SNOW-BIRDs.

The birdies, the birdies, how chipper are they; How early they're out on this cold winter's day. Are they picking their breakfast, or only at play? "No sock and no shoes on their little bare toes; Oh dear, I should think they would almost be froze. Do you think where they are, their dear mamma knows? "I know you are hungry; the worms are a-bed, All snugly tucked up in their snow coverlid, And long, long will it be before cherries are red."

WASHINGTON.

When Washington was thirteen years old, he wrote down fifty-seven "Rules of Behavior in Company and Conversation.

They show his great anxiety to improve himself. Some of these rules the young of our day will do well to adopt. I will copy some.

"In the presence of others, sing not to yourself with a humming noise, nor drum with your fingers or feet."

"Mock not or jest at any thing of importance."

"Use no reproachful language against any one, neither curse nor swear."

"Play not the peacock, looking everywhere about you to see if you have your shoes or stockings set neatly, and clothes handsomely."

"Undertake not what you cannot perform, but be careful to keep your promise."

"Speak not evil of the absent."

"Make no show of taking great delight in your victuals; feed not with greediness; cut your bread with a knife; lean not on the table; neither find fault with what you eat."

"Be not angry at table; be cheerful, for good humor makes one dish of meat a feast."

WILL.

A little Irish boy, one day going to school with his Bible under his arm, was met by a minister, who asked him what book he had there.

"It is a will, sir," said the boy. "What will?" asked the minister. "The last will and testament that Jesus Christ left to me, and to all who wish to claim their title to that kingdom upon the ground of the will."

The minister who spoke to the boy was one who daily read the Bible himself, and wished children to go to school where it was read; he was so much pleased with the boy's answer, that he said, "Indeed, you are a good little boy: take care of that book in which God gives you such precious promises; believe what he has said, and you will be happy here, and hereafter." Let us follow out the little boy's thought, and say, "When from the dust of earth I rise, To claim my mansion in the skies, E'en then shall this be all my plea— Jesus hath lived, hath died for me."

COMMON PATHS.

"It sometimes seems to us a poor thing to walk in these common paths wherein all are walking. Yet these common paths are the paths in which blessings travel; they are the ways in which God is met. Welcoming and fulfilling the lowest duties which meet us there, we shall often be surprised to find that we have unawares been welcoming and entertaining angels."

"I just now met Mr. Bush on the North Parade, who told me there was very bad news; but I did not ask about it, and I dare not open a paper on the Lord's day," said Wilberforce. Was that being too strict? No. "Them that honor me, I will honor."
THE CHILD'S PAPER.

MARCH, 1857.

THE BOY WHO BROKE HIS MOTHER'S HEART.

I went into the "Toombs," or the New York city prison, yesterday, and saw a great many things to make me very melancholy; but none that excited my sympathies more than a poor weeping woman, who stood looking into one of the cells containing three or four boys from nine to twelve years old. One of those boys was her own and her eldest son; she was a widow, and her husband, who was a sailor, had been dead several years. I spoke to this heart-stricken mother, and inquired into the cause of her sorrows. "Oh, sir," she said, "my boy is here in prison for stealing. Oh if he were dead and in my coffin, I could bear it; but to have him here in fetters on my neck, that breaks my heart. I tried to keep him in, and he would not do as I wanted him to, and now he is here in this dreadful place!"

"No wonder that this mother wept; no wonder that she could not be comforted. Here in a horrid prison, in which were shut up scores of thieves and murderers, and where the wretched children were like the babe that she had nursed and kissed with the love that a mother only knows; the babe that she had named and baptized in Holy Baptism, a lullaby; for whom she had in sickness watched..."
and wept and slept not, and to clothe and feed him had served till midnight hours had come. That habit of tears and scribbling to write only through an iron grating, even by his mother. Poor woman, I did pity her. I wept with her, and with her, till she, who was the last to think of the Lord. Let me ask those who read this story, how it is with you. Do you know and obedient to your mother? Do you mind her quickly and pleasantly when she speaks to you? Do you never disobey her? Or is it that the boy who broke his mother's heart? No matter how old you are, be careful, O be very careful you don't break your mother's heart! A very small boy, the Rev. Mr. C. B——, a colporteur at the West, says: "Strike me, but don't curse my mother." is a saying among the Mandingoes, a tribe of Africans. They resent anything said against their mothers, saying among the Mandingoes, a tribe of Africans.

About this time, says Bunyan, the state and condition of the poor Christian people at Bedford thus came to me. I saw as if they were on the edge of a cliff, with their feet hanging over the void, and as if the earth was yielding under them. They were trembling, about to be swept away into the abyss. But the Lord Jesus, who is the Great Shepherd, came to their aid, and said to them: "Fear not, little flock, for it is I, your Shepherd, who is come to save you." And the people were comforted, and their spirits were lifted up.

Mrs. Hannah, who was a colporteur, said: "I have just come from the city of New York, where I have been distributing copies of the Holy Bible and Tracts. I have been much impressed by the way in which the people receive them. They are very anxious to know more about Christianity, and are eager to learn how they can be saved. I am very much encouraged by this response, and I hope to continue my work in this field."
CHILD.

Come, little dog, 'tis your master's will
That you learn to sit upright and still.

CHILD.

Far better it is to learn to hear
And not to speak unseasonably.

CHILD.

No, little dog, it is just to learn to soon.
For later it would be more painfully done.

The little dog learned without more ado,
And now can sit upright and walk upright too.

For the Child's Paper.

OUR FATHER WHO ART IN HEAVEN.

Thy Father, little one, and mine—
Who art in heaven, the God of the children of men.

Pray thou therefore, with praying heart,
All day long, that thy Father's will be done.

For the Child's Paper.

THE NEEDLE.

Boys sometimes think it takes a great deal of
Drilling to make them men. They wish they could
Get out of the shackles. Perhaps it does. But
Drilling to make them men. They wish they could
Be made men by their own hands.

perience hard rubs? It is this drilling which strengthens
Their own hands before the needle. Can you wonder then that,
"in making a thread"? Seventy; yes, seventy
Needles to a bit of steel wire before it makes that simple
Needle. Can you guess? Seventy; yes, seventy
To a bit of steel wire before it makes that simple
Needle. Can you wonder then that,
"in making a thread"?

For the Child's Paper.

THE NEW BABY.

CHILD.

Mary woke up in the morning, and found her
self in bed with her mother in a chamber.

"Only you and me, papa," she said, looking all around;
"where is mamma?"

"A little baby sister came to us last night, and mamma is taking
Care of her, and nurse is helping her," said papa.

"Did God bring it?" asked Mary, turning her large eyes full of
Curiosity, as she asked the question. "God gave it to mamma," said the father;
"and he will help her to take care of it."

For the Child's Paper.

THE SHORTER AMEN.

Now, children, if my watch has lost its main
Spring, where shall I go to get it mended? To
The tailor? No. To the clocksmith's? No. To
The watchmaker? Yes. Why? Because he makes
Watch, and knows how to mend them. Now, if
Your hearts are bad, where will you go to have
Them healed? To your parents? No. To the
Priest? No. To Jesus Christ? Yes. Why?
Because he made the heart, and knows how to
Heal it.

For the Child's Paper.

NEW AND CHEAP POSTAGE ON THIS PAPER.

To any part of the United States, in parcels of five
copies or more, at the following rates: For five copies or
less, one cent an ounce to any part of the United
States, if paid at the post-office; for six or more, postpaid where published, 3 cents a year.

For the Child's Paper.