

The Elephant as Nurse.

A Mahout Indian elephant keeper wanted to go to the bazaar to buy some food, and not wishing to take with him his little child, which had lost its mother, gave it into the care of the elephant of which he had the charge. At the same time he told her to be faithful and guard her trust, and she seemed perfectly to understand. He then left the elephant picketed, the baby lying on the ground before her.

Some English officers, hearing what the mahout had said, determined to try if it were not possible to tempt the animal from her trust. They began by offering such fruits as they knew she was likely to be most fond of, never doubting for a moment that she would instantly turn away from the child. But no, she eyed the fruit with a sidelong though approving glance, at the same time not attempting to stir, keeping her head just over the child. Then the men, with long bamboos having a loop of cord at the end, tried to draw the little one away from where the mahout had placed it. At this the elephant showed great anger.

In vain they did everything they could think of; the careful guardian would neither be bribed nor moved, standing over her unconscious charge, frowning fierce defiance. The mahout at last returned, when the noble animal took the baby in her trunk, and placing it gently in the father's arms, flourished her trunk, to show that she had faithfully done her duty, and turning towards the officers, she took the fruit from their hands with the most evident pleasure.—'Children's Friend.'

How Bessie's Light Shone.

It was a very dismal day. The sun was hidden by clouds, and every now and then little gusts of wind blew the rain against the windows, and moaned and sighed through the pine-trees.

Bessie Deane stood at the window of the old farmhouse drumming on the pane. She looked disconsolate, yes, actually cross, and once in a while a tear stole down her cheek and fell on the glass, as if in sympathy with the storm without.

'I never saw such a dark, lonesome, gloomy day in all my life,



DRAWING LESSON.

never,' she said. 'Papa gone, mamma sick with a headache, baby cross and here I am all alone. There isn't a single thing bright and pleasant, and I just think it is too bad!'

The tears fell fast now, and the brown curls bobbed expressively up and down among the curtains.

After she had cried a long time she became thoughtful and began looking out of the window again. Presently she began to speak her thoughts; 'Grandma says when I cry and think everything is awful lonesome, it is because I have forgotten something. She says if I would read my verses in the morning and try to practice them all day I shouldn't have time to be lonesome. I did forget this morning, and I believe I'll go and read my verses now just to pass away the time.'

She quickly ran and got her verses and sat down in the big easy chair to read them. As she read on

her face grew very sober, and she again indulged in her habit of thinking aloud:

'They're all about us being the light of the world, and letting our light shine. I wonder if the lights are all gone out, that makes this such a dark, dismal day. I remember when the teacher gave us those verses she said, "Now children, remember if the day is very dark without you can make it very bright and sunshiny within by letting your light shine all day long." I don't believe my light has shone a bit all day, and to-day needs it more than most others. I'm going to try, right away, and see what I can do.'

The little girl jumped up with a face far more cheerful than it had been a half-hour before. Indeed, Bessie was like an April day, so full of changes was she, but after a little shower the sun often shone the brightest.

She didn't have to wait long to