The next day was the Sabbath. Time was precious; it was late in the season, and their comrades in the ship might suffer anxiety on their account; every thing demanded haste, but they "remembered the Sabbath-day to keep it holy." All labor was put aside; and on a frozen ground, in a chilly air, under a howling sky, without shelter, and almost without food, they spent the day in divine worship and holy rest. Here is a picture of the first observance of the Sabbath in New England. There are Carver, and Winslow, and Bradford, and Standish, honored names among the Puritans. They do not ask to be excused from the obligations of religions duty, even under circumstances so pressing and unfavorable. The Sabbath, and the God of the Sabbath, have claims upon them superior to any thing besides. Strict and unflinching obedience to Bible law, is the rule of their lives. These were Puritan principles, and it is these principles which have produced the results which are so much admired. Their work amounts to much more than their parents generally think the same. They can do as much as an insect? "Why, yes," explains every little reader; "and more too." Children think they can do little good; and even their parents generally think the same. They can be obedient and affectionate, this all admit; but few think they are old enough to do any thing for the salvation of the world. Now, children, this is a very great error.

Can a child do as much as an insect? "Why, yes," explains every little reader; "and more too." Let us see. Imagine that you and I are climbing in a vessel upon the South seas. How beautifully we glide along. The vessel shims the ocean like a swan. But what is that yonder, rising above the billows like a painted hibiscus? Now it sparkles in the rays of the sun, like a rock of silver; and now it assumes different colors, variegated in the most charming manner. Red, golden, silvery hues, all blend together in delightful richness. Neater and nearer we come to the attractive object, all the while appearing more beautiful and brilliant than the crystal palace; when lo, we discover it is the splendid work of insects so small that we cannot see them with the naked eye. Yes, the little coral insect threw up those many-colored reefs, a little at a time, until we have this magnificent sight. And just over there, beyond that line of reefs, you see that little island, covered with palm-trees, so green and slender. The foundation of that island, now a fit habitation for men, was laid by the same little coral insect. Myriads of them worked away, year after year, until a huge bed of coral became the foundation of the island; then the soil accumulated, and the trees grew, as they are now seen.

This is what some insects do towards making this world a habitation for mankind. They make islands. God did not create them to be useless in this world, where so much is to be done. Their work amounts to something.

Would you not be as useful as the little coral insect? You cannot build islands, but you can help the people who live upon them, and those who live in other parts of the earth. A coral is a small gift, but a hundred of them make a dollar. A grain of sand is very minute, but enough of them will make a mountain. So little which one child does for God, may seem too small to be rewarded; but perhaps twenty of these little ones are equal to the work of one full-grown man or woman. Do not forget that if you do nothing for God, you are not worthy to be compared with the coral insect.

First Sabbath of the Pilgrims.

It was in December, 1620, that the ship Mayflower, which brought over the first emigration of Puritans, approach'd the wild New England shore. There were none to show them kindness, or bid them welcome. A boat was sent from the vessel to explore the coast, and seek a favorable landing. After some hours' hard sailing, a storm of sleet and snow sets in; night is at hand, the sea swells, and the storm rages furiously. Hungry and wet, and cold and breaks, and the sail falls overboard. There was none to show them kindness, or bid them welcome. A boat was sent from the vessel to explore the coast, and seek a favorable landing. It was in December, 1620, that the ship Mayflower, which brought over the first emigration of Puritans, approach'd the wild New England shore.
in Scotland, three hundred years ago, the Bible readings being blessed by the Holy Spirit, made a
blessed aversion when he was condemned to be burnt; but he
was a young lad of 18, was at first very much fright-
ened, and then he went to be judged by his God. The
castle of St. Andrews still remains, and the middle
window of its tower is that of Cardinal Beaton's
chamber, from whence he exulted over the martyr-
dom, and where he met his own doom.

One of them, George Wishart, is very dear to
Scotch hearts. He was a minister, and as he
fearlessly to preach to the poor sick people, which
had been for the dark stake before the windows, and the
great preparations were made in the castle of St.
domin, and where he met his own doom.

The martyr being rescued, it might have been
thought that some joyous spectacle was to be exhib-
ted. He was dragged to the stake with a heavy
chain, prayed that his enemies might be forgiven,
and kissed the executioner; but he said that "he
should, in a few days, lie in the same as igno-

From the window of that same tower, three
months afterwards, the dead body of Cardinal Be-
ton was hung out before the inhabitants of the town,
months after he was hanged out before the inhabitants of the town,
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In this fair world that God has made, there are few things more beautiful than the rainbow. What child does not think of, when after a summer shower, he sees its bright colors painted upon the dark cloud! He once knew a little girl who asked her mother if it was not a beauty when God had made for his angels to walk upon. The young readers of this paper know that the Lord placed the rainbow in the heavens, as a token of his promises to Noah never again to destroy the world by a flood. Noah must often have felt sorrows, while shut up so many months with his family in the ark, to look out upon the dark deluge, and to know that all his fellow-men had perished for their great wickedness.

A WELL-SPENT DAY.

The following extract from a letter written by a little daughter of a returned missionary, gives such a beautiful record of a well-spent day, that I cannot but hope it may prove interesting and profitable to many of your readers.

"I rise at half-past five, and spend half an hour in dressing; and in my devotions. Between six and seven, I dress my little brother and sister, and study. At seven, we have breakfast; after which we have family devotions, and then I get ready for school, which begins a quarter past eight, and continues till a quarter past one. As soon as I come home from school, we dine. After dinner, I clear off the table, and wipe the dishes; and then I spend half an hour in reading the Bible, and prayer. Then I take care of the little children, and do errands for my mother, until five. From five to six, I walk, row, knit, or study, and from six till seven, we have supper, and family devotions. Then I study till eight. At eight, I go with the other children to my mother's room a quarter of an hour, to attend to my work. Then I spend another hour in study, and family devotions. Then I study till after twelve. After which I go to bed."

A LITTLE BOY'S LETTER ANSWERED.

A little boy at ... in Germany, whose father had died, was very anxious to join a Moravian school, the means of support of which had been taught that the Lord Jesus Christ heard and answered all who call upon him; and he wrote a letter to the following words:

"My dear Lord Jesus Christ—I have lost my father, and we are very poor; and hence my money back, I don't think they would get it again," answered all who call upon him; and he wrote a letter to the missionary-box. It was marked, "For the child's paper.

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A child that blends so much of usefulness and of festivity in her life, cannot but be a happy child; and among all the happy children of this happy land, no one, I am sure, is more truly happy than this little one.

WHAT IS MY BIBLE WORTH?

When I consider that it contains the most ancient history in the world, a narrative of the most remarkable events, the most beautiful pictures of God's wondrous works, the words of the prophets and apostles, the words of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the beautiful lines of the psalms and hymns, it makes me wonder at the prices that are given for it. Is my Bible worth more, or less, than the book which contains the most interesting story, the most beautiful pictures, and the most wondrous events in the world? I think that I should be more careful to keep my Bible in good order, and to study its words, than to study the words of any other book.

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THE CHILD'S PAPER.

For The Child's Paper.

Each Mother's Love the Best.

As I walked over the hills one day, I listened, and heard a mother-sheep say, 

"In all the green world there is nothing so sweet, As my little lammie, with his nimble feet, With his eye so bright, And his wool so white;"

And six, stood by their father on Monday morning, "Nothing to do?" she said, "Look without, within; "Nothing to do?" she paused, and looked around

No hidden talent that thou shouldst unfold,

Look on the world, its troubles, and its sin,

As my little lammie, with his nimble feet,

I listened, and heard a mother-sheep say, 

My dear downy darlings, my sweet little things,

But you never will find ten such chickens as these.

My brother and sister stood by their young blood;

And each, as they could to their warm feathers bend;

With his eye so bright,

And his wool so white;

And his voice so sweet.

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