

on his back; and that if he pleased, he should rather run off to school on his legs, and leave the house, which he had not yet learned all the twists and turns of, till he came home.

But the old gentleman did not like to have any one contradict him; and being rather quick in his movements, he seized up Jasper with his long bony arms, as he called it, though Jasper, felt all the time it was nothing but an ugly snailshell.

He kicked and struggled, and tried to cry out for help; and, just as his head was entering the mouth of the shell, and receiving a hard knock from the top of it,—for the old man was not very gentle in his movements,—he awoke (all this time he had been fast asleep under the pear-tree,) and was much pleased to find nothing worse had happened to him, than that he had received a pretty hard blow from a large, fine St. Michael pear, which the wind had blown down upon him, and the blow from which had been changed, as he slept, into the pain he felt from being crowded into the snail-house.

He was very glad to find that matters were no worse with him. He looked round for the snail whose motions had attracted his attention before he fell asleep. He had walked off house and all; and was nowhere to be seen. Jasper concluded to run home, pear in hand; and while the family were at supper, he told the story of his dream. It seemed so remarkable, that one of the company present retired directly after supper, and wrote down the particulars of this odd dream.—*To-Day.*

### The Breakfast.

“Is this all we are going to have for breakfast?” said James, as he seated himself at the table.

“Yes,” said his mother, “the bread and butter are fresh, and the potatoes are baked very nicely; they would be a great luxury to many poor children, this cold morning.”

James said nothing more, but began to eat very slowly, and rather sullenly. He knew that he must eat what was set before him, or go without food till dinner.

“Mrs Green,” said the colored woman as she entered the room, “Mrs. Johnson’s two little girls are in the kitchen; they are almost frozen, and are very hungry; they have not had anything to eat since

yesterday. Can they have some of the cold meat that was left yesterday?”

“Poor things!” said Mrs. Green, “I will come out and see them. James, you may come with me, and see if they will eat what you are so strongly inclined to refuse.”

James hung down his head and followed his mother into the kitchen.

Mrs. Green gave the little girls some bread and butter, and some baked potatoes, which they ate with a voracity which showed they told the truth when they said they were very hungry.

“O how nice,” said the youngest, a little girl six years of age. “How I wish mother was here.”

Mrs. Green gave them a supply of things, suitable for their widowed mother in her needy circumstances, and they left the house very happy.

As Mrs. Green returned to the breakfast room, James put his arms round his mother’s neck, and bursting into tears said, “Mother I never will complain again.”—*New York Recorder.*

WOLF HUNTING IN FRANCE.—Some grand wolf hunts have just taken place in the environs of Gourin, department of the Morihan, a very wild country. In one of them a young Parisian lady, accompanied by her husband, was noted for the ardour with which she followed the hounds. On entering a valley she all at once found herself in a bog. She made her horse take several leaps in order to reach solid ground; but at last the animal could go no further, and began to sink. First he descended to the knees, then to the body, and afterwards to the back. At that moment the lady, with great presence of mind, drew up her riding habit, and stood up on the saddle. Still the poor horse continued to go lower. She thereupon placed her feet on its head, and with a vigorous leap succeeded in reaching *terra firma*. Her husband was near to her, and, as his horse was also sinking, he followed her example. The escape was considered most miraculous. The emotion caused by the danger of the lady and her husband was so great that the hunt was suspended. The horses were rescued with great difficulty.—*Galignani.*

There are two chapters in the Bible alike: the 19th of 2nd Kings, and the 37th of Isaiah. I’m in a rapid decline, as the man said when he was falling from the house top.