CHRIST AT THE WELL OF SAMARIA.

A poor woman went one day to draw water from a neighboring well. As she drew near, she saw a man sitting by the well. She had never seen him before; he looked like a traveler stopping to rest himself in the heat of the day, for it was about noon. When she began to draw, he said, "Give me to drink." Instead of directly complying with his request, she began to ask questions. Without satisfying her curiosity, he excited it more by saying, "If you knew who it is that says to you, Give me to drink, you would have asked of him, and he would have given you living water." The woman was puzzled. "Sir," she answered, "thou hast nothing to draw with, and the well is deep; from whence hast thou that living water?" "Whoever drinketh of this water," said the stranger, "shall thirst again; but the water that I shall give him, shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life."

What kind of water must that be, to drink of and never be thirsty again, sir? cried the woman, regarding the stranger with surprise; "give me this water, that I thirst not, neither come hitherto to draw." Instead of directly complying with her request, he began to ask questions. Without satisfying her curiosity, he excited it more by saying, "If you knew who it is that says to you, Give me to drink, you would have asked of him, and he would have given you living water." The woman was puzzled. "Sir," she answered, "thou hast nothing to draw with, and the well is deep; from whence hast thou that living water?" "Whoever drinketh of this water," said the stranger, "shall thirst again; but the water that I shall give him, shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life."

At this moment his disciples, who had been to the neighboring city to buy bread, came up, and no wonder that the woman, convinced and conscience-stricken, forgot her water-pot and ran home, crying out to every one she met, "Come, see a man that told me all things that ever I did. Is not this the Christ?" Her story spread far and wide. People flocked to see the wonderful stranger. They besought him to come and tarry in their city. He stayed two days, and many believed in him on the testimony of the woman, and many more for what they heard from his own lips.

This unexpected interview of the woman with the Lord Jesus teaches many lessons, and one which is especially needful for you to remember: it is this, that he is willing to reveal himself to us while we are engaged in the common affairs of life. In order to seek and find your Saviour, you are not obliged to make a wearisome pilgrimage; you need not say, "I am so busy I have no time to attend to religion," or wish you were more favorably situated for it than you now are; or think you are too poor, or too ignorant, or too little to come to Christ. No, the Lord Je-
The Child's Paper.

Children, I suppose some of you have heard your parents talk about General Lafayette's visit to this country about twenty-five years ago. He visited most of our cities and larger towns. Triumphal arches were erected in the streets through which he passed, ornamented with evergreen, flowers, and banners. Flowers were scattered along his path: men, women, and children pressed near him, to shake hands with the friend and companion of Washington, the hero who helped us to fight and conquer in the war of the Revolution. The whole nation seemed wild with delight, in welcoming him once more to our country.

Some years after his first return to his own country, he was in prison, and those who imprisoned him were so much afraid that he would escape, that they cut a small hole in his prison door, and watched him night and day. He says that whenever he looked at the hole, he saw an eye watching him—it made him feel dreadfully. Children, how would you feel to have an eye follow you from room to room, from place to place? And if you were watching gage whichever way you turned? Though you may not think of it, and though you may excuse for it, there is an eye upon you every moment of your life, not a human eye, but the eye of the all-seeing, all-knowing, all-powerful God. Sometimes the thought of this makes me feel very sad.

As I sit with my Sabbath-school class, it distresses me to see those bad boys in a neighboring city, laughing and talking during divine service. They don't care to remember that God says, "My house is a house of prayer." They forget that God says in the second commandment, "I am a jealous God.

Many years since, I knew a little girl who was a darling pet with her parents and aunt. She was a merry little thing then, and as happy as the little birds which were singing in the trees, as she was dancing and skipping on the lawn; but soon sickness came and laid its heavy hand upon her, so that this little girl lived confined for a long time to her bed. She was a bright, intelligent little creature, and very fond of reading. She enjoyed very much her aunt's reading to her, during her long weary days of pain and illness.

One day she took up one of the little books lying on her bed; an eye was pictured on it, and under it were the words, "The all-seeing Eye." She looked at it some time, and said, "Aunt, what does it mean?"

Her aunt said, "It is meant to explain that God knows every thing you do; he is always with you, you are never alone; he is always looking at you." She did not speak for some time, and then, her face expressing much feeling, she said, "Aunt, take it away, take it away; I don't want to think about it. I don't want God to see and know how bad my heart is." Her aunt tried to coax her; but she would not be left alone a moment; but would say, "Don't leave me—I that all-seeing eye!" This continued for some days; but at last she lost all her fears; she never recovered of her illness, and they buried her in her favorite spot in the church-yard.

It is curious to think how many people are as white when I see young ladies and girls whispering to each other in church, and think of their coming into the world as the all-seeing eye of her kind heavenly Father rested on her in love, and she died in peace. It is pleasant, very pleasant, if you are Christians, my dear children, to know that God's all-seeing eye is always upon you.

Making a Needle; or How People Help Each Other.

It is curious to think how many people are as white when I see young ladies and girls whispering to each other in church, and think of their coming into the world as the all-seeing eye of her kind heavenly Father rested on her in love, and she died in peace. It is pleasant, very pleasant, if you are Christians, my dear children, to know that God's all-seeing eye is always upon you.

One day she took up one of the little books lying on her bed; an eye was pictured on it, and under it were the words, "The all-seeing Eye." She looked at it some time, and said, "Aunt, what does it mean?"

Her aunt said, "It is meant to explain that God knows every thing you do; he is always with you, you are never alone; he is always looking at you." She did not speak for some time, and then, her face expressing much feeling, she said, "Aunt, take it away, take it away; I don't want to think about it. I don't want God to see and know how bad my heart is." Her aunt tried to coax her; but she would not be left alone a moment; but would say, "Don't leave me—I that all-seeing eye!" This continued for some days; but at last she lost all her fears; she never recovered of her illness, and they buried her in her favorite spot in the church-yard.

It is curious to think how many people are as white when I see young ladies and girls whispering to each other in church, and think of their coming into the world as the all-seeing eye of her kind heavenly Father rested on her in love, and she died in peace. It is pleasant, very pleasant, if you are Christians, my dear children, to know that God's all-seeing eye is always upon you.

Making a Needle; or How People Help Each Other.

It is curious to think how many people are as white when I see young ladies and girls whispering to each other in church, and think of their coming into the world as the all-seeing eye of her kind heavenly Father rested on her in love, and she died in peace. It is pleasant, very pleasant, if you are Christians, my dear children, to know that God's all-seeing eye is always upon you.

Preparing for The Child's Paper.

Once there was a little boy whose name was Jerry. He had a kind mother and father, and two brothers younger than he. Jerry's mother often read the Bible to him, and told him how to be a good boy; and Jerry, as soon as he learned to read, used to read about Little Joseph, and Moses, and Samuel; he thought no stories were so pretty as those in the Bible stories. He wished he could be like Samuel; he wished God would speak to him, and call "Jerry, Jerry!" just as he did to little Samuel. He would say, "Here am I," and he would mind every thing the Lord told him.

"Mother, if I could only hear God speak to me," said Jerry, "Every time you think about doing wrong, Jerry, if you listen, you will hear a still small voice in your heart, saying, 'Jerry, Jerry!'—that is God's voice; it is bidding you to do right.

"Shall I hear it with my ears, my own ears?" asked he, taking hold of his ears with his fat hands. "You will hear it with the ears of your heart, perhaps," said his mother. "If you ever are upon the point of doing what is not right, keep a moment; stop still, and say, 'Is it right? and see if there is in your heart to do it? Jerry, Jerry, do it not.' And that is God, mother; is it not?" asked Jerry; looking very sober, and in the best manner, and in a deep voice.

"'And does God speak to everybody so?' asked Jerry. "Yes, and he speaks very loudly to little children. It is not listening to him which makes so many bad boys. "Then God does speak to us, now," said Jerry, after thinking a little while. "Yes, both in the Bible and in our hearts," she said. "Pulling us back," said Jerry. "Yes, pulling us back from sin. How very kind God is to think so much of us." "Mother," cried Jerry, "I mean always to hearken. I mean to be like little Samuel. I mean to hearken and mind him. I am sure I ought to, God is so kind, so good to us, mother, giving us every thing. He gave me my new shoes, didn't he? I should not have had them, if it had not been for God, mother." His mother prayed in her heart that Jerry might ever hearken and obey the voice.

When Jerry was seven years old, his father came home from school, he found his mother had gone out. "I wish I had something to eat," he said. "You will have something to eat," said his mother. "The fruit is in the green apples that are in the smallest basket up in the corner," said Nancy; "your mother will let you go and get the fruit." He went and got it, and then came out dirty enough, but after a rinsing in clean hot water and a tawseful to wash it with, there was at least a little brightness in it, and he was quite clean to eat.}

Precipitated from the workshops.

Paper.

"Then do you think how various are those precious lessons of brotherly love taught us in the gospel, as it makes wonderfully significant the whole-hearted rule of the apostle, 'Do good to all men, ye have opportunity.'"

JERRY AND HIS MOTHER.

Once there was a little boy whose name was Jerry. He had a kind mother and father, and two brothers younger than he. Jerry's mother often read the Bible to him, and told him how to be a good boy; and Jerry, as soon as he learned to read, used to read about Little Joseph, and Moses, and Samuel; he thought no stories were so pretty as those in the Bible stories. He wished he could be like Samuel; he wished God would speak to him, and call "Jerry, Jerry!" just as he did to little Samuel. He would say, "Here am I," and he would mind every thing the Lord told him. "Mother, if I could only hear God speak to me," said Jerry, "Every time you think about doing wrong, Jerry, if you listen, you will hear a still small voice in your heart, saying, 'Jerry, Jerry!'—that is God's voice; it is bidding you to do right.

"Shall I hear it with my ears, my own ears?" asked he, taking hold of his ears with his fat hands. "You will hear it with the ears of your heart, perhaps," said his mother. "If you ever are upon the point of doing what is not right, keep a moment; stop still, and say, 'Is it right? and see if there is in your heart to do it? Jerry, Jerry, do it not.' And that is God, mother; is it not?" asked Jerry; looking very sober, and in the best manner, and in a deep voice.

"'And does God speak to everybody so?' asked Jerry. "Yes, and he speaks very loudly to little children. It is not listening to him which makes so many bad boys. "Then God does speak to us, now," said Jerry, after thinking a little while. "Yes, both in the Bible and in our hearts," she said. "Pulling us back," said Jerry. "Yes, pulling us back from sin. How very kind God is to think so much of us." "Mother," cried Jerry, "I mean always to hearken. I mean to be like little Samuel. I mean to hearken and mind him. I am sure I ought to, God is so kind, so good to us, mother, giving us every thing. He gave me my new shoes, didn't he? I should not have had them, if it had not been for God, mother." His mother prayed in her heart that Jerry might ever hearken and obey the voice.

When Jerry was seven years old, his father came home from school, he found his mother had gone out. "I wish I had something to eat," he said. "You will have something to eat," said his mother. "The fruit is in the green apples that are in the smallest basket up in the corner," said Nancy; "your mother will let you go and get the fruit." He went and got it, and then came out dirty enough, but after a rinsing in clean hot water and a tawseful to wash it with, there was at least a little brightness in it, and he was quite clean to eat.}
The apples looked good, and he took one. As he turned to come out, he spied the little cupboard door ajar, where he knew his mother kept her nicely things. A bunch of bananas with plums in it, and sugar over it. "Oh," thought Jerry, smacking his lips, "Oh, how good it looks; how good it would taste; I must have it!" Jerry looked. "Take a piece, my mother need not know it," said a noisy voice in his heart. "Take it; it's a good chance; nobody sees you; snatch it!"

"Jerry! Jerry!" spoke the still small voice—"Jerry!" It only seemed to say, "Jerry," and Jerry knew it. He leapt, and spoke, and missed it. In a moment he shut the cupboard close to, and ran away as fast as he could. "I must not take that which does not belong to me. I know not if it looks so nice, or tastes so good; I know not what other voices too—but voices. I am happy when I mind God's words of his dear boy. Jerry is a great boy, children as you are.

When his mother went to give him the good-night kiss, as he lay in his little bed, he whispered in her ear, "Oh! I am so happy to think of God's word, when we find that he gave real love and real kindness to his dear children in the world, to contrive such a thing at first.

Sir Humphrey Davy was a religious man. He felt that he needed, and that all need, a safety-lamp for the soul, to shed a clear and steady light upon the path to heaven. Let us thank God that such a light has been provided for us. Happy the man, happy the child, who can with truth say, "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.""

The apples looked good, and he took one. As he turned to come out, he spied the little cupboard door ajar, where he knew his mother kept her nicely things. A bunch of bananas with plums in it, and sugar over it. "Oh," thought Jerry, smacking his lips, "Oh, how good it looks; how good it would taste; I must have it!" Jerry looked. "Take a piece, my mother need not know it," said a noisy voice in his heart. "Take it; it's a good chance; nobody sees you; snatch it!"

"Jerry! Jerry!" spoke the still small voice—"Jerry!" It only seemed to say, "Jerry," and Jerry knew it. He leapt, and spoke, and missed it. In a moment he shut the cupboard close to, and ran away as fast as he could. "I must not take that which does not belong to me. I know not if it looks so nice, or tastes so good; I know not what other voices too—but voices. I am happy when I mind God's words of his dear boy. Jerry is a great boy, children as you are.

When his mother went to give him the good-night kiss, as he lay in his little bed, he whispered in her ear, "Oh! I am so happy to think of God's word, when we find that he gave real love and real kindness to his dear children in the world, to contrive such a thing at first.

Sir Humphrey Davy was a religious man. He felt that he needed, and that all need, a safety-lamp for the soul, to shed a clear and steady light upon the path to heaven. Let us thank God that such a light has been provided for us. Happy the man, happy the child, who can with truth say, "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.""

The apples looked good, and he took one. As he turned to come out, he spied the little cupboard door ajar, where he knew his mother kept her nicely things. A bunch of bananas with plums in it, and sugar over it. "Oh," thought Jerry, smacking his lips, "Oh, how good it looks; how good it would taste; I must have it!" Jerry looked. "Take a piece, my mother need not know it," said a noisy voice in his heart. "Take it; it's a good chance; nobody sees you; snatch it!"

"Jerry! Jerry!" spoke the still small voice—"Jerry!" It only seemed to say, "Jerry," and Jerry knew it. He leapt, and spoke, and missed it. In a moment he shut the cupboard close to, and ran away as fast as he could. "I must not take that which does not belong to me. I know not if it looks so nice, or tastes so good; I know not what other voices too—but voices. I am happy when I mind God's words of his dear boy. Jerry is a great boy, children as you are.

When his mother went to give him the good-night kiss, as he lay in his little bed, he whispered in her ear, "Oh! I am so happy to think of God's word, when we find that he gave real love and real kindness to his dear children in the world, to contrive such a thing at first.

Sir Humphrey Davy was a religious man. He felt that he needed, and that all need, a safety-lamp for the soul, to shed a clear and steady light upon the path to heaven. Let us thank God that such a light has been provided for us. Happy the man, happy the child, who can with truth say, "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.""

The apples looked good, and he took one. As he turned to come out, he spied the little cupboard door ajar, where he knew his mother kept her nicely things. A bunch of bananas with plums in it, and sugar over it. "Oh," thought Jerry, smacking his lips, "Oh, how good it looks; how good it would taste; I must have it!" Jerry looked. "Take a piece, my mother need not know it," said a noisy voice in his heart. "Take it; it's a good chance; nobody sees you; snatch it!"

"Jerry! Jerry!" spoke the still small voice—"Jerry!" It only seemed to say, "Jerry," and Jerry knew it. He leapt, and spoke, and missed it. In a moment he shut the cupboard close to, and ran away as fast as he could. "I must not take that which does not belong to me. I know not if it looks so nice, or tastes so good; I know not what other voices too—but voices. I am happy when I mind God's words of his dear boy. Jerry is a great boy, children as you are.

When his mother went to give him the good-night kiss, as he lay in his little bed, he whispered in her ear, "Oh! I am so happy to think of God's word, when we find that he gave real love and real kindness to his dear children in the world, to contrive such a thing at first.

Sir Humphrey Davy was a religious man. He felt that he needed, and that all need, a safety-lamp for the soul, to shed a clear and steady light upon the path to heaven. Let us thank God that such a light has been provided for us. Happy the man, happy the child, who can with truth say, "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.""
THE CHILD'S PAPER.

For The Child's Paper.

A CHILD'S THOUGHTS.

A young and thoughtless child, so full of mirth and play—
So often rude and wild—
That I am sure, to save—
That I am sure, to save—
That I am sure, to save—

A book which cannot lie.

It is a great thing to live.

The Bible tells me this is so—

I used to see this beautiful animal, my child. When I was a boy in Ohio. I used often to find wild deer in my father's pasture with the oxen and horses, sometimes seeing twenty or thirty together. They were not afraid of a horse, and when I would feed them from the hay with my hand, I would cross the road where a butcher was passing with his dog, at which the huntsmen were greatly offended, and his dog. The stag was instantly killed by the butcher's dog, at which the huntsmen were greatly offended, and his dog.

Foolish things are frowns and sneers,

And I this day may lose my breath.

Why should I say, "It is yet too soon"

To seek a tranquil death in distant shades.

I may be hardened in my sin,

To seek a tranquil death in distant shades.

I may be hardened in my sin,

To seek a tranquil death in distant shades.

I may be hardened in my sin,

To seek a tranquil death in distant shades.

I may be hardened in my sin,

To seek a tranquil death in distant shades.

I may be hardened in my sin,

To seek a tranquil death in distant shades.

I may be hardened in my sin,

To seek a tranquil death in distant shades.

I may be hardened in my sin,

To seek a tranquil death in distant shades.