

THE
CHILD'S  **PAPER.**

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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 horses 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. *Sarah 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 thank 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 over 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. *Holliness 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
Fadder 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 leprous good,
All my iniquity, dear Father, keep
In Thy strong hand while they sleep;
Great Thy great and small may be,
Safely, kindly kept by Thee;

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

MOVING DAY

THE children's papa "had failed," at least that was what Aunt Mary said.

"I guess it's something real nice," little Bess explained to Madge, "for by smiles now and besides we're going to move into the country, and that's too good for anything."

Well it was no wonder Mr. Standy could smile now. He could not go on in business, but then he had paid every debt, and every cent of it too, "not just right down on a dollar," as Bess's big brother Theo said, though what that was the little curly heads could not guess. They tried piling up early pennies on Bess's gold dollar, but that made it no plainer.

Those were lively days for the little folks. First there was an auction. Then came packing, too delightful for anything. Bess and Madge only had seven dollars, and to get them ready for such a long journey as five miles was a great task. After that a good many wagons went off with loads, though Bess

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. Standy, when the day had really come in which they were to move, and she had found that little miss struggling with the great cart, 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 groaned.

"Where are my driving gloves?" called Mr. Standy. "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 striped 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 off one stocking slowly asking, "Wont they ever move to heaven, mamma?"

"No, dear," said Mrs. Standy.

"But everything'll be nice all the time then, squirrels 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.

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SCRIPTURE FIGURES

1. The place where King Solomon's harp was built.
2. The tribe to which Shimei belonged.
3. The warrior who slew Goliath's brother.
4. The cap-beaver who was "and" in his mamma's presence.
5. The stone by which Jonathan laid David's remains.
6. The mother of Anahel.
7. The laborer who was "high water death for the work of Christ."
8. 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.

NEW BOOKS.

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