"Fire! fire! fire!" This terrible cry waked up the father of a large family, who lived in a little village parsonage. He jumped from his bed to see what it meant. On opening the door, the smoke in the entry almost stifled him, while he caught sight of the flames bursting through the roof. He ran to the chamber where his wife lay sick, and told her fire, while the roaring flames were hemming them in. The poor father fell on his knees and committed the soul of his child to a merciful God. The little fellow was now seen climbing up to the nursery window, surrounded by fire and smoke. He stretched out his hands to the people below. "Save me, save him!" is shouted on all sides: now or never. Ladders there were none; moments are precious. One man leaped upon the shoulders of another; the walls are tottering, the heat is suffocating, but the window is reached; an instant more, and the boy is safe in the arms of his deliverer. A shout of joy goes up, "Safe, safe!" In a few moments more the roof fell in, and the once pleasant home was a heap of ruins.

"Come, neighbors," cried the grateful and glad boy rescued from the flames, "come, neighbors," cried the grateful and glad father, "let us kneel down; let us give thanks to God. He has given me all my eight children; let the house go, I am rich enough."

This signal rescue from a death so dreadful made the father of a large family, who lived in a little village parsonage, feel himself specially called upon to train and with an ever-grateful memory of his deliverer, the holy Jesus Christ, who came to seek and to save the lost. He afterwards became the founder of that large and active denomination of Christians called Methodists.

THE BEGGAR AND THE DIVINE.

Div. are subdued to the will of God, insomuch that what he willeth I will also; hence, I never had an evil morning, and am not unprosperous or unhappy.

The divine concluded his walk full of thought, having learned a lesson on the subject of reconciliation and submission to God, which made him wiser than he was before.

ARE YOU KIND TO YOUR MOTHER?

"Are you kind to your mother?" he asked his son. "Are you kind to your mother?"

The boy thus saved was named John Wesley, born at Epworth, in England, in the year 1703; he grew up to be an eminent minister of the gospel, and so intent was he upon bringing people to a knowledge of God, that he used to go out in the commons and fields and highways to tell them of their great deliverer, Jesus Christ, who came to seek and to save those who are lost. He afterwards became the founder of that large and active denomination of Christians called Methodists.

For The Child's Paper.

The boy thus saved was named John Wesley, born at Epworth, in England, in the year 1703; he grew up to be an eminent minister of the gospel, and so intent was he upon bringing people to a knowledge of God, that he used to go out in the commons and fields and highways to tell them of their great deliverer, Jesus Christ, who came to seek and to save those who are lost. He afterwards became the founder of that large and active denomination of Christians called Methodists.

The boy thus saved was named John Wesley, born at Epworth, in England, in the year 1703; he grew up to be an eminent minister of the gospel, and so intent was he upon bringing people to a knowledge of God, that he used to go out in the commons and fields and highways to tell them of their great deliverer, Jesus Christ, who came to seek and to save those who are lost. He afterwards became the founder of that large and active denomination of Christians called Methodists.

The boy thus saved was named John Wesley, born at Epworth, in England, in the year 1703; he grew up to be an eminent minister of the gospel, and so intent was he upon bringing people to a knowledge of God, that he used to go out in the commons and fields and highways to tell them of their great deliverer, Jesus Christ, who came to seek and to save those who are lost. He afterwards became the founder of that large and active denomination of Christians called Methodists.
Ah, if I had such a one!" After a pause, he said richly furnished dressing-room, and perceiving no yet," continued he, "nobody would know it, no-
doors, or forgets, some specimens are used as messen-
gers to fly between distant places and carry letters between friends. So the Holy Spirit flies between earth and heaven, and carries up the prayers and messages of God's children, and comes back laden with blessings. It brings the light of God's com-
tenance and the peace of forgiven sin, and broods tenderly over their hearts; and if they do not sin and grieve it away, it faithfully watches and keeps them through life. Can we not learn some sweet and good lessons from the lamb and the dove? i

THE CHILD'S PAPER.

THE OLD LICK WOMAN'S WISH.

I heard there was a sick woman in one of the families of the lane, and went down to see her. A little girl showed me up a narrow pair of stairs to her grandmother's room. On a low bed lay a poor old creature, groaning piteously; one arm was palsied, but the other she raised up and down, and stretched out her skinny fingers as if trying to catch something in the air. The room was warm, the flies thick, and there was much noise in the home. The woman's daughter sat in the room, and told me how sick her mother was. Presently she was called out. I tried to speak comforting words to the poor woman, about the best of all physicians, the Lord Jesus.

"Yes, yes," she said, "I know Him; he is a mighty helper to the poor soul, as I know for sure. My mother, mother, I wish she was here, just to take care of me. I've been rolling here and there, and from this moment you shall be in my service; and now, what return are you going to make to my poor old creature.

Fifty years before! The poor creature had brought up a large family of children, seen many, many changes, struggled with the ills of life, and yet nothing could blot the memory of a mother's love and a mother's tender solicitude. What care and what watchfulness must be the mother's, to be games with such a deep cut upon the memory.

To the children who are now nesting under their mother's wing, let me say, that in all the wide world there is no human friend who will love you, and endure for you, and bear with you, and serve you, like your mother; and now, what return are you making her for her tender care for you? Now is the time to show your grateful sense of her liber-
tion, for some of you will grow up and go away. Do you mind her, and love to mind her! Are you ready with your little hands and feet and eyes to help her? Do you go to her and say, "Here are my little hands to bring things for you, and my little feet to trot for you, and my eyes to thread your needle or hunt after things that are lost; here am I, mother, use me!" Do you do this? Re-
member how she took care of you when you were a baby, and when you were sick, and how mindful she is for you all the day long. And when you are out of sight, do you think more of what your mother would wish you to do and to be, than what you want to do to please yourself? See how it is with you; and while many a child has lost its mother, thank God that yours is spared, and show your gratitude by your constant endeavor to be dutiful and diligent, meek and lowly in heart,
constant friend to them. Thus, you see, in Char-It is, indeed, the best policy.” And you all know, I am sure, dear children, that without it you cannot gain the approbation of God, who hates all sin, and will surely punish the unrepenting sinner in an-
 other world, if not in this. 

THE SABBATH-SCHOOL BOY.
A small boy came to live in a pious family in one of the larger towns of Michigan, where for the first time he went to a Sabbath-school. He soon became deeply interested in his Bible lessons, and the literary books, and the little papers which were given to the scholars almost every Sabbath. Oh, he thought the Sabbath-school was a beautiful place, the dearest place anywhere on earth. Then his teacher, too, he loved him very much.

After a while the boy went back to his mother, who lived in a village five miles off; there was no Sabbath-school in his village, and he missed it as he did not know what to do. Yes, he did know what to do. He determined to walk every Sabbath five miles to attend that dear school again, and so did until the bad weather set in; and then he told his teacher he wished he would get married, and let him come to his house and work for him, in order to keep on at the school.

"Why, you must get up one where you live," said the teacher, "and I will go over and teach it. How the boy’s eyes sparkled! it was a new thought to him, a very new one, and good as it was now. "I’ll try it," cried the boy, ‘that’s what I will; and you yourself will come over and teach it! “Yes,” answered the teacher; and I will give you some books and papers to help begin with.

It was only a little while, when one day the lit-tle boy marched into the teacher’s office, looking quite big with the great thoughts he had. “I’ve got a school; a good many have promised to come: will you please come over next Sabbath, for I told them all you were coming ?" The teacher promised

THE CHILD’S PAPER.
GETTING ORDERS.

"Come, what shall we do this afternoon, John?" said two boys, skipping before the front yard of a neighbor’s house, where one of their school-mates lived. It was Wednesday afternoon. To go a fishing, or rabbit-hunting, or to the fishing, or to the bowling-alley, a noted gambling-house, where a great deal of wickedness had been carried on. There were several cabbies, many boys and men around, smoking and lounging, while the alley was full of customers. 

Come, let’s go to the alley,“ cried one of the boys: “it will be real fun. Father would not like me to go, but I suppose he never need know it. Let’s go, I say. Come, John; come, Frank. “No,” answered John; “I can’t go; I’ll have nothing to do with any such places.” “That’s great,” cried the boy who proposed going; “why, you are not so easily hurt as all that comes to, are you? That’s all fudge. Come, boys: come, Frank; come, John.” Frank went forward. “It will be no harm only to be a looker-on, and father will never find it out.”

John stopped. The others looked behind and saw he was not following. “Come,” they both shouted; “come. Don’t be womanish!” “Can’t,” saw he was not following. “Come,” they both shouted; “come. Don’t be womanish!” “Can’t,

LETTER FROM A HINDOO BOY.

My dear Sisters—I am very happy to write you a few lines, because I know you arc my kind friends, and will be glad to hear from me. When Mrs. Wilder told me how kind you are, I thought that I may have means to go to school, I thought your hearts must be very benevolent; for who am I, that you should take so much trouble for me? I am not worthy of your great kindness; but I pray the Lord may bless you for it. I hope he has an-
he went over to the carpenters and watched them, and used their tools; and every day, after breakfast, he went to his workshop and planned and sawed, until silver shavings pain he made that nice hive for the bees? You remember about it, don't you?" "O yes, mamma."

"Men have as great many hard things to do, and they ought to be wise and good in order to do their duties well. They need preparation, and God has given them childhood, youth, and maturity for study and improvement. Besides knowledge from books, there are other things to be learned: to conquer one's self and sinful desires; to do what is right, and avoid what is wrong; and learn to be kind to the weak.

"And now, Eddie, there is another reason why we should love childhood and little children. Can you tell me what it is?" The little boy's face kindled as he said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven.

"Yes, Eddie, our Saviour loved little children; and think, how Jesus the Son of God, when he came upon earth, did not choose to come as a lama, or an angel; but he chose to come as a babe, that needed care and love, and grew up as you and all the rest do, so that he knew now in heaven, just how you feel, and sympathizes with you; and he did not undertake his Father's business until he had grown up and was a man."

"Mamma," said Eddie, "I had rather he a little boy then not. I don't know enough to be a man, and I am sure I am not good enough; and I want all this time to grow better and wiser. And I hope Christ will bless me if I try to be one of his people's fancies than anywhere else." And she pictured to herself the child she had just seen; only its head, which she could not see, was wrapped in a sheet and stood there to frighten the neighborhood, instantly cried out, threw off his sheet, hastened down, and beggled the old man's pardon.

A FRIGHT.

Frights make up a large part of the experiences of some children. They are afraid of the dark, of robbers, of bears, of ghosts, and a long host of things, which make children's lives very unhappy.

Let me tell you how bravely and sensibly a little girl once fought with her fright. She went to pay her aunt a visit, and slept in a chamber by herself, which was perhaps lonesome at first, for she and her sister always slept together at home. One night she was waked by a white thing at the foot of her bed; only its head, which she thought she saw as plainly as could be, was turned a little to one side, and was looking at her. Her first thought was, "It's a ghost; surely it is!" and she drew her bedclothes over her head. In a minute she had a second thought: "If a ghost is here, God is here too, and the Bible says, they that put their trust in him shall be safe and the child of his love—no more to roam—Safe in thy love—no more to roam—Safe in thy love—no more to roam."

For The Child's Paper.

THE MOTHER ABOVE THE EMPIRE.

Soon after Napoleon Bonaparte became emperor, he happened to meet his mother in the garden of St. Cloud. He was surrounded with his courtiers, and half playfully extended his hand to her to kiss. "Not so, my son," she gravely replied, at the same time presenting her hand; "it is your duty to kiss the hand of her who gave you life."

For The Child's Paper.

The PRAYER OF FAITH.

A little boy and his brother were lost in a western forest. On giving account of the circumstance after they were found, the little fellow said, "It grew dark, and I leered down the road, and I thought I saw an old rifleman, who often lingered about the tavern, and I thought he might have corac as a king, or an angel; but he grew up as you and all the rest do, so that he knew now in heaven, just how you feel, and sympathizes with you; and he did not undertake his Father's business until he had grown up and was a man.

"I WISH I WAS A MAN."