

stead of seats as we have in Canada. A partition runs down the middle to keep the men and women from meeting each other. I hope you will pray for the missionaries who are trying to teach the little girls of Turkey about Jesus.

SISTER BELLE

Ottawa, March, 1906.

THE LITTLE SISTER OF THE ELEPHANT.

A Hindu Fable.

A MISSIONARY in a foreign land picks up many interesting stories. From Agra in India, the Rev. Daniel Jones, a Baptist missionary, sends the story, which he heard or read.

There was once a fakir (meaning a beggar) who, with his little lame goat, went about from place to place asking for a handful of grain or a night's shelter, according as he had need. Now this goat was but a sorry-looking little creature, with a broken horn and a lame foot, yet he cared for her tenderly. One day, in the course of their wanderings, they came to a dharmasala, a rest house, where they were to spend the night, and, as usual, the fakir looked after the comfort of the solitary companion before he laid himself down upon the hard stone floor to sleep. She was left just outside to nibble contentedly the fresh, green grass, and to while away as pleased her best the long hours, till morning. No thought had she of venturing into the dark and dismal jungle close by, but somehow in her search for the grass she was allured farther and farther away from home. Suddenly she realized that she was lost. Alas! She had walked too far that day into the ferocious tiger's precincts, and now she knew not which way to turn. Besides her foot was paining her so that she could not take another step. So, seeing in the dark forest soil the huge footprints of an elephant, the poor little lame thing crouched down in it, and waited, trembling for whatever might befall.

She needed not, however, to wait long. The tiger was already strolling about his grounds in search of prey, and it is not to be wondered at that he soon found the fakir's goat.

"Who are you?" he roared most terribly.

"If you please," she answered, in an agony of fear and dread. "I am the little sister of the elephant."

Quite taken back by this reply, her enemy thought it behooved him now to be upon his guard; for, though this was generally called the tiger's jungle, he well knew that the ele-

phant and not himself was the actual proprietor of it.

"Madam," said he, a little less uproariously, "prove your connections with the elephant and I will leave you unharmed. How is it that you are his little sister?"

"Do you see," she replied, "that I am lying in one of his footprints awaiting his return? This is proof that I am his little sister."

The tiger may have had his doubts, but he said "Good evening," and went away. Far be it from him to provoke a quarrel with the huge wild elephant.

This was a never-to-be-forgotten night for the fakir's goat. One after another, the wolf, the jackal, the fox, and other wild beasts of the forest passed by and plied her with similar questions, but for them all she had ready the same answer, "I am the little sister of the elephant." So the hours wore on until morning when the great elephant himself discovered her lying in one of his footprints. At sight of him she sprang forward with a glad cry and knelt before him.

"Pray, who are you?" he asked her as the others had done.

"Through thy charity," she replied, "I am become as thy little sister. But for this dear foot before which I kneel, I should have perished in the night."

Then she went on to tell her whole story.

The elephant was greatly pleased, and said: "Little sister, crouching in my footprint all night, you have been frightened and cold and hungry. Come now, let me lift you upon my back, where you can nibble the tender leaves from the trees as I walk along, where the sun can shine and the morning breezes can blow upon you, and where all the inhabitants of the jungle can see that I am your protector—that I have acknowledged you my little sister from this day. Go where you please, do what you will, none shall dare molest you, because you belong to me!"

We all need a safe hiding place, don't we? We are poor, weak, lame things at best, and we are all exposed to great dangers from wild beasts of sin, pride, anger, untruthfulness and many others, but Jesus is the great hiding place. Do we know him as our big Brother, and are we all hiding in him?—Selected.

A missionary lady had a little Hindu orphan named Shadi living with her. She had taught him about Jesus, and one night, when he was six years old, she said to him, "Now, pray a little prayer of your own." Shadi prayed, "Dear Jesus, make me like what you were when you were six years old."