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"A PLEASANT SOMETHING."

For The Child's Paper.

Cloudy as the weather may be without, cloudier is often the social sky within our homes. Fretfulness sometimes enters our doors, breeding all manner of discontent and ill-humor among the children, without our knowing exactly how to get rid of him. There is no scolding him out, for that makes him furious; or reasoning, for that makes him sullen; or driving, for that makes him mulish. He gets on the wheels of the family machine, and Oh, how they grate!

"But what can be done?" Ah yes, "What?" asks many a perplexed and harassed mother. Then you do not know the power of "a pleasant something."

"A pleasant something! What do you mean?" How shall we explain it? Perhaps we may enter the Hamlet cottage and there find out. Mr. Hamlet comes home from the brick-yard tired and hungry; he finds neither smiles nor supper; he sees at a glance how matters are, his sickly wife hurrying with all her might, and the children not helps but hinderances. There were sour looks, disobliging answers, and pouts large and small. Did the spirit of fretfulness seize him also, and did he begin to scold and grumble? What a tempest there might have been!

"Ho, ho!" exclaims Mr. Hamlet, with a friendly smile—"Ho, ho!" taking off his pea-jacket and hanging it on a peg; then he sat down, for he was tired. Phil came mourning towards him, while the rest cast sulky and disquieted looks here and there. The father then shoved his seat near the candle; holding out his brawny arms, and twisting his rough fingers together, he cried,

"Ho, ho! Look!" nodding at the opposite wall. The children all looked that way. "Oh!" cried Philly, "see its eyes; its mouth opens; see! see!" clapping his hands with delight. Tom echoed it. Amy drew near, then James, who never saw the sight before, was soon lost in wonder. "A rabbit, a real, live rabbit on the wall!" cried he; "there's his mouth, ears, eyes, and fore feet!" Nor could the mother resist the charm. The table set and the cakes baking, she dropped into a chair beside her husband, and taking Philly in her lap, all troubles were forgotten in the wonderful antics of the rabbit on the wall. "Oh, oh!" cried the children cheerily; and while "oh, oh!" echoed round, fretfulness took to his heels, for he cannot bear a friendly tone or a merry laugh, and one cannot help thinking he has a particular antipathy to the rabbit on the wall. Oh yes, fretfulness is a very bad spirit, and when he gets possession of a family, as he sometimes does of the best regulated families, nobody can tell exactly how, the true way to get rid of him is to *start up new ideas, fresh feelings, cheerful thoughts*, with a *pleasant something else*—any thing that will draw the children's minds from themselves and their little troubles. This Mr. Hamlet could do, though he was no philosopher. "There was nothing he so disliked to see among the children as fretful frames," he said; "for they'd soon enough get into habits, and then there is no curing them:" so he always tried to have a "pleasant something" to frighten the bad spirit away.

"Now," says the mother, as soon as the cakes are baked, "I want a pail of water." "I'll fetch

it," answers James briskly; "So will I," cried Tom. No longer saddled and bridled by fretfulness, how quickly the children bestir themselves. Then every thing grows sunshiny. Let every father, mother, brother, sister, learn how to banish the whole troupe of frets by the power of "a pleasant something." H. C. K.

For The Child's Paper.

"I AM THE DOOR."

These are the words of the Lord Jesus. Is he then board and nails? Oh, no. He meant to *liken* himself to a door. Look at your own door. It opens, and lets you into the joys and comforts of home; it shuts, and defends you from harm. Our sins have shut us out from God. Jesus is the door, because he opens a way to God's forgiveness and favor, by shedding his blood upon the cross for us. "By me," he says, "if any one enter in, he shall be saved." This is surely the door of mercy.

But is it not shut? How will it open? Hear again: "Knock, and it shall be opened." Oh, what gracious words! "Knock, and it shall be opened." Jesus himself said them. They are true.

How many children there are standing outside, covered with sins, sad and sorrowful, while "Satan, like a roaring lion, is going about seeking whom he may devour." If they can enter that blessed door, they will find safety; and raiment clean and white is laid by in store for them. Happy are those children who knocked and have entered in. God is their Father, and Christ their guide and everlasting friend. Their "ways are ways of pleasantness, and all their paths are peace." They are travelling on to their heavenly home, where they will dwell with a great multitude of the holy and happy children who have gone before them.

Do not you want to go in at this door? Are you willing to stand outside, a poor sinful child? Come and knock, with an humble and penitent heart, crying, "Lord Jesus, is there not room for me?"

FAMILY WORSHIP.

"David returned to bless his household." 2 Sam. 6: 20.

"Father," said a little girl about seven years of age, "Mr. Bickersteth preached about family prayer to-day."

"Did he?" asked the father.

"Would you like me to read a chapter, father?"

"You may," replied the father; and she read.

"Shall we sing a hymn, father?" and they sung.

"Will you pray, father?" asked the little girl; but the father could not, and then the dear child prayed. This touched the father's heart, and ever afterwards there was family prayer in that house.

To thee, Almighty God, we bow,
And would ourselves resign;
Receive the praise, accept the vow,
And make us ever thine.

For The Child's Paper.

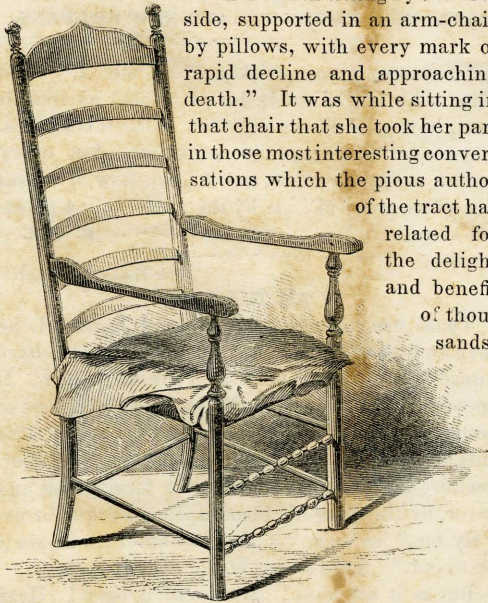
STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

"Is that the star of Bethlehem?" asked a little child, who had been looking long and wistfully at the bright evening star. "Oh, I wish it would always shine on me so." The mother breathed an inward prayer that the Star of Bethlehem might indeed rise and shine in his little heart.

For The Child's Paper.

A CHAIR WORTH LOOKING AT.

"Well, to be sure, that is a strange old-fashioned chair. Why did the editors give us such an engraving as that, and call it a chair worth looking at?" Stay, dear young friend, and let us tell you a fact or two about this chair, before you come to a final decision upon it. Did you ever read that beautiful tract, "The Dairyman's Daughter?" If you have, you will perhaps remember that the Rev. Legh Richmond, its excellent author, tells us, when he went to see Elizabeth the only surviving daughter of the dairyman, for he had buried her sister a very short time before, "As I advanced, I



saw Elizabeth sitting by the fire-side, supported in an arm-chair by pillows, with every mark of rapid decline and approaching death." It was while sitting in that chair that she took her part in those most interesting conversations which the pious author of the tract has related for the delight and benefit of thousands.

Perhaps most of our readers know that very few books have been so generally read, as the narrative of the Dairyman's Daughter. The late emperor Alexander of Russia was pleased with the book, and with the attentions he received in England from its author, that he sent him a present of a beautiful diamond ring; thousands of Christians have read it with much advantage, and many of the young have been led by it to love the Lord Jesus Christ.

You will not be surprised now, to learn that many excellent persons, in their travels over England, have gone to the Isle of Wight in order to visit the cottage in which she lived and died, to look at the Bible in which she wrote her name, and which she so much loved to read, and to stand by her grave and read the epitaph which friends have placed there. In the year 1830, the late Rev. Dr. James Milnor of New York visited all these scenes, and gave, in his journal to the Tract Society, a beautifully simple and touching account of his tour in that lovely island. In the cottage in which the pious young woman died, occupied at the time of the doctor's visit by her brother, he found this chair; and an American merchant, who visited the cottage soon after, purchased it, and greatly to the regret of many Christians in England, he brought it to the United States. It has for many years been in one of the rooms of the Tract Society in New York, and a correct representation of it is now placed before our readers, because we are sure it will give them pleasure, and we hope will lead them to serious and profitable thoughts. May all our readers enjoy the same piety and pass to the same heaven as Elizabeth Wallbridge the dairyman's daughter.

A short anecdote in connection with this chair shall close this paper. Some years ago, a worthy clergyman called at the Tract House in New York, to have some conversation on the subject of their publications. He accidentally was seated in this chair, and began to express the doubts he had heard, and indeed which he himself felt, whether some of the narratives were not works of fiction, and especially referred to "The Dairyman's Daughter." What was his surprise when he was told of the rigid inquiries which Dr. Milnor had made on

the spot, and especially when he found that he was sitting in the very chair in which she passed her declining days. He went away more than satisfied. J. B.

WORK FOR BOYS, AND WORK FOR GIRLS.

Has The Child's Paper any hands? Has it any feet? Has it any wings? No. It has a beautiful face, and a busy tongue, and a warm heart: and that's all. It is only a month old, and can't go alone. Children, you have hands and feet. Now, lend them to introduce us to your playmates and neighbors. Will you? You can say, "Here is a beautiful and a good little paper for us children. Every line is for us. If you and nine more will pay ten cents each, you can have it for a whole year." As fast as you can count, boys and girls will find the ten cents. Is it not an excellent way to do good?

Parents and teachers will need no stimulus to effort in this direction. Many a one will do like the merchant in Brooklyn, who supplies every family in the block where he lives monthly with a copy. The subscription is already large and daily increasing by hundreds. We will endeavor to make it what it ought to be, if our friends will put it where it should be.

For The Child's Paper.

WHICH TASTED BEST, THE MILK OR THE NOT MILK?

Robert was five: though a little boy, he liked to have his own way; he thought a great deal about pleasing himself, but he did not always take the right way of being truly happy. A very poor family lived down in the lane behind his mother's house. The father of this family was a drunkard; he was very cruel to his wife and children; he used often to beat them.

One day the woman came up to Robert's mother to beg a little new milk for her sick baby. Mrs. Manly had none to spare, except what she had saved for Robert's supper: "But I will give the poor creature this," she said; "Robert can do without his milk for once." When supper came, he cried out, "Where's my bowl of milk? I don't want my supper unless I can have my milk." His mother told him how she spared it for the poor sick baby. He did not seem at all pleased: he pouted, and did not take his bread and butter; he was sure it was his milk, he said.

His mother was very much grieved to see how selfish he had become. She knew nobody but God could change Robert's heart for the better, and she knew he often blessed the means which mothers use to improve their little boys. After thinking for some time, she thought she would take Robert to this poor family; perhaps their sad condition might touch his heart. The next day, although it began to snow, Mrs. Manly put on her cloak and moccasins, and asked Robert to take a walk with her, which he was very glad to do. They went down the lane, and visited the drunkard's family. How very forlorn it looked, very, very. Robert shivered as he cast his eyes here and there. The poor woman thanked Mrs. Manly over and over again for the new milk: "It kept baby still all night," she said; "her father did not beat her, for he beats her when he comes home in liquor and finds her crying. Poor thing, she can't help it; she's hungry, and wants something nourishing." "But I do not know as I can spare you any more," said Robert's mother. "I want to, with all my heart, but —" She stopped. "Ah, well," sighed the woman, "I know I can't expect it every night; you are very good." "Is there any thing else?" asked Robert's mother. "Nothing, just now; the most is a drop of new milk," looking at her child, and again sighing.

As they walked away, Robert never spoke, though he was generally very talkative; neither did his mother; she only prayed in her heart. At supper-time, Robert's bowl of milk was put by his plate. He did not come to the table, but sat look-

ing in the fire. "Come, Robert," said his father. He obeyed, but gently shoved his bowl one side. In a few minutes, he got up and whispered to his mother. She nodded, and said, "Yes, my son." He went into the kitchen, and presently Mary came in and carried out the milk. Nothing was seen of the little boy for some time. By and by he burst into the sitting-room covered with snow-flakes and shouting cheerfully, "Mother, the baby's got the milk; Mary and I took it to her. Now she'll sleep; wont she? Her mother said, 'God bless you, my child;' that was to me; and, mother, my milk tastes pretty good to-night," smacking his lips—"or my not milk."

How bright Robert's face looked! Ah, it was the not milk that tasted so good. It was the not milk, boys. The secret of his joy lay in that little word not. He had denied himself for another's sake; and our heavenly Father has so formed us, that this is really one of our purest joys. Our Saviour says, "Deny thyself, and take up the cross and follow me." This perhaps sounds hard, and yet all who have tried it declare, with one accord, "His yoke is easy, and his burden is light. His ways are ways of pleasantness, and all his paths are peace." Will you not try it, dear children?

For The Child's Paper.

I AM SURE.

"I am sure somebody has been out this morning," said little Redward the other day, "because I see some foot-prints."

Redward was a little boy about six years old. The first snow-storm of this winter had begun the night before, after he had gone to bed, and now he stood looking out of the window in his mother's room. It was so long since last winter, that it seemed quite new and strange to him to see every thing covered with white—the garden, the trees, the fences, all of the same color. There stood old Leo, looking more like a white bear than like a real good-natured dog as he was; but he took good care to shake all the snow off his grey overcoat, before turning in to his comfortable corner under the seat by the front door.

"I am sure somebody has been out," said Redward. "Why?" asked his mother. "Oh, because I am," said Redward again; "I see their foot-prints." "Couldn't the foot-prints have come of themselves?" said his mother; "I want to talk to you a little about them." "Why, no," said Redward, laughing, and half thinking to himself that his mother did not ask very wise questions; "and besides, mother, there are the tracks of a wagon." "But," said his mother, "couldn't the tracks have come of themselves?" "No," said the little boy—"No, mother, I do not think any body could have made them without a wagon. I am sure some one has been out."

"You are right, dear boy," said his mother; "you are right to be sure about it. It is right to feel sure about some things, and I want to have you think now about some great and very important things about which we may be sure. We may be sure that there is a God. We see the sun, the moon, the world we live on. We see ourselves and all the animals and things around us, and we are as sure that they could not have come of themselves, as we are that those foot-prints in the new snow could not have come of themselves. Somebody must have made them. No one could have made us and everything around us but God.

We may be sure that the Bible is true. Wicked men would not have written such a good book, if they could. Good men would not tell a lie, and say it was God's holy word when it was not. The Bible says of itself, that "the testimony of the Lord is sure." Testimony means here what God says in the Bible.

The Bible tells us, "Be sure your sin will find you out." That means, that God knows all the wrong things we do, and will punish us for them, unless we are sorry for them, and ask to be forgiven for Jesus' sake, who died for us on the cross.

We may be sure that *Jesus Christ is able* to forgive our sins, and take us to heaven; because he is the Son of God. When he lived on the earth, he did a great many wonderful things, such as no one but God could do. He made the deaf people hear, and the blind see. He made the sick well again all at once, and even brought the dead to life again. So we have reason to say, as Peter one of his disciples did, "We believe and are sure that thou art that Christ, the Son of the living God."

The older you grow, the happier it will make you to know that *you may be sure* of these things: There is a God. The Bible is true. Jesus Christ is able to save.

H. H.

For The Child's Paper.

SOMETHING TO DO.

Children often cry, "Oh, I wish I had something to do." Something *real* to do, this means. Play does not always satisfy you, and holidays often seem long and tiresome. One of the pleasantest things nowadays is, that children are taking a part in helping on the Saviour's kingdom in the world. Let them always keep in mind that the *first* and *best* thing they can do for it is to give their hearts to him. There are a great many ways of doing good, only one of which I will mention now, that of sending out libraries to the log-cabin children and Sabbath-schools of the great West.

The children of two or three families, or one family, if it is large, or a Sabbath-school class, can club together for this purpose. My boys have this plan, and they like it very much. They earn the money, which is sent to the Tract or Sunday-school Society to buy a ten-dollar library, to be sent to some place which they already know about, or if not, to some place which the Society may choose. O, what good answers come back! The prairie boys are as glad as can be; the books are read and read; they go from hand to hand, and from house to house.

Then it is such a *real satisfaction* to be doing good. Perhaps you will say, "Earn the money? I cannot earn money!" Why, you surely would not filch it from your mother's purse or your father's pocket; in that case it would not be *you* who sent the books. Earn money, you certainly can. Go to your father or mother, or uncle or guardian, and say, "You are good enough to allow me a great deal of spare time to play in; now I often get very tired of play. I want to be *doing* something—something that will be of some account. I should like to try to earn some money to send good books to a log-cabin Sabbath-school. Books are scarce out there. Will you please to put me in a way to earn?" There is not a father or mother who would not be thankful to hear the boys propose this.

There was one boy who spoke thus, and though his father was sick, he answered gladly, "Certainly, my son; go hire yourself to my neighbor working in that field; he wants a boy, I dare say." Ned went and engaged himself at 25 cents a day. At the end of three days and a half he received 87½ cents. Better than this, Ned said, "This is the pleasantest week of vacation, father. I have been learning to farm: I've been a real help to Mr. Dow, and I have got 87½ cents to put into the charity-box; and, father, I am twice as stout!" There is an example for you. Children ought always to earn or save their missionary money, because they must early learn to *work* and *practise self-denial* for their Lord's sake. How do you like this plan? What can you do?

"Do something—do it quickly—do it well:
An angel's wing would tire, if long at rest;
And God himself, inactive, were no longer blest."

Selected for The Child's Paper.

FRAGMENTS OF TIME.

Try what you can make of the broken fragments of time. Glean up its gold dust—those raspings and filings of life, those leavings of days and remnants of hours, which so many sweep into the waste of existence. If you be frugal, and hoard up odd minutes and half hours, and unexpected holidays, your careful gleanings

may eke out a long and useful life. When a person says, "I have no time to pray, no time to read the Bible, no time to improve my mind or do a kind turn to a neighbor," he may be saying what he thinks, *but he should not think what he says*; for if he has not got the time already, he may get it by *redeeming* it.

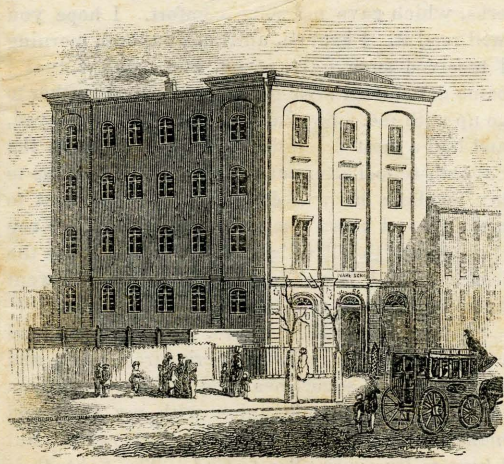
Hamilton.

For The Child's Paper.

DEATH AT A SCHOOL-HOUSE.

With your lessons learned, you put on your little cloak and hood and take your books to go to school, and bid mother good-morning, and the sun shines brightly and you feel happy. You do not expect to be brought home a *dead* child; you go to school and come home again, month after month and year after year, and nothing of this kind happens. God is very kind to take care of you so.

But do the children afar off know about the dreadful calamity which lately happened in the city of New York, when more than forty little ones, who left their homes well and happy, were brought back dead? There is in Greenwich Avenue, in



New York, a large new brick building four stories high, with a handsome stone front, called Ward school, No. 26. The first floor is the children's play-ground. On the second floor is the primary school; on the third, the girl's department; and on the fourth, the school for boys. There are twenty-three separate rooms, each with teachers, and in all eighteen hundred scholars.

One day, as they were busy at their studies, a teacher in one of the girls' rooms was seized with spasms. This frightened her class, and they screamed; the other girls, thinking something dreadful had happened, screamed, and in their fright rushed for the door. This noise overhead terrified the children below, who set up a shout and ran down stairs, jamming so against the outside door that it could not be opened. At this moment, the girls from above crowded over the stairs, and so great was the press, the balusters gave way and down they came, tumbling from a great height upon the heads of those below, making a pile eight or ten feet high. Oh, what shrieks of agony rent the air! Meanwhile, the boys in the fourth story, thinking the building must be on fire, were all in confusion: they cried, "Fire, Fire!" some rushed down the back stairs, while others leaped from the windows.

The alarm-bell rung, and people rushed to the spot. The news spread rapidly over the city. Mothers and fathers ran wildly thither. When the door was forced open, what a scene met their eyes: a mass of children huddled together, moaning, groaning, bruised, dying, dead! Who can describe the parents' anguish as they caught up the lifeless bodies of their little ones; who describe the joy of those who found their children safe? Forty-three lost their lives; enough to make many, many sorrowful homes, weeping firesides, and almost broken hearts. Some mothers lost their all. It was a mournful night in the city. And now, what lessons are taught by this sad calamity? for God always means that we shall learn something from such solemn providences.

1. Do not give up to petty frights. Do not get terrified and scream when there is no cause for it.

Had the class sat still when the spasm seized the teacher, all would have been safe.

2. In times of *real* danger, keep cool and stand at your post. Do not fall into a panic, but try to learn the nature and the extent of the danger, and then act accordingly.

3. Remember, that when you least expect it, death may be near. Live therefore every day a holy, humble child, striving to do faithfully and cheerfully all the duties of your little sphere, in the strength and for the sake of that dear Saviour who died to save you.

H. C. K.

TO THE CHILD'S PAPER.

Go, little friend, God speed thee,
And guide thee on thy way,
And ever fill thy pages
With wisdom's holy ray;
Boldly reprove the erring,
Strengthen the sad and weak;
Let truth and love and goodness,
Thy pages e'er bespeak.

Go to the crowded city,
Visit the child of wealth,
Around whose flowery pathway
Smile brightly friends and health;
Go to the wretched hovel,
Where shineth no glad ray;
Speak lovingly and wisely,
And journey on your way.

Go, in the summer evening,
Pause at the open door,
Where rest from day's long labor,
The toil-worn and the poor.
Go to the village play-ground,
With bright and smiling face,
And you shall ever find there
A welcome and a place.

In long dark winter mornings,
With little children come,
And take your place among them,
Within their happy home.
Tell them some cheering story,
Sing them some pleasant verse,
And sweet and gladsome memories,
To list'ning ears rehearse.

S. R.

For The Child's Paper.

WHEN THE FLOWERS SLEEP.

Almost all flowers sleep during the night. The marigold goes to bed with the sun. The dandelion opens at five or six in the morning, and shuts at nine in the evening. The "goat's-beard" wakes at three in the morning, and shuts at five or six in the afternoon. The common daisy shuts up its blossom in the evening, and opens its "day's eye" to meet the early beams of the morning sun. The crocus, tulip, and many others close their blossoms at different hours towards evening. In a clover field, not a single leaf opens until after sunrise. Those plants which are awake all night, an English author calls "the bats and owls of the vegetable kingdom."

For The Child's Paper.

GOD COUNTS.

A plate of sweet cakes was brought in and laid upon the table. Two children played on the hearth-rug before the fire. "Oh, I want one of those cakes!" cried the little boy, jumping up as soon as his mother went out, and going on tiptoe towards the table. "No, no," said his sister, pulling him back—"No, no; you know you must not touch." "Mother wont know it; she didn't count them," he cried, shaking her off, and stretching forth his hand. "If *she* didn't, perhaps *God* counted," answered the sister. The little boy's hand was stayed. Yes, children, *be sure* that God counts.

Procrastination says, "Oh, it will be pleasant to do your work by and by; wait a little while." The Bible declares, "Do with *thy might whatsoever* thy hand finds to do." Which do you mind?

We are happy to state, that the beautiful illustration of a child's faith in our last number, originally appeared, several years since, in the Well-spring.



THE LITTLE BEGGARS.

Two beggars are at the door, mamma,
Two beggars are at the door;
A beggar boy and a beggar girl,
And the wind is biting, at every whirl,
Their feet all naked and sore.

O, hasten and bring them in, mamma,
O, hasten and bring them in;
And let them sit by this fire so warm,
For they have been out in the cold, cold storm,
And their clothes are tattered and thin;

And tell them this is their home, mamma,
O, tell them this is their home;
And give them something to eat that's nice,
Of bread and butter a good large slice,
And bid them no more to roam.

For isn't it all too bad, mamma,
O, isn't it all too bad,
That they must starve, or beg in the street,
No cloak to their backs or shoes to their feet,
While I am so finely clad?

It may be God sent them here, mamma,
It may be God sent them here,
And now looks down from his home in the sky,
To watch them and see whether you and I
Are kind to his children dear.

And will he not angry be, mamma,
And will he not angry be,
If we let them go in the storm so rough,
To perish with want, while more than enough
For them and us have we?

I WILL BE GOOD TO-DAY.

"I will be good, dear mother,"
I heard a sweet child say;
"I will be good: now watch me—
I will be good all day."

She lifted up her bright young eyes,
With a soft and pleasing smile;
Then a mother's kiss was on her lips,
So pure and free from guile.

And when night came, that little one,
In kneeling down to pray,
Said, in a soft and whispering tone,
"Have I been good to-day?"

Oh, many, many bitter tears
'T would save us, did we say,
Like that dear child, with earnest heart,
"I will be good to-day."

For The Child's Paper.

THE SNOW.

How beautiful it is; and of how many beautiful things may it remind us! Did you ever try to catch any of its pure white flakes, letting them gently fall and rest upon your father's hat, or your mother's or sister's dark fur muff? Even then you would want a magnifying glass to see how regular the shape of each flake is; and yet all are different one from another.

Then to look abroad on the wide country covered with white; or more delightful still, to take a run over the crackling crust, as it everywhere seems tipped with diamonds by the morning sun, or turned into silver in the moonlight. Yes, the snow is beautiful; and it is useful too, for it covers the grass roots, and grain and flower roots so warm

that they are not killed by the hard frosts of our cold winter nights.

Of what may the snow remind us? First and principally, it should make us think of God the Maker of all things. The Bible says, "He saith to the snow, be thou upon the earth;" and again, "He giveth snow like wool."

It should make us think of our sins, and of God our Saviour, for he has promised that "though our sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow." The blood of Christ alone can thus take away the stain.

For The Child's Paper.

PEEP INTO A PIOUS FAMILY.

"MY DEAR BROTHER—I have long wanted to write and tell you my feelings. The last time you were at home on Saturday evening, a dark stormy night, mother was talking with us upon the subject of religion. Her words made a deep impression upon my mind, and I hope I shall never forget them. The next day, I felt very much what a sinner I was. I read the second chapter of Proverbs, which gave me some comfort. I hope you will read it. I kept on, until one Sabbath morning I received such light, peace, and comfort, that I came down from my chamber and asked mother to go up with me. She did so. We read and prayed, and had a most delightful season. I went to the Sabbath-school afterwards, and told my feelings to my teacher; he was delighted. I then went to meeting, and heard a sermon from this text, 'Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life.' It was just what I wanted. I went home rejoicing in my Saviour.

"I have a chamber where, morning, noon, and evening, I go to read the Scriptures, pray, and meditate, and sometimes sing. I have, many a time, had sweet communion with my God, and many a time have had to weep over my sins. But I hope to live very near to God. The Sabbath is more precious to me now, and I can treasure up a good deal more of the sermon than I used to. Sometimes I feel as if I could see God right before me while I am praying; but when I sin, I do not get so near him. Mother and Samuel and I have an hour every Sunday between the ringing of the bells in the afternoon, and we have very pleasant seasons together. Samuel told mother what made him want to pray was this sentence, 'Praying will make us leave off sinning, and sinning will make us leave off praying.' He wants you to learn it. I hope you will write me a very long letter in return for this. Pray for me, and the Lord be with you and bless you for ever and ever. Your affectionate brother,
JOHN E. EMERSON."

The boy who wrote the beautiful letter from which these extracts are made, was eleven years old. Children sometimes think what a dull, melancholy thing religion is; is there any thing melancholy here? Read it over carefully, and see how *happy* this boy is. O how much *reason* he had to be happy, if his sins were forgiven and God was his friend. This dear child lived in Newburyport, Massachusetts, where he grew up and was settled as a minister; and though he died early, he did a great deal of good.

For The Child's Paper.

THE FLY ON THE WALL.

"See that fly on the wall overhead; why does it not tumble down?"

"Because it is so light," answers a little girl.

"But dead flies fall down, and dead flies are as light as live ones; besides, in the island of Java there are lizards weighing five or six ounces, which run all over the walls chasing flies. Why does not the lizard fall?"

"Because *it does not*. I cannot think of any other reason," answers the little girl.

"But that is no reason at all, for it is a law of nature that every thing which is not *held up*, falls to the earth; now, what keeps the lizard and the fly from tumbling off the smooth walls? *Something* must." The child cannot think.

Little girls, you know, sometimes suck their thimbles on their lips or on the palm of the hand; the thimble sticks on, and you can hardly shake it off. What keeps it on? I will tell you. The air is sucked from the inside of the thimble, so the air outside presses all around and holds it tightly down. It is just so with the fly's foot. A fly's foot has hollow places from which it can force out the air, when the air outside presses against the top of the foot and holds it on the wall. So also with the lizard. Each of its feet has five toes, on the under side of which are bags with slits in them; the creature forces the air out of the bags, when the outside air holds the feet against the ceiling, and away it runs all over the walls.

So you see about so common a thing as a fly's taking a walk there is something to learn. The Creator has made laws for it to go by. Vacant minds, on looking round, say, "Things are because they are." Inquiring minds ask, "How is this?" "Why is it?" "What laws has God made to govern it?" Children like to visit "the museum," and see the rare objects collected there. The world is God's museum, which he has filled up with curiosities. On every side there is something wonderful and beautiful to inquire about, from the very hair on your head to the little pearl oyster that sleeps in the Indian ocean. Have then your eyes, your mind, and your heart always open.

I look down and see in one partition of this great museum a toad hopping about. What is its history? Is it any relation to the frog? Is it of any use? Some boys delight in stoning it. Stop. Has not the Creator made it to be of use? Look and see.

For The Child's Paper.

A CHOICE NEIGHBORHOOD.

"I do not recollect," says Dr. Hopkins, "that I ever heard a profane word from any of my youthful companions, for the first fourteen years of my life." What a neighborhood was that! No swearing among the boys; no swearing among the men. Where did Dr. Hopkins live? It was in the town of Waterbury, Connecticut. I wonder if it can boast of such a neighborhood now: can any one there tell us? What a delightful spot it must be, where God's name is never taken in vain: we may be sure that there his name is honored and his laws respected. Would that there were such neighborhoods all over the land.

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