



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, be-
cause 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 op-
posite; 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 mos-
quitoes 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 call-
ing 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 frolick-
ing 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 swal-
lowed 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 chas-
ing each other merrily over the lawns
and sweet-scented flower beds, across
the ponds where the frogs are croak-
ing musically, while mosquitoes danc-
ed 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 comb-
ing his fur with his long claws, and
keeping his eyes open for mosquitoes



BROTHERS THREE

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

The Reward.

BILLY HARD-
ING had been
promised a surprise
when school open-
ed if he ran mes-
sages 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 watch-
ing 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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