

man who then lived on the farm occupied by Mr. H. was one autumn occupied in felling trees at some distance from his house. His little son eight years old, was in the habit while his mother was busy with household cares, of running out into the field and woods around the house, often going where the father was at work. One day after the frost had robbed the trees of their foliage, the father left his work sooner than usual, and started for home, just on the edge of the forest he saw a curious pile of leaves—without stopping to think what made it, he cautiously removed the leaves, when what was his astonishment to find his own darling boy lying there sound asleep. 'Twas but the work of a moment to take up the little sleeper, put in his place a small log, carefully replace the leaves, and conceal himself among the nearest bushes, then to watch the result. After waiting a short time he heard a wolf's distant howl, quickly followed by another and another, till the woods seemed alive with the fearful sounds. The howls came nearer, and in a few minutes, a large gaunt, savage looking wolf leaped into the opening, closely followed by the whole pack. The leader sprang directly upon the pile of leaves, and in an instant scattered them in every direction. Soon as he saw the deception, his look of fierceness and confidence changed into that of the most abject fear. He shrank back, cowered to the ground, and passively awaited his fate, for the rest enraged by the supposed cheat, fell upon him, tore him in pieces and devoured him on the spot. When they had finished their comrade, they wheeled around, plunged into the forest and disappeared; within five minutes from the first appearance not a wolf was in sight. The excited father pressed his child to his bosom, and blessed the kind Providence which had led him there to save his dear boy. The child after playing till he was weary, had lain down and fallen asleep, and in that situation had the wolf found him, and covered him with leaves, till he could bring his comrades to the feast, but himself furnished the repast."



GROTIUS, LORD GRANVILLE, AND OTHERS.—The memory of Grotius was so retentive that he remembered almost every thing he read. Scaliger could repeat a hundred verses after once reading them. Lord Granville knew the Greek Testament, from the beginning of Matthew to the end of the Revelation.