

"Oh, have you really seen a baby that has been in a tiger's mouth?"

"Yes, I have, and you too."

"We, uncle! when have we seen it?"

"You may see him just now."

The children looked all round the room, and then back to uncle George, and something in his eyes made Lucy exclaim,—

"Uncle, could it have been yourself?"

"Just myself."

"Is it true you were once in a tiger's mouth? But you do not remember about it?"

"Certainly not; but my father and mother have often told me the story. You may be sure that often, when they looked at their child afterwards, they gave thanks to God. It was He who made the mother dream, and awake just at the right minute; and made the tiger hold the baby by the clothes, so as not to hurt it; and the man fire, so as to shoot the tiger, and not the child. But now, good night, my dear girls; and before you go to bed, pray to God to keep you safe, as my friends did that night in the tent."

"But, uncle, *we* do not live in tents; our nursery door shuts quite close, and there are no tigers going about here. The man in the gardens told us that his one was quite safe locked up."

"Yes, my love, but there are many kinds of danger in this world, and we need God to take care of us here quite as much as in India. Good night, and learn by heart my mother's favorite verse—'I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep, for thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety.'—*Child's Paper.*

A CROSS.

A wise man sought to explain to his little child the nature of a cross. He took two slips of wood, a long and a short one. "See! my child," he said, "the long piece is the will of God; the short piece is your will. Lay your will in a line with the will of God, and you have no cross: lay it athwart, and you make one directly."



THE LORD'S PRAYER IN DEATH.

A Sunday-school scholar was dying. Her friends had gathered around to listen to her dying words. After she had been raised in bed, and had spoken a few words to each one, she said:

"Now, mother, I would like to have you lay my head down on the pillow."

Her request was granted.

"Now," said she, "I want to say the Lord's Prayer, just as I said it when I was a little child."

Slowly and fervently that beautiful prayer was repeated. For a few moments a smile played around the lips of the dying girl, and then her happy spirit winged its way to that better land, where prayer is lost in praise.