

## THE LITTLE MISSIONARY.

BY A. B. GRACEY.

I may not go to India,  
 To China, or Japan,  
 To work for Jesus here at home  
 I'll do the best I can.  
 I'll tell of His great love for me,  
 And how I love Him, too;  
 And, better far, I'll show my love  
 In all that I may do.

The little water-drops come down  
 To make the flowers grow;  
 The little rivulets flow on  
 To bless where'er they go;  
 The little seeds make mighty trees  
 To cool us with their shade;  
 If little things like these do good,  
 To try I'm not afraid.

I'll be a missionary now,  
 And work the best I may;  
 For if I want to work for God,  
 There surely is a way.  
 I'll pray for those who cross the sea,  
 My offering, too, I'll send,  
 And do all that is in my power.  
 This great bad world to mend.

## AN AFRICAN LION.

All children who like the story of Daniel in the Lion's den, will also like to hear a new Lion story, which has just come from Central Africa.

Mr. Arnot, a Scotch missionary, was out on a walk among the villages of the Garenganze country in May, 1887. He had settled down all alone in that country, there being no white man within many hundred miles. The king was kind to him and two native boys who have become Christians stayed with him and were a great help and comfort. Well, one night on this little journey, as they lay down to sleep in the open air, with a fire burning to scare away the wild beasts, they were often awakened by the roaring of three lions. In spite of them, however, Mr. Arnot got a good night's rest.

"Next morning," writes Mr. Arnot to his mother in Scotland, "when passing through a clump of long, reedy grass, I heard distinctly the low angry growl of a lion. A man who was in front stopped, saying it was a buffalo, and asked for my gun that he might shoot it. I urged him to move on, and tried to prevent the three lads from stopping, but it was too late to avoid the brute's charge. He made straight at the hindmost lad, who was carrying my mat and blanket. I ran back and succeeded in intercepting him, so that he fell short in his spring, a few feet from his intended victim, and before my very face; too near indeed for shooting him with a rifle, and I had no spear. The man and the three lads dropped the things and were off like deers, leaving me and my royal friend, the lion, alone face to face in the reed thicket. For a moment it was a question what the next scene would be. He was raging like a maniac and would fain have sprung on me, but seemed to lack the nerve. I held him hard between my eyes and slowly cocked my rifle, lifting it to my shoulder for a steady aim, when he suddenly gave in: his huge tail dropped, and drawing his teeth under his lips he made off. I sprang after him, hoping to get a shot at a safer range, but the grass was so dense that I could not sight him again; so I started off for my companions. I overtook them, but not one would return for his load, so complete was their scare, although I assured them that the lion had gone clear off. That, however, was no assurance to them that his wife or some of his relatives might not be hanging about the same lair. Shortly after, we met some men who were willing for a small consideration to return with my brave crew for the loads left. You see, dearest mother," adds Mr. Arnot, "that Daniel's God is still the same to us. All that God has been to his people in ages past, and all that He has promised to be throughout eternity. He now is to us: 'This God is our God.'"—*Mission Day-spring*.