

REGULATING THE ELEPHANT.

Everybody had heard that the great elephant was loose, and several families whose gardens he had torn up and whose boys he had trampled upon were certain of it. There was great excitement, and the town held a meeting to decide what should be done. They did not want to exterminate him; in fact, many of them did not believe they could exterminate him, for he was a pretty big elephant. Besides, he was useful in his proper place—in shows, in India and in story-books.

"Our best plan is to try and regulate him," said an enthusiastic speaker. "Let us build toll-gates all along the route we find he is going to take, and make him pay—"

"Yes but that leaves him roaming round," shrieked an old woman. "And I don't want my boy killed."

"Keep your boy away from him. that's your business. Why, madam, don't you know that an elephant's hide and tusks are valuable for mechanical and surgical purposes and that he is useful in India? Besides, there's the toll he will pay. We shall by this means get money enough into the public treasury to build schools for a good many boys who are not trampled to death."

"That's the plan. Regulate him! Regulate him!" shouted the crowd.

So they appointed a great many committees, and drafted constitutions and by-laws, and circulated petitions, and by the time the elephant had killed several more boys and trampled down a quantity of gardens, they had erected very comfortable toll-houses for the gate, keepers and gates for the elephant; and then they waited in great satisfaction to see the animal regulated.

Slowly the great feet trampled onward: slowly the great proboscis appeared in view: and, with a sniff of contempt, the elephant lifted the gate from its hinges and walked off with it, while the crowd stared after him in dismay.

"Well!" exclaimed the keeper, catching his breath; "we haven't made much money so far, but the regulatin' plan would have been first rate if the elephant hadn't been a leetle stronger than the obstruction."

The elephant's name was whiskey.—*Christian Observer.*

CLEFT FOR ME.

One of the "Jubilee Singers," a student of Fisk University, was on a steamer that took fire. He had presence of mind to fix life-preservers on himself and wife; but in the agony of despair when all on board were trying to save themselves, some one dragged off from his wife the life-preserver, so that she found herself helpless amid the waters. But she clung to her husband, placing her hands firmly on his shoulders as he swam on. After a little her strength was exhausted.

"I can hold on no longer," was her cry.

"Try a little longer," was her husband's agonized entreaty. And then he added "Let us sing 'Rock of Ages'"

Immediately they both began to sing, and their strains fell upon the ears of many around them, while they were thus seeking to comfort each other. One after another of the nearly exhausted swimmers was noticed raising his head above the waves and joining in the prayer—

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee," &c.

Strength seemed to come with the song, and they were able to hold out a little longer, still faintly singing. A boat was seen approaching, and they did get strength enough to keep themselves afloat till the crew lifted them on board. And thus Toplady's hymn helped to save more than one from death by sea, as it has often helped to save souls ready to perish. But what does that line mean that speaks of the rock as "cleft," comparing it to Christ "riven" or "pierced?" It refers—1, To the smiting of the rock at Rephidim (Ex. xxxiii. 21, 22,) perhaps just above where the waters gushed forth when the rock was smitten." It was there, standing in that cleft, that Moses saw as much of glory as he could bear, and heard God himself proclaim his glorious perfections. Put these two together—the rock cleft that the waters might flow forth, and Moses standing in the cleft—and you have a type or picture of a sinner hid in Christ, who was smitten for us, and from whom flow all the streams of blessing for souls.—*Rev. Andrew A. Bonar, D. D.*

Beyond the Mississippi there are said to be 1206 towns which have no house of worship not even a preaching service. Those who leave the Maritime Provinces and remove to the Western States must deprive themselves of the religious advantages enjoyed here.