

do less than his master; he could not return to the court while the King held on his way alone. But when they came forth on the bleak moor his courage failed.

"My liege," he said, "I cannot go on. The wind freezes my very blood. P'ay you, let us return."

"Seems it so much?" asked the King. "Was not His journey from Heaven a wearier and colder way than this?"

Otto answered not.

"Follow me on still," said St. Wenceslaus. "Only tread in my footsteps, and you will proceed more easily."

The servant knew that his master spoke not at random. He carefully looked for the footsteps of the King; he set his own feet in the print of his lord's feet.

And so great was the virtue of this Saint of the Most High, such was the fire of love that was kindled in him, that, as he trod in those steps, Otto gained life and heat. He felt not the wind; he heeded not the frost; the footprints glowed as with a holy fire, and zealously he followed the King on his errand of mercy.—*Rev. J. M. Neale, D.D.*

### A BRAVE HUNTER.

"THERE! Is't that a beauty? All I want now is to meet a bear or a lion, or a panther, or something!" said ten-year-old Charlie, as he proudly showed his oak bow and gaily painted arrows, which Peter Semps, an Indian boy had given him.

"Wouldn't our old Billy sheep do as well?" laughed papa.

"Billy sheep!" exclaimed Charlie, almost ready to cry, "Just wait, and you'll see, papa! I'm going hunting."

Now papa had planted a field of fodder-corn, which grew so tall that a man on horseback could barely see over the top in places. Here was just the place for a bear-hunt—so our Charlie thought.

He marched boldly down the hill, and entered the corn-field, while papa watched him with twinkling eyes. Perhaps he was thinking of the time when he, too, owned a bow and arrow.

"He will get lost!" said mamma anxiously. Mammams are always anxious about ten-year-old boys, you know.

"No, no!" laughed papa. "Let him go. He will have a good time, and nothing can hurt him there. Let him go; it is a real forest to him. I'll send Brave by-and-bye. He can fetch him out if he is lost."

But papa didn't know what there was hidden in that corn-field; he didn't even dream the truth, or else Charlie wouldn't have gone there alone, you may be sure.

For a time Charlie went on gaily among the long shady rows. It was quite like a forest.

Frisky squirrels chattered, and ran away before him; tiny mice peered at him with bright, questioning eyes, and once he started a flock of partridges, which were looking for their supper; but such game was too small for our young hunter. He was after a bear—and he found it.

Over towards the real woods, where the sweet corn was planted, and the rows were thinner and not as tall, he saw a great, black bear, sitting upright on his haunches, and stripping the ears of tender corn.

What a splendid chance! Little Charlie trembled with excitement, and perhaps he was a little, only a little, frightened.

He dropped upon his knee, as he had seen Peter do, and fitted his prettiest arrow, and twanged the bow.

"Ouf: ouf!" said the bear, as the arrow whizzed by him, just touching the tip of one round ear.

Then he spied Charlie, who was just fitting another arrow with eager, trembling hands. He didn't stop to pick out the prettiest one this time. This one struck him plump upon the nose, dropping on his forefeet, he shuffled towards Charlie. The brave hunter became the hunted.

That was more than he had bargained for, and throwing down his bow and arrows, he gave a screech and darted ahead, with that great black bear close behind him!

After Charlie left, papa sat on the veranda, and smiled as he read. Then a man came hurriedly up the walk.

"See anything of a bear around here?" he said. "I belong to Lock's circus, and our best performing bear got loose last night. We've tracked him as far as your corn-field—"

"Our corn-field?" gasped mamma. "And Charlie—"

"Pooh! the animal is tame, and won't hurt him," said papa, but his face was very pale, as he snatched up his hat and whistled for Brave, and then led the way to the corn-field.

"Seek him, Brave! Seek him, good dog!" he said, when they reached the spot where Charlie had entered the corn.

Away went the dog, and away went papa and the circus man after him.

They heard Charlie scream, saw him dashing through the corn, and the next instant the great brute lunged forward, and caught the little hunter in his strong paws.

"Don't be a bit uneasy sir," said the circus man. "That's only one of his tricks. Stand back; I'll soon have him safe. Down, Brutus! down, sir!" and the bear instantly obeyed.

So Charlie had his bear hunt—rather too much of it; but he will always be thankful that that circus man was so near.—*Selected.*