

cast away the words of darkness and put upon us the armour of light, now in the time of this mortal life, in which Thy Son Jesus Christ came to visit us in great humility; that in the last day, when He shall come again in His glorious majesty, to judge both the quick and the dead, we may rise to the life immortal, through Him who liveth and reigneth with Thee and the Holy Ghost, now and ever. Amen."—*The Churchman*, N. Y.

LOST IN THE JUNGLE.

BY THE REV. A. N. C. STORRS.
(From *The Children's World*)

This letter has most kindly been sent to us for publication. It was written by Mr. Storrs to two schoolboy cousins in England. Its tale of adventure will be warmly welcomed and eagerly read by our readers, girls as well as boys.—*Ed. C. W.*

WE were staying for the holidays at a Mission bungalow (house), at a place called Dohnavur, about twenty-five miles from Cape Comorin (look it out on your map, it is the most southerly point of India). There were three of us in the house, Mr. Price (whom you heard at Exeter Hall), Mrs. Storrs, and myself. We had besides three or four Native servants, and some girls from Mrs. Storrs' school, who had no homes to go to during the holidays, and so spent the time with us.

Mr. Price and I wished to see a dam at the top of the hills, about ten miles away, which had been constructed to prevent a stream running to waste in the jungle, when the water could be used for irrigating the rice-fields in the hot, dry plains. As both of us are fond of climbing we knew we should enjoy the walk.

So one morning, very early, we started for the foot of the hills, Mr. Price in a cart drawn by the bullocks, and I on my white pony. Fortunately there was very bright moonlight, for the road was very rough, especially when we got near to the foot of the hills, where large stones had come rolling down from the hills, in some places nearly blocking up the path.

When we reached the foot of the hills we both of us got down and began to walk. The sun was just rising as we began to ascend, lighting up the thick forest all round us, and making the granite rocks quite red with the morning glow. The path was not very steep, being cut in a zig-zag way up the hill-side, but by-and-by the hot sun began to beat down on the back of one's head, and we got very thirsty; our coolies were carrying our food behind us, and they came on very slowly; and the mountain streams were all dried up or nearly so, so that we got more and more thirsty. At last we reached an old coffee plantation; the house of the planter who formerly lived

there had fallen into ruins, and the garden flowers were all growing rank and wild, but we found what refreshed us more than water could have done—clusters of sweet little tomatoes growing all about the ruins, so ripe and red and juicy, that we had a grand feast and went on our way refreshed. A little further on a huge python crossed our path, and my little dog followed his trail till he came to a tree overhanging the road. I looked up and saw the creature coiled along the topmost bough, looking down at us with its glittering eyes.

We reached the house, built by the engineers while constructing the dam, very tired and very hungry, having climbed up 4500 feet. We were at first rather disappointed at finding it locked, but we broke in one of the doors and our servants immediately set about preparing our breakfast. Our coolies who had carried up our pots and pans were so hungry that they began to pick the roses which grew round the bungalow, and to eat them.

After breakfast we began exploring the forest around. I found out the stone dam. There was a good deal of water in the lake, and I could see it was a place where wild animals come to drink. There was the mark of a young elephant's foot in the mud close to the water, which had evidently only just been made.

(To be continued)

A LITTLE THOUGHT.

A little light may brightly shine
Athwart this world of gloom,
May guide the feet of youth and age,
And lead some lost one home.

Our Saviour said, "Let your light shine."
Then lift your lamp on high;
If trimmed by constant faith and prayer,
'Twill shine in purity.—*Selected.*

CALENDAR FOR DECEMBER.

December 5—	2nd Sunday in ADVENT.
" 12—	3rd Sunday in ADVENT.
" 15 }	EMBER DAYS.
" 17 }	
" 18 }	
" 19—	4th Sunday in ADVENT.
" 21—	ST. THOMAS: Apostle and Martyr.
" 25—	CHRISTMAS DAY.
" 26 {	1st Sunday after Christmas. ST. STEPHEN: First Martyr.
" 27—	
" 27—	ST. JOHN: Apostle and Evangelist
" 28—	THE INNOCENTS' DAY.

"Behold thy KING cometh unto unto thee."

"The voice of one crying in the wilderness,
prepare ye the way of the LORD, make His paths
straight."