

it will keep you usefully employed, and help to drive away selfish thoughts, and fill up a little of your idle time."

The end of it was, that Mary consented to go to the ladies' meeting to work for the poor.

How many ladies are there who have time hanging heavy on their hands, and yet never set a stitch in an article of clothing for the poor! "God loveth a cheerful giver;" and He loves equally well a cheerful worker in the vineyard of His poor.

MY FIRST SHOT AT A TIGER.

It was in April, one of the hottest days of an unusually hot Indian season, some ten or twelve years ago, that I set out with my friend Pullman on a tiger hunting expedition for the Jugdispore. This vast jungle, or impenetrable forest, as it may be justly termed, was, at the time of which I write, the haunt of numerous wild beasts, and among these, many Bengal tigers, which were the terror of the neighborhood; and which, from their immense strength and ferocity, proved themselves, in several encounters, such dangerous antagonists that few Europeans cared to attack them.

From the first moment of my placing foot on Indian soil, however, I had greatly desired to make closer acquaintance with these formidable brutes, of which I had heard so much, and on the day in question I was in high spirits on setting out with my friend Pullman.

Pullman (or Clement, as I familiarly called him) was a thorough sportsman, and a splendid shot; and, although this was to be my first meeting with these "monarchs of the Indian forests," I had little doubt of our success.

Carrying each a trusty rifle, we left the small town of Jugdispore, where we had been staying, at an early hour in the morning, and in about two hours' time we arrived at the borders of the jungle of the same name.