



WHAT THE ELEPHANT CAN DO.

THE BIRDS RETURN.

"WHERE have you been, little birdie?
Where have you been so long?"
"Warbling in glee,
Far o'er the sea,
And learning for you a new song,
My sweet—
Learning for you a new song."

"Who kept you safe, little birdie?
Who kept you safe from harm?"
"The Father of all,
Of great and small;
He sheltered me under his arm,
My sweet—
Under his dear, loving arm."

WHAT THE ELEPHANT CAN DO.

WHAT a queer sight! An elephant dragging a plough! The elephant is put to many uses. If he cannot thread a needle, he can pick up one from the ground with his trunk. His sense of touch is very delicate.

An elephant was once left to take care of a little baby boy. This he did with wonderful care and gentleness. If the baby strayed off too far, the elephant would stretch out his long trunk and bring the little wanderer back.

In the year 1863 an elephant was employed at a station in India to pile up heavy logs, a work which these animals will do with great neatness and speed. The superintendent suspected the keeper of stealing the rice given for the animal's food.

The keeper of course denied the charge; but the elephant, who was standing by, laid hold of a large wrapper which the man wore round his waist, and tearing it open, let out some quarts of rice which the fellow had stowed away under the folds.

Mr. Jesse, the keeper of an elephant in London, was once giving him some potatoes, when one fell on the floor just beyond the sweep of the creature's trunk. There was a wall a few inches behind the potato; and blowing strongly the sagacious animal sent it so against the wall that the potato rebounded, and on the recoil came back near enough for the elephant to seize it.

The elephant likes music, easily learns to mark the time, and to move in step to the sound of drums. His smell is very keen, and he likes perfumes of all kinds, and, above all, fragrant flowers, he chooses them, picks them one by one, makes bouquets of them, and, after having relished the smell, carries them to his mouth, and seems to taste them.

LITTLE FOOTSTEPS.

TODDLE on, little one. Yes, one foot first then the other. Ah, what a brave little man!

You can almost hear the words with which sister coaxes the baby. Brother Tom has turned from his bowl of bread and milk, and holds out very careful hands. We may be sure that the little traveller's first journey will not come to a bad end. Now back to sister! One, two, three and a little run,

and he is in her arms, laughing and proud as she hugs him and gives him a dozen kisses

How many, many steps the baby will take if he lives to be an old man! The Bible says the steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord. This means that all his words and his doings are ordered. But I am sure that the steps of a good child, too, are ordered by the dear Saviour who loved to take little children in his arms—yes, even down the first tiny footsteps of the dear little baby.

Are there little ones in your house whose first steps you guide and whose cunning ways you laugh at? Be kind and gentle with them. If you are loving and patient, it will be easy to teach them that the dear Lord loves them too.

Try your steps, pretty baby. Never mind if you get a fall, but up and away again. Your steps will be firmer soon, and you will run and shout with the other little ones

CHARLEY'S PRAYER.

WE had a long, cold ride, and I was very tired. After a short interview with the friends to whom our visit was paid, we retired to our chamber. Our little son, a lively, restless child, not yet six years old, was with us, and not at all inclined to sleep. At length I said to him, "Charley, mother is sick and tired, and cannot talk to-night."

"Ma," said the little fellow, "God can make you well, can't he? Shall I ask him?"
"Yes, my little son," I replied.

Then the little fellow started up in the cold room, and kneeling down on the bed-clothes, folded his little hands and prayed, "O good Heavenly Father, please to make dear mother well by morning, for Jesus' sake."

After this he crept back into his bed, and in a few minutes he was fast asleep. Next morning he woke with the earliest light, and waking me, said, "Are you well this morning, mother?"

"Yes, my son, I feel very well indeed this morning."

"Oh, I knew you would," said he, clapping his hands for joy. "I knew you would, for I prayed to God to make you well, and Jesus always hears little children when they pray."

Often have I recalled my little boy's faith, and wished that the same child-like confidence in the promises of God were mine.

A CHERRY smile, a kindly word,
Alone to me were given;
By them my very soul was stirred,—
They made earth seem a heaven.