

soon as it was known that the said Anthony had become a Protestant, his former righteousness was forgotten. So it came to pass that his neighbors, who had formerly sought his counsel, began to avoid his house.

A death having occurred in the neighborhood, in a Roman Catholic family, many friends gathered, according to the custom in that part, to pass the night in *rezas* (prayers) with the family.

As they sat around the corpse, in the somber light of the flickering candle, a woman said: "Let me say my prayer," and forthwith began, "*Vinde, povres peccadores!*" ("Come, ye sinners, poor and needy.")

When she had finished, another said:

"Where did you learn that prayer?"

"From the daughter of Antonio."

"But she is a Protestant, and Protestants don't believe in God."

"I don't know what Protestants believe, but she taught me."

"Please teach it to me."

Line by line the hymn—or, as they styled it, prayer—was repeated and learned.

On the following day the woman said to her husband: "Listen, husband;" and after repeating the hymn she added: "Can you believe that the Protestants teach that?"

"Certainly not. Protestants do not believe in Jesus Christ."

"Well, I learned it from —, who says she was taught it by the daughter of Antonio Justo, who is a Protestant. I wish, when those preachers come along again, you would go to his house and listen."

So said, so done. Returning, the husband said to his wife: "The man did not say a word against God. All he said was good."

"I wish I could hear him."

"You can—he preaches to-morrow."

She came, but so possessed with fear that she would not enter the house, lest it should fall upon her. As she listened her fears gave way, and midway of the sermon she mingled with the believers, to whom she and her husband and her family are now united.

Thus the hymn so familiar to English readers, and which has served as the call of God to many a weary sinner, is now doing like service in its Portuguese version in this vast country, and wherever the Portuguese tongue is spoken; for, like the seeds of certain plants that scatter widely on the wings of the wind, which bloweth where it listeth, these hymns, which hold in them the gospel of Christ, are reaching hearts that are weary and sore with sin, and penetrate where the voice of the preacher is as yet an unwelcome sound. They disarm prejudice and open the ear to the teachings of all things whatsoever He hath commanded us to teach.

The circumstances of sorrow which shrouded these two women, as one repeated to the other the well-known words,

"Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands, to save you;
He is willing, doubt no more,"

doubtless prepared their hearts for the reception of the truth; for God has His times and seasons for sow-

ing. The translator of this hymn had designed it for use in the congregation to which he ministered; but God meant to use it in a much wider field, and give to His faithful servant an unexpected joy. Doubtless there are many more in store for him, which the great day will reveal.—*Brazilian Mission.*

KILLING A TIGRESS.

THE notorious Jounsar man-eating tigress has at last been killed by a young forest officer. This tigress has been the scourge of the neighborhood of Chakrata, India, during the last ten years; and her victims have been many. On one occasion she seized one of a number of foresters who were sleeping together in a hut, carried him off, and made him over to her cubs to play with, and then stood by and watched their gambols. The ghastly tragedy was witnessed by some of the poor man's companions who had sought refuge in a tree.

The tigress called her cubs in a cat-like and self-complacent manner, and soon the young tigers were romping about and rolling over the apparently lifeless body. She then lay down a few yards off, and with blinking eyes watched the gambols of her progeny. In a few moments the man recovered himself, sat up, and tried to beat the young brutes off. They were too young to hold him down, so he made a desperate attempt to shake himself free, and started off on a run; but before he had gone twenty yards the tigress bounded out and brought him back to her cubs. Once more the doomed wretch had to defend himself from their playful attacks. He made renewed attempts to regain his freedom, but was seized by the old tigress and brought back each time before he had gone many yards. His groans and his cries for help were heart-rending; but the men on the trees were paralyzed with fear and were quite unable to do anything to assist their unfortunate comrade. At last the tigress herself joined in the gambols of her cubs; and the wretched man was thrown about and tossed over her head exactly as our domestic cat throws rats and mice about before beginning to feed on them.

The man's efforts to escape grew feebler. For the last time his comrades saw him try to get away on his hands and knees toward a large fig tree, with the cubs clinging to his limbs. This final attempt was as futile as the rest. The tigress brought him back once again, and then held him down under her fore paws, and deliberately began her living meal before their eyes.

It was this formidable beast that a young Cooper's Hill officer and a companion attacked on foot. They were working up her trail, fifteen yards apart, when suddenly the officer heard a cry of alarm from his comrade. He ran up just in time to see the young man borne to the ground by the tigress. The officer fired, and shot the beast in the spine; and a second ball gave her her quietus. The young man whom she attacked was seriously bruised, but recovered.—*Sel.*

THE emperor has ordered all the distilleries in the flooded provinces of China to be closed one year, in order to save grain.