

seeing that Dora looked puzzled, she told her what Mrs. Rushton had advised.

"I would like very much to be your friend," cried Dora. "I will never tease you again."—*Selected.*

THE IRON WOLF.

I CONDUCTED the services two months ago," said the pastor of a western church, lecturing in the east, "at the funeral of one of my congregation. He had been a farmer. Forty years ago as a young man he commenced work for himself and his young wife with one hundred acres of land, and ended with one hundred. He was a skilled, industrious workman, but he laid by no money in the bank. I understood the reason, as I listened to the comments of his neighbors and friends.

"It was always a warm, hospitable home," said one. 'The poor man was never turned away from that door. His sons and daughters received the best education which his means could command. One is a priest, one a civil engineer, two are teachers; all lead useful and happy lives.'

"Said another neighbor: 'Those children sitting there and weeping are the orphans of a friend. He gave them a home. That crippled girl is his wife's niece. She lived with them for years. That young fellow who is also weeping so bitterly was a waif that he rescued from the slums of the city.'

"And so the story went on, not of a miser who had heaped dollar on dollar, but of a servant of God who had helped many lives and had lifted them out of misery and ignorance into life and joy.

"On my way home from the funeral I stopped at the farm of another parishioner, who said to me in a shrill, rasping tone:

"So poor Gray is dead! He left a poor account. Not a penny more than he got from his father. Now, I started with nothing, and look there,' pointing to his broad fields, 'I own down to the creek. D'ye know why? When I started to keep house I brought this into it the first thing,' taking an iron savings bank in the shape of a wolf out of a closet. 'Every penny I could take went into its jaws.

"It's surprising how many pennies you can save when you've a purpose. My purpose was to die worth fifty thousand dollars. Other men dressed their wives in merino; mine wore calico. Other men wasted money on schooling; my boys and girls learned to work early and keep it up late. I wasted no money on churches, or sick persons, or paupers, or books; and,' he concluded triumphantly, 'and now I own to the creek and that land, with the fields yonder, and the stock in my barns, is worth fifty thousand dollars. Do you see? And on the thin, hard lips was a wretched attempt to laugh.

"The house was bare and comfortless; his wife, worn out by work, had long ago crept into her grave; of his children, taught only to make money a god, one daughter, starved in body and mind, was still drudging in his kitchen; one son had taken to drink, having no other resource, and died in prison; the other, a harder miser than his father, stayed at home to fight with him over every penny wrung out of their fertile fields.

"Yesterday I buried this man," continued the narrator. "Neither neighbor nor friend, nor son nor daughter, shed a tear over him. His children were eager to begin the quarrel for the ground he had sacrificed his life to earn. Of it all he only had earth enough to cover his decaying body.

"Economy for a noble purpose," added the speaker, "is a virtue; but in the houses of some of our people it is avarice."—*Selected.*



LITTLE boy who was very fond of a missionary was much alarmed to hear that, in the country to which the missionary was appointed, there were fierce bears which were often dangerous to travellers. One day the child threw his arms around the neck of the missionary, and said:

"You shall not be a missionary. You shall not go!"

"Why not?" asked the missionary.

"Because the bears will kill you and eat you. You must not go."

"Oh, but I must go," said the good man. "God can take care of me. Will you pray to Him for me, and ask Him to keep me from the bears?"

"Yes," said the little one, "I will."

After this the little child always finished his prayer both night and morning with, "And please, God Almighty, keep the missionary from the bears."

It happened that on a missionary excursion, when this gentleman was one of the party, they met a large and savage bear. One of their number fired at the bear and wounded, but did not kill him; on which the animal turned on the missionary with fury and had just caught him, when another shot laid him dead. Remembering the prayer of his little friend, the missionary had one of the animal's paws cut off, and sent it home; and we have been told that it has now a silver plate attached to it, and is kept in the family as a token of the power of prayer.

"THERE was one thing that helped me very much while I preached to-day," said a minister once. "It was the quiet attention of a little girl who sat and looked at me all the time that I talked, and seemed to try to understand what I said. She was a great help to me."

Think of that when father and mother take you to church, and see if you can't help the minister too.