

A Tiger in the Garden.

A STORY FOR BUDS AND BLOSSOMS.

"I think it is horrid to have an old tiger in my garden, growing beside my sweet mignonette and tea roses, and forget-me-nots, and all the other pretty flowers," said little Ethel Brown, whose face generally sunny, was now sadly clouded.

"Oh, Ethel! a tiger! how did he get there?" exclaimed mamma apparently much alarmed.

"You know what I mean, mamma, a tiger lilly. Papa won't let me dig it up or transplant it or anything, though I've asked him again and again."

"What is the little verse you copied yesterday, that you said you were going to keep in your mind for a motto? Can you recite it this morning?"

"And the work that is sweetest and dearest,
The work that so many ne'er do,
The great work of making folks happy,
May be done by a lassie like you,

repeated Ethel softly, the cloud for a moment disappearing. "But mamma," she added; "how can I make any one happy by having a horrid old tiger in my garden?"

"Papa has told you that you must let the tiger remain, and it will certainly add to his happiness if you obey him cheerfully."

"How can papa have such horrid taste?"

"Isn't 'horrid' too strong a word; I don't like to hear it so often."

"I have been trying to give up that word, mamma, but the tiger surprised me into using it again."

"I think papa likes that flower," said Mrs. Brown, because it grew in grandma's garden, when he was a little boy. Everything that grandma loved seems sacred to him. Think of your motto, Ethel dear, and be kind to the tiger for papa's sake."

Ethel had a sincere wish to follow the spirit of the little verse, so she complained no more. After a time she began to feel quite friendly, toward the once hated tiger.

Some weeks after Ethel's talk with her mother, she ran into the house in a tumult of glad excitement: "Oh mamma! my tiger isn't a tiger at all, he's a beautiful Japan lily. The bud has opened. Please come to see. Oh I'm so happy!"

Papa looked up from his paper and said, "you have been trying to make me happy and have made yourself happy as well. Don't forget the lesson your tiger has taught you my dear, that the best way to find happiness for yourself is to seek it for others."

"The Bible lesson is better" said mamma: "Even Christ pleased not himself."

EVELYN S. FOSTER.

Missionary Notes, or the Regions Beyond.

God is not only faithful and just to forgive us our sins. But judgeth a man's liberality according to what a man hath, and not according to what a man hath not. Our ability and opportunity is the measure of our responsibility. Are we doing our duty? doing what we can to make known a Saviour's love. The holy war continues, the victory is still far from complete; but in the mission field results have been obtained beyond the expectation and faith of men who counted not their lives dear unto them in such a cause, for such a Master. Earnest labour for the Lord is not only at once the privilege and the duty of the Church: it enlarges her capabilities in proportion as it extends her domain.

To successful and effective work the good soldier of the Lord Jesus Christ needs to promptly obey, the ear quick to hear the voice of the leader, the eye acute to detect the approach of the enemy, hands in which their ministrations are accustomed to use the weapons of our warfare, and feet swift to run to and fro on errands for the Master.

Time lost can never be regained. After allowing yourself proper time for rest, don't live a single hour of your life without doing exactly what is to be done in it, and going straight through it from beginning to end. Work, play, study, whatever it is, take hold at once and finish it up squarely, and clear the way to the next thing without letting any of them drop out between. If all professing Christians redeemed the time, what sure and effectual work might be accomplished toward the ultimate overthrow of the strongholds of sin. *The Gospel is the power of God unto salvation.*

Gordon Cumming, speaking of the sick buried alive; the array of widows who are deliberately strangled on the death of any great man; the living victims who were buried beside every post of a chief's new house, and must needs stand clasping it while the earth was gradually heaped over their devoted heads; or those who were bound hand and foot, and laid on the ground to act as rollers when a chief launched a new canoe, and thus doomed to a death of excruciating agony; a time when there was not the security for life or property, and no man knew how quickly his own hour of doom might come, when whole villages were depopulated simply to supply their neighbors with fresh meat! Just think of all this and of the change that has been wrought, and then just imagine white men who can sneer at missionary work as they do. Now you pass from isle to isle. Every village on the eighty inhabited isles has built for itself a tidy church, and a good house for its teacher or native minister, for whom the village also provides food and clothing. Can you realize that there are nine hundred Wesleyan churches in Fiji, at every one of which the frequent services are crowded by devout congregations; that the schools are well attended; and that the first sound that greets your ear at dawn, and the last at night, is the hymn-singing and the most fervent worship rising from each dwelling at the hour of family prayer.

A grocer says he fully believes honest tea to be the best policy.

MR. SPURGEON has said some smart things in his day. Amongst these may be classed the following with regard to stingy Christians. Some people, says he, when urged to give, remark that what they give is "nothing to nobody," and that this is about all they give. If a man's religion does not make him generous, it is not worth preserving. We need to grow all round, not only in praying and praising, but in giving.