

some plan is adopted by which the dangers attending them will be diminished, for it is terrible to think of the brave and heroic men who have lost their lives on account of them.

True Christian people ought to rejoice in the fact that wherever the explorer or trader goes, there also, nowadays, goes the missionary of the Church of God. Even in the distant Arctic regions missionaries are to be found, living a very hard and lonely life that they may teach Christ to the scattered inhabitants (chiefly Eskimos) found there. And sometimes they become snow blind, and for days and days have to be led about by some friend, and sometimes, weakened by disease, they have to lie down in the snow and die. But life after life falls away and life after life fills in to keep up the work of God. Strong or weak, sick or well this work goes on in the spirit of self-denial and even martyrdom. They witness for Christ with this prospect before them,—“Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, even so saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labors.”

THE TIGER AND THE MISSIONARY.

ONE evening in February, 18—, after tea, we had worship and commended ourselves, our friends and well-wishers and the Mission to God. We were all well, and dreaded no evil. There was money in the Mission-box, which is not always the case, and we were at peace with God and men. After worship I had to go outside, and right under the window was a tiger, about twelve feet off. My first thought was, turn and flee, but fearing he would jump on my back and shake me by the neck (as the cat does the rat) till I was dead, and seeing that I was too near to flee, I resolved to walk straight up to him, and begged Jesus to go with me and preserve me. The tiger had already been to the cow house and scratched a hole to get at the cows and calves. The walls, however, were thick and hard; so after scratching about nine inches deep, he gave it up as a bad job. Now he came to the house seeking his supper, and no doubt, thought he had found it, when he saw *poor me* walk up to him, not knowing but in a moment more I might be in his mouth. What a blessed thing that my soul was safe in my Savior's keeping!

On the veranda was lying my Scotch dog green from Scotland. He had never seen a tiger before: he had never looked in a picture-book; the village dogs might have told him many a tale of friends and relatives being carried away by tigers, but my dog was a white man's dog, and he would disdain talking to those low fellows in the village; so he rushed at him and barked furiously. The tiger had never seen impudence like this before. He was a man of war, and had taken his prey from his youth, and had always seen dogs taking to their heels much faster than he cared for; but here was a rough and hairy-looking stranger, with a deep bass voice, bearding him to his face. He snarled

at us and went a few steps on one side, and I made a shave between the wall and the tiger, praying all the time. When passing him I expected every moment he would paw me, and felt nervous. After walking about twenty yards I realized I was safe, and thanked God. I thought, “poor doggie! you will pay with your life for your master's safety.” Tigers and leopards are very fond of eating dogs; so I whistled for him. To my great joy he came, wagging his tail, and turning around barked again at the far-off tiger.

Does not the Holy Book say. “The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him?” Blessed be God, who has given us the angel of the covenant to watch over and keep us all the days of our life! (Isa. lxiii. 8, 9).

A LITTLE FIRE.

NOTHING so good, these cold days, you say, unless it be a great fire. But that depends on where it is. If it happens to be in the wrong place—in the kitchen closet, for instance, instead of the stove, under the bed instead of on the hearth, there is mischief enough.

“Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth!” says St. James in his Epistle. Even a mouse has been known to set a house on fire, by gnawing and rubbing matches. Only a tiny blaze in a corner of a cupboard at first, but presently the house is all in a blaze!

But St. James was not talking about houses on fire. He was speaking of tongues on fire; naughty tongues saying untrue or malicious things. How much trouble they may make! Some children have made their parents more trouble by their foolish or false talk than a little mouse would have made if it had set the house on fire and it had been burned down to the ground. And how many, many quarrels there have been between boys and girls, just because somebody repeated something, and did not repeat it just exactly as it was spoken!

“Katie Jones said you looked perfectly horrid,” Mollie Smith says to Annie Brown; and Annie is both wounded and angry, and thinks Katie a very mean girl. If she had known that Katie had said it was “perfectly horrid” that poor Annie Brown had to wear that old calico dress, and she wished she might give her one of her warm plaid ones, Annie would have felt very differently, and there would not have been that long quarrel between the two little girls. And yet Mollie Smith did not think she was saying anything more than the truth.

Be careful about the “little fire,” children: be careful not only to speak the truth, but to be considerate. “In her tongue is the law of kindness,” is a very beautiful thing to be said of any woman or little girl. And since boys are stronger than girls, they should be all the more ready to obey the “law of kindness” in their talk.—*Child's Paper*.