



THE TIGER.

TIGER LAND.

BY F. L. OSWALD

ON board of a steamer that crosses the Mediterranean on the way from Marseilles to Algiers, I once heard a party of tourists discuss the advantages of well-wooded countries.

"What a paradise that coast must have been in the time of the heathens," said a French professor, "in the good old times when the world was still full of trees and wild animals."

"Yes, but Christians might find a wilderness of that sort a little too wild," observed our Italian physician.

"At least the wild animal part of it," said an old clergyman. "When I was a missionary in the East Indies, I once came across a wilderness of that kind that had become too much for the very heathens."

"Tell us all about it, please," said an American lady. "Was it on the Ganges, where they say the crocodiles are so large that they can swallow a person at a gulp?"

"Yes, on a branch of the Ganges," said the missionary, "but the crocodiles never troubled us in that part of the country. It was in the Behar district, on the road from Patna to Mirzapore, and we had to camp the second night, because the landlord of the wayside bungalow had been eaten by a tiger. There was a fine spring, and the weather was so dry that we could get along without a tent, but our guide advised us to send our horse to a stable in the abandoned farmstead, because it would not be safe to tether him in the bush."

"Do you think he will be stolen out here?" asked one of my companions.

"No, but eaten," said the guide. "The tigers killed the landlord's mare and two foals the week before he was eaten himself."

"We had better mind what we are doing before we camp in such a country," said my friend.

"Yes, we have to bang off a pistol the moment we hear our dogs bark," answered the guide.

"Suppose we should not wake in time?"

"Oh, the dogs will attend to that," said the guide. "They howl like crazy when a tiger gets within a hundred yards of a camp."

"We found that out before morning. About midnight I saw our big wolf-dog start up with all his hair standing on end, and a moment after howling and barking broke out, enough to wake the natives for miles around. It recommenced whenever I tried to get a minute's sleep, and we must have fired some 'weaty shots that night."

"There is a good well a mile from here," said the landlord, "but we are afraid to go

"We made about fifteen miles the next forenoon, and took dinner at a ferryman's house, near where our road crossed the Sone river.

"It is a pity I cannot offer you a glass of milk," said the ferryman's wife. "The tigers ate up our cow last Christmas, and we have drunk nothing but water ever since."

"Two miles on the other side of the ferry our horse came near running away. We had just crossed a little gully when a troop of steers came thundering down the road, as if the bush in their rear had caught fire, and went down the slope toward the river in a bee-line, tearing through fences and hedges in their mad career.

"Is the forest on fire?" I asked a man who came running after the bullock, flourishing a large bush, for the Hindus never beat black cattle with a club. "Your steers seem to be scared out of their wits."

"Yes, they saw a tiger on the ridge up there," said the man. "He made a spring just when the troop started, but by good luck he got nothing but a yearling."

"A mile further on we met a man who carried his arm in a sling.

"How did you get hurt?" asked the guide, when the man stopped to ask us for a copper coin.

"I jumped down a cliff to get away from a tiger," said he, "and I fell on my side and broke my arm. The worst about it was we had no surgeon to set the bones properly. Last year a good doctor settled at Rangaya, ten miles from here, but he was eaten by the same she tiger that killed an English officer two months ago. The old Sepoy surgeon at Panagore disappeared, and they do not know what became of him, but they found a piece of his coat in a ravine where the tigers killed Singh Amer's colt last winter."

"Couldn't you go to Patna and get your arm bandaged?" asked my friend.

"No, I was too weak to walk that far," said the poor fellow. "I had a fever the first week, and I could not go by the palanquin stage because it stopped running on account of the tigers."

"We were lucky enough to get lodgings at a stone-built house that night, and got permission to stable our horse in a collar of the building, where no wild beast could get him without tearing down the walls of the house first. Our supper, too, would have been more than usually good if the drinking water had not been so warm, and with a stale taste about it, as if it had been kept in a barrel several days."

"There is a good well a mile from here," said the landlord, "but we are afraid to go

near it till we can get a dozen of the neighbours to join us. The tigers killed three men and a boy there in less than one month, and we all agreed to get our water in barrels after this and take at least twelve men along with all the dogs we can find. We would have gone yesterday, but Zhib Moger's best mule was killed by the tigers, and we cannot start till he gets his brother's horse from Ramseegeo."

"You had better buy provisions enough to last you to Mirzapore," said the landlord, when we got ready to start next morning.

"Isn't there a stranger's house at Gayagung?" asked our guide.

"There was, but you know the whole village is broken up. So many got killed that their neighbours decided to move their households to Panagora rather than have to fight a couple of tigers every night."

"We hardly slept a wink in our next camp, and never felt at ease till we saw the towers of Mirzapore on the ridge of a hill that we could hope to reach before sunset. But before we got to the foot of that hill, we had to ford another river, and came near upsetting our coach in the swift current."

"Is there no ferryman here, now?" our guide asked a boy we met on the opposite bank.

"Yes, he still keeps the ferry," said the boy, "but he took his boat down to Bhundergutt this morning to fetch his brother and what is left of his property. He used to have a cow and a herd of goats, but the tigers ate the last one this week."

A GOOD REPLY.

A GENTLEMAN travelling on the railroad made the acquaintance of a fellow passenger, who with his wife and little son occupied seats adjoining his own. The boy was a good-tempered, frank little fellow, whose bright ways and childish talk were very entertaining.

He was busily engaged in trying to untie the knot of a parcel, which his new friend suggested he could not do, and offered to cut the string for him. But his prompt and well-pronounced reply was, "Thank you, sir, but my papa never allows me to say I can't. I belong to the the Try Company."

READING ONE HOUR A DAY.

THERE was once a lad who, at the age of fourteen, found himself an apprentice to a soap-boiler. Having a spare hour every day, he decided to pass that fleeting time in reading. Within a few weeks the habit became fixed, and then he thoroughly enjoyed his lesson. He stayed seven years at the place, and when he was twenty-one he took a position that could be filled only by an educated man.

Now let us see how much time he spent in reading during the seven years. At the rate of one hour a day, the whole time thus passed would be 2,555 hours. In other words, it was equal to the time one would spend in reading at the rate of eight hours each day, three hundred and ten days, or nearly a whole year.

—The ambitious young man who wants an opening has only to skate where the ice is thin.

—Little Dick: "Papa, how does thunder sour milk?" Papa: "It is not the thunder, but the electricity." Dick: "How does electricity sour milk?" Papa: "It works certain chemical changes in the constituents of the fluid, which result in the formation of an acid." Dick: "Of course. But how?" Papa: "I don't know." Dick: "I thought you didn't, or you wouldn't 'a' used such big words."

Comrades of the Cross.

BY E. A. GIRVIN.

Air—"We're Marching to Zion."

Come, comrades of the Cross, and serve the King of kings;
Each moment spent in sin is loss,
Each moment spent in sin is loss;
Life moves on rapid wings, Life moves on rapid wings.

CHORUS.

We're marching to Zion, beautiful, beautiful Zion;
We're marching upward to Zion,
The beautiful city of God.

Our Captain is the Lord; we march at his command;
The Boys' Brigade with one accord,
The Boys' Brigade with one accord,
For Christ our Saviour stand, For Christ our Saviour stand.

We wield the sword of Truth, and wear Faith's shining shield,
And gladly spend our strength and youth,
And gladly spend our strength and youth,
On Christ's great battle-field, On Christ's great battle-field.

We know that he will win, and that from sea to sea,
His blood washed hosts will conquer sin,
His blood-washed hosts will conquer sin,
And Satan cause to flee, And Satan cause to flee.

With Christ we feel secure, tho' dangers dire are near;
Of Father's love and care we're sure,
Of Father's love and care we're sure,
And cast aside all fear, And cast aside all fear.

—He: Have you ever had your ears pierced? She: No; but I have had them bored.

—I am inclined to think a good many "impromptus" have lost many sleepless days.

—Pride is increased by ignorance; those assume the most who know the least.

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