

## THE ELEPHANT SOLDIER.

LONG, long ago, on India's plains,  
There raged a battle fierce and strong;  
The din of musketry was heard,  
And cannon's roar was loud and long.  
Old Hero marched with stately tread  
His part to act in the affray,  
And on his back, above all heads,  
The royal ensign waved that day.

Fondly the soldiers viewed their flag,  
Which shook its colours to the air.  
Proudly the mahout rode, and sent  
His watchful gaze now here, now there.  
Till "Halt!" he cried, and Hero heard,  
And instantly the word obeyed,  
When, lo! a flash, a shriek, and then  
His driver with the slat was laid.

Oh, fierce and hot the combat grew!  
Yet patiently old Hero stood  
And set it all, the while his feet  
Where stained, alas! with human blood.  
His ears were strained to catch the voice  
Which only could his steps command,  
Nor would he turn when men grew weak,  
And panic spread on either hand.

But yet the standard waved aloft;  
The fleeing soldiers saw it. "Lo!  
We are not conquered yet," they cried,  
And rallying, closed upon the foe.  
Then turned the tide of conquest, and  
The royal ensign waved at last  
Victorious o'er the blood-stained field  
Just as the weary day was past.

Yet waited Hero for the word  
Of him whose sole command he knew—  
Wanted, nor moved one ponderous foot,  
To his own captain's orders true.  
Three lonely nights, three lonely days,  
Poor Hero "halted." Bribe nor threat  
Could stir him from the spot. And on  
His back he bore the standard yet.

Then thought the soldiers of a child  
Who lived one hundred miles away.  
"The mahout's son! fetch him!" they cried;  
"His voice the creature will obey."  
He came, the little orphaned lad,  
Scarce nine years old. But Hero knew  
That many a time the master's son  
Had been the "little driver" too.

Obediently the brave old head  
Was bowed before the child, and then,  
With one long, wistful glance around,  
Old Hero's march began again.  
Onward he went. The trappings hung  
All stained and tattered at his side,  
And no one saw the cruel wound  
On which the blood was scarcely dried.

But when at last the tents were reached,  
The suffering Hero raised his head,  
And trumpeting his mortal pain,  
Looked for the master who was dead.  
And then about his master's son  
His trunk old Hero feebly wound,  
And ere another day had passed  
A soldier's honoured grave had found.  
—Harper's Young People.

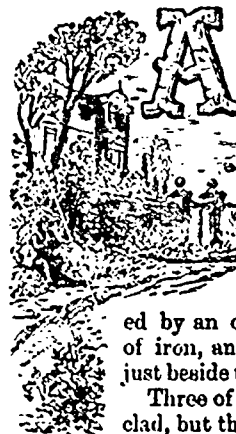
## THE YOUNG MECHANIC.

OUR young mechanic, with a level  
rolled up and hammer in hand,  
is ready for business. He is  
well equipped, and to judge  
from his bright, happy face, he has  
been at the same work before,—that  
he is at home on the bench. From  
the coat hanging on the wall and the  
carpet of trimly-cut shavings, we guess  
an older hand has held the plane; but  
our little fellow is not willing to wait  
to grow big before he begins his career,  
and he is in the right of it; though  
the father may find his plane nicked,  
his saw dulled, the edge of his chisel  
turned, and his choice pieces of timber  
peppered with nails; yet all this goes  
to educate the young Robert, and the  
father who makes his son the com-  
panion of his work and studies, has  
good reason to expect great things of  
him. One little man may be brain-  
building his minute bridge, lighthouse,  
steamboat, iron-clad, church or cathe-  
dral. This is just the school out of  
which have come the great inventions  
that have benefited the world.

Stephenson, one of the greatest en-  
gineers the world ever saw, moulded  
engines in clay for want of better ma-  
terial, when a boy. The carpenter's  
shop was the school of the builder of  
the great Plymouth break water, and  
of the famous London bridges, John  
Rennie, when a boy. Watt, the in-  
ventor of the steam engine, was too  
feeble when a child to attend school  
with any regularity, so he became, to  
a great extent, his own instructor in  
mechanics, for which he manifested a  
liking. The hand-saw and the plane  
were the instruments of education in  
the hands of Jones, to whom England  
is indebted for her first specimens of  
classical architecture. Robert Fuller  
when a mere child, evinced a taste for  
mechanics, and while other boys of his  
age were at play, he found his amuse-  
ment in the work-shops of his native  
village. So we conclude that our  
young Robert is in the right place at  
the right time, to contribute to the  
true prosperity of the world in the  
future.

## WAS HE A COWARD?

BY FRANK H. STAUFFER.



A GROUP of boys  
had stopped  
upon the side-  
walk. To the  
left of them  
were extensive  
grounds, laid  
out in walks,  
and thickly  
dotted with  
shrubbery. It  
was surround-  
ed by an ornamental fence  
of iron, and the boys stood  
just beside the wide gateway.  
Three of them were richly  
clad, but the fourth boy was  
poorly dressed, and stood  
apart from the others, his face flushed,  
his hands thrust into his pockets.

He was a sturdy, close-knit fellow,  
with mild blue eyes and a resolute  
mouth. There had been a quarrel, and  
the three boys had taken sides against  
him.

"Ben Greenleaf, you are a coward,"  
one of them said.

"Well, now—maybe not," he replied,  
his blue eyes sparkling.

"Why don't you prove that you are  
not?" was the retort. "Dick called  
you by some ugly names."

"He will be sorry for it some time,"  
replied Ben.

"Is that a threat?" asked Dick  
Carson, loftily.

He was a tall, slightly built boy,  
with a bright red scarf around his neck.  
He wasn't a match for Ben, either in  
muscle or endurance, though his conceit  
led him to believe that he was.

"Knock his hat off," suggested one  
of Dick's companions. "See if he'll  
stand it."

"Why don't you fight?" asked the  
third boy, glaring at Ben. "You shall  
have fair play. We are Dick's friends,  
but we'll not interfere."

"Oh! I wouldn't want you to," re-  
joined Dick Carson. "I'm quite able  
to handle him. Will you fight?"

A faint pallor came into the sturdy  
boy's face. He compressed his lips,  
then said:

"No."

"You are afraid."

"You would get the worst of it,  
Dick."

"Oh my!" exclaimed Dick. "You  
don't want to hurt me,—eh? Well,  
now, that's considerate in you! I'll  
see what sort of stuff you're made of."

As he spoke he stepped forward and  
struck Ben a blow on the cheek with  
his open hand. It was not a stinging  
blow, but it was a very tantalizing one.

Ben Greenleaf's blood surged into his  
face, and his eyes snapped. He had a  
fierce struggle with himself, but it was  
of short duration. He was a little  
Christian, and knew where to look for  
strength.

"You have concluded to pocket the  
insult,—eh?" Dick asked, with a sneer.  
"You're made of putty," said the  
second boy.

"You're a coward," declared the  
third.

"I am brave enough to walk away,"  
Ben said, in a slow, hurt tone. "The  
Bible says that he who ruleth his spirit  
is greater than he who taketh a city."

"Just listen!" cried Dick Carson.  
"Let's call him the little parson,"  
suggested one of the boys, at which  
the others laughed.

A young lady came from behind  
some lilac bushes, and walked close to  
the iron fence. She had overheard and  
witnessed all.

When Dick Carson saw her, the  
blood rushed to his face. She was his  
Sunday-school teacher, and he knew  
how meanly he had acted.

"Greenleaf, come here," she said.  
"Wait, boys."

She spoke quietly, but there was  
something very positive in her manner.  
The poorly clad boy walked nearer,  
with an humble, embarrassed air.

"Dick," Miss Webb asked, "your  
little sister Nelly was nearly drowned  
at Atlantic City, last summer?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"She was in bathing?"

"With mamma. The under-tow  
carried her out."

"Who saved her?"

"Some boy, Miss Webb."

"You never learned his name?"

"No, ma'am."

"Was he a coward?"

"A coward! I should think not,  
Miss Webb! It nearly cost him his  
life."

"Strong men looked helplessly on."  
"They were too much frightened to  
stir, Miss Webb."

"It was a heroic act, Dick. The  
guests at the hotel made him up a sum  
of money, and presented him with a  
medal. He was errand-boy about the  
bath-houses at the time. Master  
Greenleaf, have you the medal with  
you?"

"Yes, ma'am," stammered Ben.

"Show it."

"Oh! never mind it, ma'am," he  
said, his face reddening.

"Show it," insisted she.

He produced the medal, his embar-  
rassment increasing.

Miss Webb took the medal.

"Presented to Master Benjamin  
Greenleaf, for his heroic conduct in  
saving," etc. She went on reading.

"Miss Webb," asked Dick Carson,  
with wide-open eyes and fluttering  
cheeks, "is this the—the—boy who  
saved our little Nelly from drowning?"

"Yes, Dick. Is he a coward?"

"No!" cried Dick, explosively.

"You said he was."

"I am the coward, and am heartily  
ashamed of myself, besides. Ben  
Greenleaf, I'm sorry I struck you, and  
called you names; I take it all back.

Will you not believe that I am in  
earnest?"

"Yes," replied Ben.

"If you know how meanly I feel  
about it, you'd forgive me right heartily.  
I want to be a friend to a boy who has  
as much pluck as you have, and who  
can so well control his temper under  
gross insult."

"I am just as sorry," the second boy  
said.

"So am I for everything I said," de-  
clared the third.

"Miss Webb, I have been taught a  
lesson," Dick Carson said, humbly.  
"I have a better idea of what real  
bravery is."

"It seems we don't always know,"  
remarked Miss Webb, with a quiet but  
very significant smile.

## "GOOD ENOUGH FOR HOME."

LYDIA, why do you put on  
that forlorn old dress?" asked  
Emily Manners of her cousin,  
one morning, after she had  
spent the night at Lydia's house.

The dress in question was a spotted,  
faded, old summer silk, which only  
looked the more forlorn for its once  
fashionable trimmings, now crumpled  
and frayed.

"Oh, anything is good enough for  
home!" said Lydia, hastily pinning on  
a soiled collar; and twisting up her  
hair in a ragged knot, she went down  
to breakfast.

"Your hair is coming down," said  
Emily.

"Oh, never mind; it's good enough  
for home," said Lydia, carelessly.  
Lydia had been visiting at Emily's  
home, and had always appeared in the  
prettiest of morning-dresses, and with  
neat hair and dainty collar and cuffs;  
but now that she was back home again,  
she seemed to think that anything  
would answer, and went about untidy  
and in soiled finery. At her uncle's  
she had been pleasant and polite, and  
had won golden opinions from all; but  
with her own family her manners were  
as careless as her dress. She seemed  
to think that courtesy and kindness  
were too expensive for home-wear, and  
that anything would do for home.

There are too many people who, like  
Lydia, seem to think that anything  
will do for home; whereas, effort to  
keep one's self neat, and to treat father,  
mother, sister, brother, and servant  
kindly and courteously is as much a  
duty as to keep from falsehood and  
stealing.—Early Dew.

## COME.

HAVE heard that in the des-  
erts, when the caravans are in  
want of water they are accus-  
tomed to send on a camel, with its rider,  
some distance in advance; then, after a  
little space, follows another; and then,  
at a short interval, another. As soon  
as the first man finds water, almost  
before he stoops down to drink, he  
shouts aloud, "Come!" The next one,  
hearing the voice, repeats the word,  
"Come!" while the nearest again takes  
up the cry, "Come!" until the whole  
wilderness echoes with the word,  
"Come!" So in that verse, the Spirit  
and the bride say, first of all, "Come!"  
and then let him that heareth say,  
"Come!" and whosoever is athirst, let  
him come, and take of the water of life  
freely.—Spurgeon.