The News-Boy.

In the city of New York there are supposed to be between five and six thousand boys who get their living by selling newspapers. Their earnings average two or three shillings a day; on the Sabbath, they rise often to two or three dollars, the six-penny broadsheet papers being far the most profitable. Some of these boys have friends and home, but the greater part are orphans, or worse than orphans, without homes at night or schools by day, and surrounded by none of those influences which we consider necessary for improvement or happiness. They are a non-descript class. Think of one such as is sometimes seen—his cap without a visor; his coat-tail dragging at his heels; holes at the elbows; knees peeping through his trousers; a boot on one foot, and shoe on the other; his face with a thin, old, worn look, as if life is not too bad, fling themselves on the bricks in the open court below. Such are theshifts they make to find lodging; what do the boys with nice chambers and clean beds think of that? The news-boys cleave together, and often recognize each other only by their slang names, as "Sneezer," "Chops," "Leather-head," "Booby-hut," and many of their phrases it will puzzle a lawyer to guess the drift of. The boys are both shrewd and smart, but there was little hope would puzzle a lawyer to guess the drift of. The boys are both shrewd and smart, but there was little hope to do—then subscribe for another copy, and send that. If, however, you wish to keep your papers, so send it, to some neglected child who needs instruction. If, however, you wish to keep your papers, so send it; indeed, one of the most cheering tokens of the increase of practical Christiendom, is the earnest, persevering, self-sacrificing efforts made by children, men, and women in behalf of those who hitherto have been regarded below or beyond the reach of help—the heathen of our cities.

For The Child's Paper.

The Right Remedy.

One night, as I was sleeping with little Mary, she awoke, and drawing herself very close to me, and putting her arm around me, she said, "Mother, I dreamed that something came at the window, and said it would eat me up; but I do not think it will, for I have prayed that it may not." In a few moments she drew more closely to me and whispered, "Mother, will you pray for me?"

Mary's danger was an imaginary one, but she had found the right remedy. With God as our protector and friend, we need fear no evil. He will be our shield and bulwark. In the darkness of the night, as well as by day, God sees and to him we direct our prayer that no evil shall befall us, nor any plague come nigh our dwelling.
The Child's Paper.

WHO IS THE LORD?

The Bible answers, "Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised; and his greatness is unsearchable. The Lord is gracious, and full of compassion; slow to anger, and of great mercy. The Lord is good to all, and his tender mercies are over all his works. The Lord is near unto all them that call upon him, to all that call upon him in truth; he will hear their cry, and will save them. The mouth shall speak the praise of the Lord; and let all flesh bless his holy name for ever and ever."
A chill and cloud enveloped his way. 

**Unseen danger looms on his track.** 

"Pray, lady, the voice of warning: "Pray, lady, the voice of warning! " 

Quick as thought does he obey the warning, and the ship took a short sheer to port. 

The quick eye, the instant warning, the obedient helm. The prayers of pious friends go with him. 

Are they not tokens of God's people watch his course with grateful joy. 

A young man has left his early home, and with his God he makes a short sheer to port. 

"Profligate companions! drinking, dissoluteness, useless expenses! failure! fraud! 

in supplying them with food, and asking his blessing to God. He was thanking him for his kindness of prayerless days, broken vows, profaned Sabbaths! hard a-starboard! quick as thought does he obey the warning? And is "lost character" lies in fertile boldness over his starboard hawse, does he make a short sheer to port? If the eye is diverted, if there is hesitation in giving the alarm, if there is less ozen diame at the helm, nothing but a miracle of grace can save that soul from shipwrecked hopes and a lost eternity. Young man, have you a good look-out at your masthead?" 

A young man is steaming on his way in prosperous business. Every summer the poor dogs suffer in our cities. 

"Prophetic companions! drinking, disobediences, deathshard a-starboard! quick as thought does he obey the warning? And is "lost character" lies in fertile boldness over his starboard hawse, does he make a short sheer to port? If the eye is diverted, if there is hesitation in giving the alarm, if there is less ozen diame at the helm, nothing but a miracle of grace can save that soul from shipwrecked hopes and a lost eternity. Young man, have you a good look-out at your masthead?" 

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"Mention where the heart as wide as the world, and the heart as deep as the sea; for the heart, is the seat of all that man is, and man's character is only determined by the state of his heart. The quick eye, the instant warning, the obedient helm. The prayers of pious friends go with him. 

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The brook.

Little brook, where is thy home!
From the mountain do you come?
Took, hast thou lost your way,
That so far you seem to stray?
Strung softly through the grove,
Yet harkening where you pass,
By the soft and lively green
Of your pretty velvet screen.
Peeping from its hiding-place,
Soon is seen your laughing face.
Whither now, oh, full of glee,
Little booklet, do you go?
Down the mossy bank you glide,
Where the fragrant violets hide,
Where the gentle summer breeze
Whispers in the leafy trees.
Whence is your silvery voice?
As he flits from spray to spray,
Willows and flowers, and bells
As they list your silvery voice.

The bowl of gruel, or knowing how.

A little girl once went to pay a visit to some rich relations. Emma was both puzzled and frightened by the new and strange things which she saw, and often wished herself back again in her dear humble home in the country. Her cousins were all accomplished young ladies: they could play on the harp, tell stories in several foreign languages, work with pictures, and dance and dress like queens. Emma thought; while she was very timid and retiring, and they seemed to consider her only a stupid country child; her worsted work had been darning stockings; and her songs, little lilted, to her younger brothers and sisters; and her talk, the pure language of her mother tongue; and her play, helping her mother, and the three sisters were in great distress; for in the fine arts of housekeeping they were not accomplished, nor did they seem to possess the useful faculty of helping themselves. One day some gruel had to be made for their sick mother; "I suppose I can make it," said one of the sisters—"nothing but meat and water stirred together;" and she went into the kitchen and slew half a hen of meal, and set a pan of water on the stove, and stirred the meal in, and after it had boiled a few moments, poured it out to take in the invalid. "What wretched-looking stuff," cried the second sister; "the meal is all settled at the bottom." "Stir it up, then," cried the great sister angrily; but still it settled, and she grated half a nutmeg over it in order to make it look better, but it only hid the uncooked meal at the bottom; and they took it to the sick lady, who, at the first spoonful, fell back on her pillow and beckoned her daughters to take it away. When the doctor came and saw it on the table, he bluntly asked, "Who made this stuff?" and "whether there was not some body in the house who could cook a little gruel." The young ladies looked both mortified and perplexed, but made no reply, and probably they would gladly have bargained any of their costly ornamental work for a nice bowl of gruel.

"Where's Emma?" whispered the sick mother; "perhaps she knows." Emma was called, and modestly presented herself. "Can you make your poor sick sister some gruel?" asked the doctor, who had before kidded the different little girl. "I suppose I can," said my mother, "stirred up, and how do you go to work, my child? for there is a knowing how to every thing." "We take a spoonful of meal to a quart of water, with a little salt; and set it boiling; and answered Emma, deeply blushing; "it thickens, and we more than a pint, a may be," was the answer of the old family doctor; "the child knew and good for nothing knowledge not wholly lost: go and make it." Emma did as she was bidden, and by the time the doctor returned from a visit to a neighboring patient, the gruel was made; it was not warm meal and water, but as a bowl of gruel as ever was, the meal thoroughly cooked and thickened by the cooking. The sick lady was much refreshed by it, and she felt very grateful to the little girl for that help which her daughters could not render. "Oh, she," said, "never did I realize so much the value of a bowl of gruel, or the importance of a knowledge of those common things which promote our comfort." "Yes," said the doctor, glad that the mother's eyes were opened at last, if they were not open too late for the benefit of her own daughters; "an ornamental education is well enough perhaps, but it is not always against instead of useful knowledge. Girls have something more than a parlor life to lead; they become housekeepers and nurses, and if they wish to be worth any thing, they must learn how."

The child's paper.

The service was over, and Julia came home, but with a flushed face and an aching head. Her new dress was so uncomfortably tight that it did not allow her to breathe with ease, and she begged her mother to let her stay in the parlor and rest a little while longer. Moreover she had heard one of her companions say to another, "Do see; Julia Jones has got on her new dress!" It seemed to Julia that she had put on her winter attire too early in the season, and she was so much the slave of public opinion, that nothing annoyed her more than to feel that this or that person would not think her dress proper.

Poor Julia! my heart asked for her. Her happiness ended as happiness always does in the prize from such sources; she had made, in all her plans and thoughts and feelings for that day, the greatest possible mistake, a mistake of the most serious nature, one which would affect her whole life in this world, and perhaps in the world to come. She thought she should look uncomely well on that Sabbath; but she was thinking only of her appearance in the sight of her fellow-creatures, and she did not once mind how she should appear to God. She did not recollect that "the Lord seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance, but God looketh on the heart."

How important it is that our preparation for the great day should be such as will affect our hearts. "He desireth truth in the inward parts." "The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit; a broken and contrite heart, O God, wilt thou not despise."

Children in Indiana.

Enton to "True Circus's" Paper. You may think it very strange that two little girls from the woods of Indiana, should write any thing for The Child's Paper; but we take so much delight in reading it, that we would like to tell the little readers about it. We are very fond of our kind teacher and of our dear pretty flowers; but when we hear from the post-officer, that The Child's Paper has come, we almost dance for joy—the pretty stories of good children, the bright pictures, but above all, the gentle teachings of the word of God, to tell us our duty to him and the way to heaven. From ROMANIA AND MELANIA.

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