

"If we try as hard to think as we did about the guild," said Edith, "I believe we can always find some work to do for missionaries and mission children and other people, whether it is in the Twilight Guild or in some other way."

"Yes," said mamma; "everybody who wants it and looks for it, will always find some kind of work to do for Christ."

LOST IN THE JUNGLE.

BY THE REV. A. N. C. STORRS.

(Continued)

When Mr. Price and I began trying to find a high peak whence we could get a view of the plains below, I had left him outside the forest and had gone about two hundred yards inside the forest to a spot where I felt quite sure I should get a good view; but when I got there I found that the trees were so high that there was nothing to be seen but the trunks of trees, and thorns and brushwood underneath, and when I tried to get back I could not find the point I started from, so I set off in another direction, and that only took me further into the jungle. So after turning hither and thither I began to shout, but as no one heard me I felt sure that I had got very far from the engineers' house. My little dog, a fox terrier called Jenny, was with me, and I tried to make her understand that I wanted to get back, and so I put her on the scent of our footprints but she imagined I was setting her on some hare or other wild creature, and ran here and there sniffing for it.

Well, what was I to do? Mr. Price, having followed me in, also got lost, but climbed to the top of a tree and shouted for two hours, till our servants cut their way into the jungle and brought him out. I did not think of this, but another thought came into my mind. I could see through the trees in one direction a bright red glow, almost like a furnace; I knew what that was—it was the bright light of the sun reflected from the burning red sand of the plain at the foot of the mountain, and I made up my mind, after praying to God to show me the way and to give me strength for it, to fight my way through the jungle right down to the plains. Ah, boys, you don't know what that means. We had climbed up in the morning by a path cut through the middle of the jungle, and had found that tiring enough, but now I had (as I thought) to go the same distance, but to push my own way. The elephant-grass there is as thick as a solid palisade, and from eight to twelve feet high; its stems, though not strong, are covered with thorns. On the ground the creepers were so thick they were like the meshes of a net. The grass was so

rank and long that you could not see whether the ground was smooth or rough, and now and then I was in danger of stepping over a precipice, the edge of which was quite hidden by the grass which grew in the cracks and clicks on its side. Now and then the creepers would get twisted round my feet, and I fell violently down once or twice; my little dog got caught in them, and I had to turn back and help her along. Every now and then my hat was knocked off, and I had to hunt for it in the bushes and grass; my umbrella got so in the way that I left it behind, and there it still lies in the middle of the jungle, unless some tiger has found it and wondered what it was, and torn it in pieces. Every step I went either my own shins or my clothes were torn with the thorns. I felt as if the jungle was like a great wild beast wanting to swallow me up, and as if I were fighting it for my life. Next day my face and hands and legs looked as if I had been fighting with a wild cat, and my clothes were torn to shreds, so that I never wore them again.

All this time I still saw the red glow in front of me, and made steadily for it. At last, to my joy, I hit upon a little mountain stream, and thought to myself, "That must run down to the plains, and perhaps it may be used to water a coffee-plantation on the way down," so I tried to stick close to it. This was very hard, as here and there it fell over a steep rock, and I had to go into the jungle on its banks, but I still kept it in sight, and still heard the sound of it trickling over the rocks, and soon found my way back to it. I got on a little more quickly jumping from stone to stone in the bed of the stream than I had done in the forest. I had been by this time more than three hours in the jungle; the sun had set, and every minute it was getting darker and darker. I began to wonder whether I should go on and on till at last I tumbled down with hunger and fatigue, and become food for a passing tiger. At length, when it was almost dark, I heard the sound of human voices; it was some coolies on a coffee-estate who had just finished their days' work, and were preparing to go home. In a few minutes I had come out of the forest, and knelt down on the ground which had been cleared for the coffee-plantation and thanked God for having shown me the right way, and brought me safe through the forest.

(To be continued)

"Tell it out among the heathen, Jesus reigns above;
Tell it out among the nations, that His reign is love;
Tell it out among the highways and the lanes at home,
Let it ring across the mountains and the ocean foam;
Like the sound of many waters, let the glad shout be,
Till it echo and re-echo from the islands of the sea."