

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 *howdah*, on which the riders sit, to support him. The moment the *mahout* cries "*Fuss-gya!*" every rider scrambles or tumbles off the elephant's back as soon as possible.

"I'll Do What I Can."

"I'll do what I can," said a bright-eyed girl,
And she gathered a fresh bouquet
Of the sweetest buds and flowers, and placed
In the room where her sick mother lay;
And at night when the angel of sleep came
round,
He tucked under May's head a pillow of
down.

"I'll do what I can," said a thoughtful boy,
And brought out the rake and hoe;
Cleared out the potatoes, the beans and
peas,
And the onions, row by row.
And the shower came on and the warm,
bright sun,
And finished the work which the boy had
begun.

"I'll do what I can," said a wayside flower;
"I'm a tiny thing, to be sure,
But my cup is as deep as some others I know,
And the dew that I hold is as pure;
So I'll catch what I can for the bee that
comes nigh,
And scent the rough gale as it passes me by."

"I'll do what I can," a streamlet said,
As it ran on its pebbly way;
"I will scatter life on every side,
And bring up the flowerets gay;
I will sing to the mountain, the meadow, the
vale;
Give drink to the thirsty, and strengthen the
frail."

So they did what they could, each one in its
way,
And the world was the happier by it;
And if any of you little children doubt
What I say, I ask you to try it;
And you'll find that through life 'tis an
excellent plan,
In every condition to do what you can.

Deep-Sea Wonders.

BY EMMA J. WOOD.

I BELONG to the great turtle family, and am a little related to all the back-boned animals. And my back-bone is by no means a common one, but is something worth having; for it spreads out into an arch all over my body, thus making a very comfortable house to live in. To be sure, I am fast shut up in it, and not able to step out of doors even for a minute; but then I can stick my head out, and see everything that is going on, and when tired of one place can travel off, house and all, to some other.

But maybe you have seen some member of our family crawling along the dusty road, or in the green fields, and so think we turtles do not belong to the wonders of the deep sea. If so, you are mistaken, for I and some of my nearest relatives live down in the very deepest part of the ocean. Do you know, these cousins of mine that you have seen on land have not

the least right to the name turtle. You see, our whole family used to be called tortoises, but almost three hundred years ago some of the first settlers in this country caught my great-grandfather and some of his brothers and sisters, and for some reason called them turtles; so the name by right belongs only to us, and the rest are tortoises just as they were before.

But here I have been talking all this time and never told you my name. I am Mr. Green-turtle. Now, do not think that I live in that kind of a house; for it is from my fat, which is of a delicate green colour, that I take my name. When the spring comes I choose a mate, and some still moonlight night we go on the beach to lay our eggs. With our feet we dig a trench in the sand, from one to two feet deep, and in it put our eggs. After covering them up with the sand, we leave them for the sun to hatch. The shells of our eggs are pretty tough, so each baby turtle has a hard spot on the top of his head to make a hole with, else he could never get out. In two, three, or four months there they are—little fellows—with soft shells, crawling about in the sand. Our children do not grow very fast, but then we often live to be a hundred or two hundred years old, so there is no need to hurry much about anything. After a time they start off to the ocean, but they are pretty sure to remember where they were hatched, and come back to that very place to lay their eggs.

You ought to see us try to walk on land. We waddle about in a queer way. As I have said, our home is in the ocean, so instead of having real feet with toes and claws, they are flattened out like oars, with folds of skin coming down almost over them. You see, our shells are boats, our front legs are oars, our hind limbs and tails, if we have any, are rudders; so, when in the water, we are willing to try a race with almost anybody. We make the best kind of soups, so when a party of us goes on land the people on shore are pretty sure to hear of it, and down they come to the shore to catch us. They go around and turn us on our backs till they get all they want. Our legs are so short that we cannot get back, so there we lie upside down till they come and pick us up. However, all turtles are not caught in this way. Some are caught asleep with their heads sticking out of the water, and are taken before they get their eyes open. Sometimes divers go down to the bottom where they are feeding, and pick them up, and sometimes they are caught with harpoons and nets. Do you remember the sucking-fish—that fish with the plate on its head by which he fastens himself to anything he wants to? These fish are used for catching us, and this is how it is done. To one of these a line is fastened, and he is let down into the ocean where the fishermen think we turtles are likely to be found. As soon as the sucking-fish

comes where we are, he fastens himself to one of us, and when the men pull up the line there we both are. When we are caught they keep us till we are needed, sometimes feeding us, and sometimes not taking that trouble. Of course we do not like this kind of treatment very well, but then we can live quite a while without eating. It is not so very easy to kill us anyway. Once on a time one of my relatives had his head cut off. Over twenty days after this head was picked up, and it tried to bite, for it was still alive. People say that turtles are not very wise. Well, maybe that is true, but we are smart enough to be fond of our mates, and to know the person who feeds us, and be glad when we see him coming.

The trunk-turtle is a cousin of mine. If he were only a different colour he would look like the half of a great musk-melon, for he has seven rolls, or ridges, extending lengthwise of his shell. This is leathery, and not hard like the shells of most other turtles. He is the giant of the whole turtle family. He sometimes grows to be eight feet long, and weighs a ton. His shell has been used for a boat, a child's bath-tub, a drinking-trough, and many other things.

Mr. Hawk's Bill is another cousin. We are all proud of him because he lives in such a fine house. It is worth a good deal of money. It is covered on the top with thirteen bright coloured plates, lapping the one over the other like the scales of a fish. This shell when polished is used for making all those tortoise-shell ornaments that people are so fond of having. The old Roman women, hundreds of years ago, used these shells to rock their babies to sleep in, while the men, when they went to war, held them up as shields in front to protect them from the enemy. Mr. Hawk's Bill has a mouth like the beak of a hawk; indeed, every member of our family has a horny mouth. We must have something of this sort, for we have not a tooth in our heads, and how could we eat sea-weeds and hard shell-fish without something to bite with?

Sermon Enough for Sunday.

A LITTLE shoe-black called at the residence of a certain man and solicited a piece of bread and some water. The servant was directed to give the child bread from the crumb-basket, and as the little fellow was walking slowly away and sifting the gift between his fingers for a piece large enough to chew, the man called him back and asked him if he had ever learned to pray. On receiving a negative answer from the lad, he directed him to say, "Our Father," but he could not understand the familiarity.

"Is it our father—your father—my father?"

"Why, certainly."

The boy looked at him awhile and

commenced crying, at the same time holding up his crust of bread, and exclaiming between his sobs, "You say that your father is my father; aren't you ashamed to give your little brother such stuff to eat when you have got so many good things for yourself?"

That was a short sermon, but it was full of meaning. There was enough in it to think about.

Adrift on the Ice.

CAN you not see those men stepping from the wild wintry shore of a Siberian bay out upon that field of white ice reaching seaward? They strike across the ice, desiring to reach the other shore of the bay and save all possible steps. But near their journey's end, what is the meaning of that narrow strip of water between the ice and the shore? They go back that they may go round the water, but it widens! Ah, while they have been carelessly tramping, the whole field has broken loose from its icy anchorage, and is now bearing them seaward! Horrible truth! Without shelter, without fire, without water, with only dried fish for food, a wintry sky above them, the night ahead, the ocean beneath—they are adrift!

But that noise—a boom—what is it? That moment, they see a rapidly widening crack in the ice not many rods away. There are other reports like some battery of death going off, and everywhere extend fissures! The ice-field is breaking up! Clinging to their fragment, tormented by thirst, stung by the wind, for four awful days and nights they drift. At last, on the fifth day, they seem to be reaching a point of land. Will the wind take them there? Will the current drift them? Yes, the wind is blowing right, the current drifts toward the point, and the latter was reached. O, with what joy must they have sprang ashore, rushing out of that prison whose floor was the ice, its walls the freezing, winter atmosphere, and its roof the arctic sky! Saved, though, by the wind and that current!

Is any one adrift through the impulse of some perilous temptation? Do you feel discouraged, driven from sin to sin, adrift, adrift, with no promise of help? There is hope, there is help. Remember there is a current below to help you, those good surroundings of right associates, right books, the Sunday-school, the Church. Get into that current. Have the help of its drift. And then pray. Look up. There are influences from heaven, like winds blowing in safe directions. Call them down. Yield yourself to them. Thus, wind-wafted and current-drifted, you are safe.

THERE is no knowledge for which so great a price is paid as a knowledge of the world; and no one ever became an adopt in it except at the expense of a hardened and wounded heart.