

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.

His 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

things and the last at night, to 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 you 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 you 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 he 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 noon 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 or not we, the people of the States, should be free, or the oppressed subjects of Great Britain. That Fourth of July was the day in which they were to tell the world what they would do."

"Up in the belfry of the church there waited, hour after hour, a gray-haired old man with his hand on the bell-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 run faster than his, and never did bell ring more joyously than that one, as it echoed freedom over the city and through the land."

"I 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. Wilson.

TWO BIRTHDAYS IN ONE.

BOBA'S SOLEILOQUY.

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 day. 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. 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. P. K.



A FOREST SCENE

I FANCY that it is so quiet in this 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 did not 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 said to do then? Go and sit on the front bench, and lose five minutes of my recess! I had to do both these 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 paused 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 then 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 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 forgive me?'"

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 Parsons 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.

—Euseb Gishart.

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, were to them the beginning of "one language and one speech."

AN EGYPTIAN WATER-WHEEL.

EGYPT is a dry country, and so if anything 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 ramp. 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.

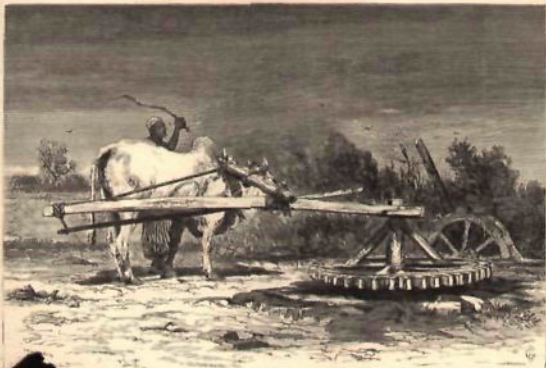
But Mary, as we will call her, has been trying hard to correct this bad habit. The other day her mamma was sick, and Mary had a good deal of work to do in putting the house in order. She did it very thoroughly and well. But scarcely was everything nicely arranged before Nettie, Mary's four-year old sister, 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 tell 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,
Face them skillfully with care;
Ah, the mason knows it growing
Large and high and very lean.
Little Nello's eyes are watching
As the painted walls appear;
Slow and Carlo think there's something
Half so grand beneath the skies.
Keep thy patience, little builder!
With rock and lime thy work end;
If the walls fall down before then,
Other walls have fallen too;
Other hands have left created
Castles large and fair as thine,
Built with every hope and heart-beat,
Yet they crumbled and decayed.
With no time in vainly waiting
Over years have been made;
Work again, and build the stronger;
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 PRUTTON 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 I not praise the man for taking such good care of his one pound? If he did not want to use it, why was he not 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 even 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 that man with the one pound," put in Helen.

"Just so! Jesus wanted to teach us that neglect to use what he has given us to make good use of it is sin. 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 Helen, 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.'"

ANNE E. S. BOND.

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 his 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—FROM SE—PRAYER.

Wait on the Lord, and keep his way. PS. 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. Psalm 102:1.

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