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John Bunny Talks to the Children

ONE summer day, John Bunny took His way beside the woodland brook, The sun shone bright, a gentle breeze Rustled the leaves upon the trees, Said John, "Today, it seems to me That everyone should happy be."

(And yet the world is full of strife, And men take little heed of life; The air, smoke-filled by battle fierce E'en God's own sunshine fails to pierce, And brave men find an early grave Their homes and families to save.)

As through the wood John Bunny walked He met a boy and girl, who talked In tones of sadness by the way And heeded not the pleasant day. John Bunny paused, that he might hear What troubled these two children dear.

They both were young and bright, their eyes Sparkled with youthful enterprise. Brother and sister, one could tell, Their names were Paul and Isabel. Such boys and girls will welcome be To woodland folk, as you shall see.

"I wish," said Paul, "that I were old, That I a full-sized gun could hold,— That I might go to France and fight To help the cause of truth and right— I'll be a soldier when I can, I only wish I were a man!"

Said Isabel, "If I were grown I'd never let you go alone, I'd be a nurse and do my share To help the sick their burdens bear, I am too young, and so are you, There's very little WE can do."

Now suddenly, to their surprise, John Bunny stood before their eyes. "Good-day," said John, "my children dear Please tell me what is this I hear,— It seems to me you both are sad When really you should both be glad!"

Paul and his sister stopped their walk Surprised to hear a Bunny talk, Said John, "Sit down and talk to me, There's room upon this fallen tree; Now listen, Bunnies, while I tell Some things you ought to know quite well."

"What is it cheers each soldier's heart, And helps him bear his dangerous part? What is it gives him courage in The midst of all the battle's din? It is the picture in his mind Of dear ones whom he left behind!"

"It may be that a mother's smile Cheers him through many a weary mile,— The farewell clasp of father's hand— A sweetheart in the old home land— These are the visions in his mind, The thoughts of those he left behind."

"Believe me, dears, the men who go To fight your battles with the foe, Would never keep their spirits bright If for themselves they went to fight, Their comfort and their joy they find, In thoughts of those they leave behind."

"Please don't forget, my Bunnies two, This war is fought for such as you, And though you're young and small and weak It is for you the big guns speak, It is for you that brave men fight To keep you safe from morn till night."



Uncle Peter's Monthly Letter

My Dear Bunnies,

All I can say to you this month is that the advice which John Bunny gave to the children is very good. He certainly is a wise old Bunny and I don't think any of you will go far wrong if you follow his advice.

I really agree with John Bunny that the kiddies don't write half enough letters to France and England, or wherever their soldier friends are. Never mind if the writing is not so very good sometimes, you may be sure that little letters like yours will be very welcome when they get there.

Your affectionate Bunny-Uncle,
Uncle Peter.

LOOK on the world with cheerful face For in this war you have your place, It is your privilege to cheer The mother whom you both hold dear, And thus you may from day to day Help in your own most special way."

"Our country calls for extra work And neither boy nor girl should shirk The tasks that in another day Were done by those who've gone away. Each little pair of willing hands Can help our men in far-off lands."

"Our gallant soldiers must be fed, Wheat must be saved, for wheat makes bread, And we must, with the best of grace, Find other things to take its place, Meat we must save, for they need meat, We've lots of other things to eat!"

"In camp and trench our soldiers find Papers and books console the mind, And we can all some comforts spare That with our brave friends we may share, Thus each will add, as each sees best, Some pleasure to their hours of rest."

"Letters from home by frequent post Are what our soldiers value most, Children, you miss a splendid chance Of sending happiness to France, They'll get your letters with delight. Write to the soldiers, Bunnies, WRITE!"

"Goodbye, my dears, resume your walk, And don't forget this little talk, Remember all the time that you Must to your absent friends be true, Each doing good from day to day To all who chance to come his way."

"Be cheerful, kind, and good to all, Do all things well, both great and small, Save for our soldiers brave and true, Rememb'ring what they've done for you, Do these things and you'll never fret, Because you both are children yet."

The children sat, amazed to hear A Bunny speak such words of cheer. John Bunny bade them both farewell,— They hurried home their news to tell That children all the country through Might know what children ought to do!

