

"I expect it's Sam coming after me. I told him not to be late," said Mrs. Nancy.

"It may be my Andy, coming from Cousin Riley's corn-planting," said Mrs. Givena; "though he allowed it would take till night. Says I to him, when he started this mornin', 'Andy,' says I, 'we must plant our truck-patch to-morrow—change work or no change work.' So I 'low it's not him."

Nancy rose to take a look. Just at this moment the dog shot like a bolt in the cabin, and darted under the bed. At the same moment the children set up a piercing scream. The women and Simple Simon ran out into the yard in time to see a monstrous wolf spring towards the children.

The frantic mother uttered a heart-breaking cry, "It's the mad wolf! It's the mad wolf!"

Sad indeed would it have been for that household had not the love Simple Simon bore the children overcome all fear. With an astonishing quickness he bounded toward the beast, shouting at the top of his voice. The shout distracted the aim of the wolf, and gave time for Simple Simon to rush between it and the girls. Barely time—for the mad animal sprang at the imbecile, and fastened his fangs in the arm. It was now that the great strength of Simple Simon was displayed. With his free arm he seized the furious beast by the throat, until the cruel fangs relaxed. Then he held him with both hands until Mrs. Nancy beat his brains out with the axe. The mother lay in a dead faint, from which she was not recovered until the animal was killed.

The poor imbecile's arm was sorely lacerated. While the women were busy dressing it, Nancy's husband drove up to the fence. He stopped as he passed through the yard, astonished to see a dead wolf, which he carefully examined. His wife explained; and they both agreed, after another searching scrutiny of the dead beast, that it was really rabid. They looked at each other.

"Poor Simon!" said Nancy, bursting into tears. "I'll go for the Squire," said Sam, running to his team. "Squire" was the title by which Givena's husband was known in the settlement. "He knows more than all the settlement put together," said Sam. And he drove furiously away across the prairie.

By ten o'clock that night nearly the entire population of the two settlements had been to Squire Tullis', and, with awe-stricken looks, had gazed at Simple Simon. A doctor had been sent for from a great distance. Inquiries were made for a mad-stone, but none had ever heard of any in the country. The early settler had great faith in the mad-stone. All was done for the wounded man that could be, with the appliances at hand.

It was only by spells that Simple Simon seemed to realize his situation. His mind was filled with his new hymn. After the pain was assuaged, when the house was fullest of visitors, he sang it for them.

"I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger."

So rose the homely strain, firmly and clearly:

"I can tarry—I can tarry but a night."

There was not a dry eye in the house, and strong men wept aloud.

Simple Simon had no near relatives, although the upper settlement were nearly all distantly connected. These offered no objection to his remaining at Squire Tullis', as that was his desire. He was the subject of every attention. The wound healed rapidly; and Mrs. Tullis hoped, despite her reason, that they were all mistaken in the character of the wolf. But before the month was over, the imbecile was laid away to rest in the new graveyard overlooking a placid reach in the Hundred-

and-Two. Not long after the funeral, at which the entire country-side was present, Mrs. Givena was visiting at Nancy's, and related the final scenes.

"It was real pitiful, and our hearts bled to see his suffering. But through all his punishment ran a tangled thread of his two hymns. Between the spasms it was first—

'I belong to the band, hallelujah!'

Then he would seem to collect his thoughts, and he would break out—

'I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger;
I can tarry—I can tarry but a night.'

When the spasm would seize him, he would rise from the bed, and Andy would take him by the arm, and they would walk rapidly back and forth across the room. That was all there was of madness in him. But he must have suffered terribly. He grew weak incredibly fast. He lived but two days and nights after the first attack. When he passed away, it was so gently that the Squire, who was watching, was not quite sure when he ceased to breathe. His last words were scraps from his hymns. There was no simple look about him as he lay in his coffin. He looked wise and happy. All agreed to that. Andy can hardly get over it. He bursts out every time his name is mentioned. Andy says every day, says he, 'Givena, if we all die as close to the pearly gates as Simple Simon did, it will be but a short step within.' That's my opinion, too."

In the pleasant cemetery overlooking that quiet prairie stream, is a marble monument. The grave to which it belongs is tended with scrupulous and affectionate care. Upon it this text is engraved: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend." Above the verse is the name: "Simple Simon Um, aged 37."

The stranger, puzzled by the name and epitaph, is told the artless tale, and so the story is kept as fresh to-day as when Simple Simon offered himself in sacrifice.—*Our Youth.*

DOGS IN THE OLD MEETING-HOUSE.

The pews were eight feet square, roomy enough almost to keep house in, though not provided with fire-places—as is sometimes the case in old parish churches in England. There were seats on the four sides of the pews, with chairs in the centre for the grandfather and grandmother, or the elderly aunt. All the family went to meeting, including the dog. Knowledge of this last custom has always been pleasant to me. Why should not the faithful dog go to church!

I remember being one day at Trinity Church, Boston, and as the vast congregation moved slowly in I saw among them a beautiful Scotch collie. He walked gravely on, thrusting his nose inquiringly into each pew, evidently searching for his master or mistress. Nobody molested him, and I trust he found the one for whom he was seeking, and heard the choir as they sung:

"O all ye beasts and cattle, bless ye the Lord; praise him and magnify him forever."

The Scotch shepherd takes his dog with him to Sunday services.

But one Sunday there was a disturbance. In the early Town Records is recorded an annual vote which decrees that hogs shall be suffered to run at large "yoked and ringed according to law." On this particular Sunday one or two of these strayed into the precincts of the meeting-house and began to root around one of the door stones, accompanying their rooting with grunts of unctuous satisfaction. The dogs heard them and could not be restrained. They leaped the high pews with their carved railings, and in a body rushed out and drove

the intruders away, afterward returning and decorously re-taking their places. How delightful, how refreshing must such an episode have been to the boys and girls! For weary times they have had sitting out the long service—not only with the eye of the tithing-man upon them, but those of three other grave and reverend seniors, chosen expressly to keep them in order, and to "have inspection over the young people on Sabbath days to prevent their profanation thereof."—*Wide Awake.*

A Sign-Board.

I WILL paint you a sign, rum-seller,
And hang it above your door:
A truer and better sign-board
Than you ever had before.
I will paint with the skill of a master,
And many shall pause to see
This wonderful piece of painting,
So like the reality.

I will paint you yourself, rum-seller,
As you wait for that fair young boy,
Just in the morn of manhood,
A mother's pride and joy.
He has no thought of stopping,
But you greet him with a smile,
And you seem so blithe and friendly
That he pauses to chat awhile.

I will paint you again, rum-seller:
I will paint you as you stand
With a foaming glass of liquor
Holding in either hand.
He wavers, but you urge him;
"Drink! pledge me just this one!"
And he lifts the glass and drains it,
And the hellish work is done.

And I will next paint a drunkard;
Only a year has flown,
But into this loathsome creature
The fair young boy has grown.
The work was quick and rapid;
I will paint him as he lies
In a torpid drunken slumber,
Under the wintry skies.

I will paint the form of the mother
As she kneels at her darling's side;
Her beautiful boy that was dearer
Than all the world beside.
I will paint the shape of the coffin
Labelled with one word—"Lost!"
I will paint all this, rum-seller,
I will paint it free of cost.

The sin, and the shame and the sorrow,
The crime, and want, and woe,
That are born there in your rum-shop,
No hand can paint, you know.
But I'll paint you a sign, rum-seller,
And many shall pause to view
This wonderful swinging sign-board,
So terribly, fearfully true.

"HATE EVIL"

DR. ARNOLD, of Rugby, that great and good lover of boys, used to say, "Commend me to boys who love God and hate the devil."

The devil is the boy's worst enemy. He keeps a sharp look-out for the boys. He knows that if he can get them he shall have the men. And so he lies in wait for them. There is nothing too mean for him to do that he may win them.

And then, when he gets them into trouble, he always sneaks away and leaves them. Not a bit of help or comfort does he give them.

"What did you do it for?" he whispers. "You might have known better."

Now the boy who has found out who and what the devil is ought to hate him. It is his duty. He cannot afford not to hate this enemy of all that is good and true with his whole heart.

Hate the devil and fight him, boys; but be sure and use the Lord's weapons.