

Children's Corner.

SIR WILLIAM NAPIER AND LITTLE JOAN.

Sir William Napier, one bright day,
Was walking down the glen—
A noble English soldier,
And the handsomest of men.

Through fields and fragrant hedge-rows
He slowly wandered down
To quiet Freshford village,
By pleasant Bradford town.

With look and mien magnificent,
And step so grand, moved he,
And from his stately front outshone
Beauty and majesty.

About his strong, white forehead
The rich locks thronged and curled,
Above the splendour of his eyes,
That might command the world.

A sound of bitter weeping
Came up to his quick ear,
He paused that instant, bringing
His kingly head to hear.

Among the grass and daisies
Sat wretched little Joan,
And near her lay a bowl of delf,
Broken upon a stone.

Her cheeks were red with crying,
And her blue eyes dull and dim,
And she turned her pretty, woeful face,
All tear-stained up to him.

Scarcely six years old, and sobbing
In misery so drear!
"Why, what's the matter, Posy?"
He said,—“Come, tell me, dear.”

"It's Father's bowl I've broken ;
'Twas for his dinner kept.
I took it safe, but coming back
It fell"—again she wept.

"But you can mend it, can't you?"
Cried the despairing child
With sudden hope, as down on her,
Like some kind god, he smiled.

"Don't cry, poor little Posy!
I cannot make it whole.
But I can give you sixpence
To buy another bowl."

He sought in vain for silver
In purse and pockets, too,
And found but golden guineas.
He pondered what to do.

"This time to-morrow, Posy,"
He said, "again come here,
And I will bring your sixpence.
I promise! Never fear!"

Away went Joan rejoicing—
A rescued child was she;
And home went good Sir William ;
And to him presently

A footman brings a letter,
And low before him bends:
"Will not Sir William come and dine
To-morrow with his friends?"

The letter read: "And we've secured
The man among all men
You wish to meet. He will be here.
You will not fail us then?"

To-morrow! Could he get to Bath
And dine with dukes and earls,
And back in time? That hour was pledged—
It was the little girl's!

He could not disappoint her,
He must his friends refuse.
So "a previous engagement"
He pleaded as excuse.

Next day when she, all eager,
Came o'er the fields so fair,
As sure as of the sunrise
That she should find him there.

He met her, and the sixpence
Laid in her little hand.
Her woe was ended, and her heart
The lightest in the land.

How would the stately company,
Who had so much desired
His presence at their splendid feast,
Have wondered and admired!

As soldier, scholar, gentleman,
His praises oft are heard,—
'Twas not the least of his great deeds
So to have kept his word!

—*Celia Thaxter, in St. Nicholas for January, 1882.*

THE UNHAPPY BOY MADE HAPPY.

"I cannot tell how it is, mother, but I have not spent a happy day."

And why was it that Charles had not been happy? The day had been just such a day as a boy or girl loves to see. The sun had shone in the sky; the birds had sung very sweetly; and the flowers were in full bloom in the garden. Charles was in good health; he had a nice home, and kind friends. What then could make him unhappy?

"The reason is plain, Charles," said his mother. "The fault has been in yourself. You began the day in a wrong way. Instead of rising early, you lay in bed a long time. You were called two or three times, but you