



# For The Children



Here in this corner you'll always find  
Stories and Rhymes of the Children's kind.

## The Moon.

By MAY MORGAN.

I LIKE to sit on our door-sill,  
And watch the place above the hill  
Get lighter every minute till  
The moon comes up all bright and still.

Sometimes he is so slow, I think  
He'll never come, then, in a wink,  
Almost behind the big oak tree,  
He pops right up, and smiles at me.  
—St. Nicholas.

## Adventures of the Bats.

By FERNVIEW.

THE house was large, with a high arched roof, and only one room, and it was perfectly dark, for there were no windows. Along the walls were some irregular little ledges, but there were no chairs or tables, because the family did not need any. No beds, either, and yet the father and mother and two children were sound asleep; and what is more, they thought their home a very nice and comfortable one. Perhaps you think they lay on the floor, but, indeed, they did just the opposite; they hung from the roof with their heads down!

These queer creatures slept all day, and at night they went out to take the air, for they were a family of bats and lived in a cave. Their bodies were covered with a very short, soft fur, but their wings were quite bare, not feathered like a bird's.

One evening the bat family were skimming about in the air, catching gnats and mosquitoes for their supper, when they happened to fly in among some people who were having tea in a garden. The ladies jumped up and screamed and put pocket handkerchiefs over their hair, as if they thought the bats meant to hurt them. Then a boy ran around calling out, "Bat, bat, come under my hat!" but the little creatures did not care to do that.

"Don't let them catch you," said Mr. Bat to his children, "for they are cruel."

One of the little ones, however, got so confused that it flew into the house by mistake, and the boys rushed indoors to catch it. They could hear the swishing sound of its wings as it flew round and round near the ceiling, and they tried to hit the helpless creature with brooms and umbrellas. Faster and faster it circled in the dark until the boys grew dizzy, and one of them cried: "Oh, get a lamp; we can't see in the dark!"

It seemed as if the bat understood what was said, for as soon as the door was opened it swooped down right in the boy's face, and with a parting slap flew out over his head.

Oh, how glad the bat was to find itself free once more in the fresh



## A HAPPY LITTLE PRINCE

The eldest Son of the King of Spain frolicking in the sand by the seaside.

air! It did not need any light, but went skimming about until it found its family again.

"Oh, my dear," said the mother, "I thought you were going to be killed and stuffed and put in a foolish collection! Boys never seem to

at the same time. After he had swallowed a choice morsel he said wisely: "My children, you will often hear one person call another 'as blind as a bat,' yet we can see in the dark while they have to wait for a light. How much better to be a bat. People tell all kinds of foolish tales about us. They say we try to fasten our claws to women's hair, and that large bats will even kill children and suck their blood."

"Oh, papa!" cried the baby bats, "why do they tell such stories? We will have nothing to do with them."

"That is the best plan," said the mother. "Don't trouble your little heads about them, but come and have another race before the day dawns and it is time to go to bed."

Then the whole family went chasing each other merrily over the lawns and sweet-scented flower beds, across the ponds where the frogs are croaking musically, while mosquitoes danced in the air; and before daybreak the bats were so tired that they stopped at the first hollow tree, went into the trunk, hooked themselves up by their hind legs, folded their wings, and in a few moments were fast asleep.—  
*Christian Guardian.*



## A HOME MADE TENT

Jolly little Canadians who have pitched a tent of their own making—inside it is cool and shady—the very spot for a summer tea-party.

think that animals like to live and enjoy themselves in their own way. We do not hurt people, and yet they want to kill us."

"That is because they know so little," said Mr. Bat, who was combing his fur with his long claws, and keeping his eyes open for mosquitoes



## BROTHERS THREE

These little children are the Sons of the Crown Prince of Germany, and the most popular boys in their own land. They too, spend their holidays by the seaside.

## The Reward.

BILLY HARDING had been promised a surprise when school opened if he ran messages all through the holidays without grumbling. It had been hard work, but he had won. Now had come the first day of school. Billie could hardly wait to know what the surprise would be. And what do you think it was? A new blue sailor suit, with a white cord and a whistle. And when he shoved his hands into his pant pockets he found a shining new quarter.

## Song of the Old School Clock.

"MY, it's fine to see the children trudging back to school once more,

I am really never sorry when the holidays are o'er.

Here they come, the noisy truants, smiling gaily as they pass; I've been lonely for the sight of every little lad and lass.

There is Jimmy Malone, just look how he's grown,

Billie Snagg, with a new school-bag; And Lucy Lou, has come back too, Bringing her little sister, Sue.

Now what do you think, there is Willie Fink,

With his face more clean than I've ever seen,

And Betty Brown with her skirts let down,

Looking as if she owned the town.

Dearie me! I must not linger watching faces old and new,

For you may be sure that there is plenty work for me to do,

Ticking off the precious moments, marking time for work and play,

Little lads, and little lasses, this old clock bids you 'good-day.'"

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