found the young child with Mary his mother, they were much astonished. And what was more won-
news for them. God’s Son had come down from heaven to be their Saviour, and he bade them go
and when the people of Bethlehem heard of it, they
Bethlehem, and found it was as the angels said; every body would have been filled with fear, and stood in awe at his approach. Should he come as a shining angel? No; angels never knew our sorrow; how could they sympathize with us? No; he was to come as a babe, and grow up with us. And would he come as the son of a great king? No; then he would be waited upon by royal servants, and the people never be allowed to see him. He came as the son of Mary, a poor woman in the hill country of Judea.

When Joseph and Mary went to Bethlehem to pay their taxes to the king, as the town was very full of people they slept in a stable, and that night, in the stable, in that poor stable, was the babe born, and he was called Jesus. Dr. Watts thus speaks of it in his sweet cradle song to the children:

"Come and hand thy Saviour low,
When his birthplace was a stable,
And his softest bed was hay."

When his birthplace was a stable, while you live, bear the beautiful image of “the heavenly child.” Ah, my child, Jesus came to heaven. Will your heart be so soft that you will let Christ lie there? Will you take the paper, and feel its value, got at any cost? Let us labor with them. Two hundred and fifty thousand workers shall we be, and see what we can accomplish.

**A. E.**

**WHO HAD THE DAUGHTER’S PORTION?**

A gentleman who was collecting money to spread the knowledge of God, called at the house of a poor widow who had just lost her only child, a beloved daughter. She received him gladly, and when his errand was made known, handed him a sum of money so large that it greatly surprised him, and he could not help hesitation to take it. “Indeed, you must take it,” was her reply: “I had laid it up as a portion for my little daughter, and I am determined that she who has my daughter shall have her portion also.”

When angry, always count ten before you speak.
hoard an English ship called the Bounty, headed 
for the Pacific ocean, a mutiny took place one night on 
this vessel. It was caused by the ill treatment of the seamen, 
and was followed by a violent struggle between the captain and the crew. 
After the mutiny, Captain Bligh was thrown overboard and left to 
his fate. He was eventually saved by another vessel and returned to England.

The islanders, who were the descendants of the mutineers of the English ship 
Bounty, were led by John Adams, who had escaped from the Bounty. He set 
up a community on a small island, where he and his followers lived 
for many years. They were known as the Pitcairners.

In 1808, an American vessel discovered the island and Adams was 
rescued. He was delighted to find that the island was as he had 
imagined it to be. He was welcomed by the Pitcairners and 
settled down to a peaceful life on the island. He taught the children 
of the community to read and write, and he also introduced 
the Pitcairners to the Bible.

Adams was a strict disciplinarian and he punished 
those who broke the rules. He was a strict 
upholder of the Christian faith, and he 
insisted that the Pitcairners should 
follow the teachings of the Bible.

Adams died in 1824, and he 
is remembered as the 
founder of the Pitcairn community. 
His name lives on in the 
name of the island, 
Pitcairn Island.
Would it please her dearly, mother? After that I’ll go on the hill, and perhaps ask the boys.”

This is one of the best orders of exercises for a new sled that I ever heard of, and I wish every boy and girl in the family a first-rate one. Jamie, sled to be used to help his mother, then to give delight to his little sister, and until lastly did he lastly did he make it known for his own amusement. I venture to say, most boys would have begged with themselves first; would you not? Mother and sister would have come last, or never at all, if they had perhaps only a grudged share in the new sled; as for instance, when you came home from sledding down hills, your mother should ask you to go on errand for her, and you would have said “how tired you were,” or asked “if to-morrow would not do,” and wished “somebody else would go.” Or if your sister said, “I take a little ride on your new sled,” you might have roughly answered, “It’s my sled; I shan’t take girls on it!” or some unkind answer like this, which boys are too apt to make.

But do you think this would have been the best way to enjoy your sled? No, I think not. James had learned the true secret of taking the greatest delight so much to read. But now God has given me a house on the opposite side of the globe, among the head men Tamulians, who live in the island of Ceylon, of which islands, as some of you know, the plout Bishop Hacor said,

> “What a sight the spicy breezes
Of Ceylon send; though every prospect phaean,
And only men is vile in vain with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strown,
Bows down to wood and stone.”

Thinking that you will like to know something of the degraded and idolatrous Tamul people, who are only one branch of the great race of Hindus, of the degraded and idolatrous Tamul people, who are only one branch of the great race of Hindus, of the degraded and idolatrous Tamul people, who are only one branch of the great race of Hindus, who are only one branch of the great race of Hindus, I write you this letter. May it lead you to think of, and love, and pray for this dark-minded, idolatrous, and sinful race.

The men wear a cloth about their bodies, reaching from the waist to the knees, which with a cloth or drape about their shoulders is the origin of the beautiful crystal palace in the city of New York. The men wear a cloth about their bodies, reaching from the waist to the knees, which with a cloth or drape about their shoulders is the origin of the beautiful crystal palace in the city of New York. The men wear a cloth about their bodies, reaching from the waist to the knees, which with a cloth or drape about their shoulders is the origin of the beautiful crystal palace in the city of New York. The men wear a cloth about their bodies, reaching from the waist to the knees, which with a cloth or drape about their shoulders is the origin of the beautiful crystal palace in the city of New York. The men wear a cloth about their bodies, reaching from the waist to the knees, which with a cloth or drape about their shoulders is the origin of the beautiful crystal palace in the city of New York.

The next year the people of this country said, “Let us now, on the side of the waters, have an exhibition, and let the people of Europe come over with their fabrics, and see us;” and for this purpose an “Association for the Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations” was formed to carry out the enterprise. New York took the lead, and this is the origin of the beautiful crystal palace in the city of New York, which so many from all parts of the country are flocking to see. It is situated in Battery Park, four miles from the Battery, and is built of iron columns panelled, not with wood, nor marble or granite, but with glass, of which there are 13,000 panes. Of the iron columns, there are 190 on the ground floor, and 146 on the second. In its form, it is at its base an octagon, or a sixteen-sided, and as it rises, it has the form of a cross at right angles, the four naves or wings extending north, south, east, and west, and the centre is surmounted by a vast dome of great beauty, 140 feet high. The length and breadth of the building are each 890 feet, and it covers each foot square a painted crimson color, with pictures and statues in every direction. Water and gas are carried by immense pipes in every part of the building; and when lighted up in the evening it presents a shining and splendid appearance. This vast building, with its immense galleries and magnificent staircases filled with all manner of useful, curious, elegant, and wonderful objects; its brilliant and stately look from without, surrounded by a vast throng of people coming and going; in a word, the crystal palace is an object to excite the wonder and admiration of everybody.

And I sometimes think, if a crystal palace is so beautiful and attractive, what would a crystal city be? There is a city, like a forest, wherein all is about, very glorious, and people every year are making pilgrimages to it. Have you read about it? There is a city, like a forest, wherein all is about, very glorious, and people every year are making pilgrimages to it. Have you read about it? There is a city, like a forest, wherein all is about, very glorious, and people every year are making pilgrimages to it. Have you read about it? There is a city, like a forest, wherein all is about, very glorious, and people every year are making pilgrimages to it. Have you read about it? There is a city, like a forest, wherein all is about, very glorious, and people every year are making pilgrimages to it. Have you read about it?

For The Child’s Paper.

THE CHILD’S PAPER.

COME,” said England about three years ago to the nations, “I will show you my wonderful inventions; you must all come, and bring your work with us.” And it struck the nations favorably, and they said, “Yes, we will come; I shall show you my work, and you shall show me yours.” And it was the answer, “for I never dine out on the Sabbath.”

And now, you know what is the Sabbath, don’t you? “Yes,” you say; “it can mean only one place, and that is the heavenly city, and I shall be in it.” But I hope you must be within. And now, do you know where that is? “Yes,” you say; “it can mean only one place, and that is the heavenly city, and I shall be in it.” But I hope you must be within. And now, do you know where that is? “Yes,” you say; “it can mean only one place, and that is the heavenly city, and I shall be in it.” But I hope you must be within. And now, do you know where that is? “Yes,” you say; “it can mean only one place, and that is the heavenly city, and I shall be in it.” But I hope you must be within.
THE CHILD'S DESIRE.

"I think, when I read that sweet story of old, When Jesus was here among men, How he called little children to him, and blessed them, I should like to have been with them then. I wish that his hands had been placed on my head, That his smile had been shown around me, And that I might have seen his kind look when he smiled, And that I might have seen his kind hand when he smiled."

"Yet still in his footsteps I joy go, And for a share in his love; And if I then earnestly seek him below, I shall see and hear him above.

"For such is the kingdom of heaven."

"For that God's care of a little boy 28,
And make them what they ought to be? Your kind little children need the sunshine of Jesus' grace to
And when ye kneel upon the ground."

"Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go,
And when ye kneel upon the ground."

"But thousands and thousands, who wander and fall,
I wish that his hands had been placed on my head, And that I might have seen his kind look when he said, "Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go, And when ye kneel upon the ground."

"Then follow me to his sweet rest;"

"And stand before his face."

"SUNSHINE.

When I was a very little child, a lady who knew that I was fond of flowers gave me a beautiful
and the prettiest crimson buds began to fall off one by one. Oh, how I grieved over it, as I saw it fading."

"At last, one day my mamma came to look at it. She gazed a few moments in silence, and then putting her hand upon my shoulder, she said, "You have nearly killed your poor little plant, my dearest child, but I hope it may yet revive." "I killed my flower!" I exclaimed. "Oh, mamma, how could I kill it? I took such care of it too. You have given it everything it needed but the sunshine."

"Oh, I thought the sun would kill it," answered my mamma. "The soil of the sun has nearly done that already," said my mother; "but let us put it in the window, and see if that will do it any good."

"We did so, and for several days we saw little or no difference; but then the leaves looked a little withered, and one or two new ones peeped out with their fresh bright green, and by and by the drooping buds lifted their crimson heads, and unfolded their beauties to the sun. All was well. The plant was flourishing once more, and I think I was more pleased, for it taught me a useful lesson: that though plants may thrive a little while in a dark place, when tenderly cared for like my geranium, yet unless the sun's bright beam has leave to visit them, all their sweetness and beauty must be like "the morning cloud, and the early dew which passeth away."

"But if plants need sunshine, how much more do little children need the sunshine of Jesus' grace to make them what they ought to be? Your kind parents love you very much, dear children, and rejoice to see you gentle, affectionate, and obedient. They enuit the buds and leaves upon their little plants, and think with delight of the days to come when they hope to see you grow up good and useful men and women. Your teachers and ministers think of you too, with the hope that you will be no honor to the church of Christ, and a blessing to all who dwell around you. They instruct you, wish over you, pray for you.

"But all this will be of no use unless Jesus, the sun of righteousness, looks down to bless you and
Stand before his face."

"And stand before his face."

"THE CHILD'S PAPER.

I found on the lid of our darling's some time very nicely painted with a pencil, and marked the lines traced with a pencil, and asked her what they were. Without hesitation she repeated, as I wrote, the lines so precious to us. I did as she desired, and with little or no well words, in the shape of a little hymn to my dear
And when ye kneel upon the ground."

"Oh that all the dear children in America may
And when ye kneel upon the ground."

"Oh that all the dear children in America may
And when ye kneel upon the ground."

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