

Work for Little Followers.

There's always work in plenty for little hands to do, something waiting every day, that none may try but you; Little burdens you may lift, happy steps that you may take, Heavy hearts that you may comfort for the blessed Saviour's sake.

There's room for children's service in this busy world of ours; We need them as we need the birds and need the summer flowers; And their help at task and toiling, the church of God may claim, And gather little followers in Jesus' holy name.

There are words for little lips, sweetest words of hope and cheer; They will have the spell of music for many a tired ear. Don't you wish your gentle words might lead some souls to look above, Finding rest and peace and guidance in the dear Redeemer's love?

There are orders meant for you, swift and jubilant they ring, O the bliss of being trusted on the errands of the King! Unhindered march in royal service; not an evil can befall Those who do the gracious bidding, hastening to the Master's call.

There are songs which children only are glad enough to sing— Songs that are full of sunshine at the sunniest hour of spring. Won't you sing them till our sorrows seem the easier to bear, As we feel how safe we're sheltered in our blessed Saviour's care?

Yes, there's always work in plenty for the little ones to do, Something waiting every day that none may try but you; Little burdens you may lift, happy steps that you may take, Heavy hearts that you may comfort, doing it for Jesus' sake.

A Solved Problem.

"Another pad!" exclaimed the Mistress of the Manse; "why, you children must think that I am made of pads, pens and pencils."

"Yes'm," chirped a small voice, "but we must have 'em; I've only had two this month."

"But don't you see," said thoughtful number one, "it's a good deal to buy all these things for five children?" The wise man roused from his study of prehistoric Americans to contemplate the small modern savages in the next room, and, as usual, he observed to some purpose.

"My dear," he said, mildly, his finger in his book to mark the place he was reading, one eye turned inward to keep the thread of his study, the other fixed on the animated countenance of his wife, "my dear, I should think the end and the beginning of the English language is, 'Mother I want a pad,' or 'May I have a new pencil,' or 'I broke my pen to-day'; for this is all I hear from one week's end to the other. My advice is to give each child an allowance and let them all shift for themselves."

The mistress of the Manse jumped up from her chair, regardless of the fact that number six was bowled over, and that little number seven was roused from his sleep.

"We will, children, we will!" she cried. "Quick! bring pencil and paper, and we'll plan it all out."

So there was a flutter and a rush, and the wise man sweetly accommodated himself to the circumstances by adding the discarded baby in one arm, and his prehistoric Americans on the other, while the mistress sat down in the midst of the heads, legs and arms of the six, and proceeded to plan.

How much talking it did take, to be sure! Number one knew it all until number two showed him, most amiably, that he didn't know anything, and number three thought that, as she was a girl, she could spend money better than the boys, for didn't mother lay out most of the salary?

At this juncture, one eye of the wise man appeared over the prehistoric Americans and impressively winked, and his owner remarked it was well to drill some principles into the modern young woman.

But the mistress only laughed, and that was more difficult, kept her head in the babel, rescued the muscilage from number six, and put number five in the corner for dropping marbles in the piano, with out the quiver of an eye.

She often thought she was like a surgeon on the battlefield, who went coolly and steadily on, sawing off limbs or binding up wounds in spite of hot and shell all about him, for she had learned to do anything and everything amidst talking and whistling, crying and laughing, and to carry on a brisk and connected conversation under the most trying circumstances, and the man had learned to listen.

Finally the vexed question was settled to everybody's satisfaction. Number one and number two were to have twenty cents a month, and buy all the

pads and pencils needed from it, put a penny a week in the Lord's treasury, and if they were late to meals, or failed to brush their teeth at night, they had to put a penny for each offence in the missionary mite box, that the mistress of the Manse mysteriously evolved apparently from her inner consciousness.

Number three and number four had fifteen cents monthly with the same responsibilities and penalties, and each child was confident a good sum would be saved for personal uses. There was but one restriction, and that was that no candy was to be purchased without permission, and they rarely asked for the indulgence. As number three exclaimed with enthusiasm, "It's wealth, children, it's wealth!" And then it was remembered that many stray pennies were earned now and again, this added certainty every month made them rich for all their simple needs.

Something must be learned with this new departure, so the mistress gave each child a tiny blank book, and every cent received and every cent spent was entered therein, and showed monthly to the parents, who corrected, revised or commended, as the case demanded.

As number four had some hard earned cash, he started in with thirty-three cents, and the first page of his book was a study. Here it is:

Received..... .33  
Pads..... .15  
Pen..... .1  
Lord's money..... .4  
Lost..... .5  
Late for breakfast..... .1  
Lost Lord's money..... .2

Received..... .28  
Pads..... .15  
Pen..... .1  
Lord's money..... .4  
Lost..... .5  
Late for breakfast..... .1  
Lost Lord's money..... .2

"Why, my son," exclaimed the mistress, as the first met her eye, "how is this? You only use two pads a month."

"Yes, I know," was the cheerful reply, for all of his clouds are lined with silver, "I use but two, but I thought I would have the other four tablets in the house."

"But you have only five cents left," said the wise man, who was smiling very broadly.

"Oh, yes, sir; but I have my allowance again in seventeen days," was the cheerful answer, and the laugh which followed did not bother him any more than did his spent pennies.

The other children, having passed the unthinking age of six and a half, managed their accounts better, and, after several experiences, were prompt at meals, as it was trying to see their precious cash disappear in the slit of the mite box. It was fun to ring the bell again and again for the wise man, who would finally arouse to find he had to put in five cents for tardiness, and no appeals for mercy made any difference, for even the baby enjoyed seeing him give up his carefully hoarded treasure.

Did it do any good, all this fuss over keeping accounts? I hear some one ask. Or did it add to the cares and make the daily burden heavier to carry?

"Well, it made lots of fun, and it did cause the purse of the mistress to keep heavier, for it taught the children the value of money. Number one voiced the idea when he said:

"I don't buy ten cent pads now-days, but get two for a nickel."

"Yes," chimed in number three, "I find it doesn't pay to chew my pen handles."

"But best of all," declared number two, "is the feeling that there is money in my pocket that I needn't spend unless I choose to."

"Oh, yes," said number four, "and I like to know the Lord always feels sure he has his share."

It really has proved another stone in the character building that goes on from day to day; for when a boy of ten won't buy dime pads, at twenty, when he is working his way through college, he will think twice before he indulges recklessly, and no money will seem rightfully his until some portion is laid aside for benevolence.

The faults to be guarded against are those of the Pardiggle children, so aptly described in Bleak House, but the mistress of the Manse is so unlike Mrs. Pardiggle that this danger is not serious. Every trial has its compensation, says the wise man, and it comforts the mistress to believe when the shoe pinches—no, when the shoes are out at the toes, or the family purse looks as though Jumbo had been lying on it—that there can be no better way to teach temperance in all things, self reliance and an attention to the little happenings, be they pleasures or pains, that help to make life what it should be, something above dollars and cents. In a word, there is nothing that will bring us nearer our ideals than plain living and high thinking.—Advance.

An Elephant Story.

"I was a full-fledged M. D. once, and never should have thought of adopting my present profession if it hadn't been for a queer accident when I first hung out my shingle."

"I had a rich neighbor, a man I

was bound to propitiate; and the very first call I had, after days of waiting for patients who didn't come, was to his barn, to see what was the matter with his sick mare. I cured the mare, and took in my shingle; for from that day to this I've never prescribed for a human being. I had won a reputation as a veterinary surgeon, and had to stick to it. But that's neither here nor there. Only, if you think animals can't show gratitude and affection, perhaps you'll change your mind."

"When I'd been in business a year or two, I sent for my brother Dick. He was a wonderful chap with all kinds of animals; and I thought perhaps I could work out of my part of it, and leave that for him. I never did; for Dick's a cotton-broker in New York now, and I should have to begin all over again to make a first-rate physician. But that's what I meant to be then."

"The very next day after Dick came I got a telegram from P. T. Barnum. I'd been down there once or twice to his own stables, and he had a good deal of faith in me. The despatch was:—

"Hebe has hurt her foot. Come at once!"

"Hebe was the favorite elephant—a splendid creature, and worth a small fortune."

"I've seen her," broke in one of the drummers; "and a beauty she was, too."

There was a murmur of agreement from the men, and the story-teller went on.

"Well, I confess I hesitated. I distrusted my own ability, and dreaded the result. But Dick was determined to go, and go we did. When we got out of the cars, Barnum himself was there, with a splendid pair of matched grays. He eyed me very dubiously. 'I'd forgotten you were such a little fellow,' he said in a discouraged tone. 'I'm afraid you can't help her.' His distrust put me on my mettle."

"Mr. Barnum," said I, getting into the carriage, "if it comes to a hand-to-hand fight between Hebe and me, I don't believe an extra foot or two of height would help me any."

"He laughed outright, and began telling me how the elephant was hurt. She had stepped on a nail or bit of iron, and it had penetrated the tender part of her foot. She was in intense agony, and almost wild with the pain."

"Long before we reached the enclosure in which she was we could hear her piteous trumpeting; and, when we entered, we found her on three legs, swinging the hurt foot slowly backward and forward, and uttering long cries of anguish. Such dumb misery in her looks—poor thing!"

"Even Dick quailed now. 'You can never get near her,' he whispered. 'She'll kill you, sure.'"

"Her keeper divined what he said. 'Don't you be afraid, sir,' he called out to me. 'Hebe's got sense.'"

"I took my box of instruments from Mr. Barnum."

"I like your pluck, my boy," he said heartily; but I own that I felt rather queer and shaky as I went up to the huge beast."

The men employed about the show came around us curiously, but at a respectful and eminently safe distance, as I bent down to examine the foot."

"While I was doing so, as gently as I could, I felt, to my horror, a light touch on my hair. It was as light as a woman's; but, as I turned and saw the great trunk behind me, it had an awful suggestiveness."

"She's only curling your hair," sang out the keeper. "Don't mind her."

"I shall have to cut, and cut deep," said I, by way of reply. He said a few words in some lingo which were evidently intended for the elephant's understanding only. Then he shouted with the utmost coolness, 'Cut away!'

"The man's faith inspired me. There he stood, absolutely unprotected, directly in front of the great creature, and quietly jabbered away to her, as if this were an everyday occurrence."

"Well, I made one gash with the knife. I felt the grasp of my hair tightened perceptibly, yet not ungently. Cold drops of perspiration stood out all over me."

"Shall I cut again? I managed to call out."

"Cut away!" came again the encouraging response."

"This stroke did the work. A great mass of fetid matter followed the passage of the knife; the abscess was lanced. We sprayed out the foot, packed it with oakum, and bound it up. The relief must have been immediate; for the grasp on my hair relaxed, the elephant drew a long, almost human sigh, and—well, I don't know what happened next, for I fainted dead away. Dick must have finished the business, and picked up me and my tools; I was as limp as a rag. Don't tell it of me, boys!"

The men were silent for a minute or two. "Did she get well?" one of them asked at length.

"Oh, yes! I forgot the sequel. That's where the moral of the whole story comes in."

"It must have been a year and a half after this happened that I was called to Western Massachusetts to see some fancy horses. Barnum's Circus happened to be there. You may be sure that I called to inquire for my distinguished patient."

"Hebe's well and hearty, sir," the keeper answered me. "Come in and see her; she'll be glad to see you."

"Nonsense!" said I, though I confess I had a keen curiosity to see if she would know me, as I stepped into the tent."

"There she stood, the beauty, as well as ever. For a moment she looked at me indifferently, then steadily and with interest. She next reached out her trunk, and laid it caressingly first on my shoulder and then on my hair—how vividly her touch brought back to my mind the cold shivers I endured at my first introduction to her!—and then she slowly lifted up her foot, now whole and healthy, and showed it to me. That's the sober truth, boys!"—*Youth's Companion.*

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