GUTTENBURG AND FAUST'S FIRST PROOF FROM MOVABLE TYPES.

INVENTION OF PRINTING.

For The Child's Paper.

Thought without printing was like a bird without wings; it wanted to rear up and fly all over the world, but could go no farther than the old monks could make their pens move. Let us go back long ages, and peep into the library of a monastery. A monastery is a house where religious people lived by themselves according to the rules of the Romish faith. Here we should have seen a set of monks seated at their desks, with pens, brushes, and ink, copying manuscripts, day after day, month after month, and year after year. It was slow work to make books in those days, and so rare and so valuable were they, that when one of one of them; he thinks and cuts, and cuts and brushes, and ink, copying manuscripts, day after day, month after month, and year after year. It was slow work to make books in those days, and so rare and so valuable were they, that when one old bishop got possession of the gospels, he kept them in a case of gold.

Now go with me to the outskirts of the city of Harlem in Holland: mark that man walking alone among the beech-trees; he cuts into the bark of the trees, and carves and cuts and thinks; he cuts and carves, and cuts and thinks, until, if you look closely, you find him shaping letters, A B C. By and by he goes home, and there he cuts out letters enough to make a sentence. In order to hold them together, he runs a string through them, and after dipping them into a platinum sort of ink, stamps them upon paper. Here was the first idea of one of the greatest inventions the world ever saw; it was the rudest andearliest attempt in the art of printing. This was about the year 1443, and the man’s name was Laurentius.

From wooden letters, the next step to improvement was made by Gutenberg, first at Strasburg and then at Mainz, where, with the aid of Schaffer, and afterwards of Faust, a wealthy citizen, he invented and introduced movable letters made of lead. Here is a picture of Gutenberg and Faust, with a proof of the first printed Bible before them; for as soon as the idea of printing fairly got started, the Bible was the first book printed. So rapidly did copy after copy appear in the city, that the popish priests declared the devil must have a hand in it; they forgot that he was the last person in the world to multiply the Scriptures—except, perhaps, himself.

In the city of Strasbourg, on the eastern frontier of France, there stands in the principal square a large bronze statue of Gutenberg, as the inventor of printing with movable types, with a press by his side, and an open scroll in his hand, with the inscription, “And there was light.”

What improvements in this valuable art since then! For a long period it was a rude, slow, toil-some, and expensive work; men used to perform the labor which machinery is made to do now. How swiftly and easily do the mighty presses now throw off the printed pages. I was walking in Nassau-street, in the city of New York, not long ago, when, at the corner of Fulton-street, my companion suddenly cried, “Stop, stop! Underneath here,” striking his cane on the pavement, “is something worth seeing.” I followed him down a flight or two of steps, dark; narrow stone stairs, down, down, away from the noise and bustle overhead, until we came to an underground office, lighted always by gas, to behold the mighty revolutions of Mr. Hoe’s giant press, from whose eight sizable arms came, swift and fast, sheet after sheet, quicker than one could count, throwing off more than 300 newspapers in a minute, and 20,000 in an hour. In an hour more, they were flying all over the country, and the persons thus heavily punished were not grown up to manhood; they had all the excuse that youth could give them. And the offence, too, was probably one which, in the very spirit of innocence, is sometimes noticed now. It was hiselah’s baldness which they laughed at, in the very spirit of innocence, we may suppose, at all times and in all countries. The point for you to observe is, that God is as angry with the faults of young persons as with those of grown-up men, and he punishes them as heavily.

I take this story then as teaching us, what I think is very much need of to be taught, namely, that the faults of our youth are not considered by God as trifling, but are punished by him after the same measure as the sins of men. We are too apt to measure the guilt of faults by the harm they do in the world, and not by the harm they do in uniting us for the kingdom of God, by making us unlike God and Christ. But God judges differently: that is, he judges it important, and that he wills his creatures to regard as important, which is an offence to him important, and that he wills his creatures to regard as important, which is an offence against his laws, a departure from his likeness.

And of this, even of sin, he has willed the consequences to be infinite; not confined to the misery and evil of the individual who do them, but extending to all times and in all countries. The point for you to observe is, that God is as angry with the faults of young persons as with those of grown-up men, and he punishes them as heavily.

As Elisha the prophet was going up to Bethel, there came forth little children out of the city, and mocked him, and said to him, Go up, there bald head! Go up, there bald head! And he turned back and looked on them, and cursed them in the name of the Lord. And there came forth two she-bears out of the wood, and tore forty and two children.

Now, some say that the word which is here translated “little children,” means rather boys or young men; but however this may be, it is certain—and this is the point I want to bring you—to observe is, that God is as angry with the faults of young persons as with those of grown-up men, and he punishes them as heavily.

The boys and the bears.

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THE CHILD'S PAPER.

A REMARKABLE TREE.

"What is there so remarkable about that tree?" cried a little girl.

"Oh, but there is much about that tree, and something so very wonderful about it, after all," answered the tree. Young persons sometimes hurry to a conclusion too quickly. They have fully as ready a tongue to tell you a sheet and true tale, and then we shall see.

You have all heard of Louis Kossuth, governor of Hungary, and some of you have seen him. Well, it is the country in which he lives when at home, and in other surrounding countries, false religion has been very generally prevalent for hundreds of years. The followers of the Lord Jesus, who love to read their Bibles, have been greatly persecuted, and in times past many of them were put to death. But God has sometimes raised up eminently pious ministers to preach his gospel, who have very zealously labored, even though they expected to die for telling men the way of salvation by Jesus Christ.

Kossuth. He began to be revenged on them, and Louis Kossuth stood boldly forth to defend his country with his pen. He edited a brave little paper, which told some true truths to his enemies, who were filled with rage. Huss was not suffered to print it, but every sheet had to be written and smuggled over the seas to the patriots; but, even though the soldiers were put to death, and the hearts of his countrymen. He was not suffered to labor, if he could do good to Hungary!

At last it made the emperor angry, and he said, "I will be revenged on Huss." No soldiers were sent to seize him, and he was cast into a gloomy cell. Three long years of imprisonment followed. At first he had no books, no pens; but by and by an English grammar, Waller's Dictionary, and a volume of Shakespeare were allowed him. How glad was Kossuth.

"Brown's Work in Study." For two weeks he was preaching with one page of English. "I will thoroughly master it," he said. Let the boys who grudge half an hour to their arithmetic do it. What cared he for labor, if he could do good to Hungary?

Meanwhile, both the Council of Constance, where he had studied; and boys who grudge half an hour to their arithmetic desired, and am still most anxious to be better instructed by the Scriptures." He then fell on his knees, and cried her people: "Give me liberty, or give me death!" A torch-light procession to the stake, he mercy to the patriots; but, "Kossuth into my heart was that! "A clean heart!—a heart renewed by the Holy Spirit!—a friendly, obedient, grateful heart—a heart fearing God, full of tenderness, mercy, and love. What a precious wish was Emily's: "And the best of it all, that while curty hair, or posies, or money, or any of this class of wishes may be quite beyond your grasp, Emily's wish, which is ten thousand times more valuable, is within your reach: you can have it, and all children who truly wish for it, may become the happy possessors of a "clean heart."" Our friends, the glorious Leopold and Emma, will pray for you; and he does it, if we trust in him and seek his mercies. "Ask, and ye shall receive." How encouraging is this. Will not Emily take courage, and try to get her wish? Are there not many, many other little girls who feel the same wish, though perhaps they never expressed it? Remember, that in the whole range of desirable things, there is nothing greater or better than this, "a clean heart," as the Scripture again speaks of it, "a new heart." Let the Catholic priests always tell you not your wish only, but your chief, first desire above all things else, to obtain it. Let your sin- cere, humble, earnest prayer be, "Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me."

"And will he be the humble cry Of such a little one as I?"

"Oh, yes; for in his word I see, "Come, little children, come to me.""

JACK FRUIT AND THE SOUTH WIND.

"It is my turn now," said the South Wind.

"Pity you are not more of a man," muttered Jack Frost.

"Ah, well, to do as well as we can is to do something," answered the South Wind good-temperedly: "that's all." And in spite of a blow from Jack Frost he went about his spring work. First he hewed the streams, and they ran off in a bound; the miller looked out of his mill, and the fish went for his rod. Next he harnessed the snow-banks, loosened the earth, and said to the grasses, "Take courage." He swept through the forests, and the earth quaked, and there was none crying, "Make ready," to the leaf, bud, and blossom. The birds follow in his wake, and he bids the farmer think of his barn, and of a waking up in the farm-yard. The cow lowed,

THE CHILD'S PAPER.

"The 'grow-up' papers are full of Kossuth. I wish the little papers would tell about him, then may be I should understand better," said a little boy poring over a newspaper almost as large as himself, with an inquisitive and puzzled look. Other children may possibly be feeling just so. For them, a few words about Kossuth.

You know he is from Hungary. Look on the map and find Hungary. It is on the Danube, and borders on Turkey. Hungary used to stand in relation to Austria, somewhat as one of our states does to the United States; that is, it partly governed itself, and was partly governed by Austria. But the emperor of Austria wanted to get Hungary all in his own power. When they saw what he aimed at, the Hungarians begged him to respect their rights, and let them do as they had always done, make their own laws and enjoy their own religion; but he would not. Then the free spirit of Hungary was aroused, and Louis Kossuth stood forth to defend his country with his pen. He edited a brave little paper, which told some true truths to his enemies, who were filled with rage. Huss was not suffered to print it, but every sheet had to be written and smuggled over the seas to the patriots; but, even though the soldiers were put to death, and the hearts of his countrymen. He was not suffered to labor, if he could do good to Hungary!

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lambs bleat, the hens cack, the farmer busies about, and the housewife is all astir.

How inspiring is the South Wind. Though he has a good heart, and seeks to do little things to comfort and to bless: he soσectures himself into the chamber of sickness, and whispers to the poor sufferer, "Be of good cheer; I am the promise of better things." Busy, busy, busy is the South Wind.

"Every thing in its season," he says; and every thing is beautiful in its season.

Jack Frost seemed to meet a little at this sentiment, especially when he looked round and saw what new life every thing had. "Talents differ," he said, "but every thing is beautiful in its season."

"Well," sighed poor Jack Frost, "perhaps so." Tears ran down his cheeks, and he shrank away.

H. C. K.

For The Child's Paper.

THE STAY LAMB.

There was once a shepherd who had a great many sheep and lambs. He took care of them, and gave them sweet, fresh grass to eat, and clear water to drink; if they were sick, he was very good to them, and when they climbed up a steep hill and the lambs were tired, he used to carry them in his arms. But every night, when they grew dark and cold, the shepherd called all his flock, sheep and lambs, together, and drove them into the fold, where they lay as snug and warm and comfortable as could be, and the dogs lay round on the outside to guard them; and in the morning, the shepherd unpeeled the fold and let them out again.

Now, they were all very happy, and loved the shepherd dearly, except one foolish little lamb. And this lamb did not like to be shut up every night in the fold, and she came to her mother, who was a wise old sheep, and said to her, "I wonder why we are all shut up every night; the dogs do not shut up, and why should we be shut up? I think it is very hard, and I will get away if I can, I am resolved; for I like to run about where I please, and I think it very pleasant in the woods by moonlight." Then the old sheep said to her, "You are very silly, little lamb; you had better stay in the fold. The shepherd is so good to us, that we should always do as he bids; and if you wander away, I dare say you will come to some harm."

"I dare say not," said the little lamb. And so, when the evening came, and the shepherd called them all to come into the fold, she would not come, but crept slyly under a hedge and hid herself; and when the rest of the lambs were all in the fold fast asleep, she came out and jumped and frisked and danced about; and she got out of the field and got into a forest full of trees, and a very fierce wolf came rushing out of a cave, and hewed her very loud. Then the silly lamb wished she had been shut up in the fold; but this fold was a great way off, and the wolf saw her and seized her, and carried her away to a dark den, all covered with bones and blood; and there the wolf had two Cubs, and the wolf said to them, "Here, I have brought you a young, fat lamb." And so the cubs took her and gnawed her over a little while, and then threw her to pieces and ate her up.

Now, all girls and boys who do not mind what they do to them, and will live their own way, may be like this lamb, in danger of being hurt, and they may have come surely to repeat not having minded what their parents said to them.

BEAUTIFUL REPLY.

A Chinese convert being asked, "Who is the children's friend?" replied, "Their parents are their friends, their teachers are their friends, God is the Father is their friend, but I think Jesus Christ is their best friend."

For The Child's Paper.

SAVE THE FRAGMENTS.

"Many a little makes a middle," is a good old South Wind saying. There is another that sounds English-like: "Take care of the shillings, and the pounds will take care of themselves." But there is highest authority for frugality. When the Lord had fed five thousand people by miracle, and could have created enough food for the world by uttering a single word, He said unto His disciples, "Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost." The most beautiful Giver in the universe would touch His followers a lesson of economy, even of fragments of fishes and bread.

It is by little that men become rich, and great, and good. The wealthiest man in America became so by taking care of the pennies. The "learned blacksmith" acquired some knowledge of nearly fifty languages by saving time by saving time at the赋能, and in the evening hours, for study. The most liberal men, who give thousands of dollars to benevolent objects, missed their means by saving.

A while since, the dust and shavings from a bookbindery, where goldleaf is used to make the titles on the backs of books, was sent to the gold-smith's to be burnt out. And how much gold do you think was found from the little particles that had fallen on the floor? Who bums lumps of money up to more than $100! Enough to buy 200 Bibles or 20,000 tracts. The shavings from the edge of books in the same bindery, sell for $20,000 or $2,000 a year for paper-cuts.

If boys and girls would save the fragments of time, and devote them to reading and study, they might become learned and wise. If they would save the fragments of money, they might become wealthy and useful. If they would save the fragments of opportunity, they would do a great deal of good.

It is as right to be economical and saving as it is wrong to be miserly and mean. Save to give, and give to save. Then you will say as a good man did, "What I kept I lost, and what I gave away I have."“
OUR CHILD'S PAPER.

A careful examination shows that the whole number of moral and religious children's papers issued in our country is about three hundred thousand. The whole number of families needing an attractive religious child's paper, doubtless exceeds four millions. At the very lowest estimate, there must be three million families yet to be supplied. We think of these three million families, and of the help the mothers need in guiding the opening minds and training it for the skies. We look at the American Tract Society, with its facilities for issuing and circulating such a paper, and we feel "Wow is unto us," if we do not do what we can to reach those millions of little ones. We praise God, that orders already received supplying more than fifty thousand families, is a pledge that the paper will succeed, and though on the low terms proposed, will support itself. We shall spare no pains to make every number the best we can issue, and we invite our operation in reaching families yet unsupplied. How can the benevolent better employ one, five, or eight dollars, than through the agency of some devoted Christian woman who will superintend the distribution, to supply the families in his own vicinity, who, in future years, will very probably supply themselves? The paper will be found alike acceptable in the most wealthy and the most humble family. But we request that no other religious paper may be dispossessed by this. We wish to encourage all that is now doing, and to do as much in addition as we can. The Child's Paper contains nothing in common with the American Tract Society, the March number of which contains cheering testimonials of the favor with which The Child's Paper is received.

JOE'S EIGHT-CYLINDER POWER-PRESS.

This great printing machine, alluded to in the article, "Spirits of Printing," on our first page, is 33 feet long, 14 feet 8 inches high, and 6 feet wide. It has one large central cylinder on which the type is made fast, which rolls round, and eight smaller cylinders arranged around it, each smaller cylinder printing a sheet by itself. A man stands at each of the small cylinders, and the press prints as fast as all the eight men can supply the sheets. This press is used for newspapers, but not for books. The two engravings show the progress of printing in four centuries.

Mr. Pierpont tells how to "get high," as follows:

1. The sturdy oak full many a cup
Both hold up to the sky,
To catch the rain, then drinks it up;
And thus the oak gets high.

2. The sturdy oak full many a cup
Both hold up to the sky,
To catch the rain, then drinks it up;
And thus the oak gets high.

THE SORROWFUL GOOD-NIGHT.

She went to bed without her mother's kiss; thus, this is grief,—oh, any thing but this! The tears were in her eyes, her step was slow; she bade good-night with voice so sad and low, like one whose little heart was full of woe. She had done wrong, and so her mother said that she must go without her kiss to bed; Oh, she wished that with that she might not be told Good as she ought, and that this stain of sin Had never come to soil her heart within. Sadly and wearily she laid her head. Upon the pillow of her little bed, Without the kiss that always made her glad,— I should like to have been with them then. When Jesus was here among men, Without the kiss that always made her glad— I think, when I read that sweet story of old, I think, when I read that sweet story of old, with Which I should like to have been with them then.

Sarah Jane.

AN INDIAN GIFT.

"A short time since, a young Indian had choppd a few cords of wood for the mission, came to his wife, to make a present. First, he wanted to pay for some things that he had previously purchased, for which, however, we hardly expected them to pay in the circumstances. He said, 'I expected it to be right. In the next place, he wanted to pay for the 'Dakota Jawaxthik,' a paper issued monthly in Dakota and English by the Board of Bible Societies, for the extension of Christ's kingdom.

HONORABLE EXAMPLES.

The late President Harrison, taught for several years in a humble Sabbath-school on the banks of the Ohio. The Sabbath school, that he left home for Washington, to assume the duties of chief magistrate of the nation, he met his Bible-class as usual. And his last counsel on the subject to his gardener at Washington, it may be hoped, will never be forgotten by the nation. When advised to keep a dog to protect his fruit, he replied, "No, rather set your own vicinity, his own vicinity, to protect his fruit, he replied, 'Rather set your own vicinity, his own vicinity, to protect his fruit, he replied," rather set your own vicinity, his own vicinity, to protect his fruit, he replied.

TERMS OF THE CHILD'S PAPER.

Parable in advance, in a package of not less than ten copies. Two copies necessarily for one address,一朵花, four copies. Two thousand copies, worth forty dollars. Three thousand copies, worth sixty dollars. Five thousand copies, worth one hundred dollars. For The Child's Paper.