

flies by night, and like the owl appears fond of ruins and solitary places.

After he had sufficiently recovered himself from the fear and trembling the poor bat had caused him, and after it was well out of sight, he took to his heels in a different direction to that in which it flew. Fortunately for him that way led homewards, which he learnt from a country pedler, whom he happened to meet coming across a little bridge.

(To be Continued.)

### Sir William Napier and Little Joan.

(Poem by Celia Thaxter, a well known American writer.)

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 splendor of his eyes,  
That might command the world.

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

Among the grass and daisies  
Sat wretched little Joan,  
And near her lay a bowl of delft,  
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.

Scarce 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 pocket, 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 you 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!

### Elephants.

In India elephants are too common for a show, but often are made useful. Sailors, when they reach Maulmain in ships, like to watch the trained animals at work in shipyards, moving timbers. Besides drawing great logs by a chain they will lift them with their trunks and carry them on their tusks; and pile up the timbers evenly, pushing them into place with the right foot.

When an elephant has dragged a log to the right spot he will unhook and free the chain with the finger of his trunk. His driver, called a mahout, sits sideways on a wooden saddle on the elephant's back, and makes signs by touching his side with his foot. The intelli-

gent beast understands what is wanted of him. Sometimes, in carrying, one is obliged to hold his head so high that he cannot see where he is going; but he moves on blindly and patiently.

One day, some people were landing, when the tide was out, and the wharf very muddy. There was a lady, and the captain would not let her soil her boots. He called out to a mahout, and in a moment his elephant pushed down the slope a log fixing it just right for a walk across the dirty space. These huge beasts are proud of their strength. They do not like to do work which makes them look awkward; but they are obedient, and make the best of it. —'Sunbeam.'

### Walter's Clock.

Little Walter is lame; often at night he lies awake in pain when nurse and his brothers are fast asleep. A tiny light is kept burning, but it is so dim that it does not show the clock's face, and Walter used to wonder what o'clock it was. Now he has found out such a good plan for telling the time. If you have seen a sun-dial, you know that it is the shadow on it that tells us the time, and it is a shadow, too, that is Walter's clock.

The little lamp burns in a small stand, and, is always set in the same place; so, as the night light burns down, it throws its shadow first in one spot in the room and then in another.

If the shadow is on the floor, Walter, knows that it is about midnight; if it falls across nurse's bed, it is nearly two; if it is on Baby's cot, it is three or four; if it is getting up toward the ceiling it is nearly six, and the night is almost gone, and nurse will soon get up.

Walter tries to be patient if the pain comes, and not wake nurse up unless it is very bad; but often he is glad to see the shadow near the top of the wall and know that morning is coming, for he gets very tired of lying awake alone.

When we awake fresh and bright in the morning, do we think of those who are ill and in pain, and cannot sleep as the hours seem to pass so slowly? We have not wanted Walter's clock, and very likely we have not heard the real clock strike since we went to bed; but do we thank God for our rest and sound sleep?—'Children's Treasury.'