

WONDERFUL ESCAPE.

Our young readers would sympathise with those who are placed in imminent peril, and readily lend their aid to deliver them. They would run to warn a person of his danger, who was approaching a concealed pit, a dangerous precipice, or a den of wild beasts.

Before reading the following strange, but true story. We would have our young friends to pause and reflect that they, like all the children of Adam, are on the brink of eternal ruin—that the bottomless pit is open to receive them—that the great enemy of souls is ever on the alert to lead them into his snare, and at last to drag them into his place of endless torment. But blessed be God there is a way of escape. The eye of the Lord is upon them that fear him, upon them that hope in his mercy, to deliver their souls from death, Ps. xxxiii. 19. See also Ps. xxiv. 17; Ps. l. 15; Ps. cxxi. 7; Dan. iii. 17; Joel ii. 32; Obad. 17; 2 Thess. iii. 3. You will find many other passages in the Word of God that point you to Him who is able and willing to deliver from evil. He has sent ministers and Sabbath School teachers, and other Christian friends to warn you of your danger and lead you to the Rock of your salvation, your fortress, your shield, your hiding-place, your refuge and defence.

Mr. B., a gentleman in India, passing through what they call in that country, a jungle, the name given to the trees and shrubs, reeds and grass which grow in that tropical climate, says:

All at once he felt the ground giving way under him, and before he could recover his footing or do any thing to help himself, he had sunk down among the thick underwood, while all around him there rose up a cloud of dust, which for a few minutes, prevented him from seeing where he was. But though he could see nothing he heard enough to frighten him. It was the low growl of some wild beasts, and he felt sure that he had sunk down into their den. And so it proved: for, as soon as the dust cleared away he found himself in the midst of a nest of tiger cubs. The fact was, that the white ants, so plentiful in India, had hollowed out the ground, and as the season was very dry, the thin crust which covered the tiger's lair, broke in as soon as Mr. B. put his foot upon it.

Now you may fancy what he felt when he saw where he had got. And what do you think he did? "Turn pale," you will say, "and tremble and scream for help as loud as ever he could."—Nothing of the kind. He saw his danger indeed but though alarmed, like a good man, he prayed to God to preserve him, and like a wise man he prepared for the worst. Knowing the habits of the creature into whose den he had fallen, he felt quite sure the tigress was too near to him to permit him to escape her fury. What then could he do? He had no gun, no sword, or even a stick. His hand was his only defence. But what could he do without a weapon? Ah! the hand is a wonderful instrument when wisely used. And so it proved to Mr. B.

After a few minutes' thought, he hastily took off his hat and pocket two or three silk pocket-handkerchiefs, and twisted them tightly round his arm, up to the elbow. "But what was the use of that?" you may be saying. You will see. It proved the truth of what Solomon says, that "wisdom is a defence." It saved his life. For he had no sooner done this; than what should he see but the tigress, leaping over the shrubs and weeds of the jungle, and bounding towards him, her eyes flashing fire, and her great jaws wide open, ready to seize and devour him. Was not

this very high fall! Do you not think it was enough to make the boldest man cry out and run away? But Mr. B. was too wise to attempt what was impossible, and what, too, would have brought upon him swift destruction. He, therefore, layed his feet firmly up in the ground, prepared for a deadly struggle with the dreadful foe, and then stood still. In less time than this story can be read, the tigress had come close up to the place where Mr. B. was; and then she stretched down upon her belly, and crawled along the ground, as you have seen a cat do, when about to seize a bird, in order to make sure of her prey.—Dreadful sight to Mr. B.; but he had no opportunity to think much about it, for in another moment, with one bound and a loud roar, she sprang right upon him.

As he expected, her great jaws were wide open; and as quick as thought, and with steady aim, the brave man thrust his arm into her mouth, and seizing her tongue with his hand, he began with all his might to twist it from side to side.

This prevented her from closing her mouth, but she made terrible use of her claws, for with them she tore off the clothes from his body and flesh off his bones. Still, though wounded and bleeding, he kept his grasp tight, and gave her so much pain by twisting her tongue, that she became frightened, and with a sudden start backward, she jerked it out of his hand, and to his great joy rushed away from him into the jungle. Having spent a few moments in giving thanks to that God, who had thus delivered him out of the jaws of the tiger, as he had saved David from the lion and the bear, Mr. B., faint with pain and loss of blood, made haste back to his party, before the furious creature could recover from her flight, or return to her den.

Now, dear young friends, learn from this story the value of knowledge, of courage, of presence of mind, and above all, of piety and prayer, such as Mr. B. displayed, and to which, under God, he owed his deliverance. Nor should you forget that great as was the danger of this good man, yours is still greater from that wicked spirit, who like a roaring lion walketh about, seeking whom he may devour. And if you wonder at his escape, how should you rejoice that you may, through Jesus Christ, be delivered from a far more dreadful death than that which threatened him.—*Juvenile Missionary Magazine.*

THE GAELIC TEACHER.

We have to apologise for not having noticed this periodical long ago. We have been favored with the last number. It is published at London, G. W., once in two months. In this number, which is the fifth from its commencement, there is, considering its small size, viz., eight pages, octavo, a fair selection of articles, some of which are original. It affords us pleasure to observe, that it is the intention to double its size, and to issue it at the present moderate charge, 1s. 6d. currency, a year; in which case we would suggest to the editor the expediency of giving a fuller sketch of the news of the day, even to the exclusion of other matters, as the most of those for whose benefit the *Gaelic Teacher* is intended, have no access to any other source of general intelligence. We observe a few slight typographical errors, which may be accounted for from the fact of the printer being unacquainted with the Gaelic language, and from the editor's living at a distance from the place of publication.

We earnestly recommend the *Gaelic Teacher* to the support, not only of those whose early education precludes them from the usual sources of general information, but also to all who are favorable to the advancement of Celtic literature—to

the preservation of an ancient and noble language, much decried by those who cannot appreciate its beauties, and who sympathize with the early educational disadvantages of the Highlanders set led in this, their adopted country—a class of people, in many respects, highly interesting.

"AM I MY BROTHER'S KEEPER?"

YEST: God has so constituted the human heart and human society, that no man can live unto himself; and he will require the soul of every man at the hand of his brother. Whatever may be your position in life, you have an influence over some important sinner, which, if rightly exerted, might lead him to the Saviour.

God commands you to exert that influence.—The beginning of your duty is to make your own calling and election sure; but this is not the end of it. You are bound first to take the beam out of your own eye, but you should do so, in order that you may see clearly to pluck the mote out of your brother's eye. When you have heard for yourself the gracious invitations of the gospel, you are to invite others to come.

God has promised to bless personal efforts for the salvation of souls. He has fulfilled these promises in innumerable instances. When Harlan Page was on his death-bed, though oppressed with a sense of his unworthiness, he could say, "I think that, through the grace of God, I have been instrumental in the conversion of more than one hundred souls." Oh, how many there are who might, like him, even in private life, win many souls to Christ. Be encouraged to sow the good seed of the gospel wherever you can find soil to receive it. It will not be lost. The grain of wheat that was wrapped up for three thousand years in an Egyptian mummy, at last found a congenial soil, and sprang up and bore fruit.—And so

"The seed that in these few and fleeting hours
Thy hands unsparing and unwearied sow,
Shall deck thy grave with never-fading flowers,
And yield three fruits divine in heaven's immortal towers."

Think of the value of a soul. Who can estimate it! The world and all it contains is as nothing in the comparison. God has shown his estimate by the price he paid for its redemption. The angels shew how much they value it by their joy over one sinner that repents. The dominion of the soul is the great subject of strife between the powers of light and of darkness.

"Hell moves below to work its death,
Heaven stoops to give it life."

"Know that he who converteth a sinner from the error of his way, shall save a soul from death and hide a multitude of sins." He will not only save one fellow-creature from sin and hell, but put in operation a train of instrumentality which may result in the salvation of millions. Every soul converted through your efforts becomes the centre of an influence, whose expanding circles may embrace the utmost boundaries of time, and roll a tide of glory up to the eternal world.—Truly "he that winneth souls is wise."

A word as to the manner in which we should strive to win souls. Do it with gentleness and humility. Never speak to an impenitent sinner as though it were your office to rebuke and punish him. Never bring a railing accusation against him. Remember that you are his brother. You were once in his situation; and if you are not now under God's wrath, no credit is due to you; you are saved by grace.

Pray much for those you would lead to Christ. "Effectual fervent prayer availeth much" in two ways; it calls down God's blessing on those for whom it is offered, and it cultivates the spirit of zeal and brotherly love in those who offer it.—When we come down from the mount of communion to speak to our fellow-sinners, our faces will shine, and our words will be as precious ointment poured forth.