The variety of birdnest is quite curious. Some are scooped out in the ground, others are plastered under the eaves of houses; some have thatched roofs, others are defended by brisk birds, others swing from the branches of the highest tree-top; some are made of clay, others of hay and wool, and the little Nicobar swallow has the finest and whitest sort of nest, manufactured from the gum of the cedar-tree; and this nest is considered quite a dainty by the Indians. With what suitability and skill are they all built; how exactly and neatly laid are the wisps of hair and soft and warm is the bird-house. No boy could make a nest so; and how came the bird to be such a master-workman? God taught it how. After the nest is built, eggs are laid, perhaps four little round blue eggs; the mother bird now keeps house all the time, in order to take care of them, while her mate does the out-door work, providing for his family, and keeping a good look-out from a neighboring twig. Then the little ones are hatched; they open their bills and cry, "Peep, peep." It is a happy home up on the tree-top, the father and mother birds and the four little ones. Think of a boy climbing that love and daring to rob this nest, nay, even taking pleasure in it. What do you do if he does? "Oh, because — " perhaps will be the boy’s answer. See the parent birds flying about, watching their homes and screaming. What grief are they in! I do not know why a nest-breaker is not in degree as bad as a house-breaker. Human laws may not consider him so, but God’s blessed laws of humanity and love do; and in breaking these laws, he lays himself open to the consequences, one of which is the encouragement of a hardness of heart, which makes sport of the rights and the happiness of others, and which, if not rooted out, will make the boy who has it a selfish, unprincipled, miserable man; nay, worse, it may lead him to become a robber or a murderer. Robbers and murderers did not all at once become bad; they began little by little; first, perhaps, stifling their better feelings and hardening their hearts by wantonly destroying the homes of the harmless birds.

Let us see how David felt when he went out into the fields and groves. "O Lord my God, thou art very great," he exclaims. "He sendeth the springs into the valleys, which run among the hills. They give drink to every beast of the field: by them shall the fowls of heaven have their habitation, which sing among the branches. The trees of the Lord are full of sap: the cedars of Lebanon, which he hath planted: where the birds make their nests. O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all: the earth is full of thy riches." These are the feelings of the pious heart. We have a multitude of testimonies to the acceptableness and usefulness of The Child’s Paper, besides that the subscription is constantly increasing. A gentleman in Mississippi is anxious to introduce it into every family, not only for its influence upon children, but upon youth and upon parents, assisting them to train up their households in the way they should go, and especially to reverence the Sabbath and the worship of God’s house.

His love overflows to all; the earth is full of his riches. Oh, do not put out your hand wantonly to destroy any of his works. Respect the rights even of the humblest of his creatures. Surrounded by so many proofs of his love, ever cherish that love in your own heart, which bids you do unto others as you would that others should do unto you.

Released for The Child’s Paper. By request.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

I. Thou shalt have no other gods before me.
II. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, nor any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments.
III. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain: for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.
IV. Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy.
V. Honor thy father and thy mother; that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.
VI. Thou shalt not kill.
VII. Thou shalt not commit adultery.
VIII. Thou shalt not steal.
IX. Thou shalt not hear false witness against thy neighbor.
X. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor’s house, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is thy neighbor’s.

The sum of the Ten Commandments. Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets. Matt. 22:37-40.

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MARY LYON, OR THE POWER OF A NOBLE PURPOSE.

See this neat little farm-house in the town of Buckland, half embosomed in the Green Mountains of Massachusetts. A poor but pious farmer lived here. See the hill and the sugar-maples, and there is a brook behind flowing over the rocks. The Bible is praised in this family, who are brought up in the fear of God. The fifth child, a fair, gentle, and calm of nature, is named Mary Lyon. Mary trudges off a mile to school in all weathers, where she is diligent and well-beloved as she can be. When she was five her father died, and the loss grieved her sorely. She remembered his instructions, and how often to sit on an old stump by the school-house, telling her playmates at recess what her parents had told her.

She grew up diligent and dutiful. Her aim was to do what she had to do with all her might. She could study, spin, weave, milk the cows, and make bread equally well. And this skillful doing soon turned to a good account, for she entered the means of attending Ashfield Academy with her own hands; and when the trustees saw her in earnest she was, they gave her the tuition as long as she wanted to stay. Here she "got knowledge by handwork," as some one said; she mastered the Latin grammar in a few days.

As Mary grew up, she began to form a purpose for life, and that was to become a teacher. But first she gave her heart to God. She loved to do his will, and felt it to be a great privilege to labor in the service of his dear Son, who loved and died for her. After being a faithful and successful assistant for some years, she began to think of founding a school herself. It was not to make money or get a great name, but to bless and benefit the young. Mary Lyon saw there were many girls of tender age and promise waiting for a school to fit them for the useful life. The Bible is a brook behind flowing over the rocks. The Bible is a source of instruction and inspiration. The Bible is a guide to the young in the ways of righteousness and holiness.

She offered to raise the first thousand dollars from her own means. But where is the money to build coming from? "There is no gold in them there hills," said her farmers' friends. "And what would you do?" "Oh, be a con-
tingent-man, or a missionary, or write a book, or —" "How will you make your living?" "I want to live, and do something useful. Cannot boarding-school expenses be paid by the students themselves?" "And what would you do?" "Oh, be a com-
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THE CHILD'S PAPER.

FOR THE CHILD'S PAPER.

THE USE OF REMEMBERING.

"What's the use of remembering all this?" poli-
tishly cried a boy, after his father, who had been
him giving some instructions, left the room.

"I'll tell you what, remembering is of great
service sometimes," said his cousin. "Let me read
now from the Living Age. Please hear.

"My dog Dash was once stolen from me," say,
Mr. Kidd. "After being absent thirteen months,
he one day entered my office in town with a long
string tied round his neck. He had broken away
from the fellow who had held him prisoner. Our
meeting was a very joyful one. I found out the
thief, had him apprehended, and took him before
a magistrate. He swore the dog was his, and called
witnesses to bear him out. "Mr. Kidd," asked the
lawyer, addressing me, 'can you give any satisfac-
tory proof of this dog being your property?'

Placing my mouth to the dog's ear—first
him a knowing look—and whispering a little con-
versation known only to us two, Dash immedi-
ately reared up on his hind legs, and went through
with a series of manœuvres with a stick, guided
meanwhile by my eye, which set the whole court
in a roar. My evidence needed nothing stronger;
the thief stood convicted, Dash was liberated, and
among the cheers of the multitudes we merri-
bly homeward bound.

These, boy, do you hear that? That dog's re-
membering was of service to him; it was taken as
evidence in a court, and it fairly got the case.
Yes, he was set free, and a thief convicted.
Well, if remembering his master's instructions served a
dog so well, how much more likely is it to be im-
portant for a boy to treasure up the instructions
of his father? So knowing what straits they may keep
him out of.

The lesson is a pretty good one, and other boys
might profit by it.

FOR THE CHILD'S PAPER.

MY LITTLE COUNSEL.

Little Julia was about six years old. One Sab-
bath evening she sat herself at my side, and
fixing her bright, earnest eyes upon me, said,
"Now, dear cousin, I want you to talk with me
about eternity—for ever and ever. I cannot tell
what it means. Do tell me what it means.

The sky was filled with stars, and I said, "Look,
dear Julia; could you fill all those shining
worlds, that twinkle far, far away in the blue sky?
How such a thing can be; I only pray that I may
dwell that long, long time with thee." I

It was winter, and as I pointed to the snow I
said to her, "Dear child, you have watched the
snow-flakes, how many must have fallen, to cover
all the fields and the hills; and yet could you count
every flake, and add all the stars to them, and count
and count, you could not begin to count the length
of eternity, for it is long, very long." And

"For ever and ever; I cannot tell what it means."
THE CHILD'S PAPER.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS PUNISHED.

Peter Romming, the son of a wealthy farmer, was a very cruel boy. He took great delight in torturing dumb animals. I am afraid to put on paper the way he treated flies, beetles, dogs, and cats, and dear little birds, while their cries and groans were like music to his ears; it would make your blood run cold. The poor creatures could not defend themselves; they could not punish their oppressor, there was nobody to take their part. Did I say there was nobody to take their part? I did mean so, for God was on their side. He saw the cruelties practised upon them, and He did not intend to let them always go unpunished.

Peter went on his way till he grew up to be a man, when he hired himself out to a brewer. One day his hat falling into a vat of boiling hot beer, in trying to catch it he lost his balance and fell in; in falling, he grasped the rim of the vat with both hands, and cried for help. He was soon drawn out, but his feet were dreadful seared by the hot beer. He roared in agony, and cursed and swore in a most dreadful manner. After a while he grew more quiet, though his face was the picture of despair. He asked to see a minister, and one was sent for.

"O sir," he exclaimed, "God is terribly punishing me for my sins, especially for my cruelty to his creatures. I have tormented millions and millions. How was I able to do it? I was a steward, I might make amends for the stolen goods; but I can never give life back to the animals which I have so cruelly treated, and who had nothing but life and joy to rejoice in. How can God be merciful to me, since I have been so unmerciful? His anger is upon me. He has punished me, and lived many years. On every proper occasion he told his distressing story, and told of his old distressing story, that the young man might take warning from his awful example.

RIDDLES.

A riddle is a description of a thing without the name, but as it is meant to puzzle, it appears to belong to something else than what it really does, and often seem contradictory. It is a bad riddle, if you are at all in doubt when you have found it out whether you are right or no. Riddles are of every proper occasion he told his distressing story, until every article in it was consumed by the side of her mother, and repeats, "I wish, sir," she replied, "it would make your ears smart.

LAME AND LAZY-A FABLE.

Two brothers, Lame and Lazy, were in want of bread. One leaned on his crutches, the other relied on his couch. Lame called on Charity, and humbly asked for a cracker. Instead of a cracker, he received a loaf. Lame, seeing the gift of Charity, exclaimed, "What, ask a cracker and receive a loaf? Well, I will ask for a loaf!"

Lazy now applied to Charity, and called for a loaf of bread.

"Your demanding a loaf," said Charity, "proves you a borer. You are of that class and character who ask and receive not; you ask amiss."

Lazy, who always found fault, and had rather white than work, complimented in its treatment, and even accused Charity of a breach of an exceeding great and precious promise, "Ask, and you shall receive."

Charity pointed him to a painting in her room, which presented to his view three personages, Faith, Hope, and Charity. Charity appeared larger and fairer than her sisters. He noticed that her right hand held a pot of honey, which fed a bee disabled, having lost its wings. Her left hand was armed with a whip to keep off the drones. "Do not understand it," said Lazy.

Charity replied, "It means, that Charity feeds the lame and those who are lazy."

Lazy turned to go.

"Sups," said Charity, "instead of coin I will give you garments. Do not go, for I have sent for your poor mother, for I will send you to a rich rich lady."

"Rich aunt?" echoed Lazy. "Where shall I find her?"

"You will find her in Proverbs, 6th chapter and 6th verse."

Moral. Instead of waiting and wishing a rich uncle to die, go and see if you have any rich aunt.

A BEAUTIFUL TURN.

A little girl that I know went down the door of General Washington, as he was leaving a house where he had been visiting. Turning to her he said, "I am sorry, my little dear, to give you so much trouble. "I wish, sir," she replied, "it was to let you in."