

Wm. C. Garrison



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For The Child's Paper.

The variety of birds' nests is quite curious. Some are scooped out in the ground, others are plastered under the eaves of houses; some have thatched roofs, others are defended by bristly sides, others swing from the branches of the highest tree-top; some are made of clay, others of hay and wool, and the little Nicobar swallow has the finest and whitest sort of nest, manufactured from the gum of the cedar-tree; and this nest is considered quite a dainty by the Indians. With what suitability and skill are they all built; how exactly and neatly laid are the wisps of hair and hay and wool; how firm, and yet how light and soft and warm is the bird-house. No boy could make a nest so; and how came the bird to be such a master-workman? *God* taught it how. After the nest is built, eggs are laid, perhaps four little round blue eggs; the mother bird now keeps house all the time, in order to take care of them, while her mate does the out-door work, providing for his family, and keeping a good look-out from a neighboring twig. Then the little ones are hatched; they open their bills and cry, "Peep, peep." It is a happy home up on the tree-top, the father and mother birds and the four little ones.

Think of a boy climbing that tree and *daring* to rob this nest, nay, even *taking pleasure* in it. What do you do it for? "Oh, because —," perhaps will be the boy's answer. See the parent birds flying round, and flapping their wings and screaming. What grief are they in. I do not know why a nest-breaker is not in degree as bad as a house-

breaker. Human laws may not consider him so, but *God's* blessed laws of humanity and love do; and in breaking these laws, he lays himself open to the consequences, one of which is the encouragement of a *badness of heart*, which makes sport of the rights and the happiness of others, and which, if not rooted out, will make the boy who has it a selfish, unprincipled, miserable man; nay, worse, it may lead him to become a robber or a murderer. Robbers and murderers did not all at once become bad; they began little by little: first, perhaps, stifling their better feelings and hardening their hearts by wantonly destroying the homes of the harmless birds.

Let us see how David felt when he went out into the fields and groves. "O Lord my God, thou art very great," he exclaims. "He sendeth the springs into the valleys, which run among the hills. They give drink to every beast of the field: by them shall the fowls of heaven *have their habitation*, which sing among the branches. The trees of the Lord are full of sap; the cedars of Lebanon, which he hath planted; *where the birds make their nests*. O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all: the earth is full of thy riches."

These are the feelings of the pious heart. We want all the children, when they go into the fields, to think of the wisdom and the care which the mighty *God* exercises towards all his creatures. He is the maker and guardian of the smallest insect, the bird, and the brute, as well as of you.

His *love* overflows to all; the earth is full of *his* riches. Oh, do not put out your hand wantonly to destroy any of his works. Respect the rights even of the humblest of his creatures. Surrounded by so many proofs of his love, ever cherish that love in your own heart, which bids you do unto others as you would that others should do unto you.

Selected for The Child's Paper. By request.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

- I. Thou shalt have no other gods before me.
- II. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments.
- III. 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.
- IV. Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work; but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates; for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath-day, and hallowed it.
- V. Honor thy father and thy mother; that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.
- VI. Thou shalt not kill.
- VII. Thou shalt not commit adultery.
- VIII. Thou shalt not steal.
- IX. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.
- X. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is thy neighbor's. Exodus 20: 3-17.

THE SUM OF THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets. Matt. 22: 37-40.

We have a multitude of testimonies to the acceptableness and usefulness of The Child's Paper, besides that the subscription is constantly increasing. A gentleman in Mississippi is anxious to introduce it into *every family*, not only for its influence upon children, but upon youth, and upon parents, assisting them to train up their households in the way they should go, and especially to reverence the Sabbath and the worship of *God's* house.

God has two dwellings—one in heaven, and the other in a meek and thankful heart.





For The Child's Paper.

**MARY LYON, OR THE POWER OF A NOBLE PURPOSE.**

See this neat little farm-house in the town of Buckland, half embosomed in the Green Mountains of Massachusetts. A poor but pious farmer lived here. See the hill and the sugar-maples, and there is a brook behind flowing over the rocks. The Bible is prized in this family, who are brought up in the fear of God. The fifth child, fat, rosy, and brimful of good-nature, is named MARY LYON. Mary trudges off a mile to school in all weathers, where she is studious and well-behaved as can be. When she was five her father died, and the loss grieved her sorely. She remembered his instructions, and used often to sit on an old stump by the school-house, telling her playmates at recess what her parents had told her.

She grew up diligent and dutiful. Her aim was to do what she had to do *with all her might*. She could study, spin, weave, milk the cows, and make bread equally well. And this *skilful doing* she soon turned to a good account, for she earned the means of attending Ashfield academy with her own hands; and when the trustees saw how earnest she was, they gave her the tuition as long as she wanted to stay. Here she "got knowledge by handfult," as some one said; she mastered the Latin grammar in a few days.

As Mary grew up, she began to *form a purpose* for life, and that was to become a teacher. But first she gave her heart to God. She loved to do his will, and felt it to be a great privilege to labor in the service of his dear Son, who loved us and died for us. After being a faithful and successful assistant for some years, she began to think of founding a school herself. It was not to make money or to get a great name, but to bless and benefit the young. Mary Lyon saw there were many girls of fine minds, but with small means, who would prize an education, but who could not afford to attend an expensive boarding-school in order to get it. "Cannot there be," she asked, "a *thorough* but *cheap* school, where pious girls can be trained for usefulness?" "Cannot boarding-school expenses be lessened by having the scholars *themselves* do the family work?" Some said the thing was altogether impossible; but Mary Lyon knew how to distinguish between things *impossible* to be done, and things only *difficult* to do. Difficulties she well knew would vanish before a resolute spirit.

Others pronounced it a capital plan, but no one seemed ready to *start* in the enterprise. "The work of building a seminary," she said, "is, I hope, one which God will bless and own, but I do not expect it will be carried forward 'on flowery beds of ease.'" She found many hinderances, but she planned and prayed, and talked and struggled, year after year, and *never gave up*, when at last people began to believe in her. They said, "Such a seminary will be excellent for our daughters. Mary Lyon surely has their best welfare at heart."

But where is the money to build coming from? She offered to raise the first thousand dollars from among the ladies; and the scholars of the Ipswich

academy, where she was then a teacher, raised two hundred and seventy-five. Hearts and purses gradually opened. Mothers and widows gave their mites; the farmer gave from his hard toils; men gave of their abundance; and "more than all, we want the prayers of God's people for the enterprise," she used to say; "the work is for him."

In 1836 the corner-stone of the new seminary was laid in the beautiful village of South Hadley, in the western part of Massachusetts, on the Connecticut river. When completed it was called the MOUNT HOLYOKE SEMINARY, and it is the *only one of its kind* now existing in the country. A thorough course of Christian education can here be gained for the small sum of sixty dollars a year. The course embraces three years; and it is *Christian* education, for the motives, the aims, the principles here presented and acted upon, are all drawn from the word of God.

We had heard of its fame; we knew how God had blessed it by the outpouring of his Spirit; we knew how many pious and devoted young women had gone out from it as missionaries, and teachers, and faithful servants of the Lord over this and other lands; and not long ago, we paid it a visit. It is a noble building, situated in a fine country, with mount Holyoke all in sight. There were 240 pupils, fourteen teachers, and no hired help. How well-ordered was every thing within. What promptness and thoroughness in every department of this large establishment. If the housewifery shows skilful hands, the standard of scholarship shows applying heads. The teachers are sisters of charity in the noblest sense, devoting their lives to their work, for it is not a money-making seminary, though in part a self-supporting one. You but enter its walls to feel that a hallowed influence is there.

Miss Lyon is dead, but her works praise her, and this school eminently realizes and fairly embodies the leading purpose of her life, which was to educate our *daughters for the highest Christian usefulness*. She was born in February, 1797, and died in March, 1849. The above sketch of her birthplace is taken by permission from her interesting memoir by President Hitchcock of Amherst College.

H. C. K.

**EDITOR'S LETTER TO THE CHILDREN.**

MY DEAR CHILDREN—I believe my writing to you instead of *for* you, has made me think of you more than ever. I feel like writing you again this morning; and let me begin by asking you the question, *What is your great business in this world?* Perhaps you think this is a large question to ask children, and may be you feel as a boy did who, the other day, said to me, "It seems to me as if I was a long while growing up. I want to be a man, so as to do a *great deal of good* in the world. Little folks are nobodies."

"And what would you do?" "Oh, be a congress-man, or a missionary, or write a book, or—" perhaps he could not think of any thing else quite big enough.

"I am not sure," I said, "that trying to do a great deal of good in the world should be our *first* and *main* object in life."

He looked up surprised. "Why, is it not *every thing to be useful?* that is what *you* do," he said. "You make a paper, and I take it, and every body in our school, and my cousin Augustine takes it, over in Iowa; so you are doing good a great way off."

To be useful is certainly a great privilege, but our *chief business* in the world is not merely to try to do a great deal of good, but to *do God's will*, and so to be changed through his Spirit into his image, that we may be fitted to live with him for ever. Being very useful must depend upon a variety of circumstances which we cannot control. Sickness, the disposition of others, the happening of many things, might cripple our usefulness, and if this

were the main object of life, render us very unhappy. "We may be thankful to God," said Dr. Arnold to his boys, "when he makes our training for eternity consist in doing great and useful actions, in bringing forth much fruit; but we, each of us, may be answering as completely the purposes for which we were sent into the world, if we are laid for years on a bed of sickness, incapable of any further action than that of glorifying God by *patient love*."

In this view, little folks are no longer nobodies. God has placed them in *their* sphere and given them *their* duties, which are just as important for them as the duties of the greatest man on earth are for him. In doing them, they are to honor God, and grow into the likeness of his dear Son; they are to become meek, and patient, and diligent, and obedient, not pleasing themselves. This should make us contented and thankful just *where we are*, for it is the situation where God in his providence has put us, and it is sinful as well as foolish to wait and wish for a change in our circumstances, before we love and obey him. In this way, a little child may better answer the great end for which he was born, than by a very long life spent to improve mankind without seeking to obey and honor God. How was it with the Lord Jesus? "My meat," said he, "is to do the will of Him that sent me;" and so he "took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men; and being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross."

And so with each of you, my dear children, you have all your end of life to answer as well as your father or mother, or older brothers and sisters, and it is to do God's will *just where you are*. Will you think of this? And may the Holy Spirit dispose your hearts to obedience and love.

Selected for The Child's Paper.

**HEARING THE SERMON.**

As soon as Mary and her brother were capable of understanding the preaching of the gospel, their father wished them to remember the text and some words of the minister's sermon. When in some degree master of this, he wished them to recollect the heads and some sentences of the sermon, and to give him an account of these when they got home. Mary delighted in these exercises, and made great progress in them. One Sabbath when she was about nine years old, she had not been as attentive as usual. Her father seemed hurt, and told her he was disappointed. Mary was greatly affected. She went to another room, burst into tears, and poured out her heart in prayer to God.

Her mother happening to pass by the door, heard Mary crying. She went in, and asked, "Why is this, Mary?" "Oh, mother," said she, "I have displeased my father, who is so careful in teaching us good things; and how much more have I offended God, in being so inattentive to his blessed gospel? Do you think, mamma, God will forgive me?"

"I doubt not he will, Mary," answered the mother, "if you sincerely ask his forgiveness, and pray to be made more attentive in time to come. But see, my child, that you do not content yourself with mere attention to the *words* of the sermon. Do you recollect the parable of the sower, and that some of the seed fell by the way-side, and the fowls came and picked them up? This, our Lord says, means, 'When any one heareth the word and understandeth it not, then cometh the wicked one and catcheth away that which was sown in his heart;' for this is like receiving seed by the way-side. But you read also of the good ground, which brought forth fruit, some a hundred-fold, some sixty, some thirty. Pray God to renew your *heart*, Mary, and to make the *meaning* of his word take deep root in it. The design of the gospel is not only to give you knowledge, but by divine grace, to prepare you to serve God in the present world, and to enjoy him in heaven."

The Farmer's Daughter.



For The Child's Paper.

## GOING TO A SIGHT.

Rev. Mr. Venn once told his children that in the evening he would take them to one of the most interesting sights in the world. They were anxious to know what it was. Perhaps some children will guess it was a show, or a circus, or a ventriloquist, or some such thing.

Mr. Venn did not gratify their curiosity, he only told them to wait. When evening came, he took them by the hand, and led them to a miserable hovel, whose decayed walls and broken windows bespoke poverty and want. "Now," said he, "my dear children, can any one that lives in such a wretched place as this be happy? Yet this is not all; a poor young man lies on a miserable straw bed within, dying of fever, and afflicted with nine painful ulcers."

"Oh, how wretched," they all exclaimed at once.

Mr. Venn led them into the cottage, and going up to the poor dying young man, he said, "Abraham Midwood, I have brought my children here to show them that people can be happy in sickness, in poverty, and in want; and now tell them if it is not so."

The dying youth, with a sweet smile, immediately answered, "O yes, sir; I would not change my state with the richest man on earth who had not the views which I have. Blessed be God, I have a good hope through Christ of going to heaven, where Lazarus now is. He has a great while ago forgotten all his miseries; soon I shall mine. Sir, this is nothing to bear while the presence of God cheers my soul. Indeed, sir, I am truly happy, and I trust to be happy through all eternity; and I every hour thank God, who has given me to enjoy the riches of his goodness and his grace through Jesus Christ."

Could there be a more interesting sight than this?

For The Child's Paper.

## WHAT IS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL THING IN THE CHILD'S PAPER?

"The Child's Paper has come, mother," said little Fanny; "and O, what a beautiful paper it is. Such lovely pictures, such nice stories, and such sweet verses. Do you know, mother, I mean to learn each month all the poetry the paper contains."

"I am glad to hear it, my dear," replied her mother. "It is indeed a beautiful paper, and little children should be very grateful to those who take so much trouble in preparing it for them. But can you tell, Fanny, what is the most beautiful thing to me in the paper?"

Fanny spoke of the fine clear type, of the smooth velvet-like paper, of the short stories and of the long stories, and of the pretty pictures, when her mother said, "Bring me the paper, my dear, and we will look over it together, and then I will tell you." Little Fanny took the paper to her mother. "What is the first thing in the paper, Fanny?" asked her mother. "It is the large beautiful picture," said Fanny; "I am glad there is such a large picture in this number." "But that is not the first thing in the paper, Fanny; do you not see a picture above that one?" "Yes, mother, there are three above it, but neither of them half as large as this one."

"True, my dear," replied her mother; "but one of them is more beautiful to me. It represents our Saviour taking little children in his arms and blessing them. The mothers of old hearing his gracious words, and seeing his wonderful miracles, wished for his blessing on their little ones, and tremblingly brought them to the Lord. But 'the disciples rebuked them;' they thought the mothers were presuming, to bring their children to his presence. The gracious Saviour was displeased with his disciples, and said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven. And he took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them.' See how earnestly that mother looks into his face, while she presents to him her precious child; and we can suppose

she is saying, 'And mine also, dear Saviour, O bless my child;' while the disciples marvel at his wondrous condescension, and ponder the words he addressed to them: 'Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein.'

"I wish I had been there, mother," said Fanny; "would you not have taken me to the dear Saviour, that he might have put his hands upon me and blessed me?" "Yes, my dear child," replied her mother; "but often in my heart and in my prayers have I brought you to the gracious Saviour; for though unheard, he still utters, 'Suffer the little children to come unto me.' Oh, how great should be your gratitude and love towards Him who so loves you." S. R.



For The Child's Paper.

## THE USE OF REMEMBERING.

"What's the use of remembering all this?" pettishly cried a boy, after his father, who had been giving him some instructions, left the room.

"I'll tell you what, remembering is of great service sometimes," said his cousin. "Let me read you now from the Living Age. Please hear."

"My dog Dash was once stolen from me," says Mr. Kidd. "After being absent thirteen months, he one day entered my office in town with a long string tied round his neck. He had broken away from the fellow who had held him prisoner. Our meeting was a very joyful one. I found out the thief, had him apprehended, and took him before a magistrate. He swore the dog was his, and called witnesses to bear him out. 'Mr. Kidd,' asked the lawyer, addressing me, 'can you give any satisfactory proof of this dog being your property?' Placing my mouth to the dog's ear—first giving him a knowing look—and whispering a little communication known only to us two, Dash immediately reared up on his hind legs, and went through with a series of manoeuvres with a stick, guided meanwhile by my eye, which set the whole court in a roar. My evidence needed nothing stronger; the thief stood convicted, Dash was liberated, and among the cheers of the multitude we merrily bounded homeward."

There, boy, do you hear that? That dog's remembering was of service to him; it was taken as evidence in a court, and it fairly got the case. Yes, he was set free, and a thief convicted. Well, if remembering his master's instructions served a dog so well, how much more likely is it to be important for a boy to treasure up the instructions of his father? no knowing what straits they may keep him out of.

The lesson is a pretty good one, and other boys might profit by it.

For The Child's Paper.

## MY LITTLE COUSIN.

Little Julia was about six years old. One Sabbath evening she seated herself at my side, and fixing her bright, earnest eyes upon me, said, "Now, dear cousin, I want you to talk with me about eternity—for ever and ever. I cannot tell what it means. Do tell me what it means."

The sky was filled with stars, and I said, "Look, dear Julia; could you count all those shining worlds, that twinkle far, far away in the blue sky? As many years as their whole number, would be but the beginning of eternity." But she still looked wondering at me, and said again, "For ever and ever; I cannot tell what it means."

It was winter, and as I pointed to the snow I said to her, "Dear child, you have watched the snow-flakes; how many must have fallen, to cover all the fields and the hills; and yet could you count every flake, and add all the stars to them, and count and count, you could not begin to count the length of eternity, for it will never, never end." Julia's face grew only the more troubled, and I was grieved that I could say nothing to satisfy the earnest longings of her little heart to know the meaning of that wonderful word, eternity. Just then I recalled a verse from good Dr. Watts' Divine Songs:

"Great God, an infant cannot tell  
How such a thing can be;  
I only pray that I may dwell  
That long, long time with thee."

I repeated it to her, and her dear face brightened at once, as she said, "Do teach it to me, it is so pretty." She learned it very quickly, and then having lisped her evening prayer, went happy and satisfied to her little bed.

A few days after I returned to my home, for I did not live in the same town with Julia; and when summer came, her parents wrote me that dear Julia was sick, and soon that she was dead.

I went again to her home, but the sweet child did not come running to meet me, as she had always done. They led me softly where she lay, beautiful, and pale, and still in her little coffin; her dear loving eyes were closed, as if she slept, but a heavenly smile was on her face, which seemed to say, I have begun to learn what it is to live "that long, long time with God." When she was very ill, she said, "I would like to get well, if it is God's will; but if not, I am willing to die." And often during her sickness, those blessed words of the Saviour were on her lips, "Suffer little children to come unto me."

Will you not listen now, dear children, to his gentle voice, that when you too must die, Jesus the good Shepherd may be with you, and gather you with his many lambs for ever in his arms? A.

For The Child's Paper.

## BIG TALK.

"We've just got home, and Oh, I saw a caterpillar that frightened me almost to death, and we met a dog as big as all out-doors; and now, mother, Eunice wants an immense horn button to sew on my skirt, for the button's off."

This is a specimen of the way some children and grown-up people use language, or rather abuse it. It is called an exaggerated style, which means, making things appear larger than they really are, and it is one we should carefully and particularly avoid, for it leads to untruthfulness, or rather is untruthful, even in the smallest thing that is said. What must a dog be "as big as all out-doors?" And what sort of a button is an "immense" horn button? No one who indulges in such habits of talking can be relied upon: his statements cannot be taken as correct; he is, whether he knows it or not, a teller of falsehoods.

Strive always to be plain and simple in all your expressions. In our talk with one another, our aim should be to speak the truth; to convey right notions, to give accurate descriptions, to express our ideas distinctly. See how it is with yourself, and if you find yourself liable to fall into this bad habit of talking, set about to correct it as soon as you can. It is a habit too common among us, and some people seem to think it very fine; but remember, that cannot be excellent or desirable which is untruthful. Purity of taste is opposed to high and vulgar coloring of any kind. "In all things show thyself a pattern of good works," says the word of God, "in sincerity and sound speech that cannot be condemned."

## CHILDREN, REMEMBER IT.

A word once let fall, says a Chinese proverb, cannot be brought back by a chariot and six horses.





#### THE WASP IN THE PEAR.

It was near to the close of an autumn day,  
When Willy ran into the orchard to play;  
Or rather, to look if perchance there might be  
A pear that had dropped from his favorite tree.  
So thither he scampered, and presently found  
A beautiful one, which lay there on the ground.  
Its colors were rich, and he knew it was sweet;  
So he seized it with joy, and began it to eat.  
O, how happy was he thus its juices to taste;  
But alas, his enjoyment was speedily chased,  
For a wasp was concealed in the pulp of the pear,  
And Willy soon painfully found it was there;  
For, pressed in his mouth, the passionate thing  
Pierced his tongue and his lips with its venomous sting.  
With screams and with tears to his mother he ran,  
Who at once to reprove and relieve him began;  
And the means which a mother knows how to employ,  
Soon abated the pain of her much-beloved boy.  
But she thought an event which such anguish had caused,  
Bestowed an occasion too good to be lost,  
For storing with cautions the mind of her son,  
Which might guide and preserve him as life should  
roll on.

"Ah, Willy," she said, "there are hundreds of things  
That are lovely without, but within have their stings.  
When pleasure allures thee, take heed of her snare,  
Else, oft thou wilt find there's a wasp in the pear.  
Thus the drink of the drunkard doth thousands entice;  
How transient the pleasure, how fearful its price!  
Health, money, friends, peace, are but part of the cost;  
Reputation and life, and the soul, too, are lost.  
The joy of an hour or two, after it brings  
Guilt, piercing the conscience with terrible stings.  
In *this* world the anguish is oftentimes great;  
But a doom far more dreadful doth drunkards await.  
O then, Willy, when tempted to taste it, beware;  
And always remember *the wasp in the pear.*"

Oakham. J. Jenkinson.

For The Child's Paper.

#### LITTLE DYING MARY TO HER MOTHER,

Who exclaimed, "I cannot part with you, my daughter."

Mother, dear mother, do not seek  
To keep me from my Saviour's breast;  
Oh, dry those sad tears from thy cheek,  
Thy darling will be soon at rest.

Oh, would you keep me, mother dear,  
From Him who ever loved me so?  
I do not wish to linger here;  
Mother, dear mother, let me go!

I seem to hear my Saviour's voice,  
I seem to see his gentle smile;  
Oh, mother, can you not rejoice?  
We'll part but for a little while.

"For sinners such as she I died,"  
I seem to hear him say to thee;  
"Keep not my ransomed from my side,  
But let thy darling come to me."

With praise to Him who bled for me,  
Mother, your heart should overflow:  
Then do not seek to hinder me;  
Mother, dear mother, let me go.

"Yes," cried the mother, "darling child,  
I give you freely to his breast"—  
Mary looked up and sweetly smiled,  
Then closed her eyes—and was at rest.

Ruth.

For The Child's Paper.

#### CRUELTY TO ANIMALS PUNISHED.

Peter Romming, the son of a wealthy farmer, was a very cruel boy. He took great delight in torturing dumb animals. I am afraid to put on paper the way he treated flies, beetles, dogs, and cats, and dear little birds, while their cries and groans were like music to his ears; it would make your blood run cold. The poor creatures could not defend themselves, they could not punish their oppressor, there was nobody to take their part. Did I say there was nobody to take their part? I did not mean so, for God was on their side. He saw the cruelties practised upon them, and he did not intend to let them always go unpunished.

Peter went on his way till he grew up to be a man, when he hired himself out to a brewer. One day his hat falling into a vat of boiling hot beer, in trying to catch it he lost his balance and fell in; in falling, he grasped the rim of the vat with both hands, and cried for help. He was soon drawn out, but his feet were dreadfully scalded by the hot beer. He roared in agony, and cursed and swore in a most dreadful manner. After a while he grew more quiet, though his face was the picture of despair. He asked to see a minister, and one was sent for.

"O, sir," he exclaimed, "God is terribly punishing me for my sins, especially for my cruelty to his creatures. I have tortured many hundreds, and now in what torture am I! Were I a thief, I might make amends for the stolen goods; but I can never give life back to the animals which I have murdered, and who had nothing but life to rejoice in. How can God be merciful to me, since I have been so unmerciful? His anger is upon me. His justice has overtaken me, wretched man that I am!"

The doctor came, and said that before half an hour his legs must be taken off, or he must die. Did he not then think how many limbs he had pulled off in sport? He could not help thinking of it. Peter could not bear to think of dying, so he put his legs under the surgeon's knife, and only cried out against his sins during the painful operation.

Dark and distressing days followed. The minister came often to see him, instructed him in the gospel, and begged him to repent and trust in Christ for mercy. It is hoped that this poor man found mercy. God is more merciful than man. He gained his health, and lived many years. On every proper occasion he told his distressing story, that the young might take warning from his awful example.

S. R.

For The Child's Paper.

#### RIDDLES.

A riddle is a description of a thing without the name, but as it is meant to puzzle, it appears to belong to something else than what it really does, and often seems contradictory. It is a bad riddle, if you are at all in doubt when you have found it out whether you are right or no. Riddles are of high antiquity. The first that we have on record was proposed by Samson at a wedding-feast to the young men of the Philistines, who were invited upon the occasion. The feast lasted seven days, and if they found it out within the seven days, Samson was to give them thirty suits of clothes and thirty sheets; and if they could not guess it, they were to forfeit the same to him. The riddle was, "Out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness." They puzzled about it the whole seven days, and would not have found it out if his wife had not told them. Do you know what was the answer to Samson's riddle?

The people of the East are very fond of riddles. The famous wise men of Greece often sent them to puzzle each other. There is a pretty one in some of their tales. "What is that tree which has twelve branches, and each branch thirty leaves, which are all black on one side and white on the other?" Can you guess this also?

#### LAME AND LAZY—A FABLE.

Two beggars, LAME and LAZY, were in want of bread. One leaned on his crutch, the other reclined on his couch.

Lame called on Charity, and humbly asked for a cracker. Instead of a cracker, he received a loaf.

Lazy, seeing the gift of Charity, exclaimed, "What, ask a cracker and receive a loaf? Well, I will ask for a loaf."

Lazy now applied to Charity, and called for a loaf of bread.

"Your demanding a loaf," said Charity, "proves you a loafer. You are of that class and character who ask and receive not; you ask amiss."

Lazy, who always found fault, and had rather whine than work, complained of ill treatment, and even accused Charity of a breach of an exceeding great and precious promise, "Ask, and you shall receive."

Charity pointed him to a painting in her room, which presented to his vision three personages, Faith, Hope, and Charity. Charity appeared larger and fairer than her sisters. He noticed that her right hand held a pot of honey, which fed a bee disabled, having lost its wings. Her left hand was armed with a whip to keep off the drones.

"Don't understand it," said Lazy.

Charity replied, "It means, that Charity feeds the lame and flogs the lazy."

Lazy turned to go.

"Stop," said Charity, "instead of coin I will give you counsel. Do not go and live on your poor mother, for I will send you to a rich aunt."

"Rich aunt?" echoed Lazy. "Where shall I find her?"

"You will find her in Proverbs, 6th chapter and 6th verse."

MORAL. Instead of waiting and wishing a rich UNCLE to die, go and see how a rich ANT lives.

Chris. Sec.

#### A BEAUTIFUL TURN.

A little girl was directed to open the door for General Washington, as he was leaving a house where he had been visiting. Turning to her he said, "I am sorry, my little dear, to give you so much trouble." "I wish, sir," she replied, "it was to let you in."

#### GRANDPAPA'S PET.

A friend of all good things in New York sent a copy of the first number of The Child's Paper to a little granddaughter, four years old. She had not learned to read, but she asked her mother to read the paper to her. Again and again she entreated the like favor, until every article in it was committed to memory. The beautiful evening prayer, by Mary Lundie Duncan, became her favorite, and every night when going to rest, she bows her head by the side of her mother, and repeats,

"Jesus, tender shepherd, hear me,  
Bless a little child to-night;  
Through the darkness be thou near me,  
Watch my sleep till morning light," etc.

Who can estimate the influence of that single copy of The Child's Paper on the character of that little girl? And who can conceive the bearing on the present and eternal well-being of the children of this country of the 150,000 copies that are sent forth each month on their errand of love?

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