

CHILD'S PAPER.



Vol. 31, No. 9.

AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, NEW YORK.

SEPTEMBER, 1882.



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, taking 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 zeal 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 isn'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.



LEAVE IT THERE.

BY H. H. G.



THE little child,
With every pain and ail he grieed,
Shook his mother's breast for evermore,
It reassured.

Each little cure
It felt it could not bear alone,
To mother's side she quickly flew,
And left it there.

That mother's love
Has chased the shadows all away,
She healed the wound in her own way,
'T is known above.

Oh, glowing type
Of Jesus and the hardened sinner,
I'll take to him my grief, the while,
Each ear be 't is sign.

Trill or pain
I can so feebly bear alone,
But to my Father's side I know;
He will comfort.

His grace and love
Impart the comfort that I crave,
Dispel the shade, and clear the way,
And double heaven.

Come weary soul,
To Jesus come, with faith and prayer,
And leave this every burden there;
He'll make thee whole.

MABEL'S SACRIFICE.

"Be sure and come to Big Rock to-morrow, Mabel; we can't get along without you."
"Never fear, I shall be there. I would not miss the picnic for anything, Sue."

So they parted Friday after school. Mabel ran home as fast as possible and happy as could be, for the half-dozen little friends who with herself were intending to have a grand frolic on the morrow were the nicest, dearest little creatures in the whole school, and there was no doubt about mother's permission, she felt confident.

Upon entering the sitting-room Mabel was greeted by an astonishing piece of news vociferated by little Kitty.

"Mamma all do 'way 'morrow. Poor Kitty!"

"Yes," said her mother, in answer to Mabel's questioning glance, "I have just heard of your aunt Milton's serious illness, and must hasten to her. I fear, with all the haste I can make, that I shall be too late. The telegram reads, 'Come immediately. Aunt Milton dying.' You are her 'niece-child,' and I wish I could take you with us, but it would hardly do to take a child there at such a time, besides, who would take care of little Kitty? She would grieve sadly if left to servants."

"Oh, no, mamma dear, of course you could not take me. But, never mind, I expect I should be frightened away to see any one die, and especially dear, sweet Aunt Milton. Don't you think there can be any hope for her?"

"I fear not, though it must be very sudden, Poor father feels it sadly."

Mabel forgot all about the picnic until she was shut in her own little room, with dear little Kitty sleeping by her side. As she opened her Bible to read, she suddenly remembered all the promised pleasure of the morrow, when together with her little friend Sue she had expected to have such a "splendid time" at Big Rock. At first Mabel felt as if she never

could give up this picnic. She was only a little girl, and loved all such nice things as picnics. She knew but little about the aunt who lay so near to death's door, having seen her just once, and that when she was but a mere baby; so, of course, she did not feel quite as she would have done had the sick one been a daily companion, tenderly loved. Opening the Bible, her eyes fell upon the words, "No one liveth unto himself."

"Ah!" thought little Mabel, "I am not a man, I know, but I must not live unto myself for all that. If I tell dear mamma about the picnic, she will worry about my going, and I could not go without leaving Kitty alone all day. No, I will just keep still until father and mother have left town; then I will take Kitty and run over to Sue's, and explain why I cannot join the excursion."

Dear little Mabel read a few verses in the Book, and then kneeling down beside her baby sister, prayed as well as she knew how for strength to do her whole duty cheerfully, and then committing her father and mother to our Father's tender care, she went to sleep, and knew nothing more until morning, when bright and early she arose, dressed hastily, and ran down to help her parents off, so sweetly did she behave; and when mother's last kiss had been given, and they were starting, she looked so earnestly up into their faces that they felt there never was such a dear, trustworthy daughter as their little Mabel. Thus trusted and loved, it would have been very wrong to betray her parents by leaving home for a frolic of any kind.

The train that bore her father and mother away left very early, so that Mabel had ample time in which to inform her little friend Sue of the impossibility of going to the much-talked-of picnic. Sue could not help crying, she was so disappointed, and could hardly be reconciled to the altered state of things.

"I know, if you had asked your mother, she would have told you to go and leave Kitty with Mary just for part of one day."

"Yes, I suppose she would have contrived some way for me; but Kitty would have been nearly sick, perhaps quite so, by the time I came back; and, besides, it would not look much as if I cared for my parents' grief to be off frolicking."

Well, to shorten this long story, when Mabel's father and mother returned, and heard from Kitty and Sue what Mabel had done, how she had denied herself, they rejoiced over their little daughter's faithful adherence to her idea of duty, and felt as if she could be trusted to the utmost, because she was one of those who are "faithful over a few things." This one act of little Mabel's influenced her whole after life. Verily, even a child may testify the power of Christ's precious promises to the weakest, the youngest of his flock. Do not hesitate to do your duty.

BOTH RIGHTS.

PRECEPT—PROMISE—PRAYER.

Remember now the Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them. Eccl. 12: 1.

I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me. Prov. 8: 17.

Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hath thou ordained strength. Psalm 8: 3.

New S. S. Books.

Willie and Birdie.

By Rosalie Gray. A bright story for young boys and girls. 100 pp. 4 cuts. \$1.10.

Tarryport School-Girls.

By Miss Annette Louise Jones. An admirable book for young ladies, one of the best of this favorite author. 100 pp. 4 cuts. \$1.10.

Beautiful Hours.

By Mrs. H. E. Brown. An attractive book for young ladies, depicting many for characters, and tracing them through scenes of great interest at home and abroad. 100 pp. 4 cuts. \$1.10.

Out of the Fold.

By Mrs. Sarah Church Logan. A story full of home and pathos, describing a young girl, whose heart, by her adventures while "out of the fold," will prove the reader. 100 pp. 4 cuts. \$1.10.

Little Twigs.

By Cora May. A bright and sparkling book for children. 100 pp. 4 cuts. \$1.10.

Frolic on a Journey.

By Mrs. M. F. Bates. A charming book for young girls and boys who will love the little heroine better than ever for reading it. 100 pp. 50 cuts.

Jack.

By Mrs. M. D. Brown. Boys will take to the little hero with enthusiasm, and try to resemble his fine traits. 100 pp. 4 cuts. 75 cents.

Iehabod Washburn.

The frank and true story of an energetic American boy, a successful business-man, and a Christian philanthropist. 100 pp. 50 cuts.

NEW S. S. CARDS.

Baskets of Flowers.

These beautiful original designs of flowers in baskets, 100 cards, 10 cents. 25 cuts.

Words of Joy.

Original and new designs, with carefully selected texts, 10 cards, 10 cents. 25 cuts.

Floral Texts, No. 1.

Intended to meet the demand for a new card at a low price. 100 designs, 10 cards, 10 cents. 25 cuts.

Floral Texts, No. 2.

A packet that cannot fail to prove satisfactory; with 50 designs, 35 cards, different texts, 25 cuts.

Floral Texts, No. 3.

A packet of cheap Cards, but good ones. 40 cards, 40 cents. 25 cuts.

American Tract Society.

120 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.

ROSTON, 25 BROADWAY.

PHILADELPHIA, 124 CHESTNUT STREET.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., 75 STATE STREET.

CONCORD, 106 E. MAIN STREET.

CHICAGO, 11, 133 WABASH AVENUE.

SAN FRANCISCO, 727 MARKET STREET.

PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY.

TERMS FOR 1898.

WEEKLIES.

The Christianian Weekly 5 cents. For 12 months 50 cents. For 6 months 25 cents.

MONTHLIES.

Am. Messenger 1 volume to one address, \$1.00; 2 to \$1.50; 3 to \$2.00; 4 to \$2.50; 5 to \$3.00; 6 to \$3.50; 7 to \$4.00; 8 to \$4.50; 9 to \$5.00; 10 to \$5.50; 11 to \$6.00; 12 to \$6.50.

Am. Messenger 1 volume to one address, \$1.00; 2 to \$1.50; 3 to \$2.00; 4 to \$2.50; 5 to \$3.00; 6 to \$3.50; 7 to \$4.00; 8 to \$4.50; 9 to \$5.00; 10 to \$5.50; 11 to \$6.00; 12 to \$6.50.

Am. Messenger 1 volume to one address, \$1.00; 2 to \$1.50; 3 to \$2.00; 4 to \$2.50; 5 to \$3.00; 6 to \$3.50; 7 to \$4.00; 8 to \$4.50; 9 to \$5.00; 10 to \$5.50; 11 to \$6.00; 12 to \$6.50.

Am. Messenger 1 volume to one address, \$1.00; 2 to \$1.50; 3 to \$2.00; 4 to \$2.50; 5 to \$3.00; 6 to \$3.50; 7 to \$4.00; 8 to \$4.50; 9 to \$5.00; 10 to \$5.50; 11 to \$6.00; 12 to \$6.50.

Am. Messenger 1 volume to one address, \$1.00; 2 to \$1.50; 3 to \$2.00; 4 to \$2.50; 5 to \$3.00; 6 to \$3.50; 7 to \$4.00; 8 to \$4.50; 9 to \$5.00; 10 to \$5.50; 11 to \$6.00; 12 to \$6.50.

Am. Messenger 1 volume to one address, \$1.00; 2 to \$1.50; 3 to \$2.00; 4 to \$2.50; 5 to \$3.00; 6 to \$3.50; 7 to \$4.00; 8 to \$4.50; 9 to \$5.00; 10 to \$5.50; 11 to \$6.00; 12 to \$6.50.

Am. Messenger 1 volume to one address, \$1.00; 2 to \$1.50; 3 to \$2.00; 4 to \$2.50; 5 to \$3.00; 6 to \$3.50; 7 to \$4.00; 8 to \$4.50; 9 to \$5.00; 10 to \$5.50; 11 to \$6.00; 12 to \$6.50.

Am. Messenger 1 volume to one address, \$1.00; 2 to \$1.50; 3 to \$2.00; 4 to \$2.50; 5 to \$3.00; 6 to \$3.50; 7 to \$4.00; 8 to \$4.50; 9 to \$5.00; 10 to \$5.50; 11 to \$6.00; 12 to \$6.50.

Am. Messenger 1 volume to one address, \$1.00; 2 to \$1.50; 3 to \$2.00; 4 to \$2.50; 5 to \$3.00; 6 to \$3.50; 7 to \$4.00; 8 to \$4.50; 9 to \$5.00; 10 to \$5.50; 11 to \$6.00; 12 to \$6.50.

Am. Messenger 1 volume to one address, \$1.00; 2 to \$1.50; 3 to \$2.00; 4 to \$2.50; 5 to \$3.00; 6 to \$3.50; 7 to \$4.00; 8 to \$4.50; 9 to \$5.00; 10 to \$5.50; 11 to \$6.00; 12 to \$6.50.

Am. Messenger 1 volume to one address, \$1.00; 2 to \$1.50; 3 to \$2.00; 4 to \$2.50; 5 to \$3.00; 6 to \$3.50; 7 to \$4.00; 8 to \$4.50; 9 to \$5.00; 10 to \$5.50; 11 to \$6.00; 12 to \$6.50.

Am. Messenger 1 volume to one address, \$1.00; 2 to \$1.50; 3 to \$2.00; 4 to \$2.50; 5 to \$3.00; 6 to \$3.50; 7 to \$4.00; 8 to \$4.50; 9 to \$5.00; 10 to \$5.50; 11 to \$6.00; 12 to \$6.50.

TERMS OF THE CHILD'S PAPER, FOR 1898.

5 cents to one address. For 12 months \$5.00; 6 months \$2.50; 3 months \$1.25.

Any amount exceeding one hundred, at the rate above.

Orders for the performance of his work as divine slave better.