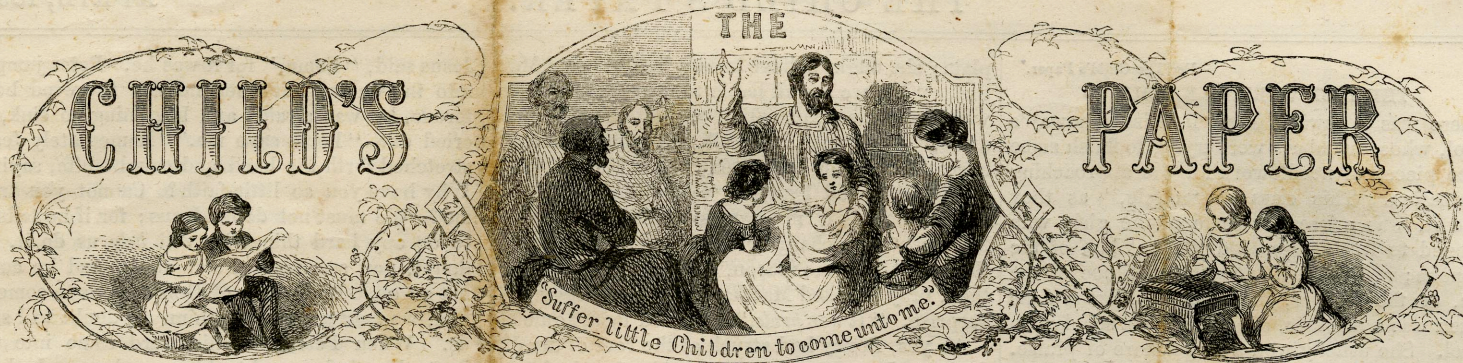


Wm. Earman



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For The Child's Paper.

RUSTIC HOSPITALITY.

One day Tommy rushed into the kitchen quite in a breeze, crying out, "Mother, mother, there is an old man down in the road sitting on a log; sha'n't I set Pompey on him?" "Set Pompey on him?" said his sister; "what for?" "Oh, because," answered Tommy, looking a little ashamed, "because—perhaps he'll come and eat us up." "A foolish reason of a foolish boy," said his mother. "Go out, Esther, and see if the poor man wants any thing. Perhaps he's tired with a hard day's travel among the mountains." "Perhaps he's somebody's grandpa," said Esther. "Would you like to have a naughty boy set his dog on your grandpa, Tommy?"

Esther ran down the green, and peeping through the slats of the gate, saw him resting under the shade of the old oak-tree. "Should you like any thing?" asked Esther. "Will you please to come in and rest yourself in our kitchen?" "Thank you, chicken," said the old man, "I should be very thankful for a drink of water."

Esther scampered back to the house laughing. "He called me chicken," said she, "and Chicken will draw him some cool water from the well; yes, that Chicken will, with her own little claws." Her mother gave her the pitcher, and she drew the water from the well, and hastened with the cooling drink to the poor traveller. Pompey marches ahead, smelling the way, and Tommy slinks behind, as well he may after harboring such cowardly thoughts about the poor old man.

How pleased he is to see them. He is tired and dusty, for he has come a long way. "I thank you," he said after drinking, "I thank you. It tastes very good. Do you know what the Lord Jesus Christ once said about a cup of cold water?" Esther shook her head. "I will tell you. He said, Whosoever shall give to one of his people 'a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple, he shall in no wise lose his reward.' May the Lord himself bless you, little girl, as I am sure I do." And a happy feeling stole into the young child's bosom at the old man's words, for the blessing of the poor and the stranger fell upon her.

For The Child's Paper.

THE RIVER JORDAN.

What river should you like best to visit? "The river Jordan," answers a little girl, "because my Saviour was baptized there."

Every traveller to the Holy Land tries to visit it. It is about twenty-four miles from Jerusalem. As many robbers infest the caves and forests by the way, it is dangerous to undertake the journey from Jerusalem without a guard of soldiers. A curious custom takes place about this time of the year, which it would be interesting to see—the bathing of the pilgrims in the Jordan.

Five, six, seven, or eight thousand people assemble at Jerusalem from all parts of Turkey to make a pilgrimage to this river. The Turkish governor escorts them with a guard of soldiers. They camp out on a large plain near Jericho. Two hours before daylight a rude kettle-drum rouses the sleeping multitude to begin their march to the river before the sun heats up the valley. Soon they are in motion. Before them are carried flaming torches, and all along huge watch-fires are kindled to light up the steep passes of the road. By the time the sun breaks over the hills the front rank reaches the river, which is a yellow, muddy stream, gliding between white cliffs and tamarisk and willow trees. In a short time the great body of the pilgrims come up on horses, asses, mules, and camels, some having whole families on their backs. On reaching the river they dismount, and set to work to take their bath in its waters, some on the open space, others farther up among the thickets. Some plunge in naked; most, however, wear white dresses, which they bring with them. Though the number of men, women, and children is so large, good behavior everywhere prevails. In about two hours the shores are cleared; they quietly remount their beasts, and before the noon-day heat are again encamped on the upper plain of Jericho. At midnight the drum again

beats for their homeward march. Torches again go before, and the people follow; and so quiet are they, that nothing but the clatter of hoofs and the tinkling of bells is heard. The troops stay on the ground till the last pilgrim is gone, and then the country becomes as desolate and silent as before.

What do they do it for? The poor pilgrims hope to wash away their sins in the Jordan, which they look upon as a holy river, forgetting, or not knowing that the blood of Christ alone cleanseth from sin.

"It takes a good many shovels full of earth to bury the truth." Bury it deep as men may, it will have a rising, notwithstanding. They may roll a great stone, and seal the grave in which it is laid, and set a watch upon it, yet still, like its Lord, it comes forth again at its appointed hour. It cannot die; it is of an immortal race. As the Spanish proverb nobly says, "Truth is the daughter of God."

"Where is hell?" asked a scoffer. "Anywhere outside of heaven," was the answer.

For The Child's Paper.

THE LOST WORSTED-NEEDLE.

There was a sewing circle in Miss Janeway's school, whose members were trying to finish some choice pieces of needlework for the approaching examination. This class or "circle," as they called it, was a great favorite of the girls who belonged to it. It occupied the last half of the afternoon; and while the rest sewed, one of the class, or the teacher, read aloud. Martha Jane Carlton was a member, one of the best scholars in school. She usually won a large share of praise. Her recitations were loud and distinct, and she was praised for them. Her compositions were often sprinkled with pretty bits of poetry, which the girls always thought beautiful. She had a leading mind, and managed to get the girls on her side in any question where there were two sides. Martha was working a pair of shoes for the examination, and as the pattern grew under her needle, the girls every day gathered around her to examine and admire it.

One afternoon soon after school began she went up to Miss Janeway's desk, and breaking rather unceremoniously upon a class which was reciting, asked leave to go home for her worsted-needle. "No, Martha," answered Miss Janeway; "you know if the girls forget their tools they must take the consequences of doing without them; we want to teach the scholars to *remember*." Martha Jane turned away with an offended air. When the circle took its seat, Martha came also; but when she looked upon the busy fingers around her, she seemed almost ready to cry with vexation. "Tell Miss Janeway how it was," whispered one of the girls. "Her rules are not like the laws of the Medes and Persians. Explain about your needle, and she will let you go home for one."

"Never," said Martha, tossing back her head; "she might know that *I never* forget. She must not jump at conclusions that way." And so Martha Jane sat sullenly through the sewing hour, filled with angry thoughts against her teacher. Of course Martha Jane left school that afternoon not at all happy. True, the girls sympathized with her—true, Miss Janeway's charge of forgetfulness did not happen to be true, and she was therefore lying under the blame of a false accusation. Martha Jane was innocent, yet she had none of the peace which usually accompanies conscious innocence. As I said, she left school unhappy.

"I will go in and see Peggy," said Martha. "I will tell her about it." Peggy was a poor girl, sick of a long and painful disease, who had won many friends to her bedside by her patient and lovely spirit. Martha often visited and fetched her nice things from her mother's table; and often she dropped in to tell her the news of the day. Martha Jane went in now, and it was not long before Peggy saw that something had disturbed her. "Something troubles you," said Peggy. "It is not pleasant to be charged with faults that don't belong to us; do you think it is, Peggy?" asked Martha Jane. "No," answered Peggy, "because we have plenty that we must answer for." "Well, I sha'n't answer for *forgetfulness*," said Martha Jane angrily. "To be sure of my worsted-needle, I took it to school *this morning*; at recess Hope Berry borrowed and lost it. She promised to bring me another this afternoon, but she was not there. Finding myself with no needle, I asked Miss Janeway to let me go home and get one. She would n't, but told me to bear the consequences of forgetting it, when she ought to know *I never* forget." "Did you explain the case?" asked Peggy. "Of course I didn't," answered Martha Jane; "she ought to have known better; it was unjust and unfair in her." "You know," said Peggy, after thinking, "the girls do often trouble her by forgetfulness; and no wonder, worried as she often is by having so many things to see to, she did n't consider that you were not one of them. You should have taken an opportunity of telling her how it was. If you had gone to her, and said, 'Dear teacher, please let me explain why I have no needle this afternoon,' I am sure you would have saved yourself a great deal of hard feeling." "I could not stoop to ex-

plain; she ought to have known better," said Martha. "But we are all liable to misunderstandings which a little explanation would smooth quite away," said Peggy. "Well, it has made me very miserable all this afternoon," said Martha Jane. "What?" asked Peggy. "Why, her not letting me go home for my worsted-needle," answered Martha, "and charging me falsely." "I do not think that was the reason," said Peggy. "What then, pray?" asked Martha, looking at Peggy with surprise. "It was *pride*," answered Peggy quietly.

Ah yes, Peggy had struck at the root of the difficulty. It was pride, ugly pride that had poisoned the child's afternoon. I will tell you three things about pride. 1. It makes us overvalue ourselves, and take offence at little slights. 2. It makes no allowance for mistakes, and does not forgive real or supposed injuries. 3. It cannot bear to have us told our faults, and hates those that tell us of them. No wonder then that the Bible says, "God resisteth the proud, and giveth grace to the humble;" that is, he sets himself against proud people, but gives contentment and patience and peace and love to the humble soul. No wonder also that pride causes a great deal of unhappiness in a child's bosom, because it is so opposite to that "meek and lowly spirit" which the Son of God had, and which *we* must have in order to be children of God and enjoy heavenly happiness.



For The Child's Paper.

THE STORM AT SEA.

Some of the Lord's disciples, you know, were sailors. They had boats, and went fishing on the lake of Galilee. Jesus often crossed the lake with them. One day when they were on the lake the wind blew violently, and the waves dashed so angrily over the boat, they were afraid of shipwreck. Jesus was in the boat, but he was asleep, and the noise of the winds and waters did not wake him. At last, when the danger seemed very great, they went to him, and said, "Master, do you not care for us? Will you let us drown?" Jesus then arose, and he said to the winds, "Be still," and they left off blowing; and to the waters he said, "Be still," and immediately the waves smoothed down and became quiet. Then he asked them why they were afraid, since he could take care of them asleep as well as awake. How did he show himself to be indeed the Son of God by the winds and the waves obeying him.

He could, you see, help his disciples when he was in the boat with them; but could he see their danger and befriend them, if he were on shore?

One dark night they put off from the shore to cross the lake, leaving Jesus behind, for he wanted to go away on a hill by himself to pray. A storm came on, and they toiled all night at their oars, tossed about by the foaming waves. Do you not suppose they wished for Jesus? He was a great way off, they thought. But he saw their danger through all the darkness and the storm. Towards morning they discovered through the mist something walking on the water which looked like a man. They were much frightened, for they thought it was a spirit. But soon they heard a voice speaking, and it said, "It is I; be not afraid." Peter knew the voice, and he cried, "Lord, if it be you, let me come where you are."

Jesus said, "Come," for it was he. Peter jumped into the water; but when he saw the wind boisterous, he was afraid, and beginning to sink, he cried out, "Lord, save me." Immediately Jesus stretched forth his hand and caught him, saying, "Why have you so little faith? Cannot you trust me? We must not doubt Jesus; for if he tells us to do any hard thing, he will *help* us do it. A doubt, you see, made Peter afraid, and he could not go on. If the Son of God bids *us* to come to him, we *must* go, trusting him. A doubt will sink us. When Peter and his Lord came into the boat, the wind ceased to blow, and every body in the boat came and worshipped him, saying, "Of a truth thou art the Son of God."

And will the Son of God hush the storm now? He may not hush the wind and the waves, but he will hush the storm of fears in those who trust him by those same sweet words of promise, "It is I; be not afraid." It holds as good now as then. Can you not trust him?

For The Child's Paper.

THE STING.

"Mother," said George, "when will Fanny come home? I wish you would write her to come."

"She went only yesterday, and will not be back these many weeks," answered the mother.

"Father, I wish you would write for Fanny to come back," said George at dinner-time.

"Grandmother will not be willing to spare her directly," father answered.

"How George hankers after Fanny," said mother to father; "he does not seem to care for the rest of us."

The children had a play-room, an open, unfinished chamber, where the boys had their gimblets, saws, fishing-tackle, and nameless pieces of trumpery in one corner; and the girls occupied the opposite one with their babies and baby-house furniture of all sorts. It was about the sober gray of twilight, when, as the mother passed the door of the play-room, she heard a sound like crying, but it was a low cry. She stopped, and peeping into the room saw George sitting on a block whittling, with the tears running down his cheeks. She did not know whether to speak or not. Then, lest he might have cut him or be in pain, she asked, "What is the matter, my child?" George started, for he did not know any one was by. "Nothing, nothing," he answered, wiping the tears from his face. "Where are James and Joseph?" asked his mother. "Gone in the wagon," answered George. "I did not want to go. Mother, do you think I shall ever see Fanny again? I sha'n't, I know." "I hope so," said the mother. "Why do you think you shall not?" George kept whittling, and the tears kept falling, falling, falling on the pine board and his knife.

"I am glad you love Fanny so," said his mother, "and loving her so, I wonder you should wish to shorten her visit at dear grandmamma's, where the children have such nice times." George's tears only kept slowly falling, falling, and his mother looked on with pity; there was also a little surprise mixed with her pity, for she could not understand why George felt so much more than the other children. Fanny was a dear, good sister, but she and George had not seemed more necessary to each other's enjoyment than the others. After speaking a few cheerful words to her son, his mother left him, but she carried his sorrowful face in her heart. At supper he looked brighter, and perhaps nobody but herself noticed the traces of his tears.

That night she sat up later than usual. On going to bed, "Mother, mother," came in a low whisper from the boy's chamber. The door was ajar; she pushed it open softly, and went in. George was wide awake; James and Joseph were asleep. George put his arms around his mother's neck and drew her to him, and she felt his cheek again wet with tears. "My dear boy," asked his mother tenderly, "what troubles you?" For a few moments his heart was too full to speak. "Oh, mother, I want to see Fanny so," he sobbed out on her bosom. "You love Fanny very much; do you not, George?" she said.

"Oh, mother, it is because I *hated* her. She

came over in our play-corner the day before she went away, and I did not want her. I made up faces behind her back, and I would not speak to her; I was angry with her; I hated her; I wished she was off a thousand miles, and never would come back. Fanny don't know it, but I do, mother. I want her to come back; I want to see Fanny again, mother. Shall I ever see Fanny more?"

Poor George! A wounded conscience who can bear? Giving way to unkindness, anger, hate, towards those who love us, always leaves a sting behind, and that sting is called remorse. George was suffering from remorse. God has so made us, that sin, heart-sins as well as hand-sins, like stealing, or mouth-sins, like lying, bring their own punishment; just as goodness brings its own reward. Hating is a heart-sin. How many children have shed bitter tears in secret over the memory of hateful feelings against a father or mother, brothers or sisters, or some other friend who tenderly loved them. When these dear friends are away or dead, or you are removed from them, then how the thought of unkindness, felt or spoken, revives in the mind, biting like a serpent, and making our days very bitter. If we *could only* see them and make it all up by love and kindness again, we think—but this cannot always be done. Death may have snatched them away, and we cannot show kindness to the dead. "Get rid of such feelings the best way you can," said one boy to another, who was suffering from remorse for having treated his mother unkindly; "drown them, drown them." Yes, get rid of such feelings the best way you can, that is good advice; but do not try to drown them, that certainly will not remove the sting; but it is of great importance to know what will. Do not do any thing which will harden the heart more and more, and make it full of stings some day or other to be certainly felt.

What is the best way? I will tell you. Soften your remorse by *penitence*. Go and tell all to Jesus. Lay your burden at his feet. He is the friend and helper in such cases; and he will pour the balm of his *own love* into your poor wounded heart. We have not naturally love enough to prevent our gusts of ill-temper and evil feelings. We want more. We need to fill our hearts with love, that there be no room for hate. This is what the Lord Jesus can and will do for us. He will "shed abroad *his love* in our hearts;" and Oh, how full of kindness is his love. Did poor George get comforted so? I hope he did, for he was a very kind brother when I knew him.

Manlike it is, to fall into sin;
Fiendlike it is, to dwell therein;
Christlike it is, for sin to grieve;
Godlike it is, all sin to leave.

For The Child's Paper.

THE TWO LEGACIES.

A young sailor married a thrifty young woman, and in two chambers they began housekeeping and set up the family altar. No beginning could promise better. When the young sailor was in port, he was at his seat in the chapel. Sometimes his voice was heard in the prayer-meeting, as he told his experience of God's goodness on the stormy ocean.

After a year or two the sailor fell down the hold of a vessel while she was loading, and was too much hurt to go the voyage; but he had a snug harbor of a home to cast anchor in, and a good mate to nurse him. When he married her, she brought only a small legacy to her husband, a bundle of old books left her by her father. These had been stowed away in an old sea-chest, and never examined until her husband was sick, when he remembered and hunted them up to read; for, unused to keep house, the time sometimes hung heavy on his hands.

Two or three years more pass away. James is well, and has his berth in the ship again. But he is seldom seen at the chapel; another has his seat in the prayer-meeting; his Bible is neglected, his Sabbaths are broken; he has no family altar. In a year or two more James is a swearer, a hard

drinker, a scoffer, and visitor of low dancing-houses.

Would you like to know the date of the change which had come over this poor fellow? Hear his own account. "My wife's legacy from her father's old chest, that lot of unseaworthy old books, ruined me," said James. "They were infidel books, blasphemous books. I read them from curiosity, but their poison entered my soul. I had n't learning enough to argue them down, or faith enough to rise above them; so they drove me on the lee-shore of unbelief, and I am likely soon to be wrecked for ever on the rocks of Perdition. Bad books are a terrible legacy."

In contrast with this was a wild young soldier, who married a poor woman whose only legacy was a pewter spoon and two books. The kind talk of his wife won the young husband to spend his evenings at home; and she told him many things of her godly father, and how he loved the books which he had left her: and the young husband falling sick, he took up the books, and opened and read, and was well pleased with what he read. One of these was Arthur Dent's "Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven;" and more and more each loved to hear the simple and pious talk of the little book as it spoke to them of Christ and heavenly things. Then the young couple turned their own steps into this same "Pathway." The wife went only a little way, and then reached the end. But the poor husband had a longer and harder road to travel; yet he found the way brightening as he went, and he has left a shining track behind for thousands and thousands to walk therein. It is called the "Pilgrim's Progress." I dare say you have caught sight of it—the man was John Bunyan.

Then we say, Oh what a priceless legacy is a good book!

For The Child's Paper.

OUR BEST FRIEND.

If any one should ask you, Who is your best friend? what would you say? Perhaps you would say, "My mother. She took care of me when I was an infant in the cradle; she rocked me at night until I was asleep; when I cried she sung to me, and when I was sick she watched over me. Sometimes she watched me through all the night, and her love has always followed me. I am sure she is my best friend."

Pause a moment, little child. Your mother is indeed your best earthly friend; but God your Father is your best friend. He has always watched over you, day and night, through all your life. From the first moment of your existence until now his eye has been upon you. He has a great many worlds to take care of, and vast concerns in his hand, but he *never* leaves you. He can take care of you and of all his universe at the same time.

Your mother has done a great deal for you, you say. So she has; but God has done a great deal more. He gave you your kind, patient mother, and he lets her live to take care of you. And more than this, he has given you the best gift he could give you. He has given you his only Son Jesus Christ. He has loved you so well as to give you his "well-beloved Son" to die for you, that you might be saved from your sins, and live forever with him in heaven. And he did this for you when you did not love him. You know you have done a great many things to displease him. Perhaps you do not love him now.

But remember that your heavenly Father is your best friend. He has not only given you every thing you enjoy on earth, but he has given you Jesus Christ as a sacrifice for your sins. If your heart is ever washed in the blood of Christ, and you at last reach heaven, you will learn what a great sacrifice this was, and you will understand more than you do now about the wonderful love of God in giving you a Saviour; but while here on earth you may learn much of this love, and understand that *God is your best friend.* * * *

"Don't lie, don't lie!" said one child to another; "you can't deceive God, and he'll read it before everybody at the judgment-day."



For The Child's Paper

Perhaps no animal is so much attached to man as the dog. The God of nature has made him one of our guardians. None other of the brute creation show so much sagacity and benevolence, as shown especially by those of the Newfoundland species.

A gentleman connected with the Newfoundland fishery owned a dog of remarkable fidelity and sagacity. On one occasion, a boat and crew in his employ were in circumstances of considerable peril just outside a line of breakers, which, owing to a change in the wind since the departure of the boat, rendered the return passage very hazardous. The spectators ashore were quite unable to render assistance to their friends afloat, though every minute added to their danger. The dog looked on for some time, evidently aware of there being great cause for anxiety in all around him. After apparently reasoning on the matter, he threw himself into the water, and swam with all haste to the boat. The crew, supposing he wished to join them, made various attempts to help him on board, but he seemed determined to swim around, keeping, however, very near the boat. After a while one of the crew seemed to guess his meaning, and shouted, "Give him the end of a rope; that's what he wants." This was done; the dog at once made straight for the shore, to which in a few minutes, directed by the kind providence of God, the boat and its crew were brought in safety.

We may glance here at another similar fact. A gentleman was at a bathing-place, and having one morning ventured too far into the sea, was in great danger of being drowned. His two daughters were anxious to send out a boat to his assistance; but the boatmen, taking advantage of the alarm of these young ladies, demanded a large amount of money. During this conversation the gentleman was in great extremity, and ready to sink. Suddenly a Newfoundland dog, who had never before seen the parties, made his appearance, sprang into the water, and succeeded in safely bringing the gentleman ashore.

The gentleman thus delivered at once purchased the dog. He had a beautiful picture representing the scene painted and engraved, and presented each of his friends a copy of it. J. B.

For The Child's Paper.

SWEARING.

If I ever wish I had no ears, it is when I hear a boy swearing. Who made you? Who keeps you alive? Who gave you a tongue? Who gave you speech? Who clothes and feeds you? Who put a soul in your body? Who sent his Son to be your friend and Saviour? Who opens heaven to you? Whose earth do you live on? Whose sky is over your head? Whose sun shines upon you? Whose Sabbath do you rest on? All the answers will be, God. Is he not great and good? Should you not love him and thank him, and mind him and enjoy him?

Yet what does the swearer do? He takes God's name in vain. He uses it upon a thoughtless and wicked tongue. Did God foresee there would be swearers, and did he make any law against swearing? Yes. "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain;" that is, God will hold him guilty who takes his name in vain.



SPRING.

Oh come, lovely Spring, with thy soft southern winds,
Breathe over the hill and the plain,
And the lowliest plant and the loftiest tree
Will flourish in verdure again.

The industrious plough-boy has quitted his home,
And is hasting to break up the ground;
While the farmer comes on with a basket of seeds,
To scatter them thickly around.

'Tis the season of action—all nature's at work;
And what is its language to me?
'Arise, little child, there is much to be done,
And a portion is waiting for thee.'

I wonder what duty I ought to pursue;
I will go to my mother and ask,
And loiter no more while the sun is awake,
Till I've faithfully finished my task;

For well I remember the lesson she taught—
A lesson I ought to apply—
That to cheerfully serve my Creator in life,
Is the way to be blest when I die.

For The Child's Paper.

JESUS AND THE LITTLE CHILD.

CHILD.

Saviour, I am very weak;
Wilt thou hear me when I speak?
May I come and tell thee all,
Though I am so young and small?

SAVIOUR.

Fear not, my child, to come to me,
For I was once a child like thee;
And though I reign in glory now,
I keep my love for babes below.

CHILD.

And wilt thou take my sinful heart
And make it pure in every part?
Help me to grow a loving child,
Like thee, obedient, meek, and mild?

SAVIOUR.

I died, my child, to set you free
From sin and hell and misery;
And none of all the childlike train
Shall ever seek my face in vain.

CHILD.

Dear Saviour, be my constant guide,
Nor let me wander from thy side:
Oh, fit me for thy home on high,
And take me to thee when I die.

Hope E.—

For The Child's Paper.

THE FRIGHTENED CHIEF.

Mr. Moffatt, the missionary, went to pay a visit to an African chief several hundred miles inland from the missionary station at Latakoo, in South Africa. The name of the chief was Macaba. He was a great warrior, and was the terror of his enemies. People tried to persuade the missionary not to go; they said he was risking his life by such a journey. But the missionary trusted in God, who was greater than the chief, and went. Macaba received the good man with respect, and treated him with great kindness. The chief asked a great deal about Christ's religion. In one of his talks with this man of war and blood, while seated with fifty or sixty of his head men and rain-makers

around him, the missionary spoke of the resurrection.

"What," cried the chief, starting with surprise, "what are these words about the dead? The dead—the dead arise!" "Yes," said the missionary, "all the dead shall arise." "Will my father arise?" "Yes," answered the missionary. "Will all the slain in battle arise?" "Yes," answered the missionary. "Will all that have been killed and eaten by lions, tigers, and crocodiles arise?" "Yes, and come to judgment."

"Hark," shouted the chief, turning to his warriors; "ye wise men, did your ears ever hear such strange and unheard-of news? Did you ever hear such news as this?" turning to an old man, the wise man of his tribe. "Never," answered the old man. "I thought I had all the knowledge of the ancients, but I am confounded by these words. He must have lived long before we were born." The chief then turned and said to the missionary, laying his hand on his breast, "Father, I love you much. Your visit has made my heart white as milk. The words of your mouth are sweet like honey; but the words of a resurrection are too great for me. I do not wish to hear about the dead rising again. The dead cannot arise. The dead shall not arise."

"Tell me, my friend," said the missionary, "why I must not speak of a resurrection." Lifting his arm, which had been strong in battle, and quivering his hand as if grasping a spear, the chief said, "I have slain my thousands; and shall they arise?"

As this truth of the Bible flashed upon his savage mind, the thought of meeting his slain was too much for him; it overwhelmed him; it frightened him. Oh it is a great and terrible thought that we shall have to meet again all whom we have injured, neglected, or destroyed.

Does the rumseller remember that every man whom he destroyed, and every family which he has ruined, he will meet again at the resurrection? What a meeting will that be!

Does the idler think that every companion which he has led astray to Sabbath-breaking, to the gaming-table, to vile places of low pleasures, he will have to meet at the resurrection? Ah, his corrupting influence will reach beyond the grave.

Do you and I remember that neglect of duty will meet us in the resurrection, in sisters that we might have converted, brothers that we might have saved, friends that we might have comforted, children that we might have led to Christ, Sabbaths that ought to have been improved, sermons that we ought to have heeded, talents that were abused, time that was wasted, privileges that were neglected? We shall then meet face to face all those who looked to us to help them along the way to heaven, and we did it not. Oh what meetings will there be at the resurrection!

For The Child's Paper.

GOOD AND BAD MEN INSIDE.

An old Indian once asked a white man to give him some tobacco for his pipe. The man gave him a loose handful from his pocket. The next day he came back and asked for the white man, "for I found quarter of dollar among the tobacco," said the old Indian. "Oh, it was given to you; keep it," said a bystander.

"I got a good man and a bad man here," said the Indian, pointing to his breast, "and the good man say, 'It is not mine; I must give it back to the owner.' The bad man say, 'Why, he gave it to you, and it is your own now.' The good man say, 'That's not right; the 'bacco is yours, not the money.' The bad man say, 'Never mind, you got it; go buy some dram.' The good man say, 'No, no, you must not do so.' So I don't know what to do, and I think to go to sleep, but the good and bad man keep talking all night, and trouble me; and now I bring the money back I feel good."

Like the old Indian, we have all a good and a bad man within. The bad man is Temptation, the good man is Conscience; and they keep talking for and against many things we do every day. Who beats? that is the question; and the answer de-

rides a boy's character for this life and the life to come. Who beats? who beats? Back up Conscience. Down with sin. Wrestle with Temptation manfully. Never, never give up this war till you beat.

MOTHS.

The little grey moths which we see flying about our rooms in the evening were not always such light, airy creatures. They were once very small caterpillars with sixteen legs. During the summer these little gray moths lay their white eggs in our woollens or furs. Little caterpillars issue from these eggs, and immediately set about feeding and clothing themselves. They tear out hairs of the wool, and make of them a case or sheath, which they make larger as they grow. When the case is finished, they still pull out the hairs of the wool, now for the purpose of eating them. By and by the caterpillar takes wings, and makes other changes, and visits us in our parlors the airy little creature you see it, hovering around the candle, often very foolishly singing itself to death in the flame.

"Father, what crop had I better plant for God?" asked a little boy whose father had given him a bit of the garden ground to raise something to turn into missionary money; "will beans or onions fetch most?"

"I can tell you," said aunty, who sat by. "What?" asked the little boy. "I would lay out four beds in your garden. Plant the seeds of love in one, the seeds of obedience in another, truth in the third, and humility in the fourth. These will raise a beautiful crop for God." "Oh, aunty," said the little boy, "I am trying to raise those seeds every day in my own heart; but my mother says the weeds grow fastest. Oh, I have to dig so."

"Do you feel that you are one of God's children?" asked a lady of a Sabbath-school scholar. "I do not know," he answered; "I only know that once my Saviour was a great way off, and I could not see him. Now he is near, and I love to do things, and love not to do things, for his sake, like as I do for my father's or my mother's sake." Here indeed was that sweet spirit of obedience which is the root of all true piety in the heart.

A little girl in N—, Illinois, where The Child's Paper had never been taken, went out and in two days got thirty subscribers. This may encourage other children.

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