

**The Hare and the Tiger.**

**T**HIS cut pictures an Indian fable. A tiger was killing and destroying the animals of the forest. He laid them under tribute to supply one of themselves for each meal.

In their sore distress they met to talk over their sad condition. At length the hare offered to deliver them. Very foolish seemed the proposal, coming from such a weak, timid creature as the hare; but there was no other hope, and she was asked to try her plan.



She then offered to take her turn the next morning to be the tiger's breakfast. Next morning she waited until two or three hours after breakfast time, and then made her appearance. The tiger was very hungry and angry, and in a rage wanted to know why she was so late.

She said that she was sorry to have kept him waiting, but that she had been hindered by another tiger and could not come.

Show me the animal that dared to hinder you, said the tiger in a rage. The hare led the tiger to a deep pit with water in the bottom, and said that it was in there. The tiger looked in, and seeing his own reflection in the water, thought it was the strange animal,

jumped at it and was drowned. Thus the hare delivered the forest from its scourge.

The fable is intended to teach that wisdom and skill are more mighty than blind brute force, no matter how great it may be.

**Why they could not quarrel.**

Two hermit monks had lived together in closest friendship for years, with no thought of envy or selfish rivalry in the mind of either.

At last it occurred to them to try the experiment of a quarrel after the common fashion of the world. "How can we quarrel?" asked one. "O," said the other, "we can take this brick and put it between us and each can claim it. Then we'll quarrel over it." "This brick is mine," said the one. "I hope it is mine," said the other gently. "Well, if it is yours, take it," said the other, who could never hear his companion express a wish for anything without having a desire to get it for him. So the quarrel failed through the unselfishness of both.—Charles Kingsley.

**Total Abstinence.**

A patient was arguing with his doctor the necessity of taking a stimulant. He urged that he was weak, and needed it. Said he: "But, doctor, I *must* have some kind of a stimulant. I am cold, and it warms me."

"Precisely," came the doctor's crusty answer. "See here, this stick is cold," taking up a stick of wood from the box beside the hearth and tossing it into the fire; now it is warm; but is the stick benefited?"

The sick man watched the wood first send out little puffs of smoke and then burst into flame, and replied, "Of course not; it is burning itself!"

"And so are you when you warm yourself with alcohol; you are literally burning up the delicate tissues of your stomach and brain!"

Oh, yes! alcohol will warm you up; but who finds the fuel? When you take food, that is fuel, and as it burns out you keep warm. But when you take alcohol to warm you, you are like a man who sets his house on fire and warms his fingers by it.—The Well-Spring.