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For the Sunday-School Advocate,

## EDITH AND THE TIGER.

I SHOULDN'T like to be so near to a tiger as that girl and that woman are, should you? No, you reply, not unless there were some pretty stout iron bars between us.

You are a very sensible child and have very sharp eyes, I doubt not. Yet keen as you are, you cannot see what it is that protects little EDITH TULLER from that tiger. It is something stronger than the strongest iron. If that tiger was in the stoutest den ever built by the hands of men, Edith would not be

more safe than she is in that jungle with nothing ; oning with her small white hand; 'have you lost visible between her and the savage, growling beast. What was her protection?

Edith lived in India. She had a nurse, or ayah, named Motee, a Hindoo. Edith had tried hard to teach her ayah about Jesus, but without success. "One day," says the writer from whom I get this story, "as Edith was playing outside, near the edge of a jungle or thicket, her attention was attracted by a beautiful little fawn that seemed almost too young to run about, and which stood timidly gazing at the child with its soft dark eyes.

"'Pretty creature, come here, cried Edith, beck- were higher than her own curly head.

your mother, little fawn? Come and share my milk and bread—come and I will make you my pet, and love you so much, pretty fawn!'

"As all her coaxing could not lure the timid creature to her side, Edith advanced toward it. The fawn started back with a frightened look, and fled into the jungle as fast as its weak, slender limbs could bear it.

"The merry child gave chase, following the fawn and calling to it as she ran, pushing her way as well as she could between the tall reeds and grass, which