

Did Henry obey his mother? No doubt he meant to at that moment, but his love of Martin's company was so strong that it soon made him forget or despise his mother's wish. Skulking away from his home, he was, half an hour later, busy with his friend in the corn-field pitching pumpkins into the ox-cart, little dreaming what his disobedience was about to cost him.

When the cart was loaded Henry took his seat behind the oxen on the *tongue* of the cart. Martin sat on the pumpkins. Philo, the hired man, drove the team.

Philo was a funny fellow, and loved to tease boys. So when he came near a piece of rising ground he said:

"Look out, Henry! I shouldn't wonder if my oxen should contrive to kick you off your seat when you come to yonder hill."

This was Philo's joke. Henry thought he meant what he said, and jumping from the cart-tongue in haste fell flat upon the ground. One of the broad, heavy wheels rolled slowly over his shoulders.

Was he crushed to death? No. God saved him. Just at the moment of his fall the other wheel of the cart sunk into a hole, and so tipped the cart that its weight was taken off from the wheel which went over the boy's shoulders. He was not seriously hurt. Was it not wonderful?

Henry thought it was very wonderful. He felt that God was very good to save him in the midst of his contempt for his gentle mother. He felt ashamed of his conduct. He repented. He became a praying, obedient boy.

Suppose that wheel had crushed Henry to death, would he have gone to heaven, think you? Could God have taken him into his pure and glorious kingdom with his sin upon his head? No, no! Sinners must be pardoned and washed in Jesus's blood before they can be admitted to heaven. Plainly, if Henry had died in his sins he could not have gone to dwell with Jesus.

But who can tell when he will die? Children die every day without much warning; sometimes, indeed, without any warning at all. How dangerous it is, therefore, to commit sin! Do you think so? Then don't sin. Don't do anything that God hates. A child that sinneth hateth his own soul! X.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

### "OUR CHARLIE'S" WAGON.

BY WILL GWYNN.



GOOD-HEARTED painter some years ago made a beautiful little wagon, so nicely varnished and painted that it was like a parlor ornament, and he gave it to a Sunday-school scholar. On the front he had painted in gilt letters, "Our Charlie." You may well believe that Charlie's heart

was gladdened, and that he prized this gift very highly.

One day his mother came into the room where Charlie was skipping about with the wagon, and calling to him, she sadly whispered, "Son, you know poor Robbie Miller?"

"Yes, ma."

"Well, he is very sick, and there is no one to comfort or play with him. Wont you go over?"

Charlie cast his eyes to the play-wagon and hesitated; but looking up in his mother's face he saw the tears dimming her eyes, and he answered, "Yes, ma, I'll go; but why should you cry?"

"Because they are so needy and I haven't the means to help them. I *do* wish you could take something along that would cheer poor Robbie. You have no money, but—" and the poor woman hesitated.

"But what, ma?" anxiously questioned Charlie,

taking his little sleeve and playfully brushing the tears from her face.

"But your wagon could buy something. Thaddie Rose, the rich man's boy, who lives across the street, asked me only yesterday if you would part with it."

"Yes, I will, and that too right away!" earnestly answered Charlie, running out of the room with the toy-wagon at his heels.

In a small chamber, where only the light from a single window shone in, Robbie lay suffering with a typhoid fever. The door opened, and Charlie, with a well-filled basket on his arm, dashed up to the bed in high glee, catching Robbie by the hand and giving him a real honest grip.

"How glad I am to see you, Charlie; I have lain here since this morning without a single person to speak with me."

"What! has your mother gone?"

"Yes; she left before sunrise that she might, in part, make up the time that I'm losing now; but she wont have to work for me very long, Charlie," and



the speaker buried his face in the bed-clothes, unable to battle with such burning thoughts.

Ten years have passed. Charlie has become an orphan, and being possessed of a longing for travel, his steps are turned toward the great West. Arriving in Cincinnati disease overtakes him, and when again restored he is penniless. Carelessly strolling into a hotel and picking up a "daily," an advertisement, running, "WANTED—An industrious young man as accountant in a respectable establishment. Inquire at No. — street," attracts his attention, and he is soon at the place indicated. Heart-sore, desponding, and almost discouraged, he asks for the proprietor.

"Will Mr. Miller please step here a moment?" requested a clerk, beckoning to a tall, boyish-looking gentleman who stood at the book-keeper's desk watching nervously about him.

A pang shot through Charlie's heart as he looked into the blue eyes and wondered silently. Then he exclaimed:

"God is merciful! Isn't this my dear friend, Robbie Miller?"

"That is my name, and you are—"

"Charlie Thomas, whose name was on that little red wagon!"

The "bread had been cast upon the waters and found after many days."

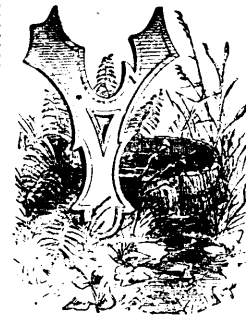
Following this joyous meeting, the blue sign above the carved entrance of one of the most prosperous houses in Cincinnati was changed to "Miller & Thomas."

May the little children, or older ones who have

grown far into their teens, learn from this example that it is far more blessed to give than to receive, and he that giveth shall have his reward.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

### A RACE WITH THE WOLVES.



ES, yes, I see plainly you do not think we have finished Russia properly without the wolves. Well, how will you have them? You do not wish to meet them nor have them come after you, and I doubt if they would come for our calling. Can we not compromise the matter and have a story about them here

as we sail away? Frank thinks that might answer if we could have a *true* story. Ah, Frank, you rogue! I see you remember your lessons; but really you don't think I'd tell you a wrong story, do you?

I heard of a wolf-hunt not long since that was frightful enough—why, you look disappointed! You prefer to hear about the wolves hunting the men, do you? Rather fierce, Archie; I advise you to tame down a little. You would not fancy it so well if you happened to be of the hunted party. Probably, however, the wolves would not object to hunting the hunters, and in that case we should have both sides of the story. For my part, I would much sooner hunt the wolves than have them hunt me, and so thought Prince Repline and his party.

The prince has among his estates one that borders on a vast steppe, or Russian prairie; and while on a visit there last winter with a couple of friends, the three decided to have a wolf-hunt. They equipped themselves in the usual manner riding in a good-sized troika, with three vigorous horses and the best driver on the estate. Each had two double-barreled guns and one hundred and fifty cartridges, or loads for the gun, as Robbie would call them. And what do you suppose they took to bait the wolves? Ah, you never would guess that. A live pig, if you please!

It was a fine moonlight night, and now having reached the plain, they put the pig out, tying him fast by a long rope, and start the horses on a gallop. Poor piggy not fancying this gait begins to squeal. As intended, this attracts the wolves, who would like to make pork of him, and they come howling along, only two or three of them at first, and that rather shyly, when they see that piggy is not alone. Besides, it would not be easy to overtake him. The horses have heard the howling, and as they are mortally afraid of the wolves they increase their speed. Now the pack, increased to eight or ten, gains confidence, but so soon as they come near enough the hunters shoot. One of the animals is wounded, and according to their usual wolfish fashion the others stop to devour him. Then they press on again. Their cries and the squeals of the pig call out others, and now the hunters load and fire all the time. So far the sport goes well as usual, but if one of the horses should balk, or run away, or upset the troika, all would be over, and the passing traveler the next day would find only the ruins of the sled, the barrels of the guns, and some of the larger bones of the men and the horses.

But at last the contest becomes too warm; the numbers surpass their anticipations. The firing makes no impression on them and is stopped, and the bait is taken in. Still they come, seeming to spring out of the ground like magic, extending around the hunters at the sides like a crescent, and threatening to inclose them. The horses are straining every nerve. It is a fearful moment!

"Ivan, what do you think of this?" says the prince to the driver.

"I would rather be at home, sir," is the frank reply.