

"How could dear baby brother walk,
If I were not beside him?
He might be trying, but, you know,
He needs a hand to guide him.

"Kneel down, dear child, kneel humbly down,
Bow thy young head in meekness
To Him who, with a Father's heart,
Can pity all thy weakness.

"Ask for His Spirit in thy heart,
To help each weak endeavor;
Ask Him, 'mid snares and sins and fears,
To be thy strength for ever."

A Good Lion.

Patty came to spend the day with her cousin Frank. They had nice plays together. "Now let us play Daniel in the lions den," said Frank; "you be Daniel, and I'll throw you into the den, then I'll be the lions." "You won't eat me up," said Patty, in a little frightened voice. "No," said Frank; "you know Daniel wasn't eat up; he was too good to be eat, and the lions knew it. Besides, I shall only be a make-believe lion, you know."

Patty consented, so Frank put her into a dark hole behind the steps. Then he crawled in on his hands and knees, roaring and gnashing his teeth. Up he roared to Patty, and began to paw her, quite unlike the lions Daniel fell among. Such a specimen of the wild beast frightened poor Patty; and, dark as it was, she was not so sure that it was all make-believe. The little girl began to cry. Frank thought he must be playing lion admirably, and therefore roared and pawed the more, and got Patty's arm in his mouth, as if he were just ready to make a meal of her. Patty struggled to be free, and scrambling over a board put up to fence the den off, she fell, and adding a hurt to her fright uttered a terrible scream.

When Frank found she was really crying, he jumped up, and throwing off the lion, "What's the matter, Patty?" he asked, angrily. "I was afraid you'd turn lion and eat me up," sobbed Patty. "You little fool!" came up in his throat, but he did not say so; "you cry-baby!" he wanted to say, but did not. "You ——" —he could have called Patty real hard names, but he promised his mother never to talk in that way. Frank was angry, and he was afraid he should say some naughty word. "I wish Jesus was here to help me do the thing that is right," thought the child, casting his eye up the street. No Jesus was there, no *bodily* Jesus, at least; nobody you could see with your eyes. But Jesus *was* there truly. Frank knew that he was, and he suddenly shut his eyes tight up in order to see him. "Come, please and help me, my God and Saviour," he cried in his heart. Frank saw Jesus with the eye of faith; that is, he believed he was there to help him be a good boy, though he did not see him standing in the street.

Frank swallowed his angry feelings towards poor Patty, and a kind, pitying feeling took their place. He did not say she might have known better. He did not say it was not worth making such a fuss about. He did not say he would never play with such a little scare-crow again. He did not say it was all her own fault, and proudly leave her to have her cry out. That is what many boys would have done. And the little girl would have been very miserable, frightened, hurt, and Frank angry too, which would have made a heap of sorrow. No, Frank did not reproach her at all, or what would have been worse, *go off*. The Lord Jesus, whose help he invoked in this sad delima, taught him better. He taught him the sweet lesson of forbearance. "Patty," he said, going up to her, "I did not mean to frighten you. I played too rough. I'm sorry. We won't play lion any more; we'll play lamb or something else."

"I'm sorry, too," sobbed the little girl, in a minute, as soon as she could speak; "but I could not help it. I was afraid you'd eat me up." "No, indeed," said Frank, in a soothing tone, "I would not eat you up if I was a lion, Patty."

Comforted by this pleasing assurance, Patty wiped her eyes, and the two went away hand in hand, happy in each other.

India---Dr. Duff's Exhortation.

Surely God has given India to Great Britain, for a high and holy purpose. Not that a few hundreds of Europeans should make fortunes out of the millions of cringing Hindoos, but that they should impart a higher life to them. When a superior and an inferior race are thrown together, the general rule is that the superior will live down and finally live out the inferior; and thus we find the Red men of America, the Hottentots of the Cape, the Mooies of New Zealand, and the Aborigines of Australia, gradually but surely disappearing before the Anglo-Saxon intruders. But such an issue is quite out of the question in India. Hindostan must always wholly belong to the Hindoos. There are not enough of Anglo-Saxons to spare to inhabit it, even were it a land adapted unto them, which it is not. The children of Europeans, although more than usually healthy during the years of infancy in India, very soon thereafter become weak, and unless sent to the hills, die in a fearfully greater ratio than is the case in Europe. Eurasians—or the mixed breeds—do not as a rule exhibit much physical vigor. So that God seems to have determined India as a permanent habitation for the races now in it, and it therefore becomes doubly our duty to seek to elevate them in the scale of manhood and womanhood. What a noble work for Christian Protestant England and America! The