

to go beyond your depth. How you have frightened us! Now run home and dry yourself!" and as Hevi shuffled away, his fond mother could not help giving him a slap with her trunk as he passed. The little rascal, he had scared them so!

Then Hevi's mother turned to the whale, who remained near the shore, and apparently was curious to see how things would turn out.

"My good whale," said she to him, "I cannot tell you how much I am obliged to you. You have saved my son, my only child. I can never forget it. I know we can never repay you; but if there is anything whatever, that we can do to show our gratitude, we shall be only too glad to do it. My husband, as well as myself—"

She then turned to call Hevi's father, but he was not to be seen. When he had scrambled out of the soft sand, hearing meantime his wife's frantic cries to the whale, he turned his head seaward just in time to see the whale pushing Hevi to shore. Perceiving that there was nothing for him to do, and filled with mortification and shame at his failure to save his drowning son, he hastened away to the woods to hide his wounded pride and regain his wonted composure.

"My husband is not here," said Hevi's mother. "He probably has hurried home to take care of the child. But he joins me, I know, in my thanks to you."

"Oh! don't mention it," said the whale, in a deep voice. "No trouble, I'm sure."

"I must now go," said the elephant, "and see that my poor child has something to revive him. I'm sorry I can't ask you up to the woods. But I shall never forget you. Good-bye!"

"Good bye!" said the whale.

When Hevi's mother reached the woods, she found her son in a very wet and uncomfortable condition. She rubbed him dry with a bundle of hay, and gave him some nice roots to eat; and when he felt better, she sent him out to take a little walk in the sun, so that he might get well warmed and not take cold.

Hevi was very glad to go, for while his mother was attending to him she gave him a great deal of good advice and some scolding, too.

He had been gone but a few minutes, however, before he came running back, crying out:

"Oh, mother! That whale's there yet! And I believe he's stuck fast and can't get away!"

Hevi's mother rushed out, and as soon as she saw the whale, she felt sure that her son was right. The great fish evidently had forgotten, or had not known how shallow the water was where he came in, and in his kind effort to push Hevi as near dry land as possible, had run himself so far up on the beach that he had

stranded himself. And, as the tide was running down, his condition was getting worse and worse. He was now more than half out of water, and although he worked his tail so vigorously that it made great waves on each side of him, and twisted himself about as hard as he could, he could not force himself into deep water.

"Mercy on us!" cried Hevi's mother. "The poor fellow has certainly stuck fast on the beach. Hevi! Run for your father."

Away ran Hevi, and his mother hurried down to the water's edge.

"My dear whale," she said, "I am afraid you have run aground."

"Yes," said the whale. "It certainly looks like it. I didn't intend to come so far. But if the tide wasn't running out I think I could get off."

"Well don't tire yourself," said the good elephant; "my husband will be here directly. He will help you."

A kind of smile came over the whale's face. "He can't do much," he thought to himself; but he did not say so, for fear of hurting the mother elephant's feelings.

Hevi soon found his father walking about by himself in the

pushed with all his enormous strength.

As the beach was hard and stony beneath his great feet, he could put his whole force into his efforts, and he pushed like a big steam-engine.

In a minute or two the whale began to move slowly backward, and then, with a steady motion, like a ship sliding off the stocks, he glided into deep water.

"Hurrah!" shouted Hevi and Hevi's mother, and a dozen of other elephants, who had now gathered on the beach. "Hurrah!" they cried again, waving their trunks in the air, while the whale, after a joyful dive, came up to the surface and spouted a tremendous stream of water, high enough to put out a fire on top of the highest steeple you ever saw.

Hevi's father came slowly out of the water, with a very good-humored expression on his face.

"Ha! ha!" he said to himself, "that was a good sort of a whale. A very good fellow indeed! But, dear me! he never could have got off that beach by himself. A whale is utterly helpless on shore. I'm glad I happened to be about. Yes, he's a good fellow for a

ing to do in the garden. It was Wednesday afternoon, and we had laid our plans for something else. Marcus, fretted and ill-humored at his disappointment, did not more than half do his work, and I began pretty much like him, until grandfather's advice came into my mind, and I determined to follow it. In a word, I 'did my best.' And when my uncle came out, I shall never forget his look of approbation as his eyes glanced over my bed, or the fourpence he slipped into my hand afterward as he said my work was well done. Ah, I was a glad and thankful boy; while poor Marcus was left to drudge over his beds all the afternoon.

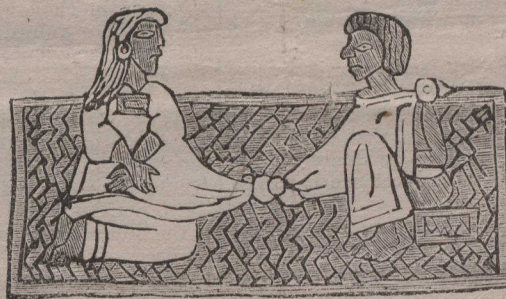
"At fifteen I was sent to the academy, where I had partly to earn my own way through the course. The lessons came hard at first, for I was not fond of study; but grandfather's advice was my motto, and I tried to do my best. As a consequence of this, though I was small of my age, and not very strong, my mother had three offers for me before the year was out; and one from the best merchant of the village, 'a place' in whose shop was considered very desirable.

When I joined the church, I, tried to do the Lord's work as well as I did my own; and after, when I have been tempted to leave the Sabbath-school, or let a hindrance keep me from the prayer-meeting, or get discouraged in any good thing, my grandfather's last words, 'Do the best you can,' have given me fresh courage and I would again try."

Here, then, was the key to this man's character. He is considered one of the best business-men, one of the best citizens, one of the best officers

in the church, one of the best friends of the poor, one of the best neighbors, fathers, husbands, friends—in a word, he is universally beloved and respected. And what is the secret of it all? He always *tried to do the best he could*. Let every boy and girl take this for their motto. Acted upon, it will, with God's blessing, do wonders for you. It will bring out power and capabilities which will surprise and delight yourself and friends. "Do your best;" or, as the Bible has it, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might;" or in other words, "Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as to the Lord."—*Band of Hope Review*.

A VENERABLE minister, ripe in the experience of many years of labor, once said, near the close of his life: "If any church puts the work of missions in a corner, the Lord will put that church in a corner." Mark it! The sad experience of many "cornered" churches bears testimony to the truthfulness of the words.



THE WEDDING OF MONTEZUMA.



forest. When the great elephant heard what his son had to tell him, he gave a grunt and seemed in a little better humor.

"Ho, ho!" said he, "I'll go and see about it."

When he got out on the beach he walked straight to the whale, paying no attention to his wife, who was endeavoring to explain the situation to him.

"Well," said he to the whale, "you seem to be pretty badly stranded."

"I am," replied the whale; "and I don't see how I am to get off unless I wait here until the tide rises. And that will be a long time to wait."

"Oh, I'll get you off," said the elephant.

"I don't believe you can do it," said the whale,

"I'll soon show you about that," said Hevi's father, and he walked through the water, taking care to be sure that his way led over the firm portions of the beach. When he reached the whale, he put his head and one shoulder against the whale's head, and, bending himself up for the struggle, he

whale. And I believe he is a trifle bigger than I am—though, of course, a whale can never be compared to an elephant."—*St. Nicholas*

"DO YOUR BEST."

"When I was a little boy," said a gentleman one evening, "I paid a visit to my grandfather—a venerable old man, whose black velvet cap and tassel, blue breeches and huge silver knee-buckles filled me with great awe. When I went to bid him good-bye, he drew me between his knees, and, placing his hand on my head, said—'Grandchild, I have one thing to say to you; will you remember it?' I stared into his face and nodded, for I was afraid to promise aloud. 'Well,' he continued, 'whatever you do, do the best you can.'"

"This, in fact, was my grandfather's legacy to me; and it has proved better than gold. I never forgot his words, and I believe I have tried to act upon them. After reaching home, my uncle gave Marcus and me some weed-