

THE CHILD'S PAPER.

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MAY, 1882.



• "HE TOOK HER BY THE HAND, AND THE MAID AROSE."

JESUS AND THE GALILEAN. TER OF JESUS.

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

It was God only who
could do such a won-
derful thing as that.
The fact that with a
word he called the dead
maiden back among the
living, is proof that Je-
sus is God. And this
power of his over life
and death shows us an-
other thing. It shows us
that he can forgive sin,
that he can call the
heart that is "dead in
trespasses, and sin"
back into, "a heart of
life." The same Jesus
who has power over
death has power over
sin. He can take it
away. He can make the
sinning heart, which is a
dead heart, into a holy
heart, a living and lov-
ing 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 hon-
estly say that it is, will
you not take it to Jesus,
that he may make it
live? Say to him, "Je-
sus, my heart is sinful
and dead; wilt 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 not curse. 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 assures with equal force that woe, misery, destruction as surely await those who reject the heavenly kingdom, and by their hypocrisy shut the gates of the kingdom in the faces of those who, but for their teachings and example, might have entered in. The Saviour but reminds these great 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. Wyeth.

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 Grosvenor slowly and deliberately putting on her hat before the glass and moving her head first to one side then to the other to see the general effect; then with a self-satisfied air she added: "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 exalt 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 Minnie 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 mean-spirited 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 gravely shook her head. The words she had then heard came to her mind. "Let us not be desirous of vain glory, provoking one another, envying one another." And how Mr. Wilson had said in explanation that "we must never indulge in the sin of pride and envy." How she did wish Lou would feel this 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 twirl.

"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 don't 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 loiterers 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 hearers. 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 basting 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 the cat that ventured in her way! But Snapper was kind as well as brave. Some little rabbits belonging to the children happened to fall through a hole that nobody had noticed in the bottom of their house. But Snapper saw them, and picking them up one at a time in her mouth, 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 them because I want you to follow their example. I wish all the dear children who read these words really loved the Saviour, and would take him to be their Saviour and Friend. You would be more happy than tongue can tell. You would have all the real pleasure you have now, and the love and care of Jesus besides. Your conscience would be at peace. You would feel sure that Jesus would help you every day to live 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.

LITTLE MAY.

BY MRS. W. S. SOTTS.



THE creature is bright,
The blossom are gay,
But what is the matter
With our little May?
She has lost all her smiles,
She's beginning to fret;
I really believe
Little May's in a pet.

The jolly young fellow
Looks at her and says,
"How foolish is fretting,
You dear little May."
When you wear your sweet smile
And speak loving words,
You are almost so charming
As roses and lilies."

More charming, I think,
Are good little girls,
With their pretty red lips
And soft, shining curls,
Than roses or lilies—
But not when they fret;
And all their bright words
And soft words forget.

Ah, dear little May,
The smiles have their home
Around that sweet creature—
Fret not, let them come,
And then you will be
Ever helpful and gay,
A part of the beautiful
Bright summer day.

HOW MAMIE LOST HER SUGAR-PLUMS.

MAMIE SPRING was a lovely child in many ways, but she had one fault which grieved her mother very much. She was selfish.

One day Aunt Lucy brought her a paper of sugar-plums. Alice and Grace were out doors in the garden, so that they did not see the candies, and Mamie could not bring herself to part with them even to her little sisters. She wanted them all herself. She ate three or four, then ran to find a hiding place for the rest. In the nursery closet, on the lower shelf, which Mamie could easily reach, there was a great pile of newspapers. Mamie heard the children's voices on the stairs, and she hurried to thrust Aunt Lucy's present under the papers and out of sight.

The next day and the next it rained so hard that the little ones were kept in doors, and mamma took her sewing, and sat in the room with them. A half dozen times Mamie wanted the candy, but felt ashamed to let mamma's kind eyes see that she had hid it away. "If Grace and Alice knew about it, it would be different," reasoned the little mischief-maker, "but they did not see Aunt Lucy that day, and they were not mentioned at all." But, she thought complacently, "Candy will keep. It is not like fruit which would spoil, or cake which would dry up."

The third day, Mamie awoke with a sore throat and a tired feeling all over her body. She was very sick for a whole week, and when she became well again, she totally forgot the candy, till one morning when she happened to be alone in the nursery.

Then she ran to the closet, and pushed her little hand away back, beneath the newspapers. No nice bulging bag met her touch. She pulled the papers down one by one, and looked on the empty shelf. No candy was to be seen. But far back in the corner, there was a little hole, and mamma coming in just then, and surprising Mamie crying, asked

what was the matter. When the little girl had made her confession, the mother peeped in herself.

"Yes," she said, "Mamie, you would not divide with your little sisters, and so the mice have robbed you of your hoard. But, dear, I shall not be sorry, if you will learn from this lesson, that the only real pleasure in life, are the pleasures which we share with others."

M. E. S.

WILLIE'S WORK FOR THE PRESIDENT.

I WONDER if ever a piece of track was laid like that beside the sea last summer at Elbeion. Did ever busy laborers work with such a will, or farmers send out teams so freely to haul the iron and timbers, giving earth for filling in from their choicest lands? The one who gave the most seemed the president, happiest man. Night came, but work went on. Great engine headlights were brought to light up the grounds, so there should be no mistake, no rough spot left to jar. A throng of the rich and gay and fair stood anxiously watching the workers' hour after hour. Short-ellies have rarely been so close treated and sided men.

A little boy stood long by his father's side and watched the workmen. Suddenly a thought seized him, and rushing down to a handy track-layer, he asked eagerly,

"Would you please let me drive one spike into that rail, sir?"

The man saw at a glance the motive, and his heart responded to the boy's feeling.

"I am afraid you will find it a peevy heavy job, my boy, but you may try."

The spike was placed for him, and the delicate hands seized the hammer and began the work bravely. It was hard work indeed, and the laborer gave every alternate stroke; but the spike was driven home, and the glad boy bounded back to his father.

"I have done something for the President, haven't I, papa?" he said joyfully.

It was a small service, but I know if our dear President could have known he, it would have brought a thrill of joy to his heart to see how even the little boys of the land loved him and felt for him.

There is One with a heart more noble and loving and tender still, who delights as really in every service done for him, even if only as small as Willie Scott's for the President. It was not a great service that Mary did for Jesus when she hushed his feet so lovingly; but see how much he thought of it. "Wherever this gospel is preached, there shall this which this woman hath done be held for a memorial of her."

If we truly love Him, we shall delight to do his errands here, and how ingenious we shall be to find ways of showing our love.

S. K. M'.

THERE is no beauty of complexion, or form, or behavior, like the wish to scatter joy, and not pain, around us.

PRICES—HOW TO ORDER.

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