

Children's Department.

The Boys and the Wolves.

A merchant of Hungary tells this story. In my home, in the neighborhood of Bistritz, something very extraordinary happened a few years ago. The country is mountainous, the inhabitants are poor, and there is no lack of experience in dangers. A poor widow lived in a village not far from the city; she was sick, and when there was no more wood for her fire she sent her two boys into the thicket with a sled. The oldest of the boys was not yet twelve, the other was just eight years old.

As they came past the church with their sled—I tell all as it happened—"Yanko," said the younger, "I am wonderfully low-spirited; it seems as if something bad might happen to us. Let us just go into the church."

The older answered: "I'll do it. I dreamed a wonderful dream last night. I do not remember it very well, only that I bled."

They left the sled standing at the church door and went in and prayed. Then they went on, feeling quite courageous, although they fell over each other in the deep snow. They found seasoned wood in great plenty, and were laying it in order on the sled and binding it fast, when they discovered in the distance two wolves running towards them. To escape by running was impossible; there was not a tree near by which they could save themselves, for about them were only bushes; and of what help would the highest tree have been? The wolves would have kept watch beside it, and the boys would have starved. What could they do in such distress?

The older one, a boy of decision, covered his small brother with the sled, threw as much wood on it as he could, and called to him "Pray, but do not stir. I'm not afraid."

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CORDIAL ENDORSEMENT.

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"I know Mr. Aikens to be a strictly honest, straightforward man, and take much pleasure in testifying to the truth of the testimonial he gives above." F. G. SANDERSON, Druggist, Queen Street, St. Mary's, Ontario.

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"Ah, God," said the other, crying, "if we are killed, our mother will die of grief."

The larger boy, Yanko, took his position with the axe ready to strike, and as one wolf, which was greatly heated by running ahead, came up, the boy struck him a blow on the back of the neck, so that he fell to the ground. At this instant the other wolf seized Yanko by the arm and threw him down, but Yanko, without any outcry that would have made his brother expose his life to danger, grasped the monster's throat with both hands and held off his wide open jaws. An indescribable anguish seized the concealed brother. He threw off the sled and the wood, picked up the fallen axe, and dealt several blows on the back of the wolf, which turned against his new enemy, and without doubt would have torn him to pieces if Yanko had not snatched up the axe as quick as lightning and struck the wolf on the head. In this way two weak boys, through God's help and their own courage, were made conquerors of two fearful beasts of prey without a single dangerous wound. Astounded, they gazed at each other and then

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at the beasts, which lay dead on their backs; their jaws open; they were amazed at the fearful mouth and strong teeth which might have crunched them. Then they knelt down and prayed, and after they had thanked God for their deliverance, they went home shouting, with their wood and two killed wolves. I myself saw the boys as they went through the streets with the wolves. They told their story, and were admired, petted, and rewarded by the whole city.

When not to Cry.

Poor Geoffrey was always in trouble. He lived in a grand house which stood in a beautiful park. He had more toys than he knew what to do with, and a pony to ride whenever he liked, but whatever time in the day you saw him you would be sure to notice a cloud on his face, and most likely tears in his eyes.

There was a lady who came to visit at Geoffrey's home, and it grieved her to see the sad looks of the little boy.

One day she found him sitting alone in the grounds looking very melancholy, so she sat down beside him and asked what was the matter.

The tears fell quickly as Geoffrey explained that his favourite white rabbit had escaped from its hutch and was lost. Miss Rice sympathised with the little boy in his trouble, and then she tried to draw his attention to something pleasanter by talking about his birthday, which was near at hand. But Geoffrey shook his head; he could not think of any new treat to choose for it, and his tears came afresh. The lady looked puzzled for a minute, and then she said—

"When I was a little older than you, Geoffrey, my father and mother went away to India, and I was sent to live with an old lady. She was very kind to me, but there were two occasions when she would not allow me to cry, and if I did I was sure to be punished."

Geoffrey looked a little interested. "When was that?" he said.

"First, I must not cry about anything that could be set right. 'If you can do anything, do it,' she used to say 'it is waste time crying and fret-

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