



WHAT AN ELEPHANT CAN DO.

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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 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 1868 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.

THE PARTY.

"I'm going to have a party, and you're to come," said Rosy Graham to her best friend, Ethel Ray.

"When? What for? Is it your birthday?" asked Ethel, excitedly.

"No, it isn't. My birthday comes in March, as you might remember, because you gave me a present. I couldn't have a party then; I had sore throat, and there was a buzzard or something."

"A blizzard you mean, Rosie. Yes, I do remember now. Well, you didn't tell me when it was to be."

"Why, yes, I did, didn't I? No? Well, that's funny! I thought I told you that first thing. It's to be to-morrow afternoon. Now I've got to go and ask Nellie Grant, and Sadie Somers, and Helen Rogers, and Lulu Bertram. Come with me, that's a sweetheart, because you are my very best friend, you know. That's why I asked you first."

Off the two little girls started together on their pleasant errand. When they came back, and Ethel walked to Rosie's gate with her they said one to the other a half-dozen times at least, "Oh, I do hope it won't rain to-morrow."

It didn't. The day was perfect, the little girls looked lovely in their white dresses and bright sashes and ribbons, the table was beautifully dressed with ferns and flowers, and was set out under the great linden tree. After a number of games the children set down to the table and had their supper, while Rosie's mamma played on the banjo for them, and sang sweet and funny songs.

"We've had a perfectly lovely time," said each little girl as they bade Rosie and her mamma good-bye.

FOLLOWING JESUS IN THE DARK.

"Mamma," said little Bessie, "I should be afraid to die, 'cause I should lose my way in the dark."

Her mother did not say a word, but just went out and turned off the gas in the hall. Then she opened the door a little, and said: "Come, dear; it is your bedtime. Take hold of my hand, and I will lead you upstairs."

So Bessie put her little fat hand in her mother's, and trotted bravely upstairs in the dark. After she had said her prayers, and had laid her curly head upon the pillow, her mother said: "You were not afraid coming up, were you, my darling?"

"I couldn't be, mamma, 'cause I had hold of your hand."

"Well, then," said her mother, "you need not be afraid of death, for Jesus is holding out his hand to you, and you have only to put your hand in his, and he will lead you safely through the dark."

"But how can I take hold of his hand, mamma?"

"By trying to be good every day and praying to him to help you. He loves little children so well that they need not be afraid to follow him anywhere."

"I suppose that he'll take me upstairs to heaven some day," said Bessie. "I won't be afraid any more; would you, mamma?"

WHAT WOULD YOU THINK?

What would you think if the birds and the flowers

Should say that the dew and the sweet summer showers

Were not what they wanted to bathe in and drink:

They'd like something stronger.
Now, what would you think?

And what would you think, some pleasant spring day,

If the robin and wren and pretty blue jay
Should go reeling and falling because of strong drink

(Just like men and boys);
Now what would you think?

And what would you think if you picked a bouquet,

And found that the flowers acted just the same way;

And all of them tipsy because of a drink
(How queer it would be!)

But what would you think?

Well, if it is silly and foolish for them,
Don't you think it is worse for the boys and the men,

Who lose both their bodies and souls, to through drink;

Now, what would you think?

AN ELEPHANT'S MEMORY.

A poor woman used to give to an elephant who often passed her stall in the market a handful of greens. One day a great rage he broke away from the keeper, and came tearing down the market-place. Every one hurried out of the way, and in her haste the market-woman forgot her baby. But the furious elephant, instead of trampling it to death, picked it up with his trunk and laid it on one side.

Don't you think the woman was glad she had given the elephant the greens, when he went by?

True Christians are not like marble tombs—beautiful without, but inclosed decayed bones. "The King's daughter was all glorious within." They are better substance than in show.