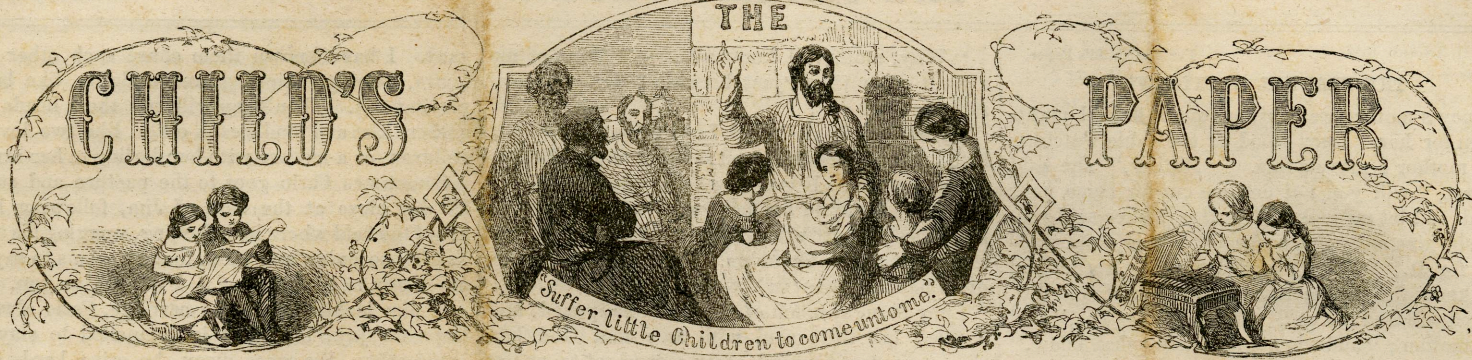


Wm. E. Garrison



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For The Child's Paper.

**INFANCY AND AGE.**

"Let us have a *live* play," said George; "let us take grandfather to ride. Play your arm-chair is a coach, grandfather; and play Mary and Hope are my horses, and I the coachman, and Jenny the outrider."

"I am not going to be your horse," said Mary. "I had rather be a clothes-horse to dry grandfather's linen on."

"And I had rather be a saw-horse to help on grandfather's wood-pile," said Hope, laughing.

"Pooh!" said George; "be my live horses."

"Promise not to overdrive us," said Mary.

"Or overload us," said Hope.

"Or overwhip us," said they both, "but treat us as you will want to be treated when you are a horse."

"I promise," said George. And this is perhaps the first time horses ever made terms with their master. George promised, and his sisters were harnessed to grandfather's chair, and George cracked his whip, and Jenny shouted from behind, and they pranced and capered like a couple of gay colts in spring-time; and grandfather smiled at the frolic.

"Have you had a fine ride, grandfather?" asked George at last.

"I have had a very good time," said he.

"Only *think* you've been to ride, grandfather, and you'll enjoy it just as much as if you really had," said George.

"I can't make believe now," said the old man; "life's make-believes have all passed; but I can enjoy every thing that would have made a ride pleasant. I can enjoy the blue heavens overhead, and the brighter heaven in my heart, the winds piping through the trees, the birds twittering on the branches, and the cheerful, friendly talk of the little folks around me."

And so Wednesday afternoon passed trying to make grandfather happy, who seemed to live his own childhood over in their innocent mirth.

**MEN FOR CHRIST'S ARMY.**

"Walking about the streets of New York," said a missionary, "when I landed from the far East, I saw in many public places this advertisement in large letters, '*Men wanted*;' and on looking a little farther, I saw, '*Men wanted for the army*.' Now this is the advertisement we want written on every pious mother's heart, '*Men wanted for*

*Christ's army*.' I would write this advertisement in burning characters on every pious mother's heart in the land, and beg her to train up her sons and her daughters for this army. Thousands and tens of thousands will enlist for those battles which make havoc with human blood; and are there not fathers and mothers all over this land who will train up their little ones to be soldiers in the armies of the living God?"

J. P. S— of Baltimore writes, "By the blessing of God, The Child's Paper has been the means of reclaiming a lost sinner. Yes, it pointed out to me the way of salvation. I found the Saviour precious to my soul. It has reclaimed me from being a fallen drunkard, a debased and almost brutal husband. The article, '*In the Woods*,' in the August number, met my case and opened my eyes. I shall read and love the paper while life lasts."

An Indian who was once challenged to fight a duel, said, "I do not see what good it would do me to put a bullet through any part, even the least dangerous part of your body. I could not make use of you when dead for any ordinary purposes, as I could of a rabbit or a turkey."

For The Child's Paper.

## THE FLANNEL NIGHTGOWN.

Lucy's mother was cutting out a flannel nightgown for her. Lucy stood at the table watching her mother's movements. "Mother," she said at last, "will you not cut one out for some poor child, and let me make it?" Her mother said yes, for she was sure there was some poor child waiting for it. "Who?" asked Lucy. Mother did not know the child's name, but she said God did. "And will God tell us?" asked Lucy. "Yes," said the mother; "and when it is done we shall know."

The warm nightgown was cut out, and Lucy took her work-basket and sat down to sew on it beside her mother. They were pleasant hours when mother and child sat and sewed and talked together. Lucy thought much about the poor child she was working for. Was she very cold in the cold dark nights? Where did she live? Had she a mother? Did God tell her about this nightgown? Lucy had many thoughts stirring in her little bosom. By and by it was finished, folded up, and put away in Lucy's drawer.

One afternoon not long after this, a neighbor came in and told a pitiful story of a poor family who lived down by the water. The father could get no work; the mother and one of the children were very sick. "It's an awful winter for the poor," said the neighbor; "do go and visit this family." Lucy's mother promised she would; and in the afternoon she put on her cloak and hood to go and find them. Lucy went also. The house was very old, and occupied by two or three families. On one side, which seemed to have been once used as a shop, they found the family they were in search of. How forlorn was the scene! In one corner was a bed covered with scanty clothing. There were also a couple of old chairs and a table, with a few cups and dishes, where some soup had been. It was very cold, with hardly a stick of wood in the old rickety stove. Two children were on the floor, one gnawing a bone, and the other munching a potatoe. The sick mother was in bed, with her almost dying child beside her.

Lucy's mother went to the side of the bed and spoke to the poor woman. How grateful to her were those words of kindness. "Here is my poor Effie," said the sick mother, laying her pale hand on her sick child's head; "wont your little girl come and speak to Effie?" Lucy came to the bedside and put a sweet cake in her hand. It was one aunt Mary gave her, and which had remained untasted in her pocket. How glad Lucy was. Effie took the cake and nodded her head, as much as to say, Thank you, Miss. Lucy's mother asked what she most wanted. "Oh," said the poor woman, with tears in her eyes, "if I only had something warm to wrap round this poor child."

"Lucy, you have a flannel nightgown for Effie, have you not?" asked Lucy's mother. "Oh yes, I have," cried Lucy, her eyes sparkling; "may I run home and fetch it?" Her mother gave her leave. She soon came back with it in her arms. Oh how glad was the dying mother; how glad was the sick child. How comfortably she looked in the nice new warm flannel garment. "God sent you here," said the woman, "for I told Him all our wants."

As mother and daughter went home, "Effie was the very little girl I made it for; was n't she, mother?" said Lucy; "God knew."

"Yes," answered her mother, "God knows all the wants of the poor, and he can put the thought into our hearts of that which he knows will be best for them. We must ask God to teach us to know their wants; and if we really wish to help and comfort them, God will put it in our hearts to supply the wants he knows they have."

"But, mother, how shall I always know what God wants me to do; will he always tell us?" asked Lucy. "Do you not often know what I want without my having to tell you?" asked her mother. "Oh yes, mother, because I live with you, and of course I know." "Not of course," answered the mother. "Many a person might live with me who would not find out the things I most want without asking. Is there no other reason?"

"Why, mother, I know what you want of me a great many times, just because I love you so," said the little girl.

"Ah, that is it," said Lucy's mother; "you love me, and therefore you find out my wishes as far as you can. If you love God, you will quickly find out how to do his holy will; and if you love the poor, you will surely discover their wants, and learn how to comfort them. Every thing depends upon having a heart in the work."

Lucy thought much of what had happened, and it filled her little soul with awe that God had chosen her to make and carry a garment to one of his poor.

For The Child's Paper.

## LOSING ALL.

A few years ago a merchant failed in business. He went home one evening in great agitation. "What is the matter?" asked his wife. "I am ruined; I am beggared. I have lost my all!" he exclaimed, pressing his hand upon his forehead as if his brain were in a whirl.

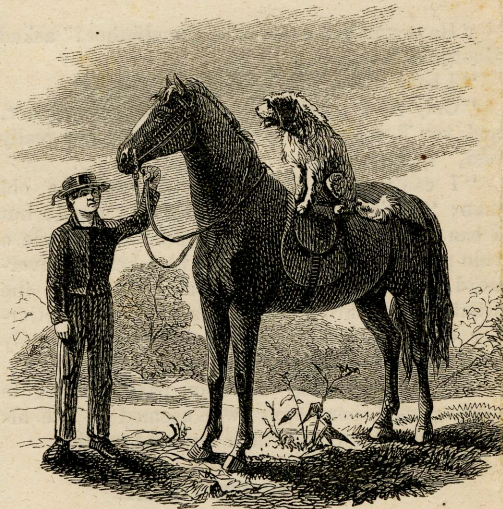
"All!" said his wife; "I am left." "All, papa!" said his eldest boy; "here am I." "And I too, papa," said his little girl, running up and putting her arms round his neck. "I's not lost, papa," repeated Eddie. "And you have your health left," said his wife. "And your two hands to work with, papa," said his eldest; "and I can help you." "And your two feet, papa, to carry you about." "And your two eyes to see with, papa," said little Eddie.

"And you have God's promises," said grandmother. "And a good God," said his wife. "And heaven to go to," said his little girl. "And Jesus, who came to fetch us there," said his eldest.

"God forgive me," said the poor merchant, bursting into tears. "I have not lost my all. What are the few thousands which I called my all, to these more precious things which God has left me?" and he clasped his family to his bosom, and kissed his wife and children with a thankful heart.

Ah no, there are many things more precious than gold and bank-stocks, valuable as these may be in their place. When the Central America was foundering at sea, bags and purses of gold were strewn about the deck as worthless as the merest rubbish. "Life, life!" was the prayer. To some of the wretched survivors, "Water, water!" was the prayer. "Bread, bread!" it was worth its weight in gold, if gold could have bought it.

The loss of property must not cloud the mind with a wicked forgetfulness of the greater blessings which are left behind. No man should despair, for no man has lost his all until he has lost his integrity, lost the mercy of God, and lost his hope of heaven at last.



For The Child's Paper.

## JIM AND CARLO.

My horse and my dog are nearly of the same age. They have been brought up together. They always had a great liking for each other. They often eat out of the same dish, sleep together in the same barn, and play together in the same

yard. I have known them chase each other for hours, leaping, skipping, and dodging, like boys playing tag. Then they will rub their heads together, kiss and fondle each other, like two loving children, or a mother with her darling in her arms.

Sometimes Carlo goes to the pasture and stays all day close at the side of Jim, following him about the field where he is feeding, wagging his tail, looking so loving and kind, that he seems to say, I am happy to be with you. I wont leave you.

If Jim is hitched to the carriage, Carlo always leaps for joy; but if he is compelled to stay at home when Jim goes away, he cries hard, and feels very bad. And finally, he has learned to ride on horseback, taking the reins in his mouth.

I could tell you a great many other things about these two friends, how they love each other, and never quarrel or hurt each other. But I must tell you of two little brothers who live not far away. They too are nearly of the same age, have been brought up together, sleep and eat and play together. But it sometimes happens that they do not perfectly agree. Sometimes they do not seem to prefer each other's society to that of all other boys; and I have known them hurt each other at play, or in a quarrel.

Now what shall we think of this? Are horses and dogs better than children? Yes, sometimes. Though children know the most, can talk and learn to read, and know they have souls and must give account to God, still they are sometimes less loving and kind to each other than horses and dogs.

For The Child's Paper.

## WHY THE BIBLE DON'T TELL MORE.

"Why don't the Bible tell about more things, mother? It might, God knows so much." "What books are those on the lower shelves of the library?" asked she. "The large ones there are so many of?" asked Henry. Henry went towards them, and read, "En-cy-clo-pe-dia;" a long hard word; "what does it mean?" he asked.

"A collection of the principal facts and discoveries in the different branches of knowledge," answered his mother. "There is something about medicine, and steam-engines, and water-wheels, and coal, and china, and almost every thing you can think of."

"How many volumes there are," said Henry; "I'll count them—one, two, three, four;" and so he counted on to thirty. "Thirty big volumes. I should think it would take a life as long as grandpa's to master them."

"One person is not likely to be interested in every subject that is treated of," said his mother. "One might wish to learn about spinning, another mining, another about beehives. That would depend upon people's taste and studies. Caroline, you know, was hunting the other day for the camel."

"It is strange I have never been to them since I have been at uncle Henry's," said the boy; "but, mother, did n't they cost a great deal?"

"Perhaps about five dollars a volume."

"Five dollars a volume, and thirty volumes, that would be one hundred and fifty dollars," cried Henry. "It's not many who could afford to buy them."

"You now see why the Bible is not an encyclopedia, telling about a great many more things than it does. It would then have told many things interesting to some people, and having no interest to others. The Bible only tells what is important for all men—for all men, women, and children to know; for in some respects they are all upon the same footing. What does the Bible teach?"

"The creation of the world, and when the Sabbath was made; about Adam and Eve, and how they sinned; about God's giving his law on mount Sinai; about Jesus Christ our Saviour; about heaven and hell, and all such things," answered Henry.

"Just such things as are of common concern to us all," said his mother. "It is of no importance for me to understand how the great wheel of the factory turns all the little wheels, but it is for Mr. Miles the engineer. Neither does it concern him how to cut a man's leg off in the most skilful man-

ner; that belongs to surgery, and uncle Henry knows about that because he is a surgeon. Uncle Henry and Mr. Miles, therefore, need to study different things in order to be skilful in their different branches of business. They are not on common ground there, you see. But it concerns equally Mr. Miles, uncle Henry, and you and me to know there is a hell for the wicked and a heaven for the righteous, that we are sinners, and that God has provided a way to escape the consequences of our sins. Why are these more important to know, and equally important for us all, Henry?"

"Because these are about eternal things, for ever important," answered Henry. "Eternity is millions longer than time."

"The Bible then teaches what is most important for every body to know, and which could not have been known unless God told it, and it is silent about every thing else."

"Now I see why the Bible should be what my teacher calls it, '*much in little*;' it is so important, that it is made little to carry about and easy to remember. Oh how hard to carry about, either in your head or your hand, thirty volumes of the Encyclopedia."

"And cheap enough for the poorest person," added his mother. "Ten cents will buy a Testament, which contains more knowledge valuable to us than all other knowledge put together."

"Only think, mother, neither I nor any of us children ever looked into uncle Henry's Encyclopedia, but we read the Bible every day, and I can carry my pocket Testament in the smallest pocket I've got. Yes, mother, I can carry all God's written law in my own pocket, when the laws of our state, Oh how many shelves they covered: uncle Henry showed us in the State-house."

"God's laws are all comprised in two," said his mother. "Do you know what they are, Henry?"

"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength; and thy neighbor as thyself."

For The Child's Paper

#### SHOWING HIS COLORS.

One of the noblest and bravest of the young English officers who perished in the Crimean war was Captain Hedley Vicars. We are apt to think that a soldier's life is inconsistent with piety; but he united the service of his heavenly Master with service to his country.

While stationed at Halifax, in the year 1851, he one day, in waiting for a brother officer, idly turned over the leaves of a Bible which lay on the table. The words caught his eye, "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." Shutting the book, he said, "If this be true for me, henceforth I will live, by the grace of God, as a man should live who has been washed in the blood of Jesus Christ."

That night he scarcely slept. It was passed in solemn thought and in prayer. The next morning he said, "The past then is blotted out. What I have to do is to go forward. I cannot return to the sins from which my Saviour has cleansed me with his own blood." The first thing he did was to buy a large Bible, and place it open on the table in his sitting-room, determined that "an open Bible" for the future should be "his colors." "It must speak for me," he said, "before I am strong enough to speak for myself." His friends came as usual to his rooms, but they did not fancy his new colors. They laughed at him for "turning Methodist;" and for a time his quarters were quite deserted. Did that frighten him? No. It was hard work to stand his ground, he said; but the promise did not fail, that "the righteous shall hold on his way, and he that hath clean hands shall wax stronger and stronger." Henceforth the word of God was the "man of his counsel," and he set apart no less than three hours each day for the study of the Bible and prayer. At one time he wrote to his sister, "I generally spend four or five hours each day, when not on duty, in reading the Bible and meditation and prayer."

"Every one loved and respected Vicars," said a fellow-officer after his death at the age of twenty-eight. "Those who did not agree with his strict

religion, and those who used to know him as the leader of many a mad riot, closely watching him for years after he enlisted in Christ's army, at last gave in, and declared he *never flinched*; that whoever else was not, he was in very truth a *whole Christian*."

This is the highest thing which can be said of a man. Now what is it that makes a *whole Christian*? He feeds upon Bible truth. He gives *hours* to the study of God's word, and not a few minutes, which too many people are content to give to the Bible. It is divine truth which makes the soul grow. This is the living bread which nourishes and ripens a man's piety. You see what a prominence this young officer gave to Bible reading. He did not shove it aside for other reading, but made his Bible first and foremost among all other books or business.

There are a great many young people, boys and girls, all over the country, just entering upon the Christian life. If you would have your piety worth any thing to yourself, *study your Bible*. If you would have your piety worth any thing to others, *study your Bible*. If you would become a "bright and shining light" in the world, or be in any measure a useful Christian, feed your soul with the word of God.



Who is this oddly dressed fellow, with no companions but his rifle and his dog? It is a trapper. The vast wilderness of the north and north-west formed the hunting-grounds of the trappers and hunters who supplied skins and furs to the great fur companies of Montreal and New York. They live on the outskirts of civilization, brave, patient, hardy, lonely men, meeting dangers of every form with wonderful courage.

Did you ever hear of the race of John Colter, a famous trapper? That will serve as a specimen of their ways of life. Colter left a party of western explorers in the very heart of the wilderness, and stopped to trap beavers alone on the head waters of the Missouri. Here he fell in with another lonely trapper named Potts, and they agreed to keep together. They were in the country of the terrible Blackfoot Indians, sworn enemies of the white man, and were therefore obliged to hide in the woods all day, set their traps after nightfall, and take them up before daybreak. It was running a terrible risk for a few beaver skins, but such is a trapper's life.

One morning as they were quietly paddling their canoe between the high banks of a stream, a frightful whoop burst from a cliff above, and Indians appeared on both sides. Twang went a bow, and poor Potts fell dead, pierced by an arrow through his heart. Colter landed and submitted, as his only chance for life. He was stripped naked, and a council was held over him. The chief at last

seized Colter by the shoulder, and asked if he could run fast. The poor trapper well knew what that meant. He knew he was to run for his life, to furnish a kind of human hunt for the savages. He was led into the prairie about four hundred yards from the Indians, and then turned loose to save himself if he could. A tremendous yell let him know that the whole pack of bloodhounds were off in full cry. Colter flew rather than ran; but he had six miles of prairie to get over before he could reach the Jefferson fort of the Missouri river, and the plain too was full of the prickly pear, which wounded his naked feet. How could he hold out such a distance with the fearful odds of several hundred against him? Every instant he expected to feel an arrow quivering at his heart. But on, on, on ran the trapper, and the sound of feet behind him grew faint and fainter. Colter increased his speed until the blood gushed from his mouth and nostrils. He was within a mile of the river, when glancing back he found only one Indian behind him. Stopping short, he turned round and spread out his arms. The savage, taken by surprise at the act, tried to stop and hurl his spear, but fell in the very act. Colter instantly seized the spear, pinned the savage to the ground, and continued his flight.

In safety he reached the river, plunged into it, and swam to a little island, where he hid in the thickets. The Indians, whooping and yelling, reached the river, but they failed to discover his hiding-place. He had saved his life; but what a plight was the poor trapper in. Naked and alone; his body exposed to the burning heat of the sun by day and the dews and chills of the night, and his feet torn by the thorns of the prairie; game in plenty, but no gun; and immense prairies to be travelled before reaching an outpost of civilized life.

Did he give up? No. Living on roots, and guided by signs which only a backwoodsman knows, after many days of wearisome travel, braving hardships enough to break down any spirit but a western trapper's, he reached in safety a trading post on the Yellowstone river.

Such is a sample of the rugged experience of a hunter's and trapper's life in the far West. But the farmer is now on his track, and by and by this wild life will give way to the peaceful industries of civilization.

For The Child's Paper.

#### THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE.

It is said that John Randolph once suddenly rose up in his seat in the House of Representatives, and cried out, "Mr. Speaker, Mr. Speaker, I have found the philosopher's stone. It is, *Pay as you go*."

John Randolph said many wise things, but perhaps no one better than this.

"Pay as you go," and you can walk the streets with a manly front, looking at men in the eye without flinching. You will not have to cross the way to avoid a dun, or look into the shop windows to avoid seeing a creditor.

"Pay as you go," and when you laugh, it will be a right honest and hearty one.

"Pay as you go," and when you sleep you will not dream of bills which you can't pay, or wake up to credits which you cannot support.

"Pay as you go," and your home will be *your* home—happy, cheerful, contented, safe.

"Pay as you go." But there is one debt which you cannot pay—the debt of shortcoming and sin to your Lord and Sovereign. That can only be cancelled by the blood of Jesus Christ. Accept his suretyship, and you will then not only be square with this world, but what is far more important, square with the terrible reckonings of the world to come.

"Resolve to be a rich man," said a father to his son; "you can become what you set out to be."

"But, father," said the lad, seriously, "how hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of heaven. It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven."



CHILDREN.

I saw the glorious sun arise  
O'er yonder mountain gray,  
And as he travelled through the skies  
The darkness went away,  
And all around me was so bright,  
I wished it would be always light.

But when his shining course was done,  
The gentle moon drew nigh,  
And stars came twinkling one by one  
Upon the shady sky.  
Who made the sun to shine so far,  
The moon, and every twinkling star?

MAMMA.

'T was God, my child, who made them all  
By his almighty skill;  
He keeps them, that they do not fall,  
And guides them as he will;  
That glorious God who lives afar,  
In heaven, beyond the highest star.

Jane Taylor.

**"GIVE ME THREE GRAINS OF CORN, MOTHER."**

Give me three grains of corn, mother,  
Only three grains of corn;  
It will keep the little life I have  
Till the coming of the morn.  
I am dying of hunger and cold, mother,  
Dying of hunger and cold,  
And half the agony of such a death  
My lips have never told.

It has gnawed like a wolf at my heart, mother,  
A wolf that is fierce for blood,  
All the livelong day, and the night besides,  
Gnawing for lack of food.  
I dreamed of bread in my sleep, mother,  
And the sight was heaven to see;  
I woke with an eager, famishing lip,  
But you had no bread for me.

How could I look to you, mother,  
How could I look to you  
For bread to give to your starving boy  
When you were starving too?  
For I read the famine in your cheek,  
And in your eyes so wild,  
And I felt it in your bony hand  
As you laid it on your child.

Come nearer to my side, mother,  
Come nearer to my side,  
And hold me fondly, as you held  
My father when he died.  
Quick, for I cannot see you, mother,  
My breath is almost gone.  
Mother, dear mother, ere I die  
Give me three grains of corn.

For The Child's Paper.

**THE REWARD OF LYING.**

A rich heathen soldier once came to Elisha, a prophet of God, to be cured of a dreadful disease which troubled him. It came out in white sore spots all over his body, and no doctors could cure him. Naaman, for that was the soldier's name, was a great general, and very rich. He drove to Elisha's door in a fine carriage, with a plenty of servants. And he brought gold and silver, and a great many beautiful clothes with him.

Elisha did not go out to meet him, but he sent a message, telling him to go and wash in the river Jordan seven times, and his flesh would be well. How did Elisha know? God told him. Naaman thought Elisha did not treat him with respect enough. His pride was touched. "I thought the prophet would have come out to me," he said, "and would have stood and called on the name of the Lord his God, and struck his hand over the sore places, and made me well." Besides, he would rather have washed in one of the beautiful rivers of his own country. The proud soldier was so angry that he turned round to go home; but his servants tried to pacify him. "If the prophet had told you to do some great thing, would you not have done it?" they asked. "Why will you not do this easy thing, only to wash in the river Jordan?"

He at last yielded, and went to the river and dipped himself in seven times, and his flesh became as smooth and sweet as a little child's. How did he feel then? The old soldier's heart was melted. He was humble and thankful; and when he went back to Elisha, he promised never to worship idols any more, but to worship Elisha's God, for he knew he was the true God. Naaman wanted to pay Elisha, but he would not take pay. He wanted to make him a present; but Elisha did not wish for any. He did not do it for money, and it was reward enough to have the soldier turn from his idols and believe in God.

Naaman then set out for home. He had not gone far, when he looked round and saw a man running after him. It was Elisha's servant Gehazi. He stopped his chariot, and asked what was the matter. "Nothing," answered Gehazi, "except that two poor men have come to our house, and my master would like some silver, and two new suits to give them." Was that true? Did Elisha send Gehazi? No; it was a lie. The servant was a wicked man, and he took this way of getting some of those fine things for himself. He thought his master would never know it. But Naaman did not know it was a lie. So he generously gave Gehazi the clothes, and twice as much silver as he asked for; and he told his servants to follow Gehazi, and put the goods where he told them to, which was in a strong walled place Gehazi had to lock his things in.

After doing this, Gehazi went back to wait on Elisha as usual, looking, I suppose, as innocent as could be. He thought it would never be known; Naaman would never be likely to come back and tell of it. But there was One who saw it all, whom this wicked man did not take into the account, as wicked men are very apt not to. It was God who told it to Elisha. So when the servant came in, his master asked him where he had been. Gehazi said, "Nowhere;" for you know it commonly happens that a second, and sometimes a third lie has to be told to cover up the first.

Elisha then told him all that he had done, just as if he had seen him do it; and he told him also what Gehazi meant to do with the money—to buy lands and sheep and oxen and servants.

How do you suppose the guilty man felt? A heavy punishment came upon him, even while he stood there. Naaman's disease immediately broke out upon Gehazi, and as he left his master he was covered with the white spots of the dreadful leprosy. Henceforth he was obliged to live by himself, for lepers were not suffered to live and mix with other people.

Did his ill-gotten gains do him any good? O no. Never try to get any thing by lying. God is angry with liars. If he does not punish them now, in this world, as we see he often did in Bible times, he will punish them in the world to come. But if you confess your sins, not only to men but to God, and humbly beseech him to forgive you for the sake of Jesus Christ, you will find mercy.

For The Child's Paper.

**AN UNLUCKY STREET.**

A poor boy wanted to get on the charity list of a famous school at E—. "You must make application soon," said his mother. "Oh yes, by and by," answered the boy. "You had better

write to-day," said his mother. "Not now; by and by," said the boy. By and by he wrote. Then it was too late; the list of applicants was full.

A rich doctor wanted a boy to curry his horse and attend school. "Offer your services," said the mother. "Oh yes, by and by," said the boy. "Go to-night," prayed his mother. "By and by," said the boy. The next morning he went, but another boy had engaged the place the evening before.

A great merchant was fitting out a ship. "You had better apply for a boy's berth," again urged the mother. "Oh yes," answered the boy, "by and by." "Now, or you may fail," said the mother. "Time enough by and by; the keel is not in the sea," said the boy. When the keel was in the sea the boy asked for a berth. "Hands are all shipped," was the reply.

"Ah, child," said the old grandmother in the chimney corner, "remember this, 'By the street of By-and-by one arrives at the house Never.'"

A great man in Holland was once asked how he got through with so much business, for he was not only a great statesman and minister, but an eminent mathematician. He answered, that it was by two rules: the first was, "To do one thing only at a time;" and the other was, "Never put off till to-morrow what should be done to-day."

"There is no worse robber than a bad book." Other robbers may spoil us of our money; but this of our time, of our principles, of our faith, our purity of heart, of our true worth.

"Let us not be weary in well-doing, for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not."

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