My little work I thought to bring,  
And sat down by his bed,  
And pleasantly I tried to sing:  
They hushed me—he is dead.

They say that he again will rise,  
More beautiful than now;  
That God will bless him in the skies:  
Oh, mother, tell me how.

MOTHER.  
Daughter, do you remember, dear,  
The cold dark thing you brought  
And laid upon the casement here?  
A withered worm, you thought.

Do not start, and cry, "Oh, that horrid worm!"  
Stop and hear what a beautiful and wonderful  
life it has. It is the picture of an India silkworm.  
The eggs of this species of silkworm were sent to  
a professor of natural history in Paris, in 1854. He  
immediately subjected them to a suitable warmth,  
and in about a fortnight the young worms were  
hatched. The worm lives in its caterpillar state  
twenty-six days, during which time the color of  
the skin changes four times. "It then weaves its  
cocoon, or chrysalis, of a pale orange. There it  
hangs on the left side of the picture, sticking to a  
branch of the tree upon which it feeds. Here the  
insect lies, dark, dead, motionless, for fifteen days,  
when lo, the shell bursts, and a large butterfly,  
splendidly dressed in orange and black and fawn,  
rises to the light and beauty of a new, airy, and  
graceful life in the warm summer air. The silk of  
this worm is said to be remarkably strong, a dress  
lasting two generations of wearers.

The change of the poor worm into a seeming  
death, for the chrysalis seems like its grave, from  
which it so wonderfully rises into a new and more  
beautiful life, gave rise to a sweet little poem,  
which I am sure all the children who have not seen  
it will thank me for. It is a talk between a moth-

CHILD.  
Mother, how still the baby lies;  
I cannot hear his breath;  
I cannot see his laughing eyes;  
They tell me this is death.

I told you that almighty power  
Could break that withered'shell,  
And show you, in a future hour,  
Something would please you well.

Look at the chrysalis, my love;  
An empty shell it lies;  
Now raise your wandering thoughts above,  
To where yon insect flies.

Oh, mother, now I know full well,  
If God that worm can change,  
And draw it from its broken cell,  
On golden wings to range.

For The Child's Paper.

JACK AND HIS MEAL-BAG.

The mill was doing a great business that day,  
when Jack and David Jameison rode up with their  
bag of corn to be ground. They lived on a small  
farm five miles off the main roads, and were there-

For The Child's Paper.
It was not until late in the afternoon that the boys were ready. Then, the hag was brought out of the shed, the hag hoisted on her back, and Jack and David both mounted her—bag, bonnet, and all—then the homeward bound. "You got a longer ride ahead than I wish, you had, boys," said the mother, casting her eyes towards a black cloud, and heaving a sigh thickening the western sky. "There's plenty of water up there for my men." The mare bricked off, and was soon lost to sight among the windings of the forest road. But the ghouls gathered faster than the horse trotted, and was quite dark when they reached a fork in the road. In fact, Jack was a little confused. The windings of the road with nothing but forest on each side, and of course no distinct landmarks to govern him; the gloom of the night hiding what objects might have appeared to direct him, together with his small acquaintance with the road, did puzzle the boys, although Jack, being the older of the two, with a dash of pride about him, would not own it. As the mare stopped he came to a conclusion, and whippet up.

"Are you sure?" asked David. "This way I know," answered Jack. "It's the biggest lie the devil ever got away with. Lord help us. Didn't I honestly believe this is the right road?" said Jack. "I don't know," said David; "I don't know," said Jack. "All right," he cried. "Going to," said Jack; and the mare stopped at the fork as if to let the boys be sure which to take. In fact, Jack was a little confused.

The meal? ah, that was making a pudding. The good father forgave his poor penitent boy, and gave him his portion, and he went away into a far off country. Here the young man lived a wild and wicked life. He was for a long time without a home, and his bad associates left him. There was nobody to do a brother's duty to him. And just such an one is the Shepherd who inspires your safety. Never hide from his eye; never go where he cannot see you. The Bible is like a wide and beautiful landscape seen afar off, dim and confused; but a good traveler will bring it near, and spread out all its trees and rocks and flowers, and verdant fields and winding rivers, at one's very feet. That celestial landscape is the Holy Spirit.

The first is, always be within reach of the Shepherd's voice. "Father," said he, "if you have any of the money that still fall to me?" His father gave him his portion, and he went away into a far off country. Here the young man lived a wild and wicked life. He was for a long while like one lost or dead to his family. By and by all his money was spent, and his bad associates left him. There was nobody to do a kind act to him, and he was so poor that he went into the fields to take care of pigs. Often he was so hungry that he would gladly have eaten some of their food. His fine clothes were turned to rags, and very hungry and wretched was he. Then he thought of his happy days at home; and he said, "I will arise and go to my father, and I will say to him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son." Oh, how many tears must have trickled down his pale face as he thought of his father's house and his own sad state.

So he arose and went to his father. We do not know how he felt or what he said on the way, but his father's house and his own sad state. He went and fell on his neck, and kissed him. The good father forgave his poor penitent boy, and he called his servants to take away his tatters, and to bring the best robe for him to put on, and he put a ring on his finger and shoes on his feet, and made a great supper for him; for he said, "This my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found." What does this story teach? That it is a sad necessity to put on our new and beautiful robes of right-doings, and receive us as a child. And just such an one is the Good Shepherd who inspires your safety. Never hide from his eye; never go where he cannot see you. The first is, always be within reach of the Shepherd's voice. "Father," said he, "if you have any of the money that still fall to me?" His father gave him his portion, and he went away into a far off country. Here the young man lived a wild and wicked life. He was for a long time without a home, and his bad associates left him. There was nobody to do a brother's duty to him. And just such an one is the Shepherd who inspires your safety. Never hide from his eye; never go where he cannot see you. The Bible is like a wide and beautiful landscape seen afar off, dim and confused; but a good traveler will bring it near, and spread out all its trees and rocks and flowers, and verdant fields and winding rivers, at one's very feet. That celestial landscape is the Holy Spirit.

For The Child's Paper.

THE LOST SON.

A rich man had two sons. The youngest did not wish to live at home; he wanted to go away and do as he liked. "Father," said he, "if you have any of the money that still fall to me?" His father gave him his portion, and he went away into a far off country. Here the young man lived a wild and wicked life. He was for a long while like one lost or dead to his family. By and by all his money was spent, and his bad associates left him. There was nobody to do a kind act to him, and he was so poor that he went into the fields to take care of pigs. Often he was so hungry that he would gladly have eaten some of their food. His fine clothes were turned to rags, and very hungry and wretched was he. Then he thought of his happy days at home; and he said, "I will arise and go to my father, and I will say to him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son." Oh, how many tears must have trickled down his pale face as he thought of his father's house and his own sad state.

So he arose and went to his father. We do not know how he felt or what he said on the way, but his father's house and his own sad state. He went and fell on his neck, and kissed him. The good father forgave his poor penitent boy, and he called his servants to take away his tatters, and to bring the best robe for him to put on, and he put a ring on his finger and shoes on his feet, and made a great supper for him; for he said, "This my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found." What does this story teach? That it is a sad necessity to put on our new and beautiful robes of right-doings, and receive us as a child. And just such an one is the Good Shepherd who inspires your safety. Never hide from his eye; never go where he cannot see you. The Bible is like a wide and beautiful landscape seen afar off, dim and confused; but a good traveler will bring it near, and spread out all its trees and rocks and flowers, and verdant fields and winding rivers, at one's very feet. That celestial landscape is the Holy Spirit.

For The Child's Paper.

LITTLE MARY AND THE CHILD'S PAPER.

Little Mary cannot read, but she takes The Child's Paper, and loves it very much, and will clip her hands in great gladness when she sees it popping out of her father's pocket as he comes home from Sabbath-school. She wonders how many little girls are there, too young to read, who yet enjoy the dear little paper as much as their older brothers and sisters.

"Oh what beautiful pictures!" they cry. "Show me this."

"Read this story," they tell me all about it. And when they hear, they learn the pictures and the "reading" too.

Mary jumps upon her father's knees, nestles up close to him, picks this up, and that, and lingers along with delight, and excites, "Now, what a good time!"

She is not to be satisfied until the pictures are explained again and again, and the stories all told.
June, 1858.

The Child's Paper.

This is Mount Vernon, Wash-ington's home, which was almost from his boyhood to his death, a spot sacred to every true-heart-ed Americans. It was owned by his older and half-brother, Lawrence Washington, who named it Mount Vernon in honor of Admiral Vernon, an English officer under whom he once served. At his death he left the estate to George, to whom it was endeared by the memory of many happy days passed there in the society of this beloved brother. Here he died, and here is his tomb, as seen in the lower part of the picture.

The house is beautifully situated on a swell of land, commanding a splendid view up and down of the Potomac. It is in Fairfax county, on the eastern edge of Virginia. “No estate in the United States,” wrote Washington to one of his friends, “is more pleasant. In a high and healthy country, in a latitude between the extremes of heat and cold, on a river well stocked with fish at all seasons of the year.”

The farm was very large, divided into immense fields for the cultivation of wheat, corn, and tobacco. His workmen and outhouses formed a thorough business habits for which he was so remarkable. The products of his land were not subject to the usual custom-house vigilance of the day; and cold, on a river well stocked with fish at all seasons of the year.”

Washington managed his estate with the same care that he put into the management of his affairs. His books and papers were kept in good order, and his business was conducted with promptness and dispatch. He found time to read the precious word of God to his soldiers. He well knew if there was a class of men in the world that needed the comforts and the help of the Lord Jesus Christ, it was soldiers. And the papers tell us there were no soldiers in the colonies with more faith and power of truth. A little girl nine years of age was offered as a witness against a prisoner who was on trial for a felony committed in her father’s house. “Now, Emily,” said the counsel for the prisoner, “I desire to know if you understand the nature of an oath.” “I don’t know what you mean,” was the simple answer. “There, your honor,” said the counsel, addressing the court, “is any thing further necessary to demonstrate the validity of my objection? This witness should be rejected. She does not comprehend the nature of an oath.”

“Let us see,” said the judge. “Come here, my daughter.” Assured by the kind look of the judge, the child stepped towards him, and looked confidingly up in his face, with a calm, clear eye, and in a manner so unerring and frank, that went straight to the heart. “Did you ever take an oath?” inquired the judge. The little girl stepped back with a look of horror, and the red blood mantled in a blush all over her face, and back of her shoulders. “No, sir.” She thought he intended to inquire if she had ever blasphemed. “I do not mean that,” said the judge, who saw that Emily was in a state of confusion. “I mean, were you ever a witness before?” “No, sir; I never was in court before,” was the answer. He handed her the Bible. “Open it. Do you know that book, my daughter?” She looked at it, and answered, “Yes, sir; it is the Bible.” “Do you ever read it?” he asked. “Yes, sir, every evening.” “Can you tell me what the Bible is?” inquired the judge. “It is the word of the great God,” she answered. “Well, place your hand upon this Bible, and listen to what I say,” and he repeated slowly and solemnly the oath usually administered to witnesses. “Now,” said the judge, “you have sworn to tell me the truth as it is before God. Have you sworn to tell the truth?” “I shall be shut up in the state’s prison,” answered the child. “Anything else?” asked the judge. “I shall never go to heaven,” she replied.

“How do you know this?” asked the judge again. The child took the Bible, and turning rapidly to the chapter containing the commandments, pointed to the injunction, “Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.” “I learned that before I could read.” “Has any one talked with you about your being a witness in court before?” he asked. “No, sir.” “Shall you not tell the truth if you do not tell a lie?” “I shall be shut up in the state’s prison,” answered the child. “I shall never go to heaven,” she replied.

“More springs up in the garden than gardener ever sowed.” Thistles and weeds, which we must seek out and destroy, God has given his garden. Weeds and sea do not now. We reap what we now, but God gives us fruit that spring from plowing of ours.
A PRAYING GENERAL.

A CHILD'S TRUTHFULNESS.

THE CHILD'S PAPER.

A PRAYING GENERAL.

No time, thank God, for religion.—I am afraid many people excuse themselves from God's service on this plea. The apprentice does; the school-boy in the hurry of term-time does; the man at his workshop; the mother with her large family around her.

General Havelock, that distinguished general in India, whose wisdom and bravery have done so much to put a stop to the cruel and bloody mutilations of the Sepoys, never made this excuse to get rid of the service of his heavenly Father. He had time, and energy, and worry too, to make the business of religion his first business. He found time. He did not believe God ever put men in posts where they could not serve him. He was a man of prayer, and he found time to pray—not only to pray by himself, but with his men. Among his camp baggage was a praying tent, the biggest one he had, and this he used to pitch at the stations where he could build his in it, and read the precious word of God to his soldiers.

He well knew if there was a class of men in the world that needed the comfort and the help of the Lord Jesus Christ, it was soldiers. And many a poor soldier found how superior was a heavenly service over any thing the queen of England could offer. In the hurried and awful marches which General Havelock and his regiments were forced to make in the present war, he arose two hours before his men, in order to have time to pray. If they were to begin their march at six o'clock in the morning, he was up at four. If the camp were to break up at four, he was up at two. He believed there was time for the business of religion. And the papers tell us there were no soldiers so prompt and faithful in duty, so reliable in those dreadful days, as General Havelock in his praying regiments.

"More springs up in the garden than gardener ever sowed." Thistles and weeds, which we must weed out of our hearts, are as sweet to us as the flowers and seeds we did not sow. We reap what we sow, but God gives us shade and blossom and fruit that the world that needed the comforts and the help of the Lord Jesus Christ, it was soldiers. And many a poor soldier found how superior was a heavenly service over any thing the queen of England could offer. In the hurried and awful marches which General Havelock and his regiments were forced to make in the present war, he arose two hours before his men, in order to have time to pray. If they were to begin their march at six o'clock in the morning, he was up at four. If the camp were to break up at four, he was up at two. He believed there was time for the business of religion. And the papers tell us there were no soldiers so prompt and faithful in duty, so reliable in those dreadful days, as General Havelock in his praying regiments.

"More springs up in the garden than gardener ever sowed." Thistles and weeds, which we must weed out of our hearts, are as sweet to us as the flowers and seeds we did not sow. We reap what we sow, but God gives us shade and blossom and fruit that the world