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 these 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."
Lucy’s mother was cutting out a flannel nightgown, and Lucy stood at the table watching her mother’s movements. “Mother,” she said at last, “will you cut one out for some poor child?” Her mother said yes, for she was sure there was some poor child waiting for it. “Who?” asked Lucy. Mother did not answer, for she was busy, 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 surfacing 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 not work and the mother was in bed, with her almost dying child. There were only 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 sitting, with his eyes half-closed. 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 child beside her.

“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 bed and put a sweet cake in her hand. It was untouched in her pocket. How glad Lucy was. She went to the side of the bed and spoke to the poor woman. How glad was the dying mother; how glad she seemed to be.

“Ah no, there are many things more precious than gold and bank-notes, valuable as those 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. But when the last wretched survivors, water, water, water, were the prayer. To some of the wretched survivors, water, water, was the prayer. Bread, bread, bread! it was worth its weight in gold, if gold could have bought it. The loss of property must not cloud the mind. Heels of shoes to the most precious.”

The sick child was dressed in the nice new warm flannel garment. “God sent you here,” said the woman, “for I told Him all your wants.”

“Jim is hitched to the carriage, Carlo always looks 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 have known them chase each other for half an hour, then come together, kiss and fondle each other, like two loving children, or a mother with her darling in her arms. They have been brought up together, sleep together in the same barn, and play together in the same yard. I have known them chase each other for hours, leap, 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. They have been brought up together, sleep together in the same barn, and play together in the same yard. I have known them chase each other for hours, leap, 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.
FEB., 1858.

Different branches of business. They are not on
different things in order to be skilful in their
Henry and Mr. Miles, therefore, need to study

To the study of God's word, and not a few minutes,
which too many people are content to give to the
It is divine truth which makes the soul
This is the living bread which nourishes
and ripens a man's piety. You see what a pre-
ience this young officer gave to Bible reading.
He did not above 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 anything to others, study your Bible. If
you would have your piety worth anything to
others, study your Bible.

"And cheap enough for the poorest person,"
added his mother. "Ten cents will buy a Testa-
Encyclopedia."

"Now I see why the Bible should be what my
teacher calls it, 'much in little'; it is so impor-
tant, for every body to know, and which could
ever have been known unless God told it, and it is
silent about every thing else."

"Every one loved and respected Vicars," said
the fellow-officer after his death at the age of twenty-
eight. "He did not sleep in his tent, but he was
only chance for life. He was stripped naked, and
the plain too was full of the prickly pear,

"That night he scarcely slept. It was passed in
soothed and in prayer. The next morning
he rose up in his seat in the House of Representa-
tives, and cried out, "Mr. Speaker, Mr. Speaker,
"Pay as you go," and when you sleep, you will
be a right honest and hearty one.

Mr. Speaker, Mr. Speaker, you cannot pay—the
debt of shortcoming and sin.

"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 I prize that, we are married into the
kingdom of heaven. It is easier for a camel to
to enter into the kingdom of heaven.

Who is this oddly dressed fellow, with no com-
passion but his ribs 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 companies of Montreal and New York. They
live on the outskirts of civilization, brave, patient,
hardly, lonely men, meeting dangers of every form
with wonderful courage.

Ican't trust in the Bible, and the plain too was full of the
prickly pear, and the

One of the noblest and bravest of the young
English officers who perished in the Crimean war
was Captain Horatio 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
his service to his country.

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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 lone-
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.
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? Only 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 man who saw it all, whom this wicked man did not take into the account, as a wicked man 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 he 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 himself some new clothes, and buy his master some silver. It is a wicked thing to do; and he could have been known for this; but it is not known; the money is still Gehazi's, and he will be known one day for what he is. He did not do this for money; he wanted to make him a present.

"Let us not be weary in well-doing, for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not." It was then that Naaman had been told to wash in the river Jordan seven times, and his flesh would be well. It will keep the little life I have left, you see. Give me three grains of corn, mother.

"For I read the famine in your cheek; come nearer to my side, mother, and hold me fondly, as you held me when I was a little child."—The Child's Paper.