

NELLIE'S REASON.

The wind blew softly down from the hill, across the lake, and through the vines straggling about the porch. It rustled the paper little Nell held until the sound made Aunt Mary look up.

"What are you reading, Nellie?" she asked. "For Nellie did not read well enough yet to care much about reading to herself.

"My Sunday-school paper," answered Nellie. "I like better to have you read the stories to me, auntie, but, you see, George Flynn likes stories, too, and he isn't any Aunt Mary. When I go and sit under the tree by the garden fence, he comes and sits down by the great tree on the other side of the fence, and I am trying to read this over so that I can do it well enough to read out loud to him. It's most all the Sunday he has."

Was that not a good reason for trying to learn to read well? She was doing in her home just what the missionaries are doing across the sea—learning for the sake of helping others. Any girl or boy can do that.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 3, 1904.

"HIDE THE BOOK, LOUIS."

Not many hundred years ago, only priests were allowed to read the Bible. People who had any of the Scriptures were punished severely. This only made men more eager to read for themselves, and the bits that belonged among them were treasured and shared most carefully.

John of Claremont was a hill farmer. He owned the Gospel of Matthew, written on parchment. People came long, hard

journeys to hear it, and this made the priests think John must have a forbidden book. So they sent soldiers to look.

John saw them coming and there was no chance for him to move. "Hide the book, Louis!" he said to his boy. "God will help you."

The men found John quietly working in the same place they had seen him from below.

"You know our purpose," said the captain, gruffly.

John answered calmly, "You are free to do your will."

They went into the house and searched beds, cupboards, chimneys, frightened the grandmother and children, and made disorder everywhere. Then they began to search outside. "You shall show us the hiding places," said the captain, roughly clutching Louis.

It was hard for John to sit still while his son was thus used, but he could only pray for Louis and the book.

At last the soldiers departed, scolding at being sent on a foolish errand.

"How didst thou do it?" asked John, who was paler than the boy.

"I hid the book in a tree hollow that I found yesterday. It was the last place the captain spied. He asked me whether the tree was hollow, and I though fearing, would not lie. The hole must be deep, for the man who thrust in his arm found nothing. Some one cried, 'Cut down the tree,' but the captain said 'No,' and my heart beat free again."

"Thank God that my boy and the book are saved," said John reverently.

Do we think what treasures we have free to-day?

THE ELEPHANT.

Few studies are so interesting and instructive as those of natural history. We would like to see books of solid fact take the place of much of the vapid fiction of our Sunday-school libraries. We here present an account of the most intelligent creature next to man that God has made. This hugest of beasts has from the dawn of historic time been an object of curious study.

The distinguishing feature of the elephant is his proboscis, or trunk, which is not only the elephant's nose, but also his hand; for there is a kind of finger at the end of the trunk and a thumb-like thickening under the finger with which the great animal can pick up a single straw, while, twining his trunk about a tree, he can unroot it with ease. We all know that elephants are valuable because of their tusks, but perhaps not many of us realize their value in India and Africa as beasts of burden. They are remarkably sagacious animals and are very affectionate, an elephant many times proving a careful nurse to the children of its *mahout*, or driver.

Elephants have a great dislike to camo- though, if laden, they will travel with it without fighting. Nothing distresses elephant more than to be followed by a horse, especially at a canter or any pace; but, of all animals, the rhinoceros has his special aversion, for he can hardly be induced to approach within sight or of one, even if the rhinoceros be dead.

Years ago it was thought impossible hunt elephants with guns, but there is plenty of reliable records of daring adventures while shooting the great animal. Mr. Charles John Anderson has been particularly famous as an elephant-hunter and I was so interested in one of his ventures that I have copied it to read you.

On a magnificent tropical moonlight night, Mr. Anderson—alone, as usual, took up his position on a narrow neck of land between two pools of water. He was protected by a small *skarm* built of logs and had with him two or three guns and a blanket. Presently a noise like that made by the passage of a train of artillery broke upon his ear, and an immense elephant appeared, followed by others, to number of eighteen. "Their tower forms told me at a glance," says Anderson, "that they were all males. I was a splendid sight to behold so many large creatures approaching with a sweeping, unsuspecting, and stately gait. The somewhat elevated ground where they emerged, and which gradually sloped toward the water, together with the moonlight-air, gave an increased appearance of bulk and mightiness to their natural giant structures. Crouching down as far as possible in the *skarm*, I waited with a beating heart and ready rifle the approach of the leading male, who, unconscious of the peril, was making straight for my hiding place. The position of his body, however, was unfavorable for a shot, and, known from experience that I had little chance of obtaining more than a single good one, I waited for an opportunity to fire at his shoulder, which is preferable to any other part when shooting at night. But, when the chance, unfortunately, was not afforded till his enormous bulk towered above my head. The consequence was that while the act of raising the muzzle of my rifle over the *skarm* my body caught his eye, and before I could place the piece to my shoulder he swung himself round and the trunk elevated and ears spread desperately charged me. It was now too late to attempt flight, much less of taking aim. So that if I remained partially erect he would inevitably seize me with his proboscis, and throw myself on my back with some violence, in which position, and with my shouldering the rifle, I fired upward random toward his chest, uttering at the same time the most piercing shouts of cries. The change of position in all human

probability so instant the descended had precise the stones— formed the many pebbles broad fore-face. I now being crushed relief, when, charge, he sw off with consi pily without injuries than a stones." Yet snatched up a pulled the tri fire. Had th could have pr It is very ground with animals feels first thing he his feet to k thing is gene and next he the riders sit, ment the mah rider scramb phant's back a

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