

LEADER.—Who followed Elliot?

ANSWER.—After Elliott's death the work was carried on by a number of the natives who had been converted under his ministry, and also by the Mayhews, a family fitted with missionary zeal.

LEADER.—What incident in the history of this family teaches us that we are never to cease working for missions till God calls us away?

ANSWER.—When Thomas Mayhew, the missionary, died, his father, nearly 70 years old, undertook to study the Indian language, and preached to them for 23 years.

LEADER.—Was there not a man named David Brainerd who laboured among the Indians?

ANSWER.—Yes, 53 years after Elliott's death, in 1743, David Brainerd entered upon his work. He laboured among the Indians in the State of New York. Ill health, perils on sea and land he counted as nothing, so that he might tell the Indians the "old, old story."

LEADER.—Was he successful?

ANSWER.—Yes, indeed; men, women, and children found Christ, and went in their turn to say "come" to others. Schools were opened, and better laws made for Indians through his influence.

FACT.—In 1892, there were ten thousand baptized Indian Christians leading consistent lives, and reading daily the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ.

LEADER.—You spoke of David Brainerd being in ill health, did this last long?

ANSWER.—He seems never to have been strong. Hardships, toils and privations accelerated the progress of diseases and on October 9, 1747, he entered into rest, aged 30 years.

FACT.—In one place Mr. Brainerd had as his first congregation but four women and a few children, yet these travelled 10 or 15 miles to tell their countrymen that a Missionary had come.

SOMETHING ABOUT TIGERS.

Tuni, India, July 29th, 1893.

Now this is really written for the boys, though, of course, the girls may read it if they wish.

This week, when out on a tour, I asked Mallayya, one of my preachers, if he had been to visit the Christians who lived in Doparty lately. He replied that he had not because it was not safe to go, for a tiger, ten days or two weeks ago, had killed an ox-driver and had eaten him, his oxen also had been killed by the same animal; while the next day after this had taken place, another man who sells onions and salt, when returning through the same jungle, had been seized by a tiger and carried off.

Next day a party of men going along that road had seen the tracks of the tiger, the torn clothes and baskets of the man and so had fled back frightened.

To a certain extent, travel through this jungle to Doparty has been stopped and the tiger is in possession of that part of the country, while the skulls and bones of the poor ox-driver and hawker have been pulled about from place to place by the jackals, who with the birds of prey, have stripped the remaining flesh from off them and left them to whiten in the sun and rain.

The places where the men were killed may be marked by cairns of stones to which the passing natives will each contribute one as they hasten by on their journeys.

When touring in that jungle some years ago, I had occasion to visit Doparty at a time when two tigers had been seen on that side of the hills.

Our party was small, two preachers, a horse-keeper, myself and my pony. For weapons one of the preachers carried an axe, and the other a bamboo stick, while the horse-keeper carried a lantern.

What an exciting walk it was through that jungle, how we listened as we went along for the sounds of cracking sticks and rustling bushes. One of the preachers told us that we should not see the tiger but that he would see us and jump before we could catch a glimpse of him. This was not very encouraging, especially as the bamboos were thick in some places and their branches reached far above our heads, while the way became very steep and rocky so that I had to dismount my pony and jump from stone to stone.

The visit to the Christians being over, we made the return journey through the jungle after dark with our lantern to show the way. How every sound seemed fearful and the hooting of an owl really caused a nervous start, but there were four of us and a horse, so we passed a few joking remarks as to which of us the tiger would take first if he came.

When we were quite in the thick jungle the light of a large fire showed us that some men were cooking, and upon approaching them we found a party of hill men who had come down to make medicine from the bark of a tree found in that place.

They gave us some of the medicine they had made in a cocoanut shell and we left them with their big blazing fires and their pots of simmering bark. After coming out of the thick jungle we came to a place where men saw planks of wood from big trees.

In order to be safe from the tigers these men sleep on a platform which is fourteen feet from the ground. Well we did not see the tigers that night though they may have seen us. Now I have another story:

Last week a tiger came within three miles of our mission bungalow in Tuni and killed a cow and also severely wounded an ox with its teeth and claws.

The wounded ox and the rest of the cattle were driven along the road in front of our bungalow by the little shepherd boy.

While I was looking at the ox going by and listening to the story about the tiger killing the cow, a big Mohammedan who owned the cattle rushed up and beat the little shepherd boy for allowing the tiger to eat his cattle. Why did you drive them on that hill, why did you drive them so far into the jungle? he said, and the poor little *Golanwardie* seemed more frightened than another tiger had come.

Now do you not think that these shepherd boys are brave to go into the jungle when they know that a tiger or leopard may come?

That night some of our Christians in our mission compound were frightened and closed the doors of their houses securely lest the tiger should come in the night. But I must tell you about a hunter who lives in Chanderty, near a big jungle; this man has shot several leopards and also a tiger. He has only an old single-barrelled gun and yet he will go out into the jungle with this where he either climbs a tree or digs a hole in the ground, which he surrounds with thorns and when the tiger or panther comes to eat a poor little goat which he has tied near by, this hunter Kamudu shoots it, that is, shoots the tiger I mean, not the goat.

This man is a Christian, so is his wife and mother, while one of his children is in our Tuni school. They