

not crying, and did not seem hurt. The poor father and mother could only pray to the Lord for 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."

" And did the baby really live ? "

" Yes ; the poor lady was very ill afterwards, but the baby was not at all. I have seen it often since then. You may be sure that often, when they looked at their child afterwards, the parents 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 little girls ; and, before you go to bed, pray to God to keep you safe, as my friend did that night in the tent.—*Children's Paper*."

LITTLE HARRY.

[For the " Juvenile Presbyterian."]

MY DEAR LITTLE CHILDREN,

I am going to tell you a story, that I think you will like, about a little boy just like one of yourselves, and it is a true story too, so you may believe every word of it. Harry was a sweet little boy, but so delicate that he was often very ill, and his parents were extremely anxious about him, for they loved him very dearly, his mother tenderly watched over him, and he was so gentle and patient that everybody loved to do all they could for him ; he always took the medicines that the doctor gave him so sweetly, though they were often very disagreeable, that his mamma used to say to him : " Bless you, my darling son, for taking your medicines so well, it makes me very happy, and you will be well all the sooner." His mamma loved to tell Harry of " Jesus," and the beautiful home in Heaven which He said He would go and prepare for those who loved Him, and about the bright Angels that are always around God's throne on high.

One day, when he was about six years old, he said to his mother, " Mamma, I want you to tell me more about my