

THE CHILD'S PAPER.



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AN AFRICAN LION

This picture is from a drawing made from life, and represents a black mane South African Lion. The artist who made the original drawing said, "He was certainly the most splendid specimen of a lion I ever saw, and was a sort of animal that, while looking at him

through the bars and admiring his wonderful proportions, one could not help feeling a large amount of satisfaction at being on the right side of the bars, and well out of the reach of those terrible paws."

The lion is called the "King of beasts" because of his strength and dignity. But

some of those who know his habits well, deny that he has any great amount of courage, except when he is wounded and furious. They call him, indeed, a sneak. You see, it takes more than size or strength to make even a lion noble. True nobleness means character, not bodily size or power. If then the lion is

not really noble, but only strong and cruel, we would much rather see him in a picture, or behind the bars of a cage, than to meet him where he had a chance to spring upon us, and torment us as a cat does a mouse.

THE STORY OF THANKSGIVING.

"What does it all mean, mamma?" asked little Ralph.

It was Thanksgiving morning. Mamma, at the kitchen table, was preparing the turkey for the oven, and Ralph, all ready to go to church with Aunt Nellie, stood watching her thoughtfully.

"What does what mean, dear?" Mamma turned with the needle in her hand, and looked curiously at Ralph.

"Why, Thanksgiving. What makes us have Thanksgiving Days every year, and did people always have them?"

"Oh, that is it," said mamma. "Well, I will tell you, Ralph. Thanksgiving Day was not always kept yearly by the American people as it is now, though its regular observance began very early in some parts of the country. This was its origin: Long years ago some people lived in old England whom other folks who had poorer treated very badly. These became so discouraged, so tired of persecution, that they left their homes, and at last resolved to go and settle in the great New World about which they had heard so much. So they packed their goods, and with their families sailed across the big ocean to America. Here, in the place they named New England, they found the freedom they could not enjoy at home, but their sufferings were very great. England was a good land, but America was then mostly a wilderness, and between cold and hunger and other hardships, life to those poor folks grew very, very dreary. But they were Christian people; they trusted in God, although it was a belief of theirs that when they were unfortunate He was frowning on them, and when they were prosperous He smiled. For this reason, they soon began setting apart regular days for fasting and for giving thanks; the latter usually in autumn, and the former towards spring.

"The first Thanksgiving Day celebrated in this colony fell, however on an appointed fast-day—the 22d of February, 1621. It happened in this way: The people had been in great distress all winter. Food was getting scarce; the ship which had been sent to England for supplies had not returned, and it was feared that it was lost. As the fasting day drew near, the people were all discouraged. It was rumored that even the great governor's last batch of bread was baking in the oven, and that was a sorry prospect. But God did not desert his children; on the very night before the appointed fast day, loud cries of joy were heard from the few who were still watching for the ship. They had desisted it, and presently into port it came, full laden for the suffering people. So the fast-day was ordered changed to a thanksgiving day, and we may believe they had a joyful time.

"The setting apart of thanksgiving days was not altogether confined to the New England States. Settlers in other parts sometimes appointed them, but it was long before it became a yearly custom—not in New York till the year 1817. But once started, it grew

very popular; the governors began to issue proclamations, and Thanksgiving Day has become now as much a part of the year as Fourth of July or Christmas; I am sure I do not know how we would ever do without it."

"O mamma," Ralph broke in eagerly, as she passed, "how glad I am I know about it! Those poor people had a great deal to be thankful for, but I'm sure I have more. When I think of all the nice things and pleasant times I have—oh, mamma, what a thankful time I've had in church this morning!"

Surely we should all, big and little folks, have a thankful time this season, thinking

How wonderfully our ships come in
With each Thanksgiving Day.

Rosa Graham.



WHAT A LITTLE THING CAN DO.

The picture is of a creature called "Goniapora Columna." That is a rather hard name, is it not? It belongs to one kind of a coral insect. The insect, a little thing, is of the kind of creature known as polypus. They are the little things that look almost like flowers, on the top of those two branching arms in the picture.

These polypus, which are mainly mouth and stomach, secrete the hard bony coral, just as bones grow in the human body, only, of course, the amount that each of these little creatures can form is very small. But then each little helps. That coral in the main stem and branches, in the engraving, has all been formed by polypus like the little ones that are at work above. So, slowly but surely the branches grow. They extend out in different directions, and in the great coral beds, such as are found in the Pacific Ocean, they gradually grow till they make reefs. From these reefs the coral islands are formed. But you can very easily see that it requires the labor of countless polypus to make even a small island.

But this work of the coral insect, it seems

to me, shows us the value of little things. A great many little polypus make the coral island. A great many little ants go into the making of character. We must be careful that all of these ants are right.

Then there is another way of looking at it. They are only little things that a child can do. But these little things may be very helpful and useful. So, children, do not hesitate to do what you can, because these things may be little in themselves. Do your best, however little may seem the thing that you can do. That is the safe rule.

OAK.

SOPHY.

"Sophy," said Miss Rogers, the English governess, to a dark-eyed girl of twelve, "You are invited to drive with the Percivals to Magnolia Garden at nine to-morrow morning. You must study an extra hour this afternoon. Let us go to our lessons now."

Miss Rogers' voice was full of kindness, and she laid her hand on Sophy's brown curls in an encouraging manner. Sophy hated study. "I'd like to know things, but this dull, tedious way of finding them out doesn't suit me," she said to her brother Guy, one day. "I like to draw, and my music lessons, but oh, dear! that dreadful grammar and geography." Then Sophy laid her head down on the window-seat, and wished she was a butterfly with nothing to do but to fit from flower to flower.

It was a lovely May morning, redolent with every perfume known to the Southern soil, in two weeks it would be time for the summer vacation. "Then," thought Sophy to herself, "I can visit and have as good a time as I wish."

Sophy forgot, or rather did not wish to remember, that the mind is a storehouse, where from day to day we must lay by the treasures and supplies for all the future years.

Grace Percival was of the same age; and as Sophy declared, "she liked the most of it all to go anywhere with Mrs. Percival and Grace, for they had lived always in Charleston," and Sophy had only come there with her parents and governess six months before. Then Mrs. Percival and Grace were so entertaining. Sophy did not pause to consider that this was because Mrs. Percival had improved her time and taught Grace to do the same. Sophy believed that persons had a "gift" for studying or not studying; which is all a mistake, for when we are really determined to do a thing, we can do it, whether we like it or no.

Grace Percival said, "I will have my lessons correctly," and then she applied her mind to study, without allowing herself to think of what she would do if it were not for those "horrid lessons."

"If I could only draw maps, instead of meddling with the boundaries of Maine and New Hampshire, the principal cities, and all that stuff," thought Sophy, when her teacher spoke of the extra hour. "It isn't a bit of use to propose it, though, for Miss Rogers is as firm as a rock," which was a very good thing for Sophy, if she had only known it, and she did realize it later on in life. "If the Cloth of Golds* are in bloom yet, I'll get some buds for Aunt Nina and send to her—bounced on north by"—then for the third time Sophy, whose mind was here and there, had to refer to the map for the northern boundary of Maine. The wind sang in the branches of the old pine which stood by the schoolroom window, "With all your might! with all your might!" but instead, Sophy thought it was saying, "Come out into the sunshine and hear the mocking bird sing." Our ears have to be ready to hear, else we do not get things straight sometimes.

Sophy knew very well that unless her lessons were well learned, her mother would not consent for her to go pleasuring the next day.

Maine and New Hampshire had never been mixed up in such a dreadful way before, thought Miss Rogers when Sophy came to recite. It gave her much pain to report "very imperfect lessons" to Sophy's mother that evening. There was a very heavy feeling at Sophy's heart, and a pair of tear-stained eyes, when Miss Rogers sent a note to the Parsonage asking that Sophy be excused, as she could not possibly go. If Sophy had known the deep anxiety which she caused her friends, she would have mended her careless ways much sooner than she did.

A year later she gave her heart to God; then Sophy began to improve, relying not on her own strength, but on that mightier arm which can and will sustain in all times and all places.

E. S. L.—Thompson.

* A very handsome representation was found in the South.

"I HAD TO."

LITTLE Effie had spent several weeks with us, going home only for an occasional day. Once she stayed with her friends over the Sabbath. The day was long, and she was restless, because no one read to her there and she could not read well herself. After a while an uncle called; he was out of tobacco and wanted some badly. He was ashamed to be seen at the tobacconist's on the Lord's day, and sent this child for the vile weed. Effie took the money, and soon returned with the paper of tobacco; but she kept thinking it over after her return, and finally told us of it. "Was it right, Effie, to buy things on God's day?" I inquired. "No, ma'am!" What made my little girl do so?" "I had to!" "Had to do wrong, and break God's commandment, who says, 'Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy?'" "Yes, ma'am!" "No, my child, you did not have to do so; you must never do so again, but tell your uncle, or any one who bids you do such a thing, that it is disobeying God to do so. If he had asked me to buy an article on God's day, do you think I should have done so?" "No, ma'am." "Why not?" Little Effie thought a long time, and then answered, "Because you love God."

ANGIE DOD.

WOODING UP

It is a lively scene—the brilliantly lighted boat lying at the wharf, while the crew carry the wood on board that is to be burned in the furnaces, to make the steam for the engines. Great blazing torches give light in the wood yard. There is a glare from the tops of the tall chimneys as the furnace fires glow. And far up in the sky the quiet stars burn so serenely. Pretty soon there will be wood enough taken on board, and then they will cast off the lines, and the great wheels will turn, and the pilot will be at his post, and the boat will go swiftly along on its voyage. But

it must burn the wood to make the steam, or else the engines would stand still.

So, if you want the engines of your mind to run, you must stop sometimes in "wood up." You must read and think, so as to give your mind something good to work upon. And you must ask the Great Pilot, the loving Saviour, to guide you so that your course in life will be right.

EDITOR'S CORNER.



THE other day I was called to attend the funeral of a little boy whom I knew very well, as he was a neighbor and playmate of my own children. He had not been sick very long, and, indeed, almost before we knew that he was seriously ill, we were told that he was dead. He looked very natural as he lay in his little coffin; it almost seemed as if he were only lying in a little bed, and when he had had his sleep out would get up. But no; he has been hurried out of human sight—that is, his body has been. His soul has gone to be with Jesus.

Now why do I tell you about death, children? Certainly not because I think you are all likely to die at once. I suppose that most of you who read these words have a good many years yet to live. That at least is what we call the probability, in your case. But the death of this little friend of mine has impressed upon me the uncertainty of the life even of children. So I want to lead you to think about the matter.

If your father had told you that he was going to take you on a long journey some time, he could not say just when you would be very sure to have all your preparations made so that you could go at any time. You would not want to be hurried off unprepared. Now there is just one thing certain in regard to the future of every one of us, and that is that some time we must die—take the great journey into eternity. If we are wise, we shall be ready for that journey, shall we not?

For, think a moment, children; if we are ready to die, we are ready to live. If you now, while you are children, are ready to take the great journey out into eternity, you are really ready to live here. Because, to be prepared for that journey means to love Jesus and trust in him, and so to be sure of being happy with him for ever. Certainly it is just this that makes us fit to live. So, however strangely it may sound, we are not ready to live till we are ready to die. It does not make our life one single day shorter to be ready for the end of life. But it should make us happier to know that we are ready to go on the great journey whenever our Heavenly Father calls us. Indeed how can any one, even the little child, be really happy, when he knows that he may be called to die at any time, and that he is not ready?

So I think there is a useful lesson for you, dear children; not a sad, gloomy lesson, out of the coffin of my little friend. Be ready for death, even though you may expect to live till your hair is white. Ready for death, you are ready for life now and for evermore.





HANNY'S QUESTION.

BY LEVY RANDOLPH FURNING.
 "What do they cry in heaven?
 There by the great white throne,
 Where the light is clear as crystal,
 And the walls of Jasper move?"

"Where the beautiful streets are golden,
 The gates of pearl most fair,
 And the tree of life by the river
 Flows healing everywhere."

"You tell of the countries numbers
 Who stand in the bliss-washed throng,
 Nor cease their loud hosannas—
 Oh, what is that blessed song?"

"For when I get to heaven,
 And see the Jesus-King,
 I hope there will be a fair song
 That little ones can sing."

"Did you say it is a new song,
 Of Moses and the Lamb?
 I know those dear old stories,
 And oh, how glad I am!"

"For if it is a new song,
 'T will not seem hard to sing;
 For he loved the children here on earth,
 And he'll live in heaven too."

"And if they sing of his goodness,
 His death upon the tree,
 I think there will be in that sweet song
 A little part for us."

THE OLD FOOT-STOVE.

There came hanging down the attic stairs
 As though he was bringing the roof with him.

"What is the matter now?" Grandpa said,
 Pushing his spectacles clear to the middle of
 the "hold spot" on top of his head.

"Oh, that boy!" sighed mamma, turning a
 small jacket, out at the elbows, over in her
 lap.

Just after the exclamation point, the small
 boy entered, dragging a queer looking article
 behind him.

"Is that all?" said grandpa, relieved. "I
 thought it must be a piece of the chimney,
 sure."

"It's like a contribution box, only more
 so," said Theo, nodding to the object behind
 him.

"Why, Theo?" said mamma.

"Or a corn-popper. Mamma, is it a corn-
 popper?"

"Ask grandpa," said mamma.
 But grandpa was laughing so to himself
 that at first he could not answer, and Theo
 had time for another examination of his treas-
 ure. It was something like a corn-popper in
 shape. It had a square wooden frame for a
 box, and inside that a little iron or tin box
 with the top pierced thickly with little holes.
 There were no sides in the wooden frame,
 and the little box pulled out in front like a
 drawer. When Theo looked inside he saw it
 was gray and like the inside of their ash-pail.

"What is it, grandpa?" he urged.
 Grandpa stopped laughing, and took the
 little box on his knee. "It's a foot-stove,
 Theo," he said.

"A foot-stove, what's that?" was the ques-
 tion.

"Well, my boy, you can hardly realize that
 your old grandpa, with the white hairs and
 "bare spot" on his head and the hitch in his
 step, was once a boy, can you? But I was,
 though it was almost seventy years ago, now,
 since I was about your size and able to ask

as many questions and make as much noise
 as you any day. In those times they did n't
 have any furnaces in the churches, with nice
 registers for warming your feet as they do
 now."

"Nor stoves either?" questioned Theo.

"No, nor any stoves. People expected a
 good sermon an hour or more long would
 keep them warm, I suppose. But the old
 ladies were allowed to have these little foot-
 stoves, and the drawer was filled with hot
 ashes and coals and set down by their plate.
 Many a time did my dear mother push it over
 to me and warty my poor stiff feet before I
 lay down for my nap—for the minister did n't
 preach to children in those days. Well, one
 Sunday, when I was about as large as you, it
 was so hotly cold that my mother filled the
 box with the very hottest coals from the fire-
 place and told me I might run on with it, and
 get my feet nice and warm on it before she
 got there. But she charged me to be sure
 and remember that it was the Sabbath day,
 and not play by the way. I was ruffled up
 so warm and cozy so fast that I did not think
 of being cold, and when, just as I was about
 to the church, Johnny Green, the "bad boy
 of the village" stepped out from a barn door
 and told me what a splendid slide for sleighs
 there was out of sight behind the barn, I was
 tempted and went 'just for one ride.' Set-
 ting my stove on a drift I got on his sled be-
 hind him, and away we flew. It was a spec-
 tacular ride, but I hurried back up the long hill
 and looked for my stove. It was gone. A
 wind had blown it off the drift, and the hot coals
 had melted a place for it in the snow. We
 looked and looked for it, and it was after the
 "long prayer" before, half frozen, I crept into
 my father's pew door. Mother scolded me
 up close to her and gave me crazy seed,
 and Aunt Becky passed over her shoe from
 the next pew. But oh, my boy, after we got
 home and I had had supper and condensed
 the whole, then father took the big Bible and
 a birch switch and laid them together, and
 after carefully reading the Fourth Command-
 ment from the one, he very vigorously and
 warningly applied the other. I have never
 forgotten either."

"But the foot-stove, grandpa?"

"Ah, yes, dear, we never found it until the
 snow went off in the spring, but it had taught
 me a good lesson—yes, several. See if you
 can find them out."

—Hans Bussing.

THE SWIFTEST OF ALL.

What is swifter than the rail-car? The
 telegraph.

What is swifter than the telegraph? Light-
 ning.

What is swifter than lightning? Thought.

What is swifter than thought? He who
 has said, "Before they call I will answer;
 and while they are yet speaking I will hear."
 Isa. 65:24.

PROMISE—PROMISE—PRAYER.

Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. Ex.
 20:8.

Remember is the way that keepeth the Sabbath from
 pollution, and keepeth his hand from doing any
 evil. Isa. 58:13.

My soul longeth, yes, even in health for the courts of
 the Lord: my heart and my flesh cry out for the
 living God. Ps. 84:2.

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