

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 seated himself on the back platform, peering cautiously round the side of the car, to see if the driver had noticed him.

There he sat, as straight, handsome, bright a looking boy as one would wish to see. I wondered if this boy ever realized the price

he was willing to pay for the pleasure of a ride on the platform of a 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 do n't believe the good man for whose sake you were named ever stole."

"I do n'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 warped and twisted by tricks of dishonesty. Keep a straight conscience, Martin; be 'upright in heart.' Then you will be ready to do God's work in the world, and enjoy the good he has in store for you; for 'no good thing will be withheld from them that walk uprightly.' Will you try to remember all that, my boy?" said I as we shook hands good-by.

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

EMMA A. SWANSON.

WINNER'S PRIZE.

"HURRY up, Miss Winnie! 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're a little more punctual."

Still Winnie Marsh, dallied, with book in hand and hair yet uncombed; the second bell was ringing, and *like 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 lost your chance," said Miss Grimes at recess, "but you alone are to blame; in the future try to be on time."

Not long after this Miss Grimes 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 Grimes'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. F. S. L. Thompson.

PRYING-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 baring 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 quarreled from the Fallstones—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 ceaseless, 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 aunts sat in chairs behind the teacher's table. And Bertie's grandmothers 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 that? 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. Lillian Fessenden.

MARY'S QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

THE SECOND WEEK.

"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 used 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 guilefully obtained to欺 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 exorbitant property. There were then, as there are now, abundant means of betraying trusts and of cheating the unsuspecting. These Pharisees and scribes did not scruple to defraud 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 beatitude is better than a woe. O mamma, I wonder why the scribes and Pharisees could not see it too."*

"Because having wilfully rejected the light, their whole mind 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 back 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 not 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 tireless and joyful for ever in doing his holy will.



THE LITTLE CONVALESCENT

BY G. S.

LOSE to the window, sweetest dear,
 Please move my chair;
 How loathsome to breathe again
 The summer's balmy air!
 How lonely are the trees and flowers,
 Gay things long since,
 And everywhere I trace my eyes
 All nature smiles to me.

"I was a wayward child, mother,
 Often petulant and rude,
 Thoughts of duty and of God,
 The great, the wise, and good,
 And so I met my sickness, mother,
 To suffer my head here,
 And call me in my early days
 To choose the better part.

"I heard His voice at midnight, when
 Upon my chamber laid;
 I heard it at the day-dawn, when
 You hurried my aching head;
 It spoke in tones soft and deep,
 But very lovingly:
 'Give me thy heart, my little child,
 Rise up, and follow me.'

"Father, I will, my spirit said;
 'I hear thy gracious voice;
 And gladly will I make myself
 Thy holy way my choice.'
 And thus he gave me such sweet peace
 And patience mid my pain;
 I know he'll not forsake me when
 I shall be well again.

"I thought it very hard at first
 To be so sick, dear mother,
 And lonely with my, as they played,
 On Bell and little brother;
 But now I bless the gracious hand
 In mercy sent to me,
 To make me less dependent on 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, dear, 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 through 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 to," 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

HEAVENLY FATHER, O my children, for whom are they kept my sins. Verse 1:12.

Let not my words do good to him that walketh uprightly? Micah 2:17.

Let my heart be sound in the steams. Psal. 139:6.

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