CHIST is seated on mount Olivet, with some of his disciples.

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 thine hool shall not leave off this reproach which are in it; that thou mayest not see the house of Jerusalem fallen to the ground, and thou children within thee: and they shall not leave 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 he could mean.

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 into his melting accents, "O 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, what goods they be that are hid from thy eyes. For the days shall come when those stones shall not remain, but shall be broken down, and thrown to the foundations, not one stone left upon another of that temple which 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 even thou, at least in this thy day, the known, even thou, in this thy day, the Scripture's prophecy is God's seal upon the truth of the Bible. No prophecy but God can penetrate the future and tell us what it 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.

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 peas! He would have gathered to himself 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 reap ing 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, 'Tis all that I can do."

KIND OFFICES.

Once a deer was brought up from a little fawn with a dairy of cows; with them she went abroad, 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. There are these kind offices among the brutes, and lessons for us.

To an afflicted mother at the grave of her dear 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."
In the mountain city of Saalfeld, in Germany, there were formerly a great many more mines than are at present; and many a house was 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 water. The child being rather timid, ran down quickly and a heard across the pit suddenly breaking, and finding the mouth of the pit open, could hardly stand on her tottering legs. Running up stairs, however, she called for help, which was finally heard by some of her female neighbors, who having laid hold of a bucket; and although he attached a bucket; and although he elevated his arms to the child without touching her, and that in tiny hands, and the mug, which she had thus far held, was met by the miner's light in his hand, and was slowly drawing 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 into the parlor also.

For The Child's Paper.

To the Editors of The Child's Paper.—I am a little girl of nine years old. My father brought me the first number of The Child's Paper, and I am pleased to tell you I have given it to my schoolmates and put ten subscriptions. Please to send from the first number.

A. S. B.
THE CHILD'S PAPER.

WAKING UP IN THE MORNING.

When John woke 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 ceiling. "The sun never tires of rising," thought he; "it is a good sun." Then he heard a robin sing. "The robin is up early," he thought, "and I must get up too." He jumped out of bed, washed himself briskly. What makes him sing so, dear little robin? Next he thought what a nice little bed he had, 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," he said, very fondly on his mind: "Yes, who really did?" It seemed as if John never saw so much of God in everything before. He saw God all around, giving him things. Then his thoughts turned to the 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," 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!"

John 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 everything before. He saw God all around, giving him things. Then his thoughts turned to the account of this great and good Being, and how it said that He also gave His Son to die for us.

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, "Mama, 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 you cannot buy any thing new; 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 with much patience, and resolved that, by the help of the Holy Spirit, she would trust in Christ and love and serve him.

For The Child's Paper.

23

THE LITTLE PAPER AGENT.

A dear little girl came to the ear in the morning, looking very much as if she had some business on hand; she looked in earnest. Presently she poured a little pail of money on the table 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 make my part to help it along," she said. "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 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. "Oh, 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 thimble, the thimble, and the bag, while Lucia had no present.
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—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.

"The little log-cabin poem came with the picture, do live in log-cabins—and many millions of our people may please the children to see it. Here it is.

"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.

QUESTIONS TO ASK MYSELF.

Did I this morn devoutly pray
For God's assistance through the day?
And did I read my sacred word,
And did I pray for others in my stead?
Did I for any purpose try
To prove myself a Christian child?
Did I my lips from aught refrain
To prove myself a Christian child?
Did I these virtues practice:
To be flogged. Flogging would not prevent drunkard.

"The temptation to drink when spirits are around,
In nine oases out of ten, is greater than a man's appetite is stronger than reason, it

"Oh Lord, help thou a little child
To speak the truth always;
For I am speak or not speak;
Throughout the living day,
But always speak, should be in all I do, and say,

THE CHILD'S PAPER.

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—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.

"The little log-cabin poem came with the picture, do live in log-cabins—and many millions of our people may please the children to see it. Here it is.

"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.

QUESTIONS TO ASK MYSELF.

Did I this morn devoutly pray
For God's assistance through the day?
And did I read my sacred word,
And did I pray for others in my stead?
Did I for any purpose try
To prove myself a Christian child?
Did I my lips from aught refrain
To prove myself a Christian child?
Did I these virtues practice:
To be flogged. Flogging would not prevent drunkard.

"The temptation to drink when spirits are around,
In nine oases out of ten, is greater than a man's appetite is stronger than reason, it

"Oh Lord, help thou a little child
To speak the truth always;
For I am speak or not speak;
Throughout the living day,
But always speak, should be in all I do, and say,

THE CHILD'S PAPER.

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—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.

"The little log-cabin poem came with the picture, do live in log-cabins—and many millions of our people may please the children to see it. Here it is.

"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.

QUESTIONS TO ASK MYSELF.

Did I this morn devoutly pray
For God's assistance through the day?
And did I read my sacred word,
And did I pray for others in my stead?
Did I for any purpose try
To prove myself a Christian child?
Did I my lips from aught refrain
To prove myself a Christian child?
Did I these virtues practice:
To be flogged. Flogging would not prevent drunkard.

"The temptation to drink when spirits are around,
In nine oases out of ten, is greater than a man's appetite is stronger than reason, it

"Oh Lord, help thou a little child
To speak the truth always;
For I am speak or not speak;
Throughout the living day,
But always speak, should be in all I do, and say,