

REGULATING THE ELEPHANT.

Everybody had heard that the great elephant was loose, and several families whose gardens he had torn up and whose boys he had trampled upon were certain of it. There was great excitement, and the town held a meeting to decide what should be done. They did not want to exterminate him—in fact, many of them did not believe that they could drive him out, for he was a pretty big elephant. Besides he was useful in his proper place—in shows, in India, and in story books.

"Our best plan is to try and regulate him," said an enthusiastic speaker. "Let us build toll-gates all along the route we find he is going to take, and make him pay—"

"Yes, but that leaves him roaming around," shrieked an old woman. "And I don't want my boy killed."

"Keep your boy away from him; that's your business. Why, madam, don't you know that an elephant's hide and tusks are valuable for mechanical and surgical purposes, and that he is useful in India? Besides, there's the toll he will pay. We shall by this means get money enough in the public treasury to build schools for a good many boys who are not trampled to death."

"That's the plan. Regulate him! Regulate him!" shouted the crowd.

So they appointed a great many committees, and drafted constitutions and by-laws, and circulated petitions, and by the time the elephant had killed several more boys and trampled down a quantity of gardens, they had erected very comfortable toll-houses for the gate-keepers and gates for the elephant; and then they waited in great satisfaction to see the animal regulated.

Slowly the great feet trampled onward; slowly the great proboscis appeared in view, and with a sniff of contempt, the elephant lifted the gate from off its hinges and walked off with it, while the crowd started after him in dismay.

"Well!" exclaimed the keeper, catching breath, "we haven't made much

money so far, but the regulatin' plan would have been first rate if the elephant hadn't been a leetle stronger than the obstruction."

The only way is to drive him out entirely.

The elephant's name was whiskey.

"THOU GOD SEEST ME."

One day a lady came home from shopping. Her little boy did not run to meet her and throw his arms around his neck, as he was in the habit of doing to show how glad he was to have her come home again. Instead of this, he seemed afraid to look his mother in the face, and kept out of her way as much as he could all day. His mother thought it very strange, and wondered what was the matter.

At the close of the day she found out the reason. When she was about to undress him to go to bed he said, "Mother, can God see through the crack in the closet door?"

"Yes," said his mother.

"And can He see when it is all dark there?"

"Yes," she said, "He can see us at all times and in all places."

"Then God saw me," said the little fellow, "and I may as well tell you all about it. When you were gone out I got into the closet and ate up the cake. I am sorry, very sorry. Please forgive me;" and he laid his head on his mother's shoulder and cried bitterly.—*Chris. Observer.*

ARE THE AFRICANS STUPID?

Oh no, not many of them. They readily learn to read the Bible in their own language, and memorize large portions of it. A class of boys were accustomed, daily, to repeat the Shorter Catechism entire, their teacher asking only, "What is the chief end of man?" (*Ele nja evend'enene ya moto e velanaku dwe?*) The boy at one end of the class would answer, and he would ask the second question, the boy next him giving answer. In turn the boys would recite without book or prompting, until the 107 were completed.