For The Child's Paper.

THE SELLING OF JOSEPH.

Jacob had twelve sons. Joseph, one of the youngest, was a very lovely boy, whom Jacob loved better than the rest. He gave him a little coat of many colors. And because his father loved him so tenderly, his older brothers were envious, and hated him.

These men had flocks of sheep and goats, which they kept in pastures a great way from home. One day Jacob sent Joseph to see how his brothers and their flocks were getting along. He could not find them at first. As he was wandering about, a man in a field asked him what he was in search of. "I seek my brothers," answered the boy. "Tell me, I pray you, where they feed their flocks." The man knew, and pointed out the way, and Joseph set off in that direction.

His brothers saw him coming. Were they glad to see him, and hear from home? No. Come, now, they said among themselves, let us kill him and throw him into a pit, and then say some wild beast ate him up. But Reuben, a little kinder than the rest, would not agree to murder; therefore that part of the wicked plot was given up. When the poor boy reached his brothers, full of love and joy to see them, he met only strange looks and angry words. And what welcome did he receive? They seized him, stripped off his beautiful coat, and in spite of his tears and cries, pitched him into a dark pit, with nothing to eat or drink, and left him there to die.

While they were eating their dinners, a company of traders came along. Come, said Judah, it is cruel to let our brother die in the pit; let us sell him to these men. The others fell in with the plan, and they went and dragged their poor brother out. A bargain was struck up between his brothers and the traders, and he was sold for twenty pieces of silver. And the men took him and carried him into a far country, never, never, as he thought, to see his dear father's face again. How do you think he felt? God was Joseph's friend, and that comforted him. The traders traveled off with him; and what did the brothers do next? for one wicked action always tends to another. They killed a little goat and dipped Joseph's coat into its blood, and carried it home to their father, pretending they had picked it up in the fields all bloody. We found this, they said to Jacob; is it not your son's coat? Jacob knew it. It is my son's coat, said the poor father; Joseph is without doubt torn to pieces by some wild beast; and he was filled with grief. His sons tried to comfort him. No, he said, I shall find no comfort until I die, and go to my poor child.

This story, which you will find in the 37th chapter of Genesis, shows what a dreadful thing hate is. The spirit of hate delights in distress, and leads to all sorts of unkindness—to murder, robbery, and all kinds of sin and wickedness. You see how hard it made these brothers' hearts, and what a crime it led them to commit on a lovely and inno-

When the Lord Jesus came, he preached love. The song of the angels at his birth was: "Peace on earth, good will towards men." The Christian's badge is love; for he says, "By this shall all men know that you are my disciples, if ye have love one another." And how beautiful and happy this would be, if love ruled in the hearts of men. But when the Bible tells us to love the good, it tells us there is something to hate. We must hate evil and sin in every form.

The New-Year.

A happy New-year!" to the patrons and readers of our little sheet. We thank you for opening your doors and hearts, and giving us a hearing. We only desire to be more worthy of your confidence and love.

We asked a lady a few weeks ago to tell us of her faults. "The Child's Paper is so good as it can be," she said. Oh, we do not believe that. We mean to grow a great deal better.

Mary, how can we make The Child's Paper to suit you?" And what did Mary answer? "A little more for little folks, with little words," she said.

And, Tom, what do you want altered in The Child's Paper?" I think it is first-rate," answered Tom. "I only want more about boys in it. It's got this hang on every page that he can't read the stories.

If we have got the 'hang' of the boys, which I suppose means the drift of boy-life, we must try to keep it so. We can't have boys spending their lives from hugging-hanging on bad company, on ropes of lies, strings of oaths, false teachers, and rotten foundations. A boy who has been used to know many years ago, was hung last year. He was a smart, hand-some lad, and could do almost any thing with his mind, but to "hang on the 'strangest,'" hung on to bad company, went from bad to worse, and ended his life on the gallows.

Now we want to say to the boys, and all the dear children, "Take fast hold of instruction; let her not go; keep her; for she is thy life." And when we think of your souls, and the heavy or the hell which is before you in another world, we doubt not that some of you are rising from the dead, and you are more earnestly than ever before. God bless the dear children of the land. May we see a greater number of them than ever before. God bless the dear children of this world.

When the Lord Jesus came, he came preaching, "Peace on earth, good will towards men." The child's book was finished, and that was succeeded by the appearance of two young men: a very happy family they were, the old birds never appearing to be uneasy in bringing food to their little ones, and the male bird sitting on a branch near, sang every evening in the joy of his little heart.

Poor robin did not know that misfortune was to overtake his Nestlings, and he was not to have the gratification of seeing them try their little wings. Many Robins when we came home from church, we noticed on unwonted stir making by the old robins; they came down to the lowest branch, and seemed to advise us for coming near; their flitting to and fro, and the constant chattering they kept up, convinced us that something had happened. So we went under the tree to see if any thing was wrong with their nest, which we knew was in an exposed place, and the wind had been blowing strongly; there we discovered the cause of their distress: we found one of the little birds, which was nearly fledged, lying among the grass with one of its legs apparently broken, for when we lifted it the leg hung down, and it had no power over it; and a little way from where we found it, the other young bird was lying dead.

The poor little injured bird was taken in, and we had a soft bandage put round its body, binding the broken or dislocated limb in a right position, and so tightly as to prevent its being moved or disturbed by the bird's motion.

But a sad accident befell the old birds made when they saw us lift their little one: they followed us to the door, flying a very little way above one another, and keeping up an incessant crying. When we got the poor thing bandaged, I took it out and said as dry a fluff of grass as I could find, but he drew it, and very soon its friends came to it, feeding it, and using every art to induce it to follow them up into the old birch-tree, hopping down to it, and then flying up again, constantly chasing in many different sounds, which I suppose were intended to urge and encourage it to try its strength, and come to them; but it could not move, for the bandage had its wings together, which, besides, were not sufficiently fledged to fly.

When night came on, I brought it into the house, for the rain continued falling, and fed it, and it took its food readily. Next morning I took it out again, and gave the old birds with a sight of it, but they had deserted the tree. The care of it therefore devolved upon me, and it grew with my nursing, for by and by I could relax the bandage, as the injured leg was getting strong, though greatly twisted; this I endeavored to rectify, and it ultimately succeeded, so that in the course of a few weeks I took away the binding, and it stood perfectly firm on both its legs. So it continued to such a degree that I expected that as soon as it was able to fly, it would go and join its friends in the fields; the house-door was kept open to give it an opportun-
I'll pick you a bowl of my plums, I will." Many put on her bonnet; turning round to Jessie, she said "You are the bravest little girl in the world, and I am so proud of you." 

"Oh, Jessie, you can't think how I thank you! I am so happy and so thankful!" 

When Andross came to Hartford to demand the charter, the tree was left standing and spreading its branches. The woodman's axe rung through the thick forests of New England to the banks of the Connecticut. The woodman's axe rung through its good time. The bears did not gnaw its tender limbs, nor the bears; "it is so much better for us to go all together." The consequence was, a division of the girls for the afternoon walk, from which they expected much enjoyment; some went one way and some another, and neither had a very good time.

At night, after Jessie had gone to bed, her mother came and rummaged her pocket for her handkerchief; she also took out her purse. "It seems to me it feels light," said her mother. "I had a great deal rather go to Boiling Brook, a great deal rather," said Jessie. "Yes, but Mary Rice cannot go so far," said Mrs. Abeel. "Do I do for the Proys' mother will let them now; we can all go to Green Grove." "I shu," said Jessie. "Oh, Jessie, you can't think how I thank you! I am so happy and so thankful!" "I know," said a little voice from under the clothes; "I felt it all, but my mother had done speaking, turning over and hiding her head.

"Mother is right," exclaimed Jessie when her mother gave her the news of the beautiful slope. "I am not generous," persisted Jessie. "Mother, don't you ask Mrs. Abeel is right," exclaimed Jessie. "Such persons may really be extremely selfish," answered her mother, slowly. "In some things," answered her mother, slowly. "In some things," answered her mother, slowly. "In some things," answered her mother, slowly. "I am not generous," persisted Mrs. Abeel. "There is a generosity which costs us nothing. Young people sometimes spend their money freely, partly because they do not know its value, and partly because they know it can easily get more—sometimes, sometimes, sometimes, foolishly, and in the indulgence of a natural kind-heartedness, which is often mistaken for true generosity." Mrs. Abeel stopped. "Come ye to the house of the Lord." Then the teachers led their charges to the chapel. The girls washed first, two and two, and lined in hand, most of them wearing frocks like English children, and bonnets made of plaited grass tied in her hand a little basket, containing her hymn-book, catechism, and the Scriptures. The boys came after them, dressed in native garments, round their waists a little mat of bark, and their heads bonnets made of plaited grass. Each carried a little book, which was the kind of sound, the meaning was the same—"Come ye to the house of the Lord." Then the teachers led their charges to the chapel. The girls washed first, two and two, and lined in hand, most of them wearing frocks like English children, and bonnets made of plaited grass tied in her hand a little basket, containing her hymn-book, catechism, and the Scriptures. The boys came after them, dressed in native garments, round their waists a little mat of bark around their waists, and a little red or yellow shirt thrown over their shoulders, a hat of plaited grass on their heads.

The people of the Society Islands, a large group in the Pacific ocean, first heard the news of the beautiful slope. After dinner the children assembled in the school again; but as it was very hot at this hour, they tried to live like Christians. Their clothes were religious, behold, it was granted. Where? Nobody could tell. The young man went and told the people of the hidden oak. The charmer was taken from its hiding-place, and a new government quickly set up according to its provisions. And ever afterwards, the old oak, which like an ark had saved the habitation of the colony, was called the Charter Oak.

In 1687, a bad king ruled England. He wanted to deprive the people of their liberty. He sent a bad man, Edmond Andross, to New England, to oppress the colonies. He tried to take their charters from them. These charters were written bills, from former kings, allowing the people to govern themselves. Of course they were very precious to the people. Deprived of them, they were at the mercy of any king James might point out to govern them.

But the days of the old tree were numbered. The severe storm of the 21st of August last beat upon it. A little past midnight, a watchman in the street heard a sharp crack, then a loud crash, and the famous old oak, having long outlived its forest-companions, was prostrated on the earth. The next morning, the news of its fall spread sorrow over the city. It is proposed to erect a monument on the spot in memory of the bold hand who saved the charter, and of the friendly felling in which it was created.

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The children of the mission families at Batticotta, Fort, have sent two dollars to Rev. Mr. Peabody of St. Louis, to give The Child's Paper to destitute children at the West.
Never mind weary wings, nor your aching feet;  
Build away, little bird; build your house snug and neat;  
English lady thought she heard a child crying.  
they think it is better not to live at all, than to  
Hardly so. Girls are not treated as well as boys. And their

THE BROWN TOWEL.

We had a holiday; and a party of the girls went to Pine Grove to spend the day, carrying a lunch to eat under the trees. The day was fine; and after the sun had dried up the dew, about a dozen little girls might have been seen streaming down the south road with baskets on their arms, clustering as nimbly as swallows on a barn roof. Reaching the grove, we played and skipped about like squirrels until dinnertime, when we were hungry enough; and each was anxious to know what each had stowed away in her little basket.  

Two or three of the oldest proposed making a table of a flat rock, and to take upon themselves the business of spreading it, while we the smaller girls, they said, might go and play. None of us relished the plan, but none had courage to say so; so we unwillingly gave up our baskets, and went on to the river, and, not to see the baskets unloaded and heard all the great girls said. Pies, tarts, cookies, and cakes came forth in plenty. "Oh, oh!" we cried in the distance, "how good, how tempting!" "Who brought this?" "And who brought that?" And of course every bird who had any thing particularly nice, was quite ready to say whom it belonged to. By and by a little basket was opened, and a brown towel full of cookies dropped out. My heart beat.

"A brown towel!" cried one of the large girls. "How very! I couldn't find a cozier one of brown towel. Hadn't her mother a nice napkin?" I should like to know?" "A brown towel!" cried one of the large girls. "Who brought this?" "And who brought that?" And of course every bird who had any thing particularly nice, was quite ready to say whom it belonged to. By and by a little basket was opened, and a brown towel full of cookies dropped out. My heart beat.

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