

THE

CHILD'S

PAPER

SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME.

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For The Child's Paper.

**THE SELLING OF JOSEPH.**

Jacob had twelve sons. Joseph, one of the youngest, was a very lovely boy, whom Jacob loved better than the rest. He gave him a little coat of many colors. And because his father loved him so tenderly, his older brothers were envious, and hated him.

These men had flocks of sheep and goats, which they kept in pastures a great way from home. One day Jacob sent Joseph to see how his broth-

ers and their flocks were getting along. He could not find them at first. As he was wandering about, a man in a field asked him what he was in search of. "I seek my brothers," answered the boy: "tell me, I pray you, where they feed their flocks." The man knew, and pointed out the way, and Joseph set off in that direction.

His brothers saw him coming. Were they glad to see him, and hear from home? No. Come, now, they said among themselves, let us kill him

wild beast; and he was filled with grief. His sons tried to comfort him. No, he said, I shall find no comfort until I die, and go to my poor child.

This story, which you will find in the 37th chapter of Genesis, shows what a dreadful thing *hate* is. The spirit of hate delights in distress, and leads to all sorts of unkindness—to murder, robbery, and all kinds of sin and wickedness. You see how hard it made these brothers' hearts, and what a crime it led them to commit on a lovely and inno-

and throw him into a pit, and then say some wild beast ate him up. But Reuben, a little kinder than the rest, would not agree to murder; therefore that part of the wicked plot was given up. When the poor boy reached his brothers, full of love and joy to see them, he met only strange looks and angry words. And what welcome did he receive? They seized him, stripped off his beautiful coat, and in spite of his tears and cries, pitched him into a dark pit, with nothing to eat or drink, and left him there to die.

While they were eating their dinners, a company of traders came along. Come, said Judah, it is cruel to let our brother die in the pit; let us sell him to these men. The others fell in with the plan, and they went and dragged their poor brother out. A bargain was struck up between his brothers and the traders, and he was sold for twenty pieces of silver. And the men took him and carried him into a far country, never, never, as he thought, to see his dear father's face again. How do you think he felt? God was this little boy's friend, and that comforted him.

The traders traveled off with him; and what did the brothers do next? for one wicked action always tends to another. They killed a little goat and dipped Joseph's coat into its blood, and carried it home to their father, pretending they had picked it up in the fields all bloody. We found this, they said to Jacob; is it not your son's coat? Jacob knew it. It is my son's coat, said the poor father; Joseph is without doubt torn to pieces by some



cent child. Were they happy? Does hate make people happy? O no, no.

When the Lord Jesus came, he came preaching love. The song of the angels at his birth was, "Peace on earth, and good-will to men." The Christian's badge is love; for he says, "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye love one another." And how beautiful and happy this world would be, if love ruled in the hearts of men. But when the Bible tells us to love the good, it tells us there is something to hate. We must hate evil and sin in every form.

#### THE NEW-YEAR.

"A happy New-year" to the patrons and readers of our little sheet. We thank you for opening your doors and hearts, and giving us a hearing. We only desire to be more worthy of your confidence and love.

We asked a lady a few weeks ago to tell us our faults. "The Child's Paper is as good as it can be," she said. O, we do not believe that. We mean to grow a great deal better.

"Mary, how can we make The Child's Paper to suit you?" And what did Mary answer? "A little more for little folks, with little words," she said.

"And, Tom, what do you want altered in The Child's Paper?" "I think it is first-rate," answered Tom, "only I want more about boys in it. It's got 'the hang' of the boys, and I like to read the stories." If we have got "the hang" of the boys, which I suppose means the drift of boy-life, we must try all we can to keep the boys from hanging—hanging on bad company, on ropes of lies, strings of oaths, false teachers, and rotten foundations of every kind. A boy whom we used to know many years ago, was hung last year. He was a smart, handsome lad, and could do almost any thing he had a mind to. But he "hated instruction," hung on to bad company, went from bad to worse, and ended his life on the gallows.

Now we want to say to the boys, and all the dear children, "Take fast hold of instruction; let her not go; keep her; for she is thy life." And when we think of your souls, and the heaven or the hell which is before you in another world, we desire to warn you, and to win you more earnestly than ever before. God bless the dear children of the land. May we see a greater number of them this year than ever before.

A happy New-year, and happiness all the year through.

The Child's Paper can be continued to the children only by remittances renewing the subscriptions on the terms in our last column.

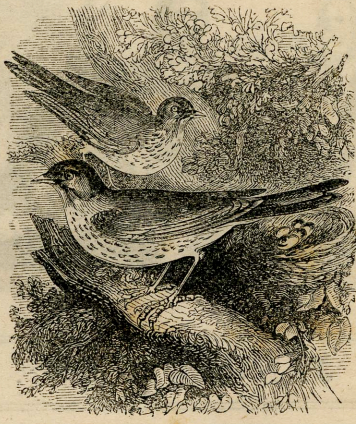
#### LIFE A LIBRARY.

Life somebody compares to a library, made up of several volumes. The first is a child's book, full of pretty pictures. The second a school-book, blotted, inked, and dog-eared. The third a romance, beginning with love and ending in disappointment or marriage. Next comes the house-keeping books, with butcher's and baker's bills increasing every day. Then follows a grave biography full of the solemn experiences of age. Nor is the library complete without one more volume, and we add the "book of remembrance," that great volume of record which will be opened at the judgment-day, in which every secret thing is written, whether it be good or whether it be evil.

"While guilt disturbs and breaks my peace,  
Nor flesh nor soul hath rest or ease,  
Lord, let me hear thy pard'ning voice,  
And make my broken heart rejoice." J. L. M.

#### A TEST.

How can I tell whether I am a real Christian? He who can truly say that he seeks the favor of God above every earthly good; that he delights in his service more than in any thing else; that to obey him here, and to enjoy his presence hereafter, is the prevailing desire of his heart; that his chief sorrow is, that he loves him no more, and serves him no better. Such a person needs no other evidence that his heart is changed, and his sins forgiven.



For The Child's Paper.

#### OUR BIRD NEIGHBORS.

A pair of robins built their nest last spring in a large birch-tree which shades the north front of our parsonage. As the branch they had chosen was near the window of my daughters' bedroom, their progress was watched until the nest was finished, and that was succeeded by the appearance of two young birds: a very happy family they were, the old birds never appearing to be weary in bringing food to their little ones, and the male bird sitting on a branch near, sang every evening in the joy of his little heart.

Poor robin did not know that misfortune was to overtake his nestlings, and he was not to have the gratification of seeing them try their little wings. One rainy Sabbath when we came home from church, we noticed an unwonted stir making by the old robins; they came down to the lowest branches and seemed to scold us for coming so near; their flitting to and fro, and the constant chattering they kept up, convinced us that something had happened. So we went under the tree to see if any thing was wrong with their nest, which we knew was in an exposed place, and the wind had been blowing strongly; there we discovered the cause of their distress: we found one of the little birds, which was nearly fledged, lying among the grass with one of its legs apparently broken, for when we lifted it the leg hung down, and it had no power over it; and a little way from where we found it, the other young bird was lying dead.

The poor little injured bird was taken in, and we had a soft bandage put round its body, binding up the broken or disjointed limb in a right position, and so tightly as to prevent its being moved or disturbed by the bird's motion.

But what a sad racket the old birds made when they saw us lift their little one: they followed us to the door, flying a very little way above our heads, and keeping up an incessant crying. When we got the poor thing bandaged, I took it out and laid it on as dry a tuft of grass as I could find, hoping the old ones would feed it; there I left it, and very soon its friends came to it, feeding it, and using every art to induce it to follow them up into the old birch-tree, hopping down to it, and then flying up again, constantly chirping in many different sounds, which I suppose were intended to urge and encourage it to try its strength, and come to them; but it could not move, for the bandage held its wings together, which, besides, were not sufficiently fledged to fly.

When night came on, I brought it into the house, for the rain continued falling, and fed it, and it took its food readily. Next morning I took it out again, to please the old birds with a sight of it, but they had deserted the tree. The care of it therefore devolved upon me, and it grew with my nursing, for by and by I could relax the bandage, as the injured leg was getting strong, though greatly twisted; this I endeavored to rectify, and ultimately succeeded, so that in the course of a few weeks I took away the binding, and it stood pretty firmly on both its legs. So it continued to grow; and I expected that as soon as it was able to fly, it would go and join its friends in the fields; the house-door was kept open to give it an oppor-

tunity, but it flew through the house, perching on tables, chairs, and on my shoulder, always passing the door, and having apparently no wish to leave us. I afterwards took it out into the garden, and it hunted for insects; but when any thing scared it, it flew directly into the house again. Now it has become quite domesticated; early in the morning when I open the outer door, it hops out to seek for its breakfast among the plants and flowers, continues throughout the day coming in and going out, hopping up many times a day to the water pipe in the kitchen to drink; washing itself in a dish we set down for it, and then skipping away to the fence in the yard to perch on it and dry its feathers in the sun; in this way it spends the day, flying into a tree when the sun is very hot. Sometimes I miss it, and go to seek it, when it always answers to my call of "Bobbit," and lets me know where it is; when evening comes on, he always comes in and takes his roost on the top of my bookcase, where he sleeps in quiet until morning lets him out to the garden again.

The other day we saw "Bobbit" in company with four old robins, who seemed, as we thought, to have a great deal to say to him, for they staid a considerable time, and we supposed they might be asking his history, and why he remained alone; and we expected to see him go away with them. But no; one by one his visitors left the garden, and he came into the parlor to perch on the back of my chair.

Our cat was a long time in getting reconciled to the hardship of seeing such a nice bird near her without being at liberty to seize and eat him. "Bobbit" at first was greatly afraid of her; but my girls scared her so often, when she was watching him, that now she has given up the notion of meddling with him, and passes him both in the house and garden.

In watching his movements in the yard or garden, I have seen how useful birds are in destroying insects: no beetle or grub escapes him; and his instinct in detecting where insects are to be found, is remarkable. I often see him pecking at the earth, pushing the grains to the right and left with his bill until he has made a hole, and out of that he draws a grub.

I have learned besides, from my intercourse with "Bobbit," that birds are capable of attachment to particular persons. My daughters are all kind to him, but I have taken most care of him, and he returns it by following me from room to room, answering my call, staying beside me when I am in the garden, and latterly in having chosen my study as his sleeping-place. It amuses me to see him some days sit for hours together on the highest part of my desk while I am writing, as if waiting till I have leisure to go with him into the garden. Do you wonder then that he should be a favorite with us all? G.

For The Child's Paper.

#### WHO IS GENEROUS?

"What you crying for, Mary?" asked Jessie Jay of the poor little girl who swept the school-room for her schooling. She had just hung up her broom, and was wiping her eyes with the back of her hand, when Jessie came into the entry. "Nothing you can help me about," answered Mary. "Perhaps I can," said Jessie kindly; "have you hurt you?" "No," answered Mary, trying not to cry again, "but I've lost the two spools mother sent me to buy, and she'll beat me. I didn't mean to; I tried to be careful; but I'm 'fraid to go home." Poor Mary's mother was too fond of strong drink; it made her crazy, and then she often treated her poor children cruelly.

"I can help you, Mary," said Jessie, feeling in her pocket and pulling out her nice little purse; "I was going to buy some marble-paper, but I'd rather you would have this ten cents, Mary, to buy you some more spools," handing her the piece of money. "Oh," cried Mary, "'t is too much, I am sure it is; what will your mother say?" "Why, it is mine," said Jessie, "my spending money; and I'd rather you would have it than not." "You are so good, so generous," cried Mary, timidly taking it; "what shall I do for you?"



"I'll pick you a bowl of my plums, I will." Mary put on her bonnet; turning round to Jessie, she again said with a big tear of gratitude in her eye, "O, Jessie, you can't think how I thank you; I am sure God knows it." Jessie, we cannot doubt, felt very happy in doing this. A kind act is sure to make the doer of it happy.

At recess one of the girls came up to her, "Jessie," said she, "had you not just as lief give up going to the Boiling Brook this afternoon, and go to Green Grove?" "No," cried Jessie, "I am sure I had not; I had a great deal rather go to Boiling Brook, a great deal rather." "Yes, but Mary Rice cannot go so far, and I don't believe the Proys' mother will let them; now we can all go to Green Grove." "I sha'n't," said Jessie. "Now why will you spoil the party?" said her companions coaxingly; "we'll go to Boiling Brook next time." "Next time you may go," cried Jessie, "but I shall go to Boiling Brook this afternoon, and my party." "That is, if you can get one, you set, selfish thing," cried two or three of the girls; "it is so much better for us to go all together." The consequence was, a division of the girls for the afternoon walk, from which they had expected much enjoyment; some went one way and some another, and neither had a very good time.

At night, after Jessie had gone to bed, her mother came and rummaged her pocket for her handkerchief; she also took out her purse. "It seems to me it feels light," said her mother. "I only spent ten cents, mother," and she told how. "It was generous of you," said her sister Augusta, who sat by the table studying. "I am not generous," said Jessie. "I think you are, you are always so ready to give." "I'm not generous," persisted Jessie. "Mother, don't you think our Jessie is generous?" asked Augusta. Her mother did not immediately answer. "Say truly, mother," said Jessie earnestly. "Am I, mother?"

"In some things," answered her mother, slowly. "In what, please, mother?" asked the child, up in bed, leaning her head on her elbow. "Generous to give away, but not always to give up," said Mrs. Abeel. "There is a generosity which costs us nothing. Young people sometimes spend their money freely, partly because they do not know its value, and partly because they know they can easily get more—sometimes wisely, sometimes foolishly, and in the indulgence of a natural kind-heartedness, which is often mistaken for true generosity." Mrs. Abeel stopped.

"Go on, mother," exclaimed Jessie. "Such persons may really be extremely selfish," she went on to say, "for they may never give up their will, or ease, or pleasure, or make any sacrifice for the good or happiness of others. True generosity gives that which costs us something. It relinquishes ill-founded opinions; it is candid in its judgments; it foregoes its own preferences, for others' happiness; it is ready to give up its own way, if good can be promoted. In giving up a favorite project, there may be as much real generosity as giving away a thousand dollars."

"Mother is right," exclaimed Jessie when her mother had done speaking, turning over and hiding her head under the clothes; "I felt it all, but could not express it." "But giving away is being generous," said Augusta.

"A person may be generous in giving away, but giving away is not always generous," answered Mrs. Abeel.

"Who is generous, according to your definition?" asked Augusta.

"I know," said a little voice from under the quilt; "the Lord Jesus Christ, for he gave himself for our good: if we could only copy Him."

All correspondents are requested to give in full, legibly written, their proper post-office address. If this is omitted, we cannot communicate with them, either for their benefit or our own, however important the interests involved. We cannot be responsible for returning, or preserving, or noticing in our columns, any manuscript anonymously received.

For The Child's Paper.

#### THE CHARTER OAK.

Many centuries ago, a little acorn dropped into the ground. The juices of the earth kindly nourished it. The rains watered, and the sun warmed it, and by and by an infant oak began to grow. The bears did not gnaw its tender limbs, nor the wild red man cut it down. But it grew and grew and grew; hundreds of years it grew, and became the pride of the forest. Winter storms beat against it; summer lightnings played about its top, and generations of birds hung their nests among its leaves; century after century rolled by, and there stood the noble oak.

At length the white man came to America to find a home where he could be free. And a little colony of pious emigrants cut their way through the thick forests of New England to the banks of the Connecticut. The woodman's axe rung through the woods; log-cabins rose among the stumps, and a little settlement called Hartford began to show signs of busy life.

As fresh emigrants arrived, the beautiful slope was bought where stood the sturdy oak, then old in years, and workmen were sent to clear off the trees for a new home.



"O, spare the old oak," cried the Indians, "for it has been the guide of our fathers for years long ago; spare the hollow oak." The axe passed it by. The tree was left standing and spreading its long arms, like a venerable father blessing his children.

In 1687, a bad king ruled England. He wanted to deprive the people of their liberty. And he sent a bad man, Edmond Andross, to New England, to oppress the colonies. He tried to take their charters from them. These charters were written bills, from former kings, allowing the people to govern themselves. Of course they were very precious to the people. Deprived of them, they were at the mercy of any body king James might send out to govern them.

When Andross came to Hartford to demand the charter of Connecticut, Governor Treat pleaded against giving it up. The people flocked to hear him. Evening came on. The charter lay on the table. All of a sudden the lights were out. In the darkness, a young man named Joseph Wadsworth stole through the crowd, clutched the charter, put it in his bosom, and escaped. When the candles were relighted, behold, it was gone! Where? Nobody could tell. The young man went and hid it in the hollow of the old oak-tree.

Andross was very angry. He was very angry not to be able to destroy the evidence of the people's freedom. He however took the government into his own hands, and for two years ruled like a tyrant. King James was at last driven from the English throne; and when the news reached New England, the people rose against Andross, and drove him from the country. The charter was taken from its hiding-place, and a new government quickly set up according to its provisions. And ever afterwards, the old oak, which like an ark had saved the liberties of the colony, was called the Charter Oak.

That was nearly two hundred years ago. And how much of our history has it seen since then! The wild beasts and the red man have gone long

ago. A beautiful city has grown up around it, and a mighty nation has spread over the continent. The people of Hartford, and all Connecticut, loved the old oak-tree. And strangers went to visit it. A few years ago, some boys made a fire in the hollow of it, which burnt out the punk. The hollow was then large enough to hold twenty-seven men standing up, the trunk, nearest the ground, measuring 33 feet round.

But the days of the old tree were numbered. The severe storm of the 21st of August last beat upon it. A little past midnight, a watchman in the street heard a sharp crack, then a loud crash, and the famous old oak, having long outlived its forest-companions, was prostrate on the earth. The next morning, the news of its fall spread sorrow over the city.

It is proposed to erect a monument on the spot in memory of the bold hand who saved the charter, and of the friendly hollow in which it was secreted.

H. C. K.

For The Child's Paper.

#### "FOOD-DAY."

The people of the Society Islands, a large group in the Pacific ocean, first heard the news of the gospel from a band of English missionaries. They received it gladly; and as fast as they could understand, they tried to live like Christians. Their keeping the Sabbath might put to shame many in Christian lands. It was delightful to see them preparing their food on Saturday, which was called "food-day" in consequence. They lighted fires, at which they boiled their puddings of bananas, and bread-fruit, and cocoa-nut milk. They spent Saturday evening in singing, reading, and praying in their houses.

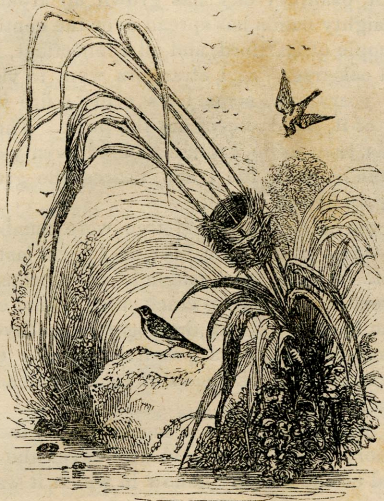
On Sabbath-day no tree was climbed, and no fire was lighted; but the day was devoted to the care of the soul. At sunrise the people prayed alone, as usual, either among the bushes or in the little prayer-houses, or in some retired corner of their own. From eight to nine, the schools for boys and girls met in the school-houses, where the children repeated their hymns and catechism. At a quarter before nine, a sound was heard: sometimes it was the sound of a shell, that a man carried round the village and blew like a trumpet; in other places it was the sound of a stone striking against a bar of iron hung on a tree; but whatever was the kind of sound, the meaning was the same—"Come ye to the house of the Lord." Then the teachers led their classes to the chapel. The girls walked first, two and two, and hand in hand, most of them wearing frocks like English children, and bonnets made of plaited grass or bark. Each carried in her hand a little basket, containing her hymn-book, catechism, and the Scriptures. The boys came afterwards, dressed in native garments, a little mat of bark around their waists, and a little red or yellow shawl thrown over their shoulders, a hat of plaited grass, and no shoes on their feet. Many a mother then blessed God as she looked on her dear child, for sending missionaries to show her how to train her little one for heaven.

The people were all ready before service began, for though they had scarcely any clocks or watches, they were obedient to the sound of the trumpet-shell. After dinner the children assembled in school again; but as it was very hot at this hour, each teacher often took a class under the shade of some thick tree, and talked to them of a Saviour's love for little children. Afternoon service began at four. By sunset the people all returned to their dwellings to spend the evening in reading, singing, and prayer.

In this manner the converted nations of the South sea passed their Sabbaths; they called them a delight, honorable, and did honor God; "not doing their own ways, nor finding their own pleasure, nor speaking their own words," but "delighting themselves in the Lord."

The children of the mission families at Batticotta, Ceylon, have sent two dollars to Rev. Mr. Peabody of St. Louis, to give The Child's Paper to destitute children at the West.





For The Child's Paper.

**WORK AWAY.**

Build away, little bird; build your house snug and neat;  
Make a soft feather-bed for your eggs blue and white:  
Never mind weary wings, nor your aching feet;  
Never stop till you've smoothed it and finished it quite.

By and by you shall rest  
In your own little nest,  
With your wife by your side,  
And four dear little things,  
Yellow-mouthed and black-eyed,  
Snuggling under your wings.  
Build away, little bird, build away.

Hum away, little bee; in this garden of ours  
There's plenty of honey that's waiting for you.  
You'll find it all hidden away by the flowers,  
In their sweet little cups of red, purple, and blue.

True, it's hard squeezing in  
Through their tubes long and thin,  
And it's hard creeping out  
With your treasure, no doubt;  
But then, never care,  
For when winter is here,  
You'll sit down to good fare  
For the rest of the year.

Hum away, little bee, hum away.

And spin away, spider, that hangs on the wall,  
You'll soon make a web if you twist it so fast:  
It's dangerous work, and you may get a fall;  
But cling tight to your ropes, and you'll conquer at last.

And then, little spinner,  
You'll earn a good dinner;  
For there's many a fly  
Buzzing round at its ease,  
You may catch by and by,  
And eat up, if you please.  
Then spin, little spider, away.

Work away, little child, with your happiest looks;  
For birds, bees, and spiders, are all working too.  
Hidden under the covers of all those big-books,  
There's plenty of *knowledge* that's waiting for you.

And Oh, never mind,  
Though it is hard to find;  
For when school-days are past,  
If you've triumphed at last,  
In the every-day strife  
With hard lessons you've had,  
For the rest of your life  
You'll sit down and be glad;  
So work, little scholar, away.

AMANDA.

**HINDOO WOMEN.**

"How many children have you?" asked a missionary lady in India, of her ironing-man. "No children," he answered, "no children, only three girls." Are not little girls reckoned as children? Hardly so. Girls are not treated as well as boys, because heathenism degrades women. And their own mothers often destroy them; for I dare say they think it is better not to live at all, than to live as miserably as they do. One dark night, an English lady thought she heard a child crying. She sent her servants out to look, and they found a little girl about four years old buried up to her throat in a bog, her head alone peeping out. She had been left to die there by her own mother. Another mother told a missionary that if she did

not take her infant, she should throw her to the jackals. The missionary took and brought her up a little Christian child. There is hardly any end to the ill-treatment which the poor heathen women endure. Their husbands give them hard blows instead of kind words; and they are taught to worship their husbands as gods, however bad they may be. There is a proverb to show how much women are despised in India: "How can you put the black rice-box beside the gold spice-box?" A woman is meant by the rice-box, and a man by the spice-box. And the meaning of the proverb is, that a woman is not regarded worthy to sit at the same table with her husband. How different are the pleasant homes of Christian lands.

For The Child's Paper.

**THE BROWN TOWEL.**

We had a holiday, and a party of the girls were going to Pine Grove to spend the day, carrying a lunch to eat under the trees. The day was fine; and after the sun had dried up the dew, about a dozen little girls might have been seen streaming down the south road with baskets on their arms, chatting as merrily as swallows on a barn roof. Reaching the grove, we played and skipped about like squirrels until dinner-time, when we were hungry enough; and each was anxious to know what each had stowed away in her little basket.

Two or three of the oldest proposed making a table of a flat rock, and to take upon themselves the business of spreading it, while we the smaller girls, they said, might go and play. None of us relished the plan, but none had courage to say so; so we unwillingly gave up our baskets, and were sent off—not so far, however, as not to see the baskets unloaded and hear all the great girls said. Pies, tarts, cookies, and cakes came forth in plenty. "Oh, oh," we cried in the distance, "how good, how tempting!" "Who brought that?" and "Who brought that?" And of course every child who had any thing particularly nice, was quite ready to say whom it belonged to. By and by a little basket was opened, and a brown towel full of cookies dropped out. My heart beat.

"A brown towel!" cried one of the large girls. "How vulgar! I couldn't eat a cookie out of a brown towel. Hadn't her mother a nice napkin, I should like to know?" "A brown towel!" echoed the other, throwing it down on the grass as if it had been a spider. "Whose is it?" eagerly asked the little girls looking on. Trembling and mortified, I drew my sun-bonnet over my face, and turned away; for it was mine. "You are the brown towel," said Fanny Haven, twitching me by the sleeve; "I don't believe but you are." "Never mind if she is," said Hatty Stone, taking my hand; "they'll be glad enough of a brown towel sometime." But my enjoyment was gone. To be laughed at by the great girls, and perhaps to be nicknamed "brown towel." All lunch-time I was frightened, and ashamed lest they should speak of it again. How I wished I was at home. And how anxiously I watched a chance to seize my poor towel, and cram it into the basket.

In the afternoon we went down to the river, and finding a pebbly strip of beach, some of the girls pulled off their shoes and stockings and waded into the water. When they came out, all dripping, their delicate little kerchiefs and nice napkins did not answer at all to wipe with. What should they do? "O, where's the brown towel?" cried one. "Yes, yes; I speak for the brown towel," cried half a dozen voices at the highest pitch, and all hands were stretched towards Hatty Stone, who was opening my basket to take it out. "Didn't I tell you so?" cried Hatty. Never was one towel in such demand. "Dear me," cried one of the large girls, "how soon the foolish little napkins are used up: there is some substance to this. It makes an impression."

Poor little me, I was pleased enough. Nothing proved more truly serviceable in all our walk, than my poor despised towel. Besides water, it took off mud and pitch also. Without its help some of the party would have cut sorry figures going home.

I have not forgotten the lesson of the brown

towel—never to be ashamed of things because people laugh at them. Brown hands—do not despise them; for they are the strong, toiling, busy hands which support the world. Give me the look of a good brown, honest face, not afraid to weather the storms of life. It is the substantial, home-spun qualities of character, which make character worth any thing. Do not despise, or be ashamed of them.

H.

For The Child's Paper.

**"THE MORNING STAR."**

The English have had two missionary ships, The Duff, and the John Williams. The Duff carried out the first missionaries to the South sea islands, twenty-nine in number, in 1796. She was afterwards lost. Their second ship is the John Williams, named in honor of a faithful missionary. It has done good service. Last year it was hauled up for repairs, and the children of England raised the money to pay for them. Two years ago, the Germans built a missionary ship, an account of which was in The Child's Paper for August, 1855. Their ship was called Candace, after the African queen, whose servant was found in his carriage studying a scrap of the Old Testament. Acts, 8th chapter. She was bound to Africa, and took out sixteen young men to preach the gospel to the poor heathen of Zanzibar.

And now a mission ship is building in the United States. She is on the stocks in one of the great ship-yards at East Boston. She is to be called "The Morning Star," a beautiful name; for as the morning star in the eastern sky tells of the coming sun, so this little ship, carrying the first rays of the gospel to many an island in the Pacific ocean, foretells the shining of the Sun of righteousness, when the love of Christ shall fill poor pagan hearts with penitence and joy.

**THE SKIMMING SHELL.**

The children of our Sabbath-school make a box of clothing to send to some dear missionary of the West. Besides sewing for the box, a poor little girl was anxious to put something in on her own account. She had no money to spare. And playthings, I suppose, she had none. What treasure could she part with? There was the shell which her brother had brought her from the seaside. "O, Miss Mary," she said, "I will give my skimming shell to the missionary-box," and the skimming shell was put in: one of those precious little "alls," which dear children here and there over the land are casting into the treasury of the Lord.

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