

## Labour.

It was no curse that said to man,  
"Labour thy lot shall be;  
And with thy sweat upon thy brow  
Thy hand shall nourish thee."  
All who obey this high behest  
Blessings in it have found;  
And health and wealth are gathered best  
By those who till the ground.

The human frame is scarcely made  
Till toil develop form;  
And health which is not won by work  
Will hardly bide the storm.  
Or hand or brain, with plow or pen,  
May do God's will below;  
But sloth will wither hand and brain,  
And quench the spirit's glow.

Say not, thou lordly son of gold,  
No need of thee to toil;  
Say not there's naught to do, except  
By serfs wed to the soil.  
Are there not widowed hearts to cheer  
That pine in cold neglect;  
And innocence to guide and guard,  
And orphans to protect?

Are there not godlike intellects,  
Now crushed in slavish fear,  
Thy hand, thy voice, thy pen could raise  
To state of angel's here?  
Are there not shackled limbs to free—  
Wild passions to reclaim—  
Wild deserts and their wilder men  
Than wildest beasts to tame.

A jarring and discordant world  
To harmonize and bind  
Together firm with iron bands,  
Till all be of one mind?  
Are there not fiends in human shape,  
That, from the throne of power,  
Watch, eye, lest widowed liberty,  
Reclaim her long lost power?

Is not the task yet to be done  
To banish crime from earth,  
By guiding and directing right,  
Man from his very birth—  
To scatter art and science wide,  
And thus prepare the way  
For that millennium to come,  
When love and truth shall sway.

Is there not haggard, starving want,  
That feeds itself with crime;  
And dread miasma in foul abodes  
That kills men ere their time:  
Are there not wrongs that every day  
The rich heaps on the poor;  
Who toil and starve that heartless men  
May swell their golden store?

Then say not, there is naught to do—  
Labour—'tis Heaven's command,  
Each in his sphere, and soon there were  
No sorrow in the land.  
Without the toil none can be great—  
Without it none is good,  
Or even blameless and forgiven  
Before his Maker stood.

## The Elephant.\*

Few studies are so interesting and instructive as those of natural history. We would like to see books of solid fact, like that mentioned in the footnote, take the place of much of the rapid fiction of our Sunday-school libraries. It is not a distinctively religious book, but it gives an admirable 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 author tells in a popular way about all that is known of him, of his structure, habits, intelligence, and other characteristics. The story of the famous Jumbo is retold. Poor Jumbo, resisted with all his might the effort to tear him from his English home and from his mate, Alice; and hundreds of English children wrote to Mr. Barnum imploring him not to take him away. If he had foreseen the untimely death of Jumbo, by a railway accident near St. Thomas, in Canada, and the grief—there is no other word—which his death caused throughout two continents, he would doubtless have left him at home. The book abounds in curious stories of rougher elephants, trick elephants, working elephants, and fighting elephants, all of which are as instructive as they are interesting. The book has about a score of full-page engravings.

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 uproot 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 very affectionate, an elephant many times proving a careful nurse for the children of its *mahout*, or driver.

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

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

On a magnificent tropical moonlight night, Mr. Andersson—alone, as usual—took up his position on a narrow neck of land between two pools of water. He was protected by a small *skärm* built of stones, 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 the number of eighteen. "Their towering forms told me at a glance," says Mr. Andersson, "that they were all males.

It was a splendid sight to behold so many huge creatures approaching with a free, sweeping, unsuspecting and stately step. The somewhat elevated ground whence they emerged, and which gradually sloped toward the water, together with the misty night-air, gave an increased appearance of bulk and mightiness to their naturally giant structures. Crouching down as low as possible in the *skärm*, I waited with beating heart and ready rifle the approach of the leading male, who, unconscious of peril, was making straight for my hiding-place. The position of his body, however, was unfavorable for a shot, and, knowing 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 this chance, unfortunately, was not afforded till his enormous bulk towered above my head. The consequence was that while in the act of raising the muzzle of my rifle over the *skärm* my body caught his eye, and before I could place the piece to my shoulder he swung himself round and with trunk elevated and ears spread desperately charged me. It was now too late to think of flight, much less of taking aim. Seeing that if I remained partially erect he would inevitably seize me with his proboscis, I threw myself on my back with some violence, in which position, and without shouldering the rifle, I fired upward at random toward his chest, uttering at the same time the most piercing shouts and cries. The change of position in all human probability saved my life, for at the same instant the trunk of the enraged animal descended precisely on the spot where I had previously crouched, sweeping away the stones—many of large size—that formed the fore-part of my *skärm* like so many pebbles. In another moment his broad fore feet passed directly over my face. I now expected nothing short of being crushed to death, but imagine my relief when, instead of renewing the charge, he swerved to the left and moved off with considerable rapidity—most happily, without my having received other injuries than a few bruises from the falling stones." Yet after all this Mr. Andersson snatched up another rifle, and, taking aim, pulled the trigger, when the piece missed fire. Had this happened at first, nothing could have prevented his instant death.

It is very dangerous to get upon soft ground with an elephant. As soon as the animal feels himself sinking he seizes the first thing he can reach and puts it under his feet to keep himself up. The first thing is generally the *mahout*, or driver, and next he drags the *houklah*, on which the riders sit, to support him. The moment the *mahout* cries '*Puss-gya!*' every rider scrambles or tumbles off the elephant's back as soon as possible.

## "Home College Series"—The Ocean.

## I.

*Definition.*—Ocean, or Sea, is the name applied to that great body which surrounds the continents, and covers, to a great depth, more than three-fourths of the earth's surface.

*Divisions.*—It is divided into several distinct bodies by the formation of the land, which rises above its surface. These divisions are Atlantic, Pacific, Indian, Arctic, and Antarctic. The Polar oceans are divided from the Pacific by imaginary lines known as the Arctic and Antarctic circles. Portions of the ocean, nearly surrounded by land, are seas, gulfs, and bays. These are all united in one great system, and are maintained at nearly uniform composition, chiefly by means of strong currents, which flow continuously through them. Some of these ocean rivers are of enormous extent. What is singular and phenomenal is that these submarine streams flow in one direction, while the water on the surface moves in the opposite direction. The water travels in a vast circle like the horses in a hippodrome.

*Saltiness.*—A uniform feature of the ocean is the saltiness of the water. It holds in solution chloride of sodium (common salt), a small quantity of the sulphate of magnesium, sulphate and carbonate of lime, iodine and bromide of magnesium. These form about one-thirtieth of the water by weight. In every pint of sea-water there is an ounce of salt. If the waters of the Atlantic Ocean were to evaporate there would remain a deposit of salt sufficient to cover 7,000,000 of square miles, to the depth of one mile. A gigantic salt-box, indeed! Was the water of the sea ever pure? Certainly not. The rivers that flow into it are not pure. They are fed by springs and the rain, which washes every thing soluble, salts and minerals, into them. These are all carted down and dumped into the ocean. Vapour, moreover, is constantly rising from every part of the ocean in great masses, especially under the tropics. The salts brought into the sea sink, so that by this process of evaporation it becomes salt. There may be also great masses of salt rock on the sea bottom, like that about the Dead Sea, that is constantly dissolving. All the causes of the saltiness of the ocean are not known. It may have been created salt.

The water is of nearly uniform saltiness, although we come now and then upon places where the salt predominates. But this is due, beyond doubt, to local causes. Though inland seas are, as a rule, less salt, yet the Mediterranean holds, in solution, more salt than the ocean itself; while the Red Sea, under the intense heat and immense evaporation going on, is growing constantly saltier.

*Colour.*—Sea-water, inclosed in a bottle, is colourless. When looked at in a mass it seems a peculiar green.

\* *The Ivory King. A popular History of the Elephant and its Allies.* By CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER. Pp. 330. Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price \$2.