

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

WORK FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

There is no little child too small
To work for God;
There is a mission for us all
From Christ the Lord.

'Tis not enough for us to give
Our wealth alone;
We must entirely for Him live,
And be His own.

Though poverty our portion be,
Christ will not slight
The lowliest little one, so be
With God be right.

Father, oh give us grace to see
A place for us,
Where, in Thy vineyard, we for Thee
May labour thus.

GIRLS IN EARNEST.

DEAR young girls, if you feel tired and discouraged it may brighten you a little to hear a true story of a couple of maidens who fought against fate, more than twenty-five years ago in the wilds of Maine.

The Wellman family, consisting of a widow and six children, lived "off on a cross-road," half a mile from the highway; and the people in the quaint little village under the hill pitied them because their house "looked so lonesome." It was a low-roofed, unpainted cottage, with a small bush of southernwood each side of the door-stone, and a well-sweep a few rods to the right. Not at all a charming place, except for a grand mountain view at the back door, which Marcia and Jane drank in as they stood there feeding the chickens.

These girls walked more than a mile over a hilly, rocky road, to a very common school, where at best they had only five months' instruction in the year. So what could they be thinking of to try to "get an education?" Why anybody could see it was a sheer impossibility!

But here let me tell you that Marcia Wellman didn't mind such trifles as impossibilities: Not she! you couldn't daunt her brave spirit any more than you can kill out Canada thistles. The winter she was sixteen and Jane fourteen they had mastered common arithmetic and were beginning algebra and Latin. Miss Gordon, the teacher, kindly heard their lessons after school, for, as she wrote her friends in New York, "they are wonderful girls and she felt it an honour to help them."

In January of that year a great storm set in, the wind and the snow followed one another like two stump orators in a Presidential campaign. The sun rose next Monday morning and looked for the little town of Vance, but it was buried alive under the snow. Not a fence was to be seen, or the remotest trace of a road.

"No school to-day," sighed Jane, looking out at the earth as it lay in its white sheet.

"No but there'll be school to-morrow. I can just see Mr. Diggles, ever so far off, with any number of oxen. Oh, what a cross it is to live on a cross-road!"

Marcia set her teeth as she spoke, knowing Mr. Diggles to be an unneighbourly man, who

would never think of letting them out of their white prison.

"Nobody'll remember us," said Jane, tearfully; "we shall be snowed up for a week!"

"O fie!" said Marcia, whose courage always revived when she saw her sister crying. "I'll dig my way out, never fear!"

"Why, Marcia Fuller Wellman! It's half a mile, and the drifts are as high as your head. You dig us out, indeed!"

"Oh, well! you'll help," said Marcia, confidently. "And mother 'll help."

She was a skilful general. She knew her men. When Mrs. Wellman and Jane heard her clear, ringing voice, and saw her face set like Hannibal crossing the Alps, there was nothing for it but look up the snow-shovel. With that and the barn-shovel and a spade, these three intrepid women undertook to cut their way through a chain of mountains to the village.

"Slow and steady!" said the mother, thrusting her shovel into the heart of a pyramid.

Cut, slash, went the spade! that was Marcia. Thump, plunge, went the barn-shovel! that was Jane. Ah, but it was terrible work for young arms!

By noon the cross-road was half cleaned, and the girls caught their breath, and wondered if Mr. Diggles, down by the corner, "wouldn't feel ashamed of himself."

But he was so accustomed to feeling ashamed that he didn't mind it. Like the Levite, he passed by on the other side; and we will be charitable enough to think he didn't see the brave women who were trying to do the work of oxen.

Before dark, it was done; and Marcia flourished her tired arms, exclaiming:—

"Sound the trumpet, beat the drum!
Tremble, Vance, we come, we come!"

It was a brilliant victory. But the girls did not know they had made there lives sublime. They never dreamed that this thing which was done in a corner was spread far and wide through the streets of New York.

Two weeks afterwards, as they were eagerly conning their Latin grammar in the kitchen, the stage-driver dropped at their door an enormous package containing forty valuable books.

Books for them! what did it mean? Perhaps Miss Gordon could have told, if she had been there.

The package was sent by three eminent men of New York, and bore a card inscribed with the words: "To the Misses Wellman, as a token of respect for their pursuit of knowledge under difficulties."

Thus ends my true story of two "girls in earnest," either of them "worthy to sit at a king's right hand in thunder-storms."

A WONDERFUL PET.

YOU have heard of wonderful dogs and horses by the score, I dare say, but I fancy you have not often heard of a pet elephant. In India, where elephants are numerous, they are employed in different kinds of service, and I will now tell you a true story of one who was a pet.

Old Soup (for that was his curious name)

was born more than a hundred years ago, and he lived about two years since on the banks of the River Ganges, near the city of Cawnpore. The story of his life would be a very interesting one, if he could only tell it; but you see, he has outlived all his early friends, and so there is no one to tell it for him.

When Old Soup (or Sourpamany, as the natives called him) was young, he was trained for war; and used to go out fighting and hunting with his black masters, and many a savage battle did he have with the hard-skinned, one-tusked rhinoceros. But Old Soup is old Soup now, and having seen so many ups and downs in life, he is glad enough to take it just a little bit easy in these his later days.

But now I must tell you how he came to be made a pet; and I am quite sure that when you have heard the story you will agree with me that he heartily deserves all the petting he can get.

Weil, Old Soup was one day, at the time of which I am now speaking, working with a number of other elephants and some soldiers in loading a ship with bags of rice. Major Daly was the officer in charge of the soldiers, and Old Soup and the other elephants belonged to him. This was just about the time of Old Soup's hundredth birthday, and as the elephants, one by one, marched up to the ship's side and delivered their bags of rice, Major Daly's little boy and girl stood watching the old fellows at their work.

What was the reason I cannot say—whether it was the heat of the sun, or the hardness of the work, it is impossible for me to tell—but all at once one of the elephants began to throw his bags of rice into the river, and the Major soon saw that the animal had gone mad.

The mad elephant, having killed his keeper, turned and ran towards the Major's children, who were hurrying with their nurse to get in doors. How they would have fared if they had been left to themselves I cannot say; but Old Soup was there, and when he saw the mad elephant chasing the Major's children, he dashed in between them and fought the mad creature until he laid him dying on the ground.

It was a terrible fight this last fight of Old Soup's. It lasted for an hour and a half; and though Old Soup was conqueror in the end, he had many wounds to remind him of the struggle. His ears were badly torn, and his head bruised, and one of his tusks was broken off short, but he saved the lives of his master's children, and I am not surprised that they made him a pet after that.

But Old Soup became something more than a pet, he became a nurse as well, and often would he take the children out by the hour together, and the major said, over and over again, that he would far rather trust his children with Old Soup than with any number of Hindoo nurses. He became quite a fisherman, and might often be seen on the banks of the Ganges helping his little friends to catch the golden tench which abound in that famous river. One of the boys would bate the hook for him and take off the fish, but he would hold the fishing-rod with the tip or his trunk, and would always know when he had a bite, and would land the fish as well as any one. Was he not a wonderful pet?