



A PET TIGER.

In our picture you have the likeness of an uncommon pet—a young tiger, which an Englishman caught when he was out hunting in India. The old tigress was gone on a journey—no doubt to look out for prey; and the sportsman and his men happened to come to the cave where she had her lair during her absence. This is one of the cubs then found. It grew so tame that it followed its new master about like a puppy, and was always ready for a game. At last it was unfortunately smothered by being left under a box, where it had been put to keep it quiet. The cub had its likeness taken before this accident happened, and here you see it on the knee of the gentleman who caught it, and who is the son of a Wesleyan missionary.

THE STORMY PETREL.

THE children were looking at the new bird book and its bright pictures. Their mother told them about robins and black-birds, humming-birds and wood-peckers, but the picture they liked best was the Stormy Petrel: it seemed so grand to think it loved the storm, that, when the wild winds blow and the angry waves roll high, it is at home on the billows. "What's its name, mother?" said Alice. "The petrel; it is named after a man, and it means little Peter." "O, because, because," said Johnny. "Peter tried to walk on the water, but the stormy waves frightened him; he could not walk the waters without help." "And God helps the petrel too, my dear; he loves the little birds, not a sparrow falls to the ground without his notice; and he loves us." "Yes, Jesus says we are of more value than many sparrows."

BOBBY'S BLUNDER.

Bobby's father built boats by the bay. Bobby and his friends ran and jump and skip on the wharf. They hung on the ropes and swing from the booms of the vessels. They jump into row-boats and rock them till the water comes over the sides. Then they shake themselves and laugh, and sit in the sun until their clothes are dry. Bobby often tumbles into the water, but he always comes up like a rubber ball! He loves that bay, and says "This kind of water does not drown babies!" One day a new boat lay waiting for its mast. The men in the boathouse heard a noise like that of a great sea-bird flapping its wings on the deck. They ran out and there lay a little body, dressed in short pants and red stockings, beating the deck with his hands and feet. It was Bobby—all but his head! And where was his head? Down in the dark hold of the boat! The howls and sobs told that Bobby's head was still on his neck. Bobby's father took a

small saw and sawed a piece of plank out of the deck. He had to saw very near the little white neck, but he did not even scratch it. Then he pulled Bobby up by his heels. The little face was very red. He was nearly dead. They gave him some water and when he was better, asked, "How did you get your head down there?" As soon as Bobby could get breath enough, he said, "I thought that mast-hole would just fit my head; and so it did! But my ears and nose wouldn't allow it to come up again when I wanted it to." "What did you think when your head was down there?" asked his father. Bobby caught his breath again and sobbed out, "I thought if my head was to stay down there, I couldn't see the torch-lights to-night!" A man said, "You'd better keep away from the water." Then Bobby sprang to his feet and cried, "It wasn't the water's fault that I put my head into the mast-hole." Every summer we expect to hear that Bobby has been drowned. But the first face we see, staring in at the stage door, is always Bobby's.—*Our Little Ones.*

I AM GOING TO JESUS.

KATIE drew the bed-clothes round her little sister, and left her alone. Annie had been ill for a long time, and she often grew weary lying there, and wanted something to look at, for she was only seven years old. So slipping out of bed, she glanced round the room, and seeing a paper on the table, she took it up and began to read. It was about a wicked man who did not believe in God, and when he died, he said, "I'm going, I'm going, I know not where!" He did not believe in the home nor in the things that God has prepared for those who love him. The child did believe, so she softly repeated his words, altering them to suit herself: "I'm going, I'm going, I do

know where! I'm going to Jesus, home I shall share."

The poor man who thought himself wise "by wisdom knew not God." child did not understand all about great God, but she had learned that loved her, and knew Jesus as "the truth, and the life."

Reader, where are you going?

CHARLIE'S VICTORY.

BY M. B. H.

You are in mischief, Charlie dear,
I always know that when I hear
You say in tones so sweet and low:
'Don't touch that, Tarley, no, no, no.'

Ah! baby boy, although so young,
You know even now the right from wrong,
I'll wait and see what you will do
With mamma's thimble bright and new.

It proves so tempting; but he tries
To push far off the shining prize;
And then again I hear him say,
"No, Tarley, no, you do and pay."

Once more he yields, my boy of two,
As many an older one might do.
Then conquers, turns, and off he ran
Saying, "Now Tarley's 'ittle man."

Dear little Charlie, may you go
Through life thus bravely saying "No,"
And ever stand as firm and true
When tempted some wrong thing to do.

Father in heaven, grant that he
A good, true man may grow to be.
By thine help; through paths untried
My precious boy, oh keep and guide.

GOD HAS BEEN HERE.

"God has been here to-day, mamma. He's been down our lane," said a sweet little boy we call Bertie, one day in spring.

"What makes you think so, dear?" asked mamma.

"Because yesterday there was not a single pussy willow, and now there are lots of them! Nobody could do that quick but God, mamma."

"No, Bertie, all the great men in the world could not make a branch of pussy willow in a life time—not make it if they lived a hundred years. And yet the great God in heaven brings the dead branch to life with his rain and sunshine in a few hours. While we are sleeping he brings out these lovely, fuzzy little buds, and covers the ground with violets and many flowers. You are right, my dear; God has been here, making the world beautiful."

WHEN Jesus was in the world he took little children in his arms and blessed them. He loved the children, and loved to speak gentle words to them. Jesus loves the children still, and he wants every child to love him.