

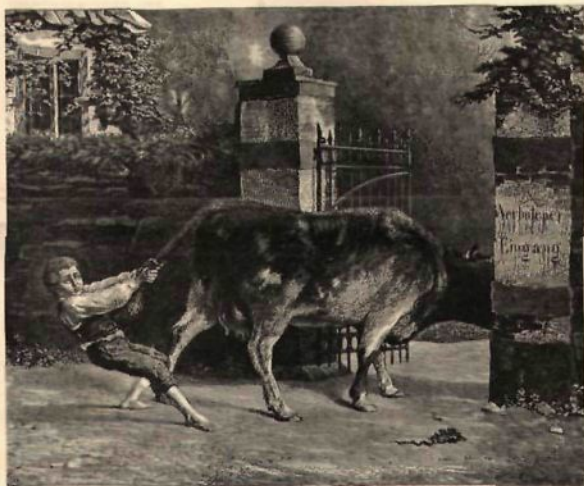
THE CHILD'S PAPER.

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AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, NEW YORK.

MAY, 1883.



NO ADMITTANCE.

THIS is what the German words on the gate-post mean. But Mistress "Crumplehorn" does not care a bit for the prohibition. It is all the same to her whether you say, "No Admittance!" or "Verboten Eingang!" When she sees a gate open, and tender fresh grass within, she is going in. Master Fritz, in spite of his exertions, will not be able to stop her. But the fault is his. You see he was put there to keep the gate shut. But he got to chasing butterflies, or something of the

kind, and left the gate open, and of course Mistress "Crumplehorn" took advantage of it. Fritz remembered his duty too late. He will be sorry enough when the flower-beds are trampled down and the beautiful lawn injured by the clumsy cow. He may count himself fortunate if he gets off with a good, sound punishment.

Children, you are all gate-keepers; and unless you are watchful there will harm come to the gardens you are set to guard. The gardens are your hearts. Evil thoughts, evil

motives, evil purposes, are the destructive locusts that will break in, unless you keep constant watch. And do not trust to your own care only. Ask God to set a watch over you, and protect your hearts from the intrusion of these evil things.

GUY MORICE.

THERE was a slight pause in the conversation at the breakfast-table, and Guy's voice broke in upon the silence with, "Papa, I want a pony ever so much. Jim Chase has one."

"Why, my boy," papa replied, "the purchase of a pony would be a rich bit of extravagance for a poor man like me. You must remember Jim Chase has a rich father."

"Oh," moaned Guy, "I wish we were rich. Any way, you might buy me a bicycle; we wouldn't have to feel that. Will Smith has one, and jolly times he has with it."

"You don't know what you ask, my son," Mr. Monroe replied gravely. "A bicycle would cost as much as a pony; and if I could afford to buy one, you are far too small to use it."

"Well," persisted Guy, "I could ride a velocipede, and they only cost five dollars. I should certainly think you could get me one of those."

"Is there anything else that you think I might purchase for your benefit?" inquired Mr. Monroe, "because, if there is, you might as well speak of it now."

"Oh, yes," said Guy gayly, "I want a watch. Ever so many of the boys wear watches. And one thing I must have this very day, and that's a decent ball; that miserable little five-cent thing is just good for nothing."

"A pony, a bicycle, a velocipede, a watch, and a ball!" said Mr. Monroe. "To meet these modest demands your mother would be obliged to dispense with her new cloak, and I to wear my shabby overcoat for yet another winter. Of course, you would want your new suit all the same, and new skates and a new sled would be considered indispensable as the winter advanced. But perhaps we might afford to purchase some of these articles if your mother and I wore our old clothes and gave up a few of the luxuries of the table. Would that suit you, my son?"

"O papa, you know it would not! I'm not so great a pig as to take all the nice things, and let you and mamma scrimp at such a rate. But you can't blame me, papa, if I long sometimes for the things which I see other boys have."

"The boys who have these 'things' for which you long are very few compared with the great mass of boys who don't begin to have the comforts and privileges which you enjoy. The Bible says, 'A man's life consists not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth.' And so a boy's life is not to be judged by his outward possessions. Many of the men whom the world delights to honor have suffered great privations in boyhood, and have risen to eminence only by the exercise of the greatest courage and perseverance. Bicycles, velocipedes, and expensive balls are not absolutely necessary for your best physical and mental growth."

"Oh, dear, what big words you use! What sort of a thing is 'physical and mental growth'?"

"Physical applies to the body, and mental to the mind, and neither is as large as 'velocipede,' which you seem to find a very simple word. We wish your body to grow large and strong, and so we plan for warm garments and healthful food and exercise. We wish your mind to grow likewise, and we send you to school and teach you in many ways at home. Now what do you think I mean by all that I have said?"

"Oh, you don't want me to tease you any more for ponies and toys, but to think how

many nice things I have, and that, after all, it is n't the things which make the boy, but the spirit which is in him."

"That's it exactly; and now perhaps that five-cent ball will do for a few days longer."

K. K. K.

THE DINORNIS.

It is a good deal of a bird, is it not? See how much larger it is than the ostrich, and than the native New Zealander standing by its side. This bird belonged to a race that is now, so far as we know, extinct. Learned men, who have made the subject a study, can tell from the bones pretty nearly what the



shape of the dinornis was. Some of these birds were eight or ten feet high, and some reached up to the height of twelve or fourteen feet.

The men who found the bones found with them fragments of eggshells, from which it is judged that the egg of the dinornis must have been fourteen inches long, and capable of containing as much as 250 common hen's eggs.

Those of our readers who live in or near New York City can see the skeletons of some of these birds in the American Museum of Natural History, Central Park.

It was a wonderful world that God made, and the more we find out about its wonders, the more we ought to remember and admire his greatness and power.

KATIE'S TRUST.

A TRUE STORY.

"Katie, it is time for you to start for school."

Nine-year old Katie slowly laid down her story book, put on her hat, and took her books and lunch basket from the table. Then she lifted her face for her mother's good-by kiss. Mrs. Gray gave the kiss, but she was

very busy and did not notice that Katie's eyes were full of tears.

"Hurry, dear, or you will be late," she said.

The little girl went reluctantly through the yard, and out into the quiet street. For a little way there were houses, but soon Katie turned a corner. The street she had now entered had lately been made. There were no houses upon it, and a great many cows fed on the grass at the roadside. Katie had not always lived in the country, and she was terribly afraid of these great horned animals. Yet it was a whole mile to the schoolhouse, and she knew she must go quickly. Looking

straight down at the ground, she began to run as fast as her feet would carry her. Before long she heard a sound, and looking up saw a large cow not three feet away. Katie gave a little cry. The cow lifted its head and looked at her with its big, soft eyes. The poor little girl was frightened almost out of her wits. She thought the cow would throw her up into the air with those dreadful horns. What should she do? She stood quiet still. It seemed as if she could not go on. Just then she thought of something that her Sunday-school teacher had said. "Wherever you are, whatever you are doing, God is close beside you. He is just as really beside you as if you could see him. If you are afraid, you can whisper a little prayer, and he will take care of you."

A sweet smile crept into Katie's face. She closed her fingers as if she were holding tight to her mother's hand. She felt as if some one were beside her. "O Jesus, take care of me. Do n't let the cow hurt me," she whispered. Was Katie afraid now? No, she felt as safe as if the cows were the other side of a high fence.

Katie was foolish to be afraid of the gentle cows, but they taught her the great lesson of trust in God. May she keep it through all her life! LINDA WATERMAN.

THE LORD'S MONEY.

"BERTIE, Bertie, is n't this a shame?" cried little Caspar Drems, as he held up a silver quarter for his older brother to look at.

It was a bright quarter, and at first sight there was nothing the matter with it, but closer inspection showed that it had been bored, and the hole had afterwards been carefully filled up.

"They would n't take it where I bought my slats," said Caspar ruefully, "and then I tried to pass it at the candy-shop, and the lady shook her head, and when I offered it to the confectioner in the car, he was quite cross, and asked me if I did n't know how to read. When I said 'Yes, of course I did,' he pointed to a notice in big letters, 'No mutilated coin received here.' What shall I do with it?" finished the little fellow with a sigh.

"You have no idea who gave it to you, have you, Caspar?" said Bertie.

"Not the least. It is part of the change I had from Uncle John's Christmas gift to me."

"Well, you must be sharper next time.

Now, if I were you, I would put it into the Missionary Box. The Society will work it off somehow."

"But I don't want to put a whole quarter in the box."

"It is not a whole quarter, Casp. It's a quarter that's had a hole in it. Nobody'll take it from you. You may just as well get rid of it that way as in any other."

Bertie and Caspar Hall were in their father's library when this conversation took place. They thought themselves alone. But just on the other side of a curtain which divided the room from the parlor, their Uncle Thomas Ethel was sitting. As Caspar moved towards the mantel where the family missionary box stood in plain sight, Ethel drew the curtain aside, and spoke to him.

"Boys," she said, "I did not mean to listen, but I could not help overhearing you, and Caspar fear, *do not drop that quarter into the box, please.*"

"Why not, Ethel?"

"The Lord's money goes into that box." Bertie looked up from his Latin grammar to meet the glowing face of the little girl. Her eyes were shining, and her lip quivered a little, but she spoke gravely.

"It was the lamb without blemish, do you know, that the Hebrews were to offer to the Lord. If you saw Jesus here in this room, you would be like to say, 'I give this to Thee, because nobody else will have it.' It was gold, frankincense, and myrrh the wise men offered the infant Jesus."

The boys drew nearer Ethel. She went on.

"It is n't much we can give to him who gave himself to us, but I believe we ought to give him our best, and what costs us something. Excuse me, but it seems mean to drop a battered coin into God's treasury, just to get it out of sight."

Caspar and Bertie agreed with Ethel. They were about to do wrong from fond thought. Are there no older people who should remon-

der that the Lord's money ought to be perfect, and of our best?

M. K. Sangster.

It is one of the curious things about love to Christ, that the more you show it and the more that you do under its power, the stronger and purer it grows. It does not waste away by being used. You can light ten thousand candles from one little flame, and it will burn just as brightly when it has lighted the ten thousand as before it lighted the first. So love does not waste by being used. How blessed to love God! "He that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him."

SHIP SAILING.

One duck yard is under the kitchen table,
The last ship built there I helped to launch,
And as eye-witness, I can able
To coach that her timbers are stout and staunch.
Cut from a stiff old pine-wooded beam,
It will weather the most mercurial gale,
That ever troubled a water-pail.
Keep right side up, and sail smooth upon it.

Her name is the "Ethel," my captain knows
Why Mary or Susan is not as well!
But he only blanches as red as a rose,
When I ask the reason, and will not tell.
But candidly furnished the paper crew,
And the cargo—two sails and a candy line,
Somebody said the sails must be white,
With just an edging of red and blue.

There's not much room in a water-pail,
But the brooks are dry and the rivers low.
And when all other sources fail,
The sturdy pump is sure to go.
So we make believe there's a wide, deep sea
Beyond the duck yard; the captain stands
And shouts to his men, and calls them "hands,"
As grand as a captain need to be!

See how she glides through the open door
At the busy workmen with tumbled hair!
There are shavings and chips on the duck yard floor,
And the kitchen furniture everywhere.
How can I detach their splendid play?
The house will be lonely, and trim, and neat,
When I miss the games of little feet,
And the children have sailed into his sea!

M. K. P.

EDITOR'S CORNER.



LOVE is the cornerstone of a truly Christian life, my dear children. No one who does not love God can claim to be God's child. I want to tell you now, first, some things about getting this love, and second, some things about showing it.

You don't a child come to love God? Let us begin with the most important way.

You must ask God to make you love him. It is God's Holy Spirit that turns our hearts in the right way. He can make these hearts full of love to our Heavenly Father. So, if we want really to love God, the very best thing that we can do is to pray that the Holy Spirit shall give us that love. I cannot explain to you, for no one understands it, just how the Spirit can move on the heart and turn it to God. But the Bible tells us that he can, and every true Christian will tell you that he really does. So, if you would love God, ask the Holy Spirit to give you a new heart, a heart that is full of love to the Father in heaven who loves you.

Then, as helping towards this same end, think how good God is towards you. He is good in giving the "common blessings" of life, as we call them. But how ungratefully good he is in giving us Jesus to be our Saviour! Surely, when we remember that we are sinners, and that God gave Jesus to save us from our sins, we ought to love God very much. Gratitude ought to move us to love. How can any child be so hard-hearted as to refuse his love to the blessed Lord who has done so much for him, for this world and the next?

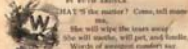
But you say, "I do love God; now how shall I show it?" I do not think that if you really have this love in your heart you will find it hard to show it. It is not hard to show mamma or papa that you love them, is it? But perhaps I can tell you one or two helpful things here.

Try to make yourself as perfect a character as possible. Try to be Christlike—that will be showing your love out clearly. Do not be content with having this love in your own heart, but tell others about it. That will be letting the light of your love shine out for the benefit of others. That will let your friends and acquaintances see that you really love God.



GO TO JESUS WITH ALL YOUR TROUBLES.

BY EUTH ARDLE.



WHAT'S the matter? Come, tell me
She will wipe the tears away
She will soothe, will get, and kneel,
Words of angelic comfort say

Are you tired of heaving heave,
Do they seem too hard for you?
Words is spelling long and treasure,
Seems too difficult to do?

Are the towns and cities killing
From your bright eyes' eager quest?
Cannot read, and listen, and thrive,
In their beds be found at rest?

Well, my child, with these your troubles,
I will tell you where to go
The dear Lord will help you study,
Try, and you will find it so.

Go to Jesus with these "bothers,"
Never mind if they are small;
He will help you, he will bless you,
Only ask him, that is all.

Yes, take every day to find
Right to Him who died for you,
You can never go too often
All your earthly journey through.

UNCLE JOE'S STORY.

"You cheated. I know you did."

"I did not; and if you say that again, I'll fog you."

Two boys glared fiercely at each other over a game of marbles, and their otherwise bright, pleasant faces were sadly disfigured by passion.

Just at this moment an old gentleman came down the walk, passing beside them as their angry words reached his ear.

Regarding them gravely, he said, "Do not quarrel, boys, whatever may be the cause; and Harry, if you were to carry out the great you just now made, you might have to remember it as a sorrow all the rest of your life."

"Well, Uncle Joe," said Harry, eager to defend himself, "Will says I cheated. It's false, and I won't stand it."

"He did cheat," said Will doggedly. "And I won't be bullied by any boy."

"It is better to suffer wrong than to do wrong," said Uncle Joe. "But you cannot see that while you are blinded by passion. I wish you would walk with me, while I tell you an incident of my own boyhood. I do not like to recall it, but it may help you to understand that nothing is made by resentment; and sometimes it leads to life-long pain and regret."

The boys reluctantly put away their marbles, and prepared to listen. Uncle Joe's stories were always interesting, but his advice was often very hard to follow, and sometimes forgotten altogether.

"I know," he continued, looking kindly into their flushed faces, "that it is hard to believe what I have just said. You do not like to feel that any one has the advantage of you; but I assure you, it is a poor advantage gained by violence. You demand your own character, and do personal as well as moral injury to your fellow. When I was a boy like you, I attended a country school where there were a good many rough boys, and among them one whom I particularly disliked, though I did not hesitate to play marbles with him; for I did not want him to know of my feeling towards him, for, you see, he might use this

knowledge against me some time. Well, one day we were playing a game, in which I had become very much interested, when he suddenly gave me an angry pout, and exclaimed, 'You mean scamp, Joe Parsons, you cheated horribly.' Of course I had done no such thing, but I sprang to my feet in a great passion, and rapidly thinking of all the insults I had taken from him, I determined to 'pay him off' for once; and being somewhat bigger and stronger, I flew at him and gave him such a beating he was glad enough to get away from me, and go off home without a word. You will say I had the advantage of him, but I felt very mean; and all that afternoon I could think of nothing else. Before going to bed I resolved to ask his pardon as soon as I should see him, and never give a loose rein to my passion again.

"While we were at breakfast the next morning my father came in looking very sorry. 'Joe,' he said, 'I have terrible news for you. Your schoolmate, Nick Rodgers, was instantly killed last night. He climbed on a load of wood the men were bringing in from the Pines, and you know the little hollow down by the bridge? The horses gave a sudden lurch there, and threw him under the wheels. He was terribly mangled, and worse than all, I fear he was not prepared for poison death.'

"Oh, my boys, I cannot tell you my feelings at that moment. I rushed away in an agony of remorse, charging myself with his murder. You looked shocked, Harry, and it is a hard name; but if I had not driven him off by violence he might not have gone to his death in that way. And I had no more opportunity to ask his forgiveness. The terrible reality would force itself upon me continually. What I suffered I can never tell; and I found no peace until I had humbled myself before God in sincere repentance. I cannot think of it after all these years without pain, and I would save you if I could from a like experience."

"They had now reached the old man's gate, and sobered and impressed by the story they had heard, inwardly resolved that this time Uncle Joe's words should not fail of the lesson he intended. He watched them with a smile as they trudged on together, and listened for the "Good night, Harry," "Good night, Will," that came floating back to him as he leaned on the gate and saw them part at a turn in the road.

M. L. E.

ANSWER

to Picture Charade in *CHILD'S PAPER* for April.
Brimstone.

1. Brim. July 2, 8-10.
4. Stone. Gen. 22:13-14.
Total. Brimstone. July 13-15.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Two bodies of men who opposed Christ and came an altar.

1. That which the apostles were not to take with them.
2. The King of Gerar.
3. Peter's wife.
4. A town left undisturbed by Manasseh.
5. The father of Balaam.
6. The governor of Syria at the time of Christ's birth.
7. The daughter of Laila.
8. The first witness of a miraculous power of speech.
9. One whose household Paul baptized.

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