Obedience waits not for commands,
A ploughman reclines at the close of the day.
Happy, and gladsome, and gay—
Contentment
Where fiends in the fashion of men
And have left to the axe and the plough
Which nations are seeking in vain;
The bay and the clouds smile in peace,
Home! home! home!
Peace! peace! peace!
Peace! peace! peace!
Flow'rs court the hum of the bees,*
While millions are craving thy reign.
Used to murder each other with glee,
He sang the Song of dear Home.

For The Child's Paper.

The Song of Home.

Happy, sad, glad, and gay—
Gladness and joy as light,
A ploughman sits at the close of the day,
To chafe his partners delight.
The hay and the clouds smile in peace,
And the humble food whose small hand to fear;
While, with a glad and musical voice,
He sings the Song of dear Home.

Peace! peace! peace!
Though thousands know but its joy;
Peace! peace! peace!
Though thousands love it already;
Peace! peace! peace!
While nations are seeking in vain;
While millions are craving thy reign.

Home! home! home!
Punishment, pain, and love
Are the secret of all thy glories,
As all who have sought thee approve:
Penitence, pardon, and peace;
Grace, penitence, pardon, and peace;
Oh, would that the world in searching for bliss,
Would wear a crown of cheerfulness.

The Little Boy's Rebuff.

A dear little boy named Albert Armstrong came
with his sister to pay an afternoon's visit to a lady
of his mother's acquaintance. He was four years
old, very bright and talkative, and among the many
things which pleased him, he was most pleased
with the dog. The dog's name was Tom. At
supper-time, Tom took his seat beside his mistress'
chair, waiting for his cup of milk. This, Albert
thought was very funny. As they gathered round,
his mother observed to him, "If father
prays,"
"Oh, would that the world in searching for bliss,
Would wear a crown of cheerfulness."

For The Child's Paper.

The Savour.

Jams from heaven raised down to die
For little children young as I,
So great his love, his life he gave,
Our guilty souls from hell to save.
Oh may I love and praise his name
Jesus from heaven came down to die
So great his love, his life he gave,
For little children young as I;

May, 1852.
TWO KINDS OF RICHES

A little boy sat by his mother. He looked long in her face, and then said, "Mother, I wish to be rich." And the child said, "Because every one praises the rich. Everv one inquires after the rich. The stranger at our door asks whether there be any rich man in the village. At school there is a boy who does not love to learn. He takes no pains to say well his lessons. Sometimes he speaks evil words. But the children blame him not, for they say he is a wealthy boy."

The mother saw that her child was in danger of believing wealth might take the place of goodness, or be an excuse for indolence, or cause them to be held in honor who led unworthy lives.

"So she asked him, "What is it to be rich?" And he answered, "I do not know. Yet tell me how I may become rich, that all may ask after me, and praise me."

The mother replied, "To become rich is to get money. For this you must wait until you are a man. Then the boy looked somewhat, and said, "Is there not some other way of being rich, that I may begin now?"

She answered, "The gain of money is not the only, nor the true wealth. Fires may burn it, the floods drown it, the winds sweep it away, moth and rust waste it, and the robber make it his prey. Those who possess them are not always praised and esteemed, but there is an other kind of riches which is not kept in the purse, but in the heart. Those who possess them are not always praised by men, but they have the praise of God."

Then said the boy, "May I begin to gather this kind of riches?"

"Yes," answered his mother, "and am I a man?" The mother laid her hand upon his little head, and said, "Today, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts after the same lust of evil doing, as in the day of temptation in the wilderness, with your fathers, who have not believed, but meekly followed my voice." And God spake to the people in a voice of thunder. And the people answered: "Thou art our father, O Israel; thou art our father; the Lord our God, art our God."

And the child said, "Teach me how I may become rich before I die?"

Then she looked tenderly on him, and said, "Kneel down every night and morning, and ask that in your heart you may see the dear Servant, and trust in him. Obey his word, and strive all the days of your life to be good, and to do good to all. So, though you are poor in this world, ye shall be rich in faith and an heir of the kingdom of heaven."

SEVENTY TIMES SEVEN

The favorite lessons among little boys and girls is usually arithmetic. Here is a sum. Let some little child reckon it up. But why choose this number? What is there special in 70 times 7? Let us see. Peter once asked the Lord Jesus a question which we should wish had been asked, if Peter had not done so: "Lord, how oft shall my brother sin against me, and forgive him? Till seven times?"

Perhaps he thought that was a great many. Now mark the answer; it is very weighty: "I say unto you, not until seven times, but until seventy times seven."

As much as to say, you must keep on forgiving. It leaves us no room to harbor ill feeling against any body.

When people get angry and will not speak to each other, or talk against or try in any way to injure each other, or lay up "hard thoughts" against each other, or are bitter and sulkish, they forget this rule; and to forget it is a very serious thing, when we remember that petition which was part of the Lord's prayer: "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who sin against us;"

Think of that little word "as." Will God forgive us or we forgive others? According to this rule, "seventy times seven" is none too large. Oh, how many times have we sinned against one another, and grudged our heavenly Father, than have any of our companions sinned against us. How much we need his forgiveness and that of others! Every moment every hour are we dependent upon his mercies.

Let us always try to breathe a forgiving spirit. Let our word be, "I will forgive, for I need myself to be forgiven."

Let the dear children always remember "seventy times seven." That is, let them cherish such an abiding sense of the favor of God, that no room will be found in their hearts for hard and stubborn thoughts against their brothers, sisters, or playfellows.

BOWING HIS WILD OATS

Spring, beautiful spring has come again. Cows, lambs, birds, bees, seen all alive, lowing, frisking, singing, buzzing. The farmer is out with his plough and spade. Every body who is the happy owner of a patch of ground is looking after it, raking it from the dead leaves, turning up the damb furrow, and searching for the new shoots. With what interest and industry are men seeking the earth for the seed, and how anxiously are the best grains, the best seedlings of all kinds sought for. Then the ploughing, sowing, and setting come on: here a wheat seed-field, and there a corn-field, all according to the soil and the future wants of man to be provided for. Why is all this labor, this sweat and toil? Because, or is the sowing, so will be the reaping. Who would value toll to secure a rich and plentiful harvest? A miserable brouchedsman would be he who did not use his utmost diligence and care to do thoroughly the spring-work of his farm. But in the spring-work of the soul, how is it? In looking around, there is a kind of seed, sow, broadcast, which, in spite of all the improved systems of agriculture, all the efforts of conscientious, all the vigilance which has been thrown upon crops and culture by science and societies—there is a seed which does not seem either to have been improved or set aside, though it still bears a harvest of bitter fruit, poisoning the earth and corrupting the atmospheres wherever it grows. It is called "wild oats." and many, many young girls are sinful at this moment at the "sowing their wild oats."
for thirty pieces of silver. 

Our family consisted of our three sisters and three brothers, all united in the tender love for all who bore his name. Dear children, do you sufficiently prize your Bible? Do you study with all your might, and mingled together our sympathies and prayers at the throne of our heavenly Father? 

But did getting angry mend the matter? Getting angry did not help him learn his lessons; it did not open the door; it did not make him obedient, or studious, or happy; it did not gratify his mother or please God; it did not allow him to play with his sisters, as he always used to do when his lessons were well learned; and at this time it prevented him from eating dinner with his parents, and having a pleasant talk with his father after dinner, as the children were in the habit of doing. 

When the twilight came on, a woman drew from her bosom a copy of a Dutch New Testament, which she received from a missionary while at his school many years since, before her relations had left her. She carried on her head a bundle of wood, and went away. Soon she came back with a cooking-vessel on her head, a log of mutton in one hand, and water in the other. She then kindled a fire and put on the meat. We asked her again and again who she was. She said not a word until we begged to know why she showed this unlooked-for kindness towards strangers. A tear stole down her black cheek as she answered, 'I love Him who loved you and me, and surely it is my duty to give you a cup of cold water in his name. My heart is full, therefore I cannot speak the words, but I feel to see you in this outside-of-the-world place.' 

He then asked, 'What will you do when you get to Liverpool, should your uncle refuse to take you?' The reply may excite a blush in many young Christians: 'My Bible tells me,' said he, 'when my father and mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.' The next morning these refreshed little wanderers rose early, dressed up stairs to her chamber. 'Now Fred,' said she, 'here you may sit and learn your spelling. If you give your mind to it, it will soon be learned, and I will have you recite it.' Then she went out and locked the door behind her.

When the family was sewn up in a tightly sealed bundle, the boy and I were left behind. He was a poor unhappy boy all day. We had travelled far, and were hungry, thirsty, and tired. For fear of lions, we thought it best to move on. 

The look of the dark valley of the shadow of death, now far behind us, was racism my joy. But even while the darkness was in my heart, I asked myself, 'How long must I carry this cross? Is it not dark, sir?' she replied. 'Why so?' "My Lord is there, and he is my light and salvation."

For The Child's Paper.

THE CHILD'S PAPER.

For The Child's Paper.

THE ORPHAN'S BEST TREASURE.

Two little boys, decently clothed, the eldest appearing about thirteen and the younger eleven, called at the lodging-house for vagrants in Warrington; for a night's lodging; the keeper of the house very properly took them to the vagrant's office to be examined, and if proper objects, to be relieved. It appears, that but a few weeks had elapsed since these poor little wanderers had resided with their parents in London. The typekin-dever, however, in one day carried off both father and mother, leaving the orphans in a wide world without home and without friends. Immediately after the last tribute had been paid to their parents, memory, having an uncle in Liverpool, they resolved, poor and destitute as they were, to go and throw themselves upon his protection. Tired, therefore, and faint, they arrived in Warrington on their way. Two bundles contained their little all. In the younger boy's pocket was found, neatly covered and carefully preserved, a Bible. The keeper of the lodging-house addressing the little boy, said, 'You have neither money nor meat, will you sell me this Bible?' I will give you five shillings for it." "No," exclaimed he, the tears rolling down his youthful cheeks; 'I'll start first.' To try him still further, six shillings were offered for the Bible. "No," said he; 'for it has been my support all the way from London. Hungry and weary, often have I sat down by the wayside to read my Bible, and have found refreshment from it.' 

He then asked, 'What will you do when you get to Liverpool, should your uncle refuse to take you in?' The reply may excite a blush in many young Christians: 'My Bible tells me,' said he, 'when my father and mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.' The next morning these refreshed little wanderers rose early, dressed themselves, and set out for Liverpool.
down into these mines to get this coal for your use and comfort. In some places in England, they are a great way under ground. Men and boys are let down by ropes into deep mines, that have been dug to get to the coal. They have made streets under ground, and some of them extend under the sea, so that persons that are working in them can hear the murmur of the waves overhead.

They sometimes let down horses and small low wagons, to draw the coal a great distance to the mouth of the pit. Sometimes these passages go to the large chambers, where the coal is dug out by pickaxes, are very narrow and very low, so that there is only room enough for little boys to crawl along on their hands and knees, and push the little ears before them, loaded with coal. These places are very dark, and the only light they have are foot lamps they carry.

The places where they work are often so far from the mouth of the well where the workmen let down, that the men and boys take their food with them, and stay down in these dark places all the week, and only come up to the light of the sun and to the fresh air to spend the Sabbath above ground.

These chambers and passages under ground, in a coal-mine, are often filled with a kind of air that comes from the coal, which takes fire and explodes, breaking down the top and sides of the mine, and burying alive all the workmen. The lamps they use are all covered with a netting of fine wire, which lets the light shine through, but does not let the heat pass out to set fire to the air. In one of these mines one day, one of the workmen carelessly opened the wire covering of his lamp. The flame in an instant set fire to the air or gas, as it is called—in the mine, and a terrible explosion took place; all the chambers and lances were in an instant filled up with huge blocks of coal, and dirt, and ashes that were thrown down so that all the workmen were buried in the ruins.

The people above heard the noise and ran to the place, and opened the holes and chambers, and dug and labored to save the poor little creatures below. With all the efforts they could make, it was several days before they could clear away the rubbish and get to the workmen. At length they found these poor people—all dead! In the corner of one of the large chambers, they found a little boy sitting, with just enough room to move his arms. A tin box, which had been painted, and a rusty nail lay by his side. Here give you an exact copy of the writing found on one side of the box, which the poor little fellow had scratched in the dark with the old nail.

On the other side of the box he wrote, "Johnny, farewell! Be a good lad to God and thy mother."

"Dear mother, I did not mean to be unkind to you. I was only trying in his last moments to the memory of God, and to enjoy him forever." He glorified God in trying in his last moments to do good to his brother, and to comfort his dear mother; and he learned his enjoyment of God, which was to last for ever, by singing and praising him the few moments he had left here on earth.

THE BIRD'S SONG.

I asked a sweet Robin one morning in May, Who sang in the apple-tree over the way, What it was she was singing so sweetly about. Whose love she was singing so sweetly about; Unkind was it to turn out a billion of pins. W hat a vast sum is a billion! A million seems large enough, but a million of millions how long do you suppose it would take you to count it? A mill which makes one thousand pins a minute. The postage on a single copy monthly for a year to one address, is ten dollars. The postage on a hundred copies monthly for a year to one address, is two dollars.

The Child's Paper.