

house made of cloth, by driving high sticks firmly into the ground, and then drawing curtains all over them. It is very comfortable and cool in a warm country, where there is no rain; but then there are no doors or windows to shut as we do at night, to make all safe. One night they had to sleep in a very wild place, near a thick wood. The lady said—'Oh, I feel so afraid to-night; I cannot tell you how frightened I am. I know there are many tigers and wild animals in the wood: and what if they should come upon us?' Her husband replied, 'My dear, we will make the servants light a fire, and keep watch, and you need have no fear; and we must put our trust in God.' So the lady kissed her baby, and put it into its cradle; and then she and her husband knelt down together, and prayed to God to keep them from every danger; and they repeated that pretty verse, 'I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep; for thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety.'

"In the middle of the night the lady started up with a loud cry, 'O my baby! my baby! I dreamed just now that a great tiger had crept below the curtains and ran away with my child!' And when she looked into the cradle, the baby was not there! Oh, you may think how dreadful was their distress. They ran out of the tent, and there in the moonlight they saw a great animal, moving towards the wood, with something white in his mouth.—They wakened all the servants, and got loaded guns, and all went after it into the wood.—They went as fast and yet as quietly as they could, and very soon they came to a place where they saw through the trees that the tiger had lain down, and was playing with the baby, just as pussy does with a mouse before she kills it. The baby was not crying, and did not seem hurt. The poor father and mother could only pray to the Lord to help, and when one of the men took up his gun, the lady cried, 'Oh, you will kill my child!' But the man raised the gun and fired at once, and God made him do it well. The tiger gave a loud howl, and jumped up, and then fell down again, shot quite dead. Then they all rushed forward, and there was the dear baby quite safe, and smiling, as if it were not at all afraid."

"O uncle, what a delightful story! and did the baby really live?"

"Yes; the poor lady was very ill afterwards, but the baby not at all. I have seen it often since then."

"Oh, have you really seen a baby that has been in a tiger's mouth?"

"Yes, I have, and you too."

"We, uncle! when have we seen it?"

"You may see him just now."

The children looked all round the room, and then back to uncle George, and something in his eyes made Lucy exclaim, Uncle, could it have been yourself?"

"Just myself."

"Is it true you were once in a tiger's mouth? But you do not remember about it?"

"Certainly not; but my father and mother have often told me the story. You may be sure that often, when they looked at their child afterwards, they gave thanks to God.—It was He who made the mother dream, and awake just at the right minute, and made the tiger hold the baby by the clothes, so as not to hurt it, and the man fire, so as to shoot the tiger, and not the child. But now good night, my dear girls, and before you go to bed, pray to God to keep you safe, as my friends did that night in the tent."

"But, uncle, we do not live in tents; our nursery door shuts quite close, and there are no tigers going about here. The man in the gardens told us that his one was quite safe locked up."

"Yes, my love, but there are many kinds of danger in this world, and we need God to take care of us here quite as much as in India. Good night, and learn by heart my mother's favourite verse—I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep, for thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety."—CHILD'S PAPER.

A MOTHER'S PRAYERS.

"I will contend with him that contendeth with thee, and I will save thy children." You have not escaped conflict regarding any one of these children. He that was taken earliest home cost you perhaps the least. It made you anxious first to see the boy set off for school. It would not have been wise to warn him any more. Yet there was much more you would fain have said to him; but it all fell back on your own heavy heart, and never was it so difficult for you to roll any care on the Angel of the covenant. It was never so hard to tarry at the emptying home when so much of your heart was going from you. It was harder still, after the days of wise parental restriction were past, to see the rules kept by all the other children—broken by him only. To find the first novels lying where God's Word used to be, how it went to your heart! Still you bore up. You praised the Divine Spirit who had set the mark of the Lamb on