

opened for his use, and even that could not hold all the eager crowd which assembled to see and hear him. As the result of but a few days' effort, several persons expressed their purpose to lead a Christian life, and there is now a large and self-supporting church in that village.

## Our Young Folk.

### 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 Saviour'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 having been 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?" Probaby he gave him a crack with his wing and told him to find his supper somewhere else. 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).

### THE CARPENTER'S DREAM.

"IF I were rich, then I would give large sums." So people often say, without knowing their own hearts.

So the carpenter said. He was a poor man, and gave out of his poverty; but his small giving was painful to him. He saw the rich about him giving but little more than he gave, and sighing, he said, "If only I were rich, I would give largely." But neither did he know his own heart.

One night he dreamed. Before him was a beautiful pyramid of gold coins, and it was all his own. An angel stood by and reminded him of his wish for wealth that he might give more. "All this is yours. Now of your riches give largely."

The carpenter began to feel a little sorry that he had spoken so severely about the rich who gave so little. In fact, he felt uncomfortable before his lovely pile of gold. He walked around it. He looked at it from all sides. It seemed a pity to take away any part; for the pyramid would then be spoiled. "How can I give of this?" he said.

He awoke and found himself the same poor carpenter who went to sleep, but he had learned a lesson. Large giving does not depend upon wealth, but upon will; and riches are a beautiful pyramid which men do not want to break. The human heart is easily hardened by the deceitfulness of sin, and a poor man does not know a rich man's temptations.

"If I were rich." Yes, and if you were, you likely would be like the rich whom you judge. Better is it to give largely of what you have, which is all that God asks.—*Reformed Missionary Herald*.

### THE BIBLE IN A CHINESE PALACE.

WE have in our church in Peking, under Dr. Blodget's care, a zealous and warm-hearted tailor. Tailors are not thought much of in China. This one not only read the Bible, but wished his apprentices to, and one of them took a New Testament about with him to snatch a crumb from it as he could. Being a good workman, this tailor was sent for to work on the trousseau of the future Empress of China. I say future, because this occurred before the Chinese New Year, and before her marriage. While at work in her father's palace the tailor apprentice had his book open. The grandmother—a remarkable woman and head of the establishment—came along and asked him about it and told him to explain it to her. He protested he had no learning, and she told him to tell what he could. So he read a few verses and explained, and she expressed herself much pleased, and thought it a very good doctrine. The man told her to what church he belonged, and that they had there a magic lantern with views of Bible scenes. She sent an invitation to have it shown at her house, so Dr. Blodget sent teacher Zen Hai, a young helper recently graduated from Yung Chow, with the pictures. The grandmother and all the household were assembled. The old lady was delighted with the scenes. When she saw Christ twelve years old in the temple, she said, "What a fine-looking young scholar!" The helper explained about His being the Saviour of the world, and came at last to the