

"Motee soon missed her charge, and quickly hurried after Edith. So eager, however, was the child in pursuit of the fawn, that she was some distance from the tents before the ayah overtook her.

"O, Misse Baba," cried the panting nurse, "why you run away from your Motee?"

"I want to catch the pretty fawn; I want to take it to mamma; it is too little to be by itself; I'm afraid the jackals will get it!"

"I'm afraid that the jackals will get Misse Baba," cried the ayah, catching the little girl up in her arms. "Misse must come back to the beebie directly."

"Edith was a good little child, and made no resistance, though she looked wistfully into the bushes after the fawn, and called out to it again and again in hopes of luring it back. Motee attempted to return to the tents, but did not feel sure of the way—the vegetation around grew so high that she could scarcely see two yards before her. She walked some steps with Edith in her arms, then stopped and looked round with a frightened air.

"Motee, why don't you go on?" asked Edith.

"O, Misse Baba, we're lost!" cried the poor Hindoo; "lost here in the dreadful jungle, full of wild beasts and snakes!"

"Edith stared at her ayah in alarm, yet at that moment the little child remembered her mother's lessons. 'Don't be so frightened, Motee,' said the fair-haired English girl; 'the Lord Jesus can save us, and show us the way to mamma.'

"There was comfort in that thought, which the poor heathen could not have drawn from calling on Vishnu and the thousand false gods which the ignorant Hindoos adore. The little child could feel, as the woman could not, that even in that lonely jungle a great and a loving Friend was beside her!

"Again Motee tried to find her way, again she paused in alarm. What was that dreadful sound, like a growl, that startled the ayah, and made her sink on her knees in terror, clasping all the closer the little girl in her arms! Motee and Edith both turned to gaze in the direction from which that dreadful sound had proceeded. What was their horror on beholding the striped head of a Bengal tiger above the waving grass! Motee uttered a terrified scream—Edith a cry to the Lord to save her. It seemed like the instant answer to that cry when the sharp report of a rifle rang through the thicket, quickly succeeded by a second, and the wild beast, mortally wounded, lay rolling and struggling on the earth! Edith saw nothing of what followed; the shock had been too great for the child; senseless with terror she lay in the arms of her trembling ayah!

"Edith's father, for it was he whom Providence had sent to the rescue, bore his little darling back to the tent, leaving his servants, who had followed his steps, to bring in the spoils of the tiger. It was some time before Edith recovered her senses, and then an attack of fever ensued. Mrs. Tuller nursed her daughter with fondest care, and with scarcely less tenderness and love the faithful Motee tended the child. The poor ayah would have given her life to save that of her little charge.

"On the third night after that terrible adventure in the woods came the crisis of the fever. Mrs. Tuller, worn out by two sleepless nights, had been persuaded to go to rest, and let Motee take her turn of watching beside the child. The tent was nearly dark; but one light burned within it. Edith lay in shadow; the ayah could not see her face; a terror came over the Hindoo. All was so still she could not hear any breathing. Could Misse Baba be dead! Motee during two anxious days had prayed to all the false gods that she could think of to make Misse Edith well, but the fever had not decreased. Now, in the silence of the night, poor Motee Ayah bethought her of the English girl's words in the jungle. Little Edith had said that the Lord could save them—and had he not saved from the jaws of the savage tiger? Could He not help them now? The Hindoo knelt beside the charpoy (pallet) on which lay the fair-haired child, put her brown palms

together, bowed her head, and for the first time in her life breathed a prayer to the Christian's God: 'Lord Jesus, save Misse Baba!'

"O, Motee! Motee!" cried little Edith, starting up from her pillow with a cry of delight and flinging her white arms round the neck of the astonished Hindoo, 'the Lord has made you love him. I knew he would, for I prayed so hard, and O how I love you, Motee, more than ever I did before!'

"The curly head nestled on the bosom of the ayah, and her dark skin was wet with the little child's tears of joy.

"Edith, a few minutes before, had awoke refreshed from a long sleep, during which her fever had passed away. And from that hour her recovery was speedy; before many days were over the child was again sporting about in innocent glee. And from that night the ayah never prayed to an idol again. Willing she now was to listen to all that the beebie could tell of a great and merciful Lord. Of the skin of the tiger that the sahib had slain a rug was made, which Edith called her praying-carpet. Upon this, morning and night, the white English girl and her ayah knelt side by side and offered up simple prayers to Him who had saved them from death."

Now, do you know what it was that saved Edith? "Her father!" cries a bright-eyed boy.

"God's care, for none but God could have sent Edith's father into the jungle just at the right moment," says a meek-eyed little dove of a girl.

The girl is right. God's power stood between Edith and the tiger. God sent her father at the very moment when he was needed to save her. And is not God's power a better protection than bars of iron?

My child, God's power is around you. You cannot see it, but it is about you always, and is mightier than a tower of brass. If you trust and love God nothing can do you any harm without his permission. X. X.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

GONE HOME.

This was my grandmamma's room—that was her chair. Yes, the place looks pleasant, for when grandmamma was here her smile lighted it up as with golden sunshine, and the halo of it is here yet. How we used to like to come here when mamma would let us, and Harry, who was a noisy little fellow then, would do his best to keep quiet, for just so soon as he began to make a noise mamma would call him out. You would laugh to see him fold his arms and purse up his mouth, and when he could keep quiet no longer grandmamma would give him a slate and he would make pictures like an artist.

That queer machine, as you call it, was grandmamma's flax-wheel. She had spun whole webs of cloth on that wheel. But since I can remember she has only now and then spun a little thread, for she used to say that no thread that could be bought was so good as that which was made on the old flax-wheel. And while she spun Dickey would tune up his song higher and higher, as if he were trying to sing louder than the wheel.

Every morning she went out to walk in the gar-

den, and when she came in she would take her Bible down from the shelf and read such beautiful verses as I never heard anybody else read. I could not find any half so sweet, and when one day I got her to show some of them to me, and I went away to read them by myself, they did not sound the same at all. She had such a way of drawing the sweetness out of them. I shall always remember her reading one day about a beautiful mansion that her Father had built and fitted up for her close by his own, her "other home," as she called it, and she said that some day she was going to live there. And when I cried to think of her going away she comforted me, and said that I should come to her if I were a good girl.

And that is where she is gone now. True, her sweet, pale face and her trembling limbs lie under the pansies in the church-yard; but I know that herself has gone to that other home, and that some day I shall go there too, for I found the promise of it in her Bible, where she marked it for me before she went away. J. C.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

LITTLE BILL.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

"COME, come, my son, I've called you once,
And you are playing still;
The bell has rung—be off to school!"
"I won't!" said little Bill.
He said it softly, but he shook
His naughty little fist,
And threw the sand up till the air
Was like a dirty mist.

But Bill was sure that ugly words,
And cries, and tears, would fall
To gain a respite from the school,
So, like a spunky snail,
As slowly as his feet would go,
He loitered up the path,
With pouting lips and eyes aglow
To show his boyish wrath.

"Come here, and let me wash your face!
Don't twist about! Hold still!
Just let me brush your tangled hair!"
"I won't!" said little Bill.
"Then I must call in Dr. Birch,
And ask for his advice;
He'll understand the case at once,
And cure it in a trice."

Bill knew the doctor very well;
He scarcely spent a day
At home, at school, or anywhere,
Whether at work or play,
Without a call from Doctor Birch;
And though he did not care
To see the doctor's face at all,
He found it everywhere.

It is not strange that little Bill
Has scarcely any friends;
God loves good children, and to such
The gift of love he sends.
The ugly-tempered boy or girl
Who cares not to obey,
Had better keep back in the shade,
They're always in the way.

A BIT OF ADVICE FOR BOYS.

"You are made to be kind," says Horace Mann, "generous, and magnanimous. If there is a boy in the school who has a club foot, don't let him know you ever saw it. If there is a boy with ragged clothes, don't talk about rags when he is in hearing. If there is a lame boy, assign him some part of the game which does not require running. If there is a hungry one, give him a part of your dinner. If there is a dull one, help him to get his lesson. If there is a bright one, be not envious of him; for if one boy is proud of his talents, and another envious of them, there are two great wrongs, and no more talents than before. If a larger boy has injured you and is sorry for it, forgive him, and request the teacher not to punish him. All the school will show by their countenance how much better it is to forgive than to have a great fist."