

Vizier rode upon his own beast, and the nabob ordered the driver to goad him on, and he went at a quick pace; but when he arrived at the spot of the indisposed people, though in a trot, the sagacious animal stopped short before the first invalid. The Vizier cursed him, the driver goaded him, and the nabob cried, "stick him in the ear!" All, however, was in vain. More humane than his superior, the elephant stood firm, and refused to violate his better feeling. At length, seeing the poor creatures helpless and unable to move themselves out of the way, he took up the first with his trunk and laid him gently down again out of his path. He did the same with the second and third, and so on, until he had made a clear passage along which the retinue could pass without doing injury to any one of them."

If an elephant can be so humane, surely we ought all to learn the lesson of being kind and helpful to one another.

A THOUGHT FOR SCHOOL DAYS.

GIRLS and boys who hurry off to school every morning, how many of you find time before you leave to ask for the most important part of your equipment? No, I do not mean your books nor your lunch-baskets; you do not forget them. But how many times have you remembered to ask for the help and presence of your Heavenly Elder Brother in all the puzzles and troubles and joys of the coming school day? You would find it a great aid, and there is no way of obtaining it like a few minutes spent alone with Him the first thing in the morning.

Try the charm, and see if it does not act like one. Your mind is free from worries and plans and pleasures as yet, and you can give the day to God with an undivided heart, as you cannot so easily after you have once stepped down into the work and hurry of it. Try it before you leave your room for breakfast, even if you have to rise a quarter of an hour earlier. It is so easy to put it off and off, until, as Martin Luther says, "you come not to pray all the day long."

Do not try to persuade yourself that it will do just as well to "think a prayer" on your way to school. The value and helpfulness of these little mental prayers, raising the heart to God for instant aid, is very great, but they cannot take the place of the quiet uninterrupted talk with Him—*Selected.*

TOM AND THE BABY.

IT was in church. The preacher had just taken his text. Everything was still, everybody listening. Suddenly, down in one of the front pews, arose a shriek! Everybody looked, except grandma and Deacon Barrow, and a few of the older people. Tom looked and tried hard not to laugh.

Mrs. Finn's baby, its body bent backward, fists clinched, red face, and mouth open for another of those dreadful shrieks, was something to make a boy smile. And Mrs. Finn's baby was rather a nice baby, too, on week days, thought Tom. He liked to play with it when Mrs. Finn would bring it with her when she did laundry work for Tom's mother. A very nice baby! It would stretch out its fat, red fists, and say, "goo, goo," and show two teeth in an engaging way—for a baby—Tom thought.

Mrs. Finn was rising to go. She would have liked to hear the sermon; she had walked nearly a mile, and they were so good to give her—a poor washerwoman—a seat where she could hear every word; but baby did take such spells at times!

Should he do it? Should he cross over and let the baby pull at the pretty buttons on his new jersey suit, and maybe let it have his watch,—his new silver watch that mamma gave him,—and like as not, pull his hair, and poke its fingers in his eyes?

He didn't want to! How the boys would laugh at him! And he hated to be "mussed!" The washerwoman's baby, too! If it were that little fairy in white lace and plush, sitting in front of him, he would think his watch could not be put to a better use than in soothing her cries.

But—but what would the Master, Jesus, whom he professed to serve—what would He do? Tom slipped across the aisle and held out his arms to the baby. And that blessed baby just stared and stared at the wonderful buttons until it dropped off to sleep.—*Selected.*

SISTERS' DUTIES TO BROTHERS.

RUIN women alone can rebuild is the carelessness with which 'brothers' are treated. Some sisters forget that the first and often the most enduring impressions men receive of their sex come through their sisters' actions. Is the girl a vain, petty, selfish being, never considering the brother's needs? Is it any wonder if the brother thinks all girls are like his sister? Sisters should seek to be the friends of their brothers. Their gentle, virtuous conduct may do much to create a right tone in the brother's mind, and will inevitably refine and help him. You, dear girls can, and you are doing very much in shaping a young man's habits. If the sister shares his youthful troubles, advises him in difficulties, makes his home attractive, refuses to listen to or to mix among any wild conversation, seeks to lead him into the right conception of manhood's privileges, in short, becomes a loving companion, then I am sure that many a youth who now sees in girls only vain, giddy creatures, will have that exalted view of womanhood which will be a safeguard in the days to come. Try to be the angel of the home to the brother. If you have failed here, begin to build this very day. God will give you strength.