attic stairs
as though he was bringing the roof with him.

"What is the matter now?" Grandpa said,
pushing his spectacles clear to the middle of the "hold spot" on top of his head.

"Oh, that boy!" sighed mamma, turning a small jacket, out at the elbows, over in her lap.

Just after the exclamation point, the small boy entered, dragging a queer-looking article behind him.

"Is that all?" said grandpa, relieved. "I thought it must be a piece of the chimney, sure."

"It's like a contribution box, only more so," said Theo, nodding to the object behind him.

"Why, Theo?" said mamma.

"Or a copperspot. Mamma, is it a copperspot?"

"Ask grandpa," said mamma.

But grandpa was laughing so to himself that at first he could not answer, and Theo had time for another examination of his treasure. It was something like a copperspot in shape. It had a square wooden frame for a box, and inside that a little iron or tin box with the top pierced thickly with little holes. There were no sides in the wooden frame, and the little box pulled out in front like a drawer. When Theo looked inside he saw it was gray and like the inside of their ash-pail.

"What is it, grandpa, do tell," he urged.

Grandpa stopped laughing, and took the little box on his knee. "It's a foot-stove, Theo," he said.

"A foot-stove, what's that?" was the question.

"Well, my boy, you can hardly realize that your old grandpa, with the white hair and 'bare spot' on his head and the hitch in his step, was once a boy, can you? But I was, though it's almost seventy years ago, now, since I was about your size and able to ask

as many questions and make as much noise as you any day. In those times they didn't have any furnaces in the churches, with nice registers for warming your feet as they do now."

"No stoves either?" questioned Theo.

"No, nor any stoves. People expected a good sermon an hour or more long would keep them warm, I suppose. But the old ladies were allowed to have these little foot-stoves, and the drawer was filled with hot ashes and coals and set down by their plate. Many a time did my dear mother push it over to me and warty my poor stiff feet before I lay down for my nap—for the minister did n't preach to children in those days. Well, one Sunday, when I was about as large as you, it was so limerly cold that my mother filled the box with the very hottest coals from the fireplace and told me I might run on with it, and get my feet nice and warm on it before she got there. But she charged me to be sure and remember that it was the Sabbath day, and not play by the way. I was sufficed up so warm and cozy so fast that I did not think of being cold, and when, just as I was about to the church, Johnny Green, the 'bad boy of the village' stepped out from a barn door and told me what a splendid slide for sleds there was out of sight behind the barn, I was tempted and went 'just for one ride.' Setting my stove on a drift I got on his sled behind him, and away we flew. It was a splendid ride, but I hurried back up the long hill and looked for my stove. It was gone. A wind had blown it off the drift, and the hot coals had melted a place for it in the snow. We looked and looked for it, and it was after a 'long prayer' before, half frozen, I crept into my father's pew door. Mother scolded up my clothes to her and gave me crazyway soot, and Aunt Becky passed over her stove from the next pew. But, oh, my boy, after we got home and I had had supper and confessed the whole, then father took the little sled and a birch switch and laid them together, and after carefully reading the Fourth Commandment from the one, he very vigorously and warmly applied the other. I have never forgotten either."

"But the foot-stove, grandpa?"

"Ah, yes, dear, we never found it until the snow went off in the spring, but it had taught me a good lesson—yes, several. See if you can find them out."

—Hans Bessing.

THE SWIFTEST OF ALL.

What is swifter than the rail-car? The telegraph.

What is swifter than the telegraph? Lightning.

What is swifter than lightning? Thought.

What is swifter than thought? He who has said, "Before they call I will answer; and while they are yet speaking I will hear." Isa. 65: 24.

PROMISE—PROMISE—PROMISE.

REMEMBER the Sabbath day to keep it holy. Ex. 20: 8.

Revered is the man that keepeth the Sabbath from pollution, and keepeth his hand from doing any evil. Isa. 58: 13.

My soul longeth, O Lord, even to thine courts of the Lord: my heart and my flesh cry out for the living God. Ps. 84: 2.

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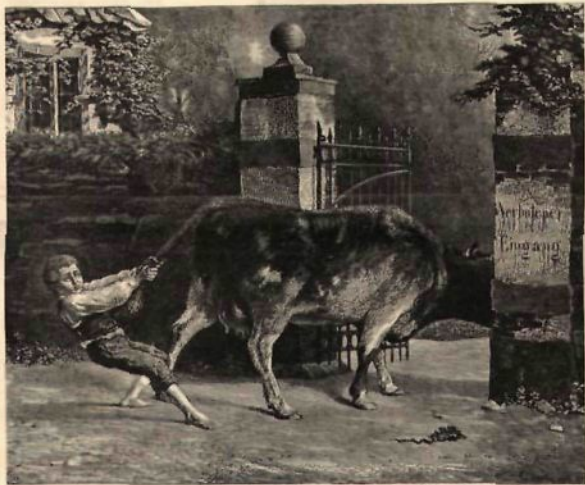
THE CHILD'S PAPER.



Vol. 32, No. 5.

AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, NEW YORK.

MAY, 1883.



NO ADMITTANCE

That is what the German words on the gate-post mean. But Mistress "Crumplehorn" 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 not 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 "Crumplehorn" 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 clumsy 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 watched these will harm come to the gardens you are set to guard. The gardeners are your hearts. Evil thoughts, evil

motives, evil purposes, are the destructive insects 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 Guy'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 Guy, "I wish we were rich. Any way, you might buy me a bicycle; we wouldn't have 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 Guy, "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 Guy 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 thing is just good for nothing."

"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 scrimp 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 Bible says, 'A man's life consists not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth.' 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 as large 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 beautiful 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."

K K K

THE DINORNIS.

It is a good deal of a bird, is it not? See how much larger it is than the ostrich, and than 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 dinornis 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 eggshells, from which it is judged that the egg of the dinornis must have been fourteen inches long, and capable of containing as much as 250 common hen's eggs.

Those 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."

Nine-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 way 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 roadside. Katie had not always lived in the country, and she was terribly 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 began 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 throw her up into the air with those dreadful horns. What should she do? She stood quiet 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, wherever 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 some one 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 in God. May she keep it through all her life! *Louisa Waterman.*

THE LORD'S MONEY.

"Bertie, Bertie, is n't this a shame?" cried little Caspar Dreese, 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 slats," 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 confectioner 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 change I had from Uncle John's Christmas gift to me."

"Well, you must be sharper next time.

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

"But I do n'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, three little boys were 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, do n'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, do n't you know, that the Hebrews were to offer to the Lord. If you saw Jews here in this room, you would n't 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 is n'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 or something. Excuse me, but it seems more 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-

der that the Lord's money ought to be perfect, and of our best? M. K. Sangster.

It is one of the curious things about love to Christ, that the more you show it and the more that you do under its power, the stronger and purer it grows. It does not waste away by being used. You can light ten thousand candles from one little flame, and it will burn just as brightly when it has lighted the ten thousand as before it lighted the first. So love does not waste by being used. How blessed to love God! "He that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him."

DIP SAILING.

One duck yard is under the kitchen table,
The last ship built there I helped to launch,
And as eye-witness, I can abide
To touch that her timbers are stout and staunch.
Cut from a stiff old pine-wooded bosom,
It will weather the most surly gale;
That ever troubled a water-pool,
Keep right side up, and sail smooth upon it.

Her name is the "Ella," my captain knows
Why Mary of Heaven is not as well!
But be only blunder as red as a rose,
When I ask the reason, and will not tell,
But somebody furnished the paper (I've
And the cargo—two tons more of candy line,
Somebody said the sails must be white,
With just an edging of red and blue.

There's not much room in a water-pool,
But the bows are dry and the sterns low,
And when all other sources fail,
The sturdy pump is sure to go.
So we make believe there's a wide, deep sea
Beyond the duck yard, the captain stands
And shouts to his men, and calls them "hands,"
As grand as a captain need to be!

Someone glances through the open door
At the busy workmen with twinkled hair,
There are shavings and chips on the duck yard floor,
And the kitchen furniture everywhere.
How can I discern their splendid play?
The house will be lonely, and trim, and neat,
When I miss the games of little feet,
And the children have sailed into life away!

M. K. P.

EDITOR'S CORNER.



LOVE is the cornerstone of a truly Christian life, my dear children. No one who does not love God can claim said God's child. I want to tell you now, first, some things about getting this love, and second, some things about showing it.

You don't a child come to love God? Let us begin with the most important way. You must ask God to make you love him. It is God's Holy Spirit that turns our hearts in the right way. He can make these hearts full of love to our Heavenly Father. So, if we want really to love God, the very best thing that we can do is to pray that the Holy Spirit shall give us that love. I cannot explain to you, for no one understands it, just how the Spirit can move on the heart and turn it to God. But the Bible tells us that he can, and every true Christian will tell you that he really does. So, if you would love God, ask the Holy Spirit to give you a new heart, a heart that is full of love to the Father in heaven who loves you.

Then, as helping towards this same end, think how good God is towards you. He is good in giving the "common blessings" of life, as we call them. But how ungratefully good he is in giving to Jesus to be our Saviour! Surely, when we remember that we are sinners, and that God gave Jesus to save us from our sins, we ought to love God very much. Gratitude ought to move us to love. How can any child be so hard-hearted as to refuse his love to the blessed Lord who has done so much for him, for this world and the next?

But you say, "I do love God; now how shall I show it?" I do not think that if you really have this love in your heart you will find it hard to show it. It is not hard to show mamma or papa that you love them, is it? But perhaps I can tell you one or two helpful things here.

Try to make yourself as perfect a character as possible. Try to be Christlike—that will be showing your love out clearly. Do not be content with having this love in your own heart, but tell others about it. That will be letting the light of your love shine out for the benefit of others. That will let your friends and acquaintances see that you really love God.



