

THE CHILD'S PAPER.

FOR THE WEEKLY READING OF CHILDREN.

Published by the AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, NEW YORK.

Vol. 31, No. 10.

AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, NEW YORK.

OCTOBER, 1882.



THE YACHT.

It is a beautiful picture, is it not, that of the trim yacht, with all her sails set, bounding over the waves? Yachts are meant for pleasure-

boats. Some of them are designed to sail very fast, and a great many yachtsmen enjoy trying the speed of their boats in races. Some of them are elegantly fitted up, and a party

can make a home in the comfortable cabins, sailing when they choose, and stopping when they see fit. It costs a good deal of money to build and to keep a first-class yacht, and it

is only rich men who can indulge in the luxury. But if any one can afford such a luxury and wants it, I suppose it may be right that he should have it.

But yachts are only pleasure-boats; they do not serve any very useful purpose. They look very beautiful, scudding along before a fresh breeze; but they do not sustain for ocean voyages, and they do not carry cargoes from land to land. They are toys—very elegant and costly toys, to be sure, but merely playthings, after all. There are some people that are a good deal like yachts: they are more for show than use. I trust that the children who read this paper are all trying to be useful. To be of service is a great deal better than to be merely for ornament. To be esteemed for what you can do is more to be desired than to be praised for making a show. To be useful—ah, children, that is one of the great things in this life. He, moreover, who is most useful, is quite as apt to be an ornament to society as he who simply cares about the ornamental part.

THE PEACEMAKER

JOHN WHIFFLE was inclined to be a bully. He was very hard on boys smaller than himself. Willie Pockridge had done something that he did not like as they all were starting

John started to pull off his coat, bristling up for a fight.

"Now, John," said Stephen good-naturedly, "I am not going to fight, and you know it. I am not a fighter. I think it wrong to settle quarrels in this way; besides, I have no quarrel to settle. But you are not going to abuse Willie. Come on, boys," he added, "let us go and have our game before it is too late. If John will come and play, all right; he's a good pitcher, that we all know. If he don't want to play, he can stay here. A good game of ball is better than a fight any time. Come on!"

Off the boys went to the ball ground, John with them, for he had begun to be rather ashamed of himself. So Stephen kept the peace, and made the quarrelsome boy yield, though he was not a bit of a fighter. KOA.

MARY'S QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

THE THIRD WOMAN.

MARY's cousins, Janie and Gerrie, were passing the week with her, and when Sunday came they joined in her customary trading with grandma in the pleasant vine-shaded porch.

"Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye compass sea and land to make one penny, and when he is made, ye make him twofold more the child of hell than yourselves," Mary read from the lesson before her.

"Belle Graves," said Janie, "makes me think of the scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites, every time I see her tyrannizing over her two little sisters, and setting herself up for such a model in school. She defends her own ways and views even against the teachers. And she has such an offensive manner of assuming to know all about every subject that comes up in class. There isn't a girl that likes her, not even Em Hayless, who copies after her, and is even more hateful than Belle herself."

Janie blushed as she added, "I see grandma looking very serious. She may be thinking that I am uncharitable; but all that I have said is the truth."

"Are you speaking the truth in love?" asked grandma gently.

Janie paused a moment, then answered frankly, "Yes, grandma, I think I am. I have no ill-will to Belle or to Emma. I'd be glad to see them both nicer and lovelier girls. But it is not true that 'by their fruits ye shall

know them.' And these girls' fruits are very disagreeable." Janie made a wry face as she added, "Nobody can love them."

"They are not the only ones that I know, grandma," said Gerrie, "who show the same spirit that the Lord Jesus rebuked in those old-time scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites. I've seen people who set themselves up as leaders and teachers, who taught wrong things. I know that if I went by the sayings and do-

ings of Mr. Lang, who stands up in prayer-meeting and talks very piously, and then goes home and sets the dogs on poor Mrs. Dale's hens, and kills them, because they scratch under his fence, and would pay little Billy Jones for his month's work cleaning his sidewalk, only because he failed once or twice to get the frozen snow quite cleaned off, I'd be a hypocrite, that's all. Oh, I think folks now-a-days need to pay attention to what the Lord said to the scribes and Pharisees. I know 'tisn't nice to talk about people's faults in an unkind way, and I try not to do it; but one can't help seeing them, and if we didn't see them we couldn't beware of them. And I think, if we remember our Lord's words about those who act in this sinful way, it will help us to keep from acting in the same manner. I would not want to be like Belle or Emma, or Mr. Lang."

"I am glad," said grandma, "that you see so clearly that our Lord's words are for the sinners of to-day and the sinners of our own knowledge, and not only for the sinners of those who act in this sinful way. The same spirit that tempted the men of that day tempts all those of us who care more for our own peculiar views than for God's truth, and who strive to have others admire and believe in and pattern after ourselves, rather than to lead them to our blessed Lord, whose honor and glory should be our chief concern. Let us pray that we may not, by cherishing this spirit, merit the doom pronounced against all selfish, self-seeking hypocrites."

May E. C. Week.

WHICH GAVE THE ROSES?

A LONG time ago a little lame girl was playing with her dolls in the chamber of a pleasant country house. The windows were open and through them came the song of birds, the murmur of life outside, and withal a much harsher sound—that of Bridget's scrubbing brush, as mounted on a step-ladder she scrubbed the paint over the front door. A little time passed, and then Nellie, as we will call her, heard the front gate shut and a minute after that angry voices.

"Sure the ladies of the house do n't want for to buy nothin', an' ye peddlers are a nuisance at all times, let alone the day, when ye can see for yerself ye can't get in at the door. Oh wid ye!" exclaimed the Irish girl in her ugliest tone.

A man answered just as sharply, but in such a way that Nellie felt there was a kind of bitterness back of his anger. She was shy, and dreaded peddlers above all things, but she did not like to have Bridget hurt his feelings. She hopped to the window and peeped out as he loudly slammed the gate. He was a thin, pale man, with a big portfolio under his arm, and he was just about as lame as Nellie was herself. She forgot she was shy, and ran like a little hurt bird back to her dolls and treasures, found a certain precious ten cents and hurried down stairs. There was a long hall or two and a wide yard to cross before she reached the street, and then the peddler had got a considerable distance off, having turned up a lane leading to a main street. Nellie hurried after him, hushed, soon calling softly, "Mas, mas! Wait a minute."

When he heard, he turned and watched her coming fast, in queer little hops, exclaiming



out for their game of ball, and John, as the boys say, was just "going to pitch into him," when Stephen Lambert interfered.

"See here, John," he said quietly, "it isn't very manly to abuse a boy smaller than yourself."

"It's none of your business, any how," said John, "and I advise you to let me alone."

"I am going to let you alone, but you must let Willie alone."

quite out of breath, "I want to buy something!"

"What?"

"Why—why—what you have got to sell."

"Where did you come from?"

He searched her face so sternly with his great swollen eyes that she trembled in reply.

"Back there—the corner house. I was sorry the girl was so cross."

"And you art lame too," he said softly.

The child was retreating, for his manner was strange and serious, but she dared not run away as he opened the portfolio and spread out his wares. They were wood-cuts, rule engravings, and gay flowers, and he remarked, "I have not sold one this morning—the cheapest one I have is twenty-five cents."

"Oh, then," faltered Nellie, crisscrossing, "I have n't got but ten cents. I thought it would buy something."

"It won't buy any—but wait a minute and tell me which of these you think is the handsomest."

Coming nearer Nellie pointed to a bright pink rose with a profusion of gay buds.

The man shook them into place, made ready to go; then, to the child's amazement, the roses were in her hand, the peddler was fast holding away; the echo of his last words was in her ears: "Here, I give it to you." And as she stood he turned the corner and was lost in the crowd. What do you think Nellie did? She sank into the grass and cried as if her heart was broken. She pitied him and came out to help him, and he had so said her that he had refused her gift and relied himself. That was the way she looked at it as she crept home, quite downcast, and for a long time the sight of the fair red roses brought tears into the child's eyes; but when she grew older she knew the poor lame peddler was not after all a loser, for the gift of a child's pity must have fallen softly into his heart, while the return he made was even richer than she knew. He gave the best of himself out of his bitterness and despondency.

ANNA L. NELLS.

THE PROUD GLOW-WORM.

One night, when it was very very dark and not even a star could be seen, a little ant that had been hard at work all day, and was

burying home—for it was late, and she had a sweet little baby ant at home waiting for her—saw a bright light just ahead of her, and she was very glad, for the road was dangerous and very lonely for a poor little ant, so she kept it in sight and walked in its glow until near home, when she hurried forward and discovered that it was a glow-worm; and as she was a polite little lady, she said, "A blessing, neighbor, on your light. I kindly thank you for it. Good night."

"What," said the glow-worm, "do you employ the light I carry for myself for my own use? If so, I'll keep it out of sight. I do not shine for such as you!" and in an instant all was darkness. Just then a stranger, who happened to be passing by, and who was admiring the beautiful luster of the glow-worm's light, which the vain little thing had hid, unconsciously stepped his foot to one side, and in doing so crushed the glow-worm in all his pride.

I wonder if there are many boys and girls who read this like the glow-worm. I think not; for if any of you can help a brother or sister or any one by explaining a lesson or being polite, I am sure you will, and not like the selfish glow-worm hide the light, which should shine not only for yourself but for others.

A BEAVER DAM.

THE instinct and industry of the beaver are proverbial. These animals display real engineering skill. They need that the water in which they build their "lodges" should be of a sufficient depth all seasons of the year. So they build dams, through which the stream if the current is gentle, but stored against the stream if it is rapid. The dam is composed of mud, branches of trees, and stones; it is generally ten or twelve feet in thickness at the bottom, and two feet or so at the top. A dam frequently grows by intercepting floating logs and branches, as well as by the vegetation, and even lives of some size that grow on it. You can see how busily the beavers work, and how many trees they have to cut down and put into place, when you are told that a single dam is sometimes nearly a thousand feet long. "Busy as a beaver" means something, does it not?

EDITOR'S CORNER.



LITTLE girl whom I know—Mary we will call her—some time ago gave her heart to the Saviour, and is a very happy Christian. She finds, of course, that she has a good many difficulties to contend with, and a great deal to learn, in order to become an eminent Christian. But I think she is honestly

striving to press forward by day.

Like a great many other girls of her age—and older ones too—she is fond of reading the story books she gets from the Sunday-school library. Now to read a jumpy number of these books is all well enough; but one may read too many, and become too much absorbed in them, living in a kind of unreal world among the heroes and heroines of these books. The trouble in such a case is twofold. In the first place, living in this unreal world makes real life seem very dull and uncomfortable. The heroes and heroines of these stories seem to have so much more exciting times than common children, that the reader is very apt to think real life stupid and tasteless. Then, in the second place, the reader of these books is very apt to get false ideals of character. An impracticable standard, or one that would not suit your circumstances, is set up in the story; or the standard in one story is in conflict with that in another. So the reader's ideas may become twisted.

So I was very glad to hear that Mary said one day to her father, "I think, perhaps, I ought not to read so many of these books, because you is apt to make the characters too much like the standard, and not Christ himself."

Mary had got hold of the right idea. Christ's character is to be the standard of our character. We are to seek, children and all, to become like Christ. "He left us an example that we should follow in his steps." The child should seek to follow this example just as truly as any grown person. When you do this you will find that your character is improving every day.

A good practical way is to ask yourself, How would Jesus do if he were in my place? I do not suppose you will always be able to answer this question just right. You will make some mistakes, doubtless. But if you keep on asking this question, and trying to govern yourself by honest answers to it, you will find that you are coming nearer and nearer the standard all the time. Christ is the true guide, and the only guide.



A CHILD'S PRIMER.

By KATHA ADAMS.



BE very neat,
O Jesus dear,
To me a little child;
Make me like thee,
And all shall see
That I am grateful, mild.
My Father's love,
Ours thy great
In loving trust I lay,
For well I know
Thou lovest me so
That thou for me dost do.
For, Lord divine,
Thy heart of mine
Was full of guilt and sin,
When thou in love
Camest from above,
That thou from death to mine.
Now make me fit,
Thou Christ, to do
Like Mary at the feet;
To see thy face,
Whose loving grace
Is like thy voice at event.
Oh, let me be
Each day like Thee,
Glad and meek and mild;
Lord, for the sake
Thy prayer I make,
Plead hear and bless thy child.

ALICE AND GRETCHEEN.

ALICE and her mother had been in England about a year, and as papa had finished his business, they began to talk about going home to America. Mr. Hartley, Alice's papa, had been flying about through France and Germany, but Mrs. Hartley and Alice had remained quietly in London. They were both anxious to get back, as their "beautiful New York," as Alice called it. They were tired of it, and longed for the blue skies of their dear native land. So one bright morning in September they went on board the great ship that was to take them across the Atlantic.

Alice dearly loved the sea, and she was never tired of sitting on deck and looking far, far out to the blue where the sky and the water met; and sometimes she saw distant vessels, like great white birds that seemed to be flying from some wonderful unknown country.

But one day she discovered something that was more interesting than the sea or the ships. She went down into the stowage, where the poor people stay on shipboard, and there she found little German Gretchen weeping over her sick mother. Gretchen was only five years old, and she had come from her German fatherland to make her home in the strange new country that was Alice's home.

Alice grew very fond of the chubby little creature, and Mrs. Hartley took kind care of the sick mother who she was well again.

When the ship sailed into the beautiful New York harbor and landed at the Battery, Alice was very sorry to part with Gretchen. Six months passed away, and it was cold, blustering March. Mrs. Hartley and Alice went down town in the carriage to take papa home from his office. Suddenly they saw a fat little girl, with her arms full of newspapers, trying to cross the street. She slipped and fell, screaming with terror. She was taken into the carriage, but slightly hurt, and, strange to tell, it was the very same little Gretchen that Alice had been so fond of on the voyage from England. Mrs. Hartley drove to the place that the child called home, and found that her

mother had died in the cold winter, and that Gretchen was living with an old woman, who sent her out to sell newspapers.

"She shall come with us, mamma, she's n't she?" said Alice.

"Yes," said Mrs. Hartley; and as the old woman made no objection, Gretchen went home with Alice, and lived there till she was a fair German maiden of twenty; then she went to the far West and had a home of her own.

M. F. R.

FROM A MISSIONARY IN CHINA.

THIS is a copy of a letter from a missionary in China to the Sunday-school at his home in this country. Will not some of the young readers of the CHILD'S PAPER say, in answer to it, "We will come?"

"FATHERLY, CHINA."

"DEAR FRIENDS!—If you have your Bibles with you, please turn to a CHRON. 8:34. It reads, 'And the son of Jonathan was Meribbaeth.' The name Meribbaeth means *ambassador against Baal*. He had another name, Meribbaeth. (See 2 Sam. 4:4.) The name Baal was often changed to besheth, 'shame,' as much as to say that the worship of Baal was a shame. The whole name means to *show enemy shame*, in other words, to destroy idolatry.

I think Jonathan did n't hope to finish the war against Baal in his life, but he hoped his boy would follow it up, and he gave him a name that would suggest to him his future work. I read the passage this morning, and my thoughts travelled over the sea to you. I thought, 'It is eighteen years since I sailed for China to make war against idolatry. I may last another eighteen years, perhaps more (I hope more), perhaps less, but I fear I shall not live to see the battle ended. Is there not in your Sunday-school some Meribbaeth, with whom a score of years ahead, who will be ready to take up the weapons and carry on the fight against Baal here?'

"Let me tell you a story from my own life. In my Sophomore year in college Dr. Schaffler came to Williamsstown, and spoke of the needs of the missionary work. Before he left he had a meeting for a familiar talk with a few students, inviting us to ask questions. To me the work seemed very, very far ahead, and I turned to him and asked, 'Dr. Schaffler, don't you think the heathen will be converted before I shall be ready to go?' I think I shall never forget the look he gave me, which had all of a father and all of a missionary in it, and which, with the ripple of a smile lurking about the corners of the mouth, brought there by my childish thought (it was 23), as he answered, 'My dear child, no.'"

"The heathen were not all converted before I was ready to come. They are not all converted yet. And I think, my dear child, there will be men in the world's end needing the gospel when you are equipped and ready for your life's work. Will you come? Who will come? Who from other Sunday-schools and other families will come?"

"CHAUNCEY GOODRICH."

PROMISE—PROMISE—PRAYER.

Let thy God thinketh he madest take hold thyself, 1 Cor. 13:4-5.

Blowed is the man that maketh the Lord his God, Psalm 41:4.

Let thy mercy, O Lord, be upon us, according to thy hope in us. Psalm 73:23.

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