



### A TRUE WOLF STORY.

NEAR Waverly, in Iowa, a nest of wolves was found. The little fellows were so young that they had not yet opened their eyes; and the man who found the nest took one of them, and put it with some puppies about the same age, and the mother-dog adopted it.

The young wolf was of a yellow-gray colour, while all the puppies were jet black. It grew fast in its new home, and was soon larger than the mother-dog, who seemed, however, to have the same affection for the wolf as for the other members of her family.

All the puppies were finally given away, and the mother-dog had only the young wolf left. It was amusing to see them play together. The wolf had become so large that he would toss his adopted mother about as he pleased.

This wolf is still allowed his liberty, and runs about like a dog. Thus far he has done no injury to the boys, who delight to play with him. I suppose he imagines himself a dog; but the neighbours who hear his doleful howlings night after night think differently. They fear that he may not continue his good behaviour, and are anxious to have him killed.

### A STORY ABOUT A LITTLE GIRL

"NELLIE, you can't go to Sunday-school any more" So said Mr. R——, an infidel father, as his sweet-faced child came home one Sunday. He hated the Bible. He hated God. Nellie looked him straight in the eye, not saucily, not angrily, but only to see if he meant it. She believed he did. What should she do? Cry? Pout her lips and look cross? Go into the bed-room, and slam the door with vengeance? She went quietly to the outside door, opened it, went out, shut

it carefully, and with a heavy heart crossed the street to the stable.

What could she be going over there for? To have room to cry? Or call papa names? Her papa was curious to know. Her not saying a word, her look of sorrow, her quiet way of leaving him, stung him. He rose, and looked out to see where Nellie went. No sooner had the stable-door closed behind her, than he went quietly out and across the way

to listen. As the conscience-stricken man almost held his breath to hear every sound, he heard a sweet, tremulous voice saying, "Dear Father in heaven, bless my dear papa; give him a new heart, and make him willing I should go to the Sunday-school, for Jesus' sake. Amen."

Scarcely was the prayer ended before the father rushed into the stable, and, pressing the child to his bosom, said, "You may go to the Sunday-school as much as you please. I will never say another word against it."

Two weeks passed, and the infidel father lay on a sick-bed, from which he was never to rise. Nellie watched him very tenderly, as did the anxious mother. "Papa, may I come and sit by you when you are awake?" "Yes, Nellie." "And may I bring my little Bible, papa?" "Yes." "And may I read to you some of my Sunday-school lessons, and tell you what my teacher said?" "Yes, Nellie, you may."

A few weeks elapsed. Every day found the little eight-year-old preacher by the infidel father's pillow, telling of Jesus. The Spirit owned the word, and sent it home to the proud heart. He would hide in his "refuge of lies" no longer. He was soon to face God, whom he had tried to deny. His strong will yielded; his heart melted; and the dear child's prayers were heard. The infidel owned his God, accepted his little child's Saviour, and died rejoicing in Jesus. Is anything too hard for the Lord? God hath chosen the weak things to confound the mighty.

"We've 'listed in a holy war,  
Battling for the Lord;  
Eternal life, eternal joy,  
Battling for the Lord."

It is a pleasure to obey those we love. Their commands we do not forget. If we love God, we will keep his commandments

### A MITE SONG.

ONLY a drop in the bucket,  
But every drop will tell;  
The bucket would soon be empty  
Without the drops in the well.

Only a poor little penny;  
It was all I had to give;  
But as pennies make the dollars,  
It may help some cause to live.

A few little bits of ribbon  
And some toys; they were not new,  
But they made the sick child happy,  
Which has made me happy, too.

Only some outgrown garments;  
They were all I had to spare;  
But they'll help to clothe the needy,  
And the poor are everywhere.

God loveth the cheerful giver,  
Though the gift be poor and small;  
What doth he think of his children  
When they never give at all?

### NO USE FOR IT.

AT school little boys and girls learn lessons about how many inches make a foot, how many ounces make a pound, and how many farthings make a penny. One day, when the lesson was the table called "ale and beer measure," a little boy remarkable for the correct manner in which he usually said his lesson, was quite unprepared.

"How is this, John?" said his teacher.

"I thought it was of no use," said John.

"No use!" interrupted the teacher.

"No, sir; it's ale and beer measure," said John.

"I know it is," said the teacher.

"Well, sir," said the boy, "father and I both think it is no use to learn about ale and beer, as we both mean never to buy, sell, or drink it."

### TAKING THE CHILDREN.

A LITTLE boy was deeply interested in reading "The Pilgrim's Progress," the characters in that wonderful book being all living men and women to him. One day he came to his grandma and said:

"Grandma, which of all the people do you like the best?"

"I like Christian," was the reply, giving the little boy her reasons. "Which do you like the best?"

Looking up into her face with some hesitation, he said, slowly, "I like Christians."

"Why, my son?"

"Because she took the children with her, grandma."