

For elephants have wonderful memories; I doubt if they ever forget anything. Certainly they never forget an injury, though that is a bad account to give them.

Not long since, in a certain menagerie, a keeper had behaved very cruelly to an elephant in his charge, and was in consequence removed. A good while after, for some reason or other, he was replaced. But as soon as the elephant heard his voice he resolved to be revenged, and pinned him against the wall till the unfortunate man was squeezed to death.

But we must return to our elephant at the Zoo, and to the reminiscences which were welling up in his mind.

'Ah, that Indian forest,' he continued, 'and those jungle paths where we went crashing through—perhaps twenty of us together—the palm trees drooping over us, and the monkeys chattering, and the dense shade sheltering us from the heat of the day, and the cool waters in which we bathed! How very different from this cold blast, and those bare boughs, and the meagre pond which is all they give me here!'

Then, when we got all by ourselves in the forest, we used to have an elephants' dance. I don't suppose it is exactly what you would call a dance, but even our clumsy legs can be lively when we have anything to make us merry.

But I will not look back any more. The hundred years which is the natural length of my life pass quietly on, and the hundred pounds of food which is my daily portion come to me regularly without my seeking, besides the buns which you children give me, and which I suppose are some kind of English fruit. I never refuse them, do I?

And please don't think because I spoke of being a drudge to you that I don't regard you kindly. Why, you know among yourselves it is the strong people who are always most ready to look after the weak ones, and this is what I do. Boys, remember this and act upon it.'

(If the elephant had known the word, I think he would have said, 'This is chivalry.')

But now his duty was done, the ladder was brought back, and the children came down to terra firma.

Of course there had been several relays and repeated changes, and lest you should think that, after all

our elephant leads an idle frivolous sort of life, no good to anybody but the children, I must tell you he brings in six hundred pounds every year to the Society by these daily tramps up and down the broad gravel path of the Zoo!

So he does his part towards the pleasure we receive there, and I think we may well give him a vote of thanks, or what perhaps he would better appreciate—a nice bun.—'Child's Companion.'

### No One Is Too Small.

I'm not too young to love the Lord,  
Who does so much for me;  
My blessings come alone from God:  
How thankful I should be!

I'm not too young a prayer to  
raise

To God who dwells on high;  
He'll listen to my song of praise,  
And hear my feeble cry.



I'm not too young for Christ to  
save

He even died for me.  
Yes! He His life for children gave,  
And will their Saviour be.

Oh, Saviour, listen to my prayer,  
And change this heart of mine;  
Oh, take me in Thy loving care,  
And make me wholly Thine!

—'Our Little Dots.'

### Which Button Are You.

Some time ago I was called upon to say good-bye to a little girl whom I had learned to love very much. When the parting came, she gave me two little buttons as a keepsake, and when I asked her the meaning of them, one being white and the other black, she said, 'I want you to always keep these two buttons, and every time you look at them think of me, for I was once like the black button, all covered with sin—my heart was black; but since I came to Jesus, He has washed my heart and made it quite

white, like the white button; and not only that, but He keeps me white.'

My heart went out in grateful thanks to God that so young a child (for she was only ten) had such a clear testimony to give, and I was so glad that I knew my own garments had been washed in the blood, and that now I was like the white button.

My object in writing this is to ask my young readers if they will really ask themselves the question. 'Which button am I like?' because if you have never come to Jesus with your black heart to be made white, you are every day getting blacker and nearer to death; but I am so glad that you need not go on any longer with your heart black with sin, but Jesus is waiting to wash you whiter than the driven snow, and then you, like us, can know you are pure and spotless like the white button. God bless and help you to get your garments washed white in the blood of Jesus. —'Sunday Hour.'

### A Noble End.

'Put me down,' said a wounded Prussian at Sedan to his comrades, who were carrying him, 'put me down. Do not take the trouble to carry me any further; I am dying.'

They put him down, and returned to the field. A few minutes after, an officer said to him, 'Can I do anything for you?'

'Nothing, thank you.'

'Shall I get you a little water?' said the kind-hearted officer.

'No, thank you; I am dying.'

'Is there nothing I can do for you? Shall I write to your friends?'

'I have no friends that you can write to. But there is one thing for which I would be much obliged. In my knapsack you will find a Testament; will you open at John xiv., and near the end of the chapter you will find a verse that begins with "Peace." Will you read it?'

The officer did so, and read the words: 'Peace I leave with you. My peace I give unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.'

'Thank you, sir,' said the dying man. 'I have that peace. I am going to that Saviour. God is with me. I want no more.'—'Children's Treasury.'