

The Family Circle

HER GREETING

A fair little girl sat under a tree,
Sewing as long as her eyes could see;
Then smoothed her work, and folded it right,
And said, 'Dear work, good night, good night.'

Such a number of rooks came over her head,
Crying, 'Caw caw,' on their way to bed;
She said, as she watched their curious flight,
'Little black things, good night, good night.'

The horses neighed, and the oxen lowed,
The sheep's 'Bleat, bleat,' came over the road,
All seeming to say, with a quiet delight,
'Good little girl, good night, good night.'

She did not say to the sun, 'Good night,'
Though she saw him there, like a ball of light;
For she knew he had God's time to keep
All over the world, and never could sleep.

The tall pink foxglove bowed his head,
The violet courtesied, and went to bed;
And good little Lucy tied up her hair,
And said, on her knees, her favorite prayer.

And while on her pillow she softly lay,
She knew nothing more till again it was day—
And all things said to the beautiful sun,
'Good morning, good morning; our work is begun.'

THE BABY'S NURSE

'Yes,' said Mr. Hillier, as he carefully dug round my pansy bed, 'O, yes'm, I've seen elephants in India many a time. I was stationed at one point, with the English army, you know, where I saw one who used to take care of the children.'

'Take care of the children! How could he? What do you mean?'

'Well, he did, ma'am. It was wonderful what that elephant knew. The first time I made his acquaintance he gave me a blow that I had reason to remember. I was on duty in the yard; and the colonel's little child was playing about, and she kept running too near, I thought, to the elephant's feet. I was afraid he would put his great clumsy foot on her by mistake, so I made up my mind to carry her to a safer place. I stooped to pick her up, and the next thing I knew I had had a knock which sent me flat on the ground. That elephant had hit me with his trunk. One of the servants came along just then and helped me up; and, when I told him about it, said he: "I wonder the old fellow didn't kill you. It isn't safe for anybody to interfere with that baby when he has it in charge. I'd have you to know that he's that baby's nurse."

'Well, I thought he was just saying it for sport; but, sure enough, after a while the nurse came out with the child fast asleep in her arms; and what did she do but lay it in the elephant's trunk as though it had been a cradle! And that great fellow stood there for more than an hour, watching that baby, and rocking it gently now and then!

'He was real good to the other children, too. It used to be his business to take the family out riding. The colonel's lady would come out and mount to her cushioned seat on his back. Then, one by one, the three children would be given to the elephant, and he would hand them up to the mother, nicer than any nurse or servant could, you know, because he could reach and knew how to do it. Oh, an elephant is an uncommon handy nurse when he is trained to the business; and faithful, I tell you. You can trust him every time.'

EXTRAORDINARY ARITHMETICAL POWERS

A correspondent of the *Times* gives an account of an extraordinary demonstration of the arithmetical

powers of a Tamil boy at a meeting of the Ceylon branch of the Royal Asiatic Society at Colombo last month, under the presidency of Sir Hugh Clifford, who, by the by, is a Catholic. Representatives of the Ceylon Department of Education had prepared a series of complicated sums. Each of these he answered within a few seconds. One sum was, 'A chetty gave as a treat to 173 persons a bushel of rice each. Each bushel contained 3,431,272 grains, and the chetty stipulated that 17 per cent. should be given to the temple. How many grains did the temple get?' Within three seconds came the answer (which had to be translated): '100,913,709, with 52 as the fraction over.' The boy was told that the answer should be 100,913,719. He shook his head, and though the sum was several time repeated to him, maintained he was right. The Education Department representative the next day had to admit that he had miscopied the answer, and had also omitted the fractional part in the copy he had made. In some cases hardly had the last word of the interpretation of the sum been uttered before the correct reply was begun.

A READY ANSWER

Tommy was under examination by the visiting inspector, who was questioning him regarding his reading.

'Have you read any of Dickens' works?' he asked; and was somewhat surprised to receive a negative reply. His astonishment was increased as he ran over a list of standard works, and successively received the same kind of answer. Finally he asked: 'Well, what have you read?'

'I have red hair,' Tommy responded eagerly.

FOR SERVICES RENDERED

Proud and pompous, the doctor was strolling down the street, when he was accosted by a poor woman.

'Good morning, sir,' remarked the latter.

'Good morning, madam,' replied the medico.

'I expect you are making a good thing of attending to that rich Smith boy?' suggested the lady.

'Oh, yes, a fairly good fee,' replied the doctor, somewhat angrily.

'Well,' whispered the lady, 'I hope you won't forget that it was my Willie who threw the brick that hit him.'

THE PROPER USE OF WORDS

'Use words with delicate care,' said Mr. E——. 'Observe all their subtle distinctions. Never write "vision," for instance, when "sight" is what you mean.'

'There's no difference between "sight" and "vision,"' interrupted his friend.

'No,' said Mr. E——. 'And yet, Billy, when you and I passed each other yesterday afternoon, the girl I was with was a vision, while the one with you was a sight.'

IT TURNED HIM OUT

'Hello, Thomas, what are you home for?' asked the boy's father. 'It isn't holiday time, is it?'

'No,' replied Thomas, looking round the place.

'I thought you were not coming home until the end of the term?'

'Changed my mind,' was the reply of the young hopeful. 'And I'm not going back, either.'

'Not going back! How's that?'

'Don't like it there,' replied Thomas.

'I thought it was a nice school,' said his father. 'Why, that school has turned out some of the smartest men in this country.'

'Yes, I know that,' returned Thomas. 'It's turned me out.'

ONE ON THE LAWYER

One of the most amusing of recent 'reminiscence' books is *The Spice of Life*, by Thormanby. He has

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