

"There's a surprise ahead for you, Lady Betty."

The latter was about to question, when a shout from Philip arrested her attention, and she turned to see Tom Beecher coming toward her, happy, smiling, rosy, wearing a cape overcoat that she had seen many a time before, though on a different boy.

"Hannah and Hal went down with it last night," Gerald said, bustling with the importance of his knowledge, while Betty looked around for Harold. The latter, however, was half way down the slide, and as he reached the bottom, he called back, in answer to Betty's glad cry of—"You dear, *dear* boy!"

"Oh, it's nothing to fuss about."

But later, when Harold stood beside her, and the slides were being taken more frequently and more merrily, and Tom was the happiest boy in the yard, Betty said, earnestly:

"Oh, Hal, I'm so proud of you."

"And you helped me," the boy answered quickly. "If it hadn't been for you, Lady Betty, I couldn't have done it."

It was nearly dusk when Mrs. Beecher heard laughing voices coming nearer and nearer to her tiny cottage. She arose and looked out of the window, and the sight she saw gladdened her heart for many an hour.

Harold, Tom, Philip and Gerald, a prancing four-in-hand, driven by Lady Betty, were coming down the hill in the grandest of style.

"Bless their hearts," Mrs. Beecher murmured. And then, looking past the boys to Lady Betty's sweet, happy face, she added: "And every one said she'd be spoiled. If she is, it's in the right way. There isn't one to equal her in the land."

And then, as the turn-out landed with a grand flourish in front of the door, and gay voices bade a pleasant "good night," the widow said, softly:

"God bless her and keep her always as loving and true as she is to day, and the boys, too."—*The Churchman*, N. Y.

LOST IN THE JUNGLE.

BY THE REV. A. N. C. STORRS
(Concluded)

I shouted to the coolies and they came to me, and were very surprised to see an Englishman in such ragged clothes, but they took me to their conductor, a young Brahman, and he treated me as kindly as ever he could. The first thing I wanted to do was to tell Mr. Price I was safe, for I knew how anxious he would be, so I tried to get some of the coolies to take me with them back to the engineers' bungalow, but after leading me half a mile they lost their way, and so we had to come back.

Every now and then we had to fire guns to

keep away the wild beasts, and my little dog growled continually when some of them must have come near. When we came back I was very hungry, so first of all they gave me some wild honey, and I took a spoonful or two. Can you tell me any one in the Bible who ate wild honey when he was very hungry after a battle? Then I ate some plain rice with a little *ghee*—that is common bad smoky butter (clarified). I daresay you wonder however I could eat it, but wait till you go through what I did, and then you will be glad to eat anything. My plate was a green banana-leaf—a very good one indeed, and my knife and fork were my fingers! I persuaded some of the coolies to take a note to Mr. Price, telling him where I was. He had just written a note to Mrs. Storrs, asking her to send up some food and saying that he would not come down till he had found me; and another to the forest officer asking him to send up one hundred men with drums to search for me. My messengers were just in time to stop the notes being sent. After sending off my men I lay down on a bed the Brahman lent me. I covered myself up with some empty coffee-sacks and tried to get to sleep.

At about two o'clock in the morning my boy (servant) came down with some dinner and a change of clothes, so I got up and had another feed in the middle of the night. The next day Mr. Price and I met on the way down the mountains, and very glad we were to see each other safe and sound.

I galloped my pony nearly the whole way home from the foot of the hills, and told Mrs. Storrs all I had gone through, and how God had been with me.

My story is finished. I daresay you will think there is nothing about missionary work in it. No, it is simply a story of a holiday adventure, but I hope it will interest you and the other boys at your school, and make you think a little more about India and the people there.

There are millions there who have lost their way to God and can't find it, though they try very hard. It is much worse to lose your way to God than to lose your way in a jungle like I did. We know that Jesus is the way to God, and I hope that some day thousands of people in India will find that out too.

Are you helping to show them the way?

Be very sure, before you repeat an unpleasant statement about another person, that it is true; and even if it is true, consider further. Put yourself in the place of the person of whom you are speaking, and think whether there are not many things—all true—which others might say about you, which would yet be unjust to your character as a whole.—S. S. Visitor.