



SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME.

PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY IN NEW YORK, BOSTON, PHILADELPHIA, BALTIMORE, CINCINNATI, AND NEW ORLEANS.



CHRIST is seated on mount Olivet, with some of his disciples. They are looking towards Jerusalem. The temple rises in stately beauty. It is a splendid building, the pride of the city, and its gold shines and dazzles in the distance. Nine magnificent gates open to it; the eastliest of all, on the east, faces Olivet, and is called the Beautiful Gate.

A little while before, as Jesus with his disciples was coming over the brow of this hill, followed by an admiring crowd who were then shouting his praises, "when he was come near, he beheld the city, and wept over it, saying, If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes. For the days shall come upon thee, that thine enemies shall cast a trench about thee, and compass thee round, and keep thee in on every side, and shall lay thee even with the ground, and thy children within thee: and they shall not leave in thee one stone upon another: because thou knewest not the time of thy visitation." No doubt his disciples were amazed when they saw the tears and heard the words of their Master, and wondered much what they could mean.

In the city, he began to rebuke its sins, denouncing judgments upon wicked rulers and unfaithful teachers; and in view of their cruel treatment of prophets and holy men of old, he suddenly and again burst out in melting accents, "Oh Jerusalem! Jerusalem! thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them that are sent unto thee, how often

would I have gathered thy children together, as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!" What tender yearning in the Saviour's bosom over this city of his love!

As they were going out of the temple, the disciples called his attention to its magnificence, saying, "Master, what manner of stones and what buildings are here!" Many of these stones were prodigious blocks of white marble, the wonder and admiration of the world. "Seest thou these great buildings?" he answered; "There shall not be left one stone upon another." Here is a repetition of the same mysterious language, which must have filled the disciples with awe and fear. What, not one stone left upon another of that temple which seemed as firm and strong as the everlasting hills?

When they reached Olivet, where Jesus often retired after his labors, Peter, James, John, and Andrew asked him privately, "Tell us when these things shall be?" Here they are. How eagerly they listen, how sorrowfully survey the city, as he describes the wars and desolations, the famines and pestilences, which shall come upon their devoted nation: "And when ye see these in Judea," he warns them, "flee to the mountains." How unlikely did it seem, at the time he spoke, that all these things should come to pass! As they looked around, peace and plenty were smiling on every side; yet in less than forty years, all happened as he foretold. The Roman armies came against Jerusalem; and because it refused to yield, they built a wall around it, to force it by famine to submission. When at last it was captured, Titus the Roman general gave orders to save the temple; but he could not restrain the fury of his soldiers; his orders were disobeyed; one of them seized a firebrand and threw it into the golden window. Soon the flames were furiously raging. Its ruins were afterwards levelled to the ground, and Titus

caused the land to be ploughed where it once stood; while the inhabitants of this once glorious city were miserably destroyed, or scattered among all the nations of the earth. This affecting passage in our Saviour's life helps us to realize two important truths.

1. He knew all things. Though at the time he spoke, there was no indication of these events, yet as God he looked forward and saw the city in ruins, her people butchered or captive; and the prophecy was exactly fulfilled. This fulfilment of prophecy is God's seal upon the truth of the Bible. No body but God can penetrate the future and tell us what is to be; consequently, it is a seal which cannot be counterfeited; and it indelibly stamps the Bible as the word of God, for it is full of prophecy, fulfilled or still fulfilling—let us repeat it, the word of God, to be revered and obeyed above all other books.

2. How compassionate is Jesus! How he feels for the sorrows of that lost world which he came to save! What tears of sympathy he shed with Mary and Martha! How he wept over Jerusalem, whose people he would have gathered to himself as a hen gathereth her chickens. Did you ever see the parent hen cover her brood with her warm feathers, and defend them from harm with her wings? How solicitous, how tender is she! So was Jesus for the once chosen people of God; "but they would not"—there is the secret of their woes—they would not have him to rule over them. "He came to his own, and his own received him not;" they rejected and crucified the Son of God, and are to this day reaping the terrible consequences. But Christ is compassionate still. He came to redeem you from sin and save you from coming wrath. He would fold around you the wings of his love. Let him not weep over you, because ye will not; but come and say,

"Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'T is all that I can do."

For The Child's Paper.

KIND OFFICES.

Once a deer was brought up from a little fawn with a dairy of cows; with them she went afield, and with them returned to the yard; the dogs of the house knew her, but if strange dogs came along and gave her chase, she ran to the cows, who drove the pursuers off with their horns.

Once a great friendship sprang up between a hen and a horse. These two spent much of their time together in a lonely orchard, where they saw no creature but each other. The hen would cluck around him with a friendly cluck, and rub herself gently against his legs, while the horse would step cautiously, lest he should trample on his humble companion. Thus are there kind offices among the brutes, and lessons for us.

To an afflicted mother at the grave of her dead child it was said, "There was once a shepherd, whose tender care was over his flock day and night. One sheep would neither hear his voice nor follow him; so he took up her little lamb in his arms, and then the sheep came after him."

For The Child's Paper.

RESCUE OF A LITTLE GIRL.

In the mountain city of Saalfeld, in Germany, there were formerly a great many more mines than are found there at present; and many a house is built over a shaft or pit that measured deeper than the length of the highest steeple. Such a pit happened to be under the cellar of a house where a widow and her daughter, seven years of age, resided. The mouth of the pit being covered with boards, no one apprehended danger.

One summer's day, the mother sent the girl into the cellar to fetch a mug of cider. The child being rather timid, ran down quickly, and a board across the pit suddenly breaking, she was precipitated into the abyss below, uttering a loud cry of distress. The mother hurried into the cellar with a light, and not seeing her child, and finding the mouth of the pit open, could hardly stand on her tottering limbs, and had well-nigh plunged in after her. Running up stairs, however, she called for help, which was finally heard by some of her female neighbors, almost all the men being then in the harvest-field. The women wrung their hands, looked down into the dismal pit, but were at a loss what to do. All of a sudden they heard the child shouting from beneath, "Oh, for God's sake, help me! help me! but quick, quick!" An iron staple or hook in the side of the shaft, to which probably in former days a ladder had been fastened, having caught the child's apron, she was there suspended over the abyss. The women above, finding that the child was yet alive, and still being utterly at a loss what to do, only grew the more distracted, while the disconsolate mother was almost driven to despair.

At last an aged miner advanced, who, after cautiously widening the hole, inserted a pulley, to which he attached a bucket; and although he employed all possible speed, yet a considerable space of time elapsed before every thing was ready. Many of the sympathizing bystanders prayed aloud; and during moments of self-consciousness, which the poor child, who had almost lost her reason, occasionally had, she every now and then understood some words of what those overhead were singing and praying, while her mother, in the meantime, overwhelmed with grief, stood speechless and motionless among them.

The aged miner uttered scarcely a syllable, and only softly whispered his prayer to God; and after all was got ready for his descent, commending himself to his Saviour, he stepped into the bucket, holding a miner's light in his hand, and was slowly and cautiously let down.

Like a star provided by God, the child below beheld the light approaching her; she raised her tiny hands, and the mug, which she had thus far held tight with a convulsive grasp, slipped out of her hand, and dashing from side to side, dropped down to the bottom of the pit. The company above grew pale with fright, and a deathlike silence ensued. Presently, however, the old miner approached so near to the girl that she could see him. Speaking words of encouragement to her, he charged her only to keep quiet; that he was in hopes of saving her, by the help of God. The shaft, however, growing more and more contracted, the old man feared he should not be able to pass by the child without touching her, and that in case he should jostle her in his further descent, she might be pitched upon the rocks beneath, and perish after all. The danger being imminent, he accordingly made a sign to those above not to lower him any further. He then threw a rope with a loop to the child, which having laid hold of, she was raised up a little by means of it. First with one hand and then with the other, she grasped the swinging bucket, when at that instant the hook on which the child had been so wonderfully suspended, broke out of the wall and fell down; but the Lord giving strength to the old man to hold the child fast by the rope, he lifted her up into the

bucket, and shouted, "All ye up there, thank God! I've got the child!" In case the hook had broke from the wall one moment sooner, the child must have inevitably perished.

Whoever is able, let him endeavor to conceive what now were the mother's emotions! In later years she was frequently heard to say, "The aged miner's shout thrilled through my veins; I fell to the ground, and could do nothing but weep. But when the light drew nearer to the top of the pit, and when I beheld my child, and perceived that she was alive—never have these blissful moments been banished from my recollection, and it was this day of sore trial that first fully confirmed my confidence in the love of my heavenly Father." The child being safely brought out of the pit, the good old man presented her, with his eyes beaming with joy, to the happy mother, who having once seized her, pressed her to her bosom as doubly dear, since her heavenly Father's eye had watched over her in so signal a manner.

Translated by Rev. S. Reinke, from the German.

For The Child's Paper.

LITTLE FACTS FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

"I wish I could mind God as my little dog minds me," said a little boy, looking thoughtfully on his shaggy friend; "he always looks so pleased to mind, and I don't." What a painful truth did this child speak. Shall the poor little dog thus readily obey his master, and we rebel against God, who is our Creator, our Preserver, our Father, our Saviour, and the bountiful Giver of every thing we have?

"I never complained of my condition but once," said an old man, "when my feet were bare and I had no money to buy shoes; but I met a man without feet, and became contented."



For The Child's Paper.

THE BROKEN ROSE, OR A LIE OF FEAR.

I was visiting my aunt Mary. I was named for her, and as she took a great interest in me, I was anxious to do all I could to please her. She was a great favorite among the children. One day Kate Ray, who lived at the next door, came in to see me. The little puss was in the parlor, and we had a great frolic with her. By and by, I held her up to catch a fly on the window; and it was quite funny to see her try to pounce on it. On the sill was a new-blown tea-rose, which aunt Mary thought a great deal of. "Take care," said Kate, "or puss may jump on it; and then!" But I thought more of the fun, when suddenly she made a spring at the fly, and she snapped the stem of the beautiful rose. "What will your aunt Mary say?" cried Kate. Oh dear! We raised it up and tried to make it stand, but it kept toppling down; at last, we made it lean against a branch, and it looked almost as well as before. "I must go now," said Kate, for there was no more fun for us.

"Had I better tell aunt Mary, or let her find it out?" I asked myself. "Tell her, certainly," said a voice within: "when an accident happens, always make it known to those who ought to know it; why not?" But I was afraid and kept delaying, and went off to grandmother's room; then she told me how to fix my patchwork, and so the time

passed on until afternoon, when a lady and her little daughter came to see aunt Mary, and I was called into the parlor also.

"Ah, that rose!" thought I; but go I must. I had not been in long, when the flowers were talked about, and aunt Mary got up to show them her tea-rose. "Why, it is faded, broken!" she said. "How did this happen? Mary, do you know any thing about it?" I felt frightened, and answered quickly, "No, ma'am." No sooner were the words out, than I began to feel bad indeed. "Worse and worse," I said to myself. "Why did I not say puss and I did it? why *did n't* I tell the truth about it?" Now I knew perfectly well that aunt Mary would neither have scolded nor fretted, for I did not *mean* to do it. I had not been as careful as I ought to have been, but she would have forgiven me; my sin was that I had told the lie. Aunt Mary liked to have things accounted for, so she asked every one in the house about the broken rose; nobody could tell how it was done. Puss could not tell, and I was afraid to, and now doubly afraid lest she should *ever* find out. The idea of being caught in an untruth and by aunt Mary too, who was so truthful herself and so very kind to me, was dreadful. "What *shall* I do?" I cried; "where shall I go? I wish I had not come here; and I thought I was going to have such a beautiful visit!" I had no appetite for supper; my head ached, and my heart beat hard. When aunt Mary kissed me for the night, and said in her sweet way, "Good-night, my dear child," I felt as if I wanted to fall down and die.

Two days passed away. On the third I went up stairs to put on my things to take a walk with grandma; it was in the forenoon. While I was dressing, the front door opened, and Katie Ray's voice sounded in the entry. All my fears came back fresh upon me. "She'll tell! she'll tell!" What a tumult was I in! Presently my name was called. "I'm found out!" I cried; and without knowing exactly what I did, I ran and hid in the closet. "Mary! Mary!" they called; no Mary answered. After a while, there were footsteps in the entry. "Oh, my mother! my mother!" I cried; "I wish my mother was here: will not God help me?" Somebody came into my room and walked straight to the closet door; the door opened, and there stood aunt Mary herself.

"My dear child," she said anxiously, "what is the matter? how came you here?" Then for the first time, I burst into tears; and what a relief it was. She placed me on the bed and sat down beside me, and talked to me so kindly, just like my mother. As well as I could, I told her all. Oh, how sorry she looked. After a while she spoke, and then only said, "How true what the Scriptures say, 'The fear of man bringeth a snare; but whose putteth his trust in the Lord, shall be safe.'" I shall never forget aunt Mary's voice; so sweet and sorrowful. I shall never, never forget the verse. Let every child who has had a bitter experience of the first part, see how true and how precious is the last, "Whoso putteth his trust in the Lord, shall be safe." c. c.

SILVER APOSTLES.

Oliver Cromwell could not brook the least approach to Popery. He had no fancy to dress up churches with pictures and images and crucifixes. "What are these?" he asked, as he one day entered a chapel and saw a dozen silver statues ranged round the walls. "The twelve apostles," answered the trembling attendant. "Take them down," said Cromwell, "and coin them into money, so that, like their Master, they may go about doing good."

"To the Editors of The Child's Paper.—I am a child of nine years old. My father brought me the first number of The Child's Paper, and I am so pleased with it, that I have gone to work among my school-mates and got ten subscribers. Please to send from the first number. "A. S. B."

For The Child's Paper.

WAKING UP IN THE MORNING.

When John waked up, there was only a streak of sunshine on the wall; he watched it as it kept growing bigger and bigger, until it spread almost to the size of the window. "The sun *never* gets tired of rising," thought he; "it is a good sun." Then he heard a robin sing. "The robin is up early," turning his eyes to the window; "he sings very briskly. What makes him sing so, dear little robin?" Next he thought what a nice little bed he was in, and how white the coverlet looked. Then he caught sight of his new jacket, hanging on a peg in the corner: "That is certainly a grand new jacket—and there is my own comb and brush," glancing at the table; "what a sweet little brush that is!" He lay and thought, looking first at one thing and then another. "What a pleasant home have I got," said John almost aloud; "and father and mother, how *real good* they are!"

He thought and thought, until his spirit grew very tender. "And *who* made the sun, and the robins, and my parents, and all the things?" This question somehow or other forced itself very powerfully on his mind: "Yes, who really did?" It seemed as if John never saw so much of God in every thing before. He saw God all around, giving him things. Then his thoughts turned to the Bible account of this great and good Being, and how it said that He also "gave his Son to die for us," "And that's because we broke his holy laws," said John to himself. He wondered how that could be, seeing God was so good; and yet he saw, as he had never seen before, that he had not minded whether he obeyed God or not. "I am sure I have been very wicked and ungrateful, very," thought John; "and yet God did not cast me off, but sent Jesus Christ to wash my sins away and make me what I ought to be. Only think what a God the great God is!" And he felt so sorry and so ashamed that he did not know what to do. Tears rolled down his cheeks, and he wiped them away with his night-gown sleeve.

Soon John got up, and kneeling down, bowed his head. He had often "said his prayers" before; but now it was different. God seemed very, very near, all around him, and he felt afraid. He thought of his sins, of his unthankfulness and neglect of God's commands. He hardly knew which way to turn. Then Jesus seemed to say, "I am the way," and the child tried from the depths of his heart to pray, "For Christ's sake, forgive my sins." And then, as a sense of God's mercy in giving his Son to die came over him, he felt thankful as he had never done before, and resolved that, by the help of the Holy Spirit, he would trust in Christ and love and serve him.

For The Child's Paper.

"I AM THE VINE."

The vine grew luxuriantly in Judea. It is neither so high nor so strong as many forest-trees, but it yields bountifully; many grapes grow on one cluster, many clusters on one branch, and many branches on one stock. Its purple fruit is sweet and juicy, beautiful to the sight, and pleasant to the taste. The vine is also used for shade; we read in Scripture of the Jews sitting under their own vine and fig-tree.

"I am the Vine," said Christ, and turning to his disciples, "*ye are the branches.*" The branches are fed by sap from the vine; cut from the vine, they fade and die and are good for nothing. Thus do Christians draw their nourishment from Christ. He alone can give life to the soul and enable them to bear the fruits of piety. "Abide in me," he says; "as the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine, no more can ye, except ye abide in me, for without me ye can do nothing." This shows our *dependence* on the Lord Jesus.

As the oak branch resembles the oak, and the pine bough looks like its parent tree, in like manner do those who love the Saviour, his true branches,

bear his likeness. As he "was meek and lowly in heart," so will they be; as he "pleased not himself," so will they be self-denying, seeking other's good; as he went about doing his Father's will, so will they strive to do his will: thus "by their fruits ye shall know them."

Are the dear children who read this, grafted upon this precious stock? They are weak, only *little tendrils*, but He is strong: the noonday sun may wither them, but He will be a shadow from the heat. You are perhaps a very little one, scarcely able to bear a blossom and no fruit, but He will nourish you, and keep you to grow strong and good. What richness and sweetness are in Jesus Christ our Saviour. In him you are blessed with every blessing, for he will wipe all your sins away, fill your souls with heavenly love, and prepare for you a home in heaven. Will you not be a branch of this true Vine? x. x.



For The Child's Paper.

Now is the time for hoop and ball. Here are Anne Pillow and Bell Emery: where is Susy Goodwin? Round goes the hoop and away skips Anne. What fine frolics are the children having in the beautiful sunshine. I like to see the children at their plays. Play at the right time and of the right kind helps to educate them: and, children, whatever play you engage in, play well. If you trundle hoop, trundle it skilfully; if you toss a ball, be true in your aim; if you play "jack straws," keep a steady hand; if you have a baby-house, arrange it neatly, and sew the doll's clothes carefully. Do not play in a slovenly manner; do not be satisfied with an "any how." Be thorough, persevering, and orderly in every thing you undertake. Carry these habits into your play as well as your work, then you will be likely to have them in your work as well as your play.

For The Child's Paper.

THE GENEROUS GIRL.

I have a little daughter named Effie. At one time, when Effie's grandmother was going to Boston to visit her little nieces Caty and Lucia, Effie said to me, "Mother, may I send some presents to my cousins Caty and Lucia?" I said to her, "Yes, Effie, you may send some presents if you would like to, but I cannot buy any thing now; whatever you send must be from your own playthings." "O, yes," said Effie joyfully, "I will find something." So Effie looked over her playthings, and selected a pretty little chair for Caty, and a very small silk nut-bag for Lucia.

Effie's grandmother took these little presents to Caty and Lucia, and they were very much pleased. Soon after, Caty was sick. She bore her sufferings very cheerfully, and one day her aunt gave her a pretty silver thimble. It just fitted her finger, and Caty was delighted with it. Nothing could have pleased her more, for she was very fond of sewing. Her aunt had not bought any thing for Lucia, and she feared she would feel grieved when she saw that Caty had two presents, the thimble and the little stuffed chair which Effie sent her, while she had only the nut-bag. But Lucia was so *generous*, that she thought only of Caty. She was as much gratified with the thimble as Caty was. "O," said she, "what a beautiful thimble! You shall have my little bag to keep it in." And away she

ran and brought her little bag, and put the thimble in it. So Caty had the chair, the thimble, and the bag, while Lucia had no present.

Lucy was truly *generous*. She made a sacrifice for Caty. She sacrificed her own present to make Caty happy, and she made herself happy in doing it. Remember this: a generous child is happy. She makes her friends happy, and she makes herself beloved. A selfish child is unhappy. She makes all her friends unhappy, and it is almost impossible for any one to love her. The Lord Jesus Christ is generous. He loved us, and gave himself for us, an offering and a sacrifice to God. Be like Jesus Christ, and you will be truly happy here, and for ever happy hereafter.

Selected for The Child's Paper.

TO THE SCHOOL-BOYS.

I hope you love learning for its own sake; I hope you love it still more for the Lord's sake. The more things you know and the more things you can do, the more respected and consequently the more useful you will be. If you grow up an ignorant man, few will care for your company. People will be laughing at your mistakes and blunders. And even if you should wish to do good, you will hardly know how to set about it. The usefulness and happiness of your future life depend on the amount of solid learning, and above all, on the extent of *Bible knowledge* which you now acquire; and if you be only *willing*, you may acquire as much as you please. A great man once said, "Nothing is denied to well-directed diligence." Long ago a little boy was entered at Harrow school. He was put into a class beyond his years, and where all the scholars had the advantage of previous instruction denied to him. His master chid him for his dulness, and all his own efforts could not raise him from the lowest place on the form. But nothing discouraged, he got the books his class-fellows had already gone through. He devoted the hours of play, and not a few of the hours of sleep, to the mastering of them; till in a few weeks he gradually began to rise, and it was not long before he shot far ahead of all his companions, and became the pride of the school. You will find that boy's statue in St. Paul's cathedral, for he lived to be the greatest oriental scholar of modern Europe, and his name was Sir WILLIAM JONES. God denies nothing in the way of learning to well-directed diligence. The most distinguished scholars once knew no more than you do now; and how did they reach their present attainments? By *dint of diligence*, by *downright painstaking*. There is no wishing-cap which will fetch you knowledge from the east or west. It is not likely to visit you in a morning dream, nor will it drop through your study-roof into your elbow-chair. It is gained only by *diligence* and *painstaking*. Hamilton.

For The Child's Paper.

THE LITTLE PAPER AGENT.

A dear little girl came in the other morning, looking very much as if she had some *business* on hand; she looked in earnest. Presently she poured a little pile of money on the table, dimes and half dimes. "The Child's Paper has n't got feet, so it can't go alone, and no hands, so I thought I would do my part to help it along," said she. "I have ten subscribers; will you please to get me the back numbers too?" She lived out on a large farm, with no near neighbors; it is very muddy going, and the weather chilly; but no matter, she *had a purpose*, nothing could stop her, and here was the result of her labors. How much better was this than to play all the time. And how beautiful is it to see children planning and *carrying out their plans* to be useful in their own spheres.

Dr. Johnson said, "Young man, attend to the voice of one who has possessed some fame in the world, and who will shortly appear before his Maker; read the Bible every day of your life."



THE LOG-CABIN HOME.

We know a good man who lives among the mountains of Tennessee. He loves the children dearly, and has climbed a great many hills, and threaded a great many valleys to form Sabbath-schools, and carry the people books, and to tell them about the Lord Jesus Christ. A while ago he sent us a picture of a *log-cabin*, made by a good man who came from England, and now lives in one. Perhaps it may please the children to see it. Here it is.

Rev. Dr. Adams of Boston once pointed to the old oaken chair of the dairyman's daughter, on the platform of the American Tract Society, and said, "So long as the Society makes books for the men and women who sit in such chairs, God will bless it, and the people of God will take care of it." So may we not hope, that so long as the Tract Society makes Child's Papers and good books for those who live in log-cabins—and many millions of our people do live in log-cabins—God will prosper and bless it? This little log-cabin poem came with the picture.

OUR HOME.

"Not a palace or castle hall,
With marble floor or ivied wall,
And ancient parks of grand old trees,
All waving proudly in the breeze—
Our home—it is an humble spot,
The passer-by might mark it not,
But Love dwells here.

"The lowly roof is thick with moss,
And vines of roses wind across;
And there in sweet, glad summer-time,
When the flowers are in their prime,
A little bluebird builds her nest;
She *knows* she is a welcome guest,
For Love dwells here.

"The room within is low and small,
A single picture decks the wall—
And there 's a garden just below,
Where fruits and flowers in plenty grow;
A gentle river rolls along,
And sings a happy, glad'ning song,
That Love dwells here.

QUESTIONS TO ASK MYSELF.

Did I this morn devoutly pray
For God's assistance through the day?
And did I read his sacred word,
To make my life therewith accord?
Did I for any purpose try
To hide the truth or tell a lie?
Was I obedient, humble, mild,
To prove myself a Christian child?
Did I my thoughts with prudence guide,
Checking ill-humor, anger, pride?
Did I my lips from aught refrain
That might my fellow-creatures pain?
Did I with cheerful patience bear
The little ills we all must share?
To all my duties through this day
Did I a due attention pay?
And did I, when the day was o'er,
God's watchful care again implore?

Oh Lord, help thou a little child
To speak the truth away;
Nor let me speak or act deceit
Throughout the livelong day,
But always strictly truthful be
In all I do and say.

For The Child's Paper.

WHAT THEY ARE DOING "DOWN EAST."

As I was passing down one of the back streets, I saw a little boy wiping the pane of an ugly looking shop-window, and trying to look in. He turned round as I came up, and I saw he had been crying; indeed he looked very sorrowful. "What is the matter, my little fellow?" I asked. "Oh, sir," said he, "father is at his drams again. He left off once, and promised he'd never take another glass. Oh sir, if father *could n't* get it, we'd never want a better father. Mother says, if only *nobody would sell!*"

Poor little boy! But I could not help thinking how the "Maine liquor law" met this little boy's wants; it granted all the poor mother asked for. Many of the readers of this paper have heard about the noted Maine liquor law. It is a law which the legislature of the state of Maine passed about a year and a half ago to rid the state of drunkenness. Other states have made laws to prosecute and to fine dealers in liquor, or allow them to sell only so much, or require them to pay a heavy sum of money for a license to sell at all; but still hosts of young men and of old men have found a drunkard's grave. The Maine people said, "Now what shall *we* do?" "We want something that will go to the bottom of the whole matter." So in their law they said, not only that people should not sell to drinkers, but stores and shops should not keep liquors; they made it lawful, after giving due warning to the owners, to seize all rum, gin, and brandy casks, and destroy them. "We don't want even the *smell* of the poison among us," they said. In spite of much opposition, the people have executed the law. Rivers of liquor that else would have run down men's throats, have now run into the gutters.

And the result is, jails and bridewells are almost deserted—in some places wholly so; never were so few families brought to the almshouses, though the last winter was a very cold one. Poor broken-down families are beginning to revive. Fathers are providing for their children, and wives are rejoicing in their now sober husbands. Many a young man is stopped in his career of shame. The temptation to drink when spirits are around, in nine cases out of ten, is greater than a man's resolution: appetite is stronger than reason, it gets the better of him, and he is lost. The Maine people have put away this temptation. G.

For The Child's Paper.

FLOGGING SAILORS.

Two evils have existed in our navy. One is called the "spirit ration," that is, giving a daily allowance of "grog" to the sailors; the other is flogging as a mode of punishment. Flogging was at last regarded too cruel and too degrading for a man, and Congress, three years ago, passed a law to give it up on board the United States ships. Last winter a petition was handed to Congress to restore it again. Commodore Stockton of New Jersey, himself once an officer in the navy, rose and spoke nobly in behalf of the poor sailor. Hear what he says:

"Senators, shall the American sailor be treated worse than a dog? He has been my companion for more than a quarter of a century, through calms and storms, privations, suffering, and hunger—in peace and in war. His heart has beat close to mine. I ought to know him. I do know him. These petitioners would have him scourged. They would scourge him for drunkenness, when *they* put the bottle to his mouth. Shame! The lash is used only for petty offences, among which is drunkenness. The government furnishes the liquor, and if he get drunk on his allowance, the government is responsible, and the sailor ought not to be flogged. Flogging would not prevent drunkenness. The American sailor is bold, intelligent, hardy, enterprising: no shoals are too dangerous,

no seas too boisterous, no climate too rigorous for him. Foster, cherish, develop these traits by a generous and paternal government. Inspire him with love and confidence for your service, but above all, save him from the brutalizing lash.

"To whom, in time of peace, are intrusted the lives of thousands who traverse the ocean? Whose energy and self-denying toil carry the productions of your toil through the world, and bring back the rich return? It is the American sailor. Where is the coast or harbor in the wide world, accessible to human enterprise, to which he has not carried your flag? His service is no easy service. He knows no comforts of home and wife and children; he reaps no golden rewards for the increase of treasure which he brings to you. When on shore, he is among strangers and friendless. When worn out, he is scarcely provided for; making many rich, he lives and dies poor; carrying the gifts of civilization and the blessings of the gospel through the world, he is treated as an outcast from the mercies of both."

WHAT O'CLOCK IS IT?

When I was a young lad, my father one day called me to him, that he might teach me to know what o'clock it was.

He told me the use of the minute finger and the hour hand, and described to me the figures on the dial plate, until I was pretty perfect in my part.

No sooner was I quite master of this additional knowledge, than I set off scampering to join my companions in a game of marbles; but my father called me back again. "Stop, William," said he, "I have something more to tell you."

Back again I went, wondering what else I had got to learn, for I thought I knew all about the clock as well as my father did.

"William," said he, "I have taught you to know the time of day. I must teach you how to find out the time of your life."

All this was strange to me, so I waited impatiently to hear how my father would explain it, for I wanted sadly to go to my marbles.

"The Bible," said he, "describes the years of a man to be threescore and ten, or fourscore years. Now, life is very uncertain, and you may not live a single day longer; but if we divide the fourscore years of an old man's life into twelve parts, like the dial of a clock, it will allow almost seven years for every figure. When a boy is seven years old, then it is one o'clock of his life; and this is the case with you. When you arrive at 14 years old, it will be two o'clock with you, and when at 21, it will be three o'clock; at 28, it will be four o'clock; at 35, it will be five o'clock; at 42, it will be six o'clock; at 49, it will be seven o'clock, should it please God to spare your life. In this manner you may always know the time of your life, and looking at the clock may remind you of it. My great-grandfather, according to this calculation, died at 12 o'clock, my grandfather at 11, and my father at 10. At what hour you or I shall die, William, is only known to Him to whom all things are known."

Never, since then, have I heard the inquiry, "What o'clock is it?" nor do I think I have even looked at the face of a clock, without being reminded of the words of my father.

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The postage on *The Child's Paper*, it being under 300 square inches, is one fourth the rates of larger monthly papers, viz.:

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