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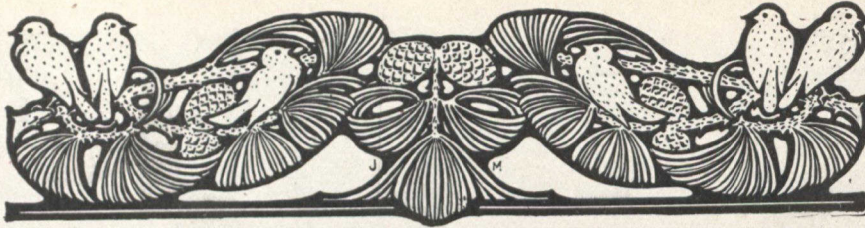
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FOR THE CHILDREN

SPRING SONG.

"SPRING! Spring! Spring!" sang the brook, as it danced along beside the little path in the park; but the great city outside did not stop to listen. The carriages and the waggons and the street cars made so much noise, and the people were so busy rushing here and there, that they did not hear it, but the squirrels in the park heard it and chattered, "Spring! Spring! Spring!" as they jumped from one bare branch to another. The sparrows heard it, too, and they chirped, "Spring! Spring! Spring!" as they hopped about among the bushes, and far down under the bridge the little "hermit of the bog" heard it, and pushed his head up through the cold earth and raised his red and yellow hood to look across the brook, where on the other side another little hermit was just waking up.

"Good morning!" he called out; "is it not beautiful to be awake in the spring?" But no reply came from across the brook and the wind blew so sharp and cold in his face that he was about to draw down his hood to keep warm, when a shivering little voice beside him said, "z-z-z-z."

"Dear me, how cold and hungry you do look! Come in out of the wind and have a sip of honey to cheer you up a bit. I am sure you have had no breakfast."

"Breakfast!" said the shivering little bee, "I have just gotten up, and have not had a bit to eat since my supper, which was so long ago that I am not sure that I ever had any. Your honey is so refreshing and I am so happy, I really must go out and sing with the brook. Was there ever a song so sweet as this song of the spring?"

"Oh, pray do not go! I am so glad to have you here. I was lonely before you came, for it is so early that there is not one to talk to except the hermit across the brook, and he could not hear me when I called to him just now."

"Let me take your message," said the friendly little bee; "I should be glad to do it," and away he flew with a greeting from one hermit to the other, and then, if you had been looking, you would have seen them smiling at each other across the singing brook.

But no one was looking except the brook and the squirrels and the sparrows, and they were so happy when they saw them peeping out of their queer little hoods, that they sang the song of spring more loudly, so that the wind and the sun took it up, and together they made such a great chorus, that the busy city outside paused to listen, and then the people, too, began to sing, and, at last, the whole world rang with the beautiful song of "Spring! Spring! Spring!" —*Kindergarten Review.*

THE DISOBEDIENT TOAD.

MAMA TOAD lived under the geranium hedge with her little family. They were very happy in their lovely green and red home. All day the little horned toads played about in the bright California sunshine. Flowers bloomed about them the year round, golden oranges hung upon the trees above their heads, and the air was full of perfume.

No one disturbed the little toads.

The humming birds and butterflies flitting about among the flowers were their friends. So was Fritzie, the little dog who lived in the house near by. It was great fun for the little toads to frisk about the dog, and when he ran after them to hide under the hedge.

Then the little girl came. The toads peeped anxiously out at her with their bead-like eyes before they ventured forth. Then the oldest and bravest of them ran close to her.

"Oh, mama!" cried the little girl, "just see those dear little things wif points around their heads."

After that she was their friend, and they loved to play about her.

Soon after that they heard a noise, and peeping out saw a great creature with something in his hand with which he made a loud sound, which caused them to scamper back to their hiding-place and tell their mother about it. The mother looked out, then gathering her family about her, said:

"My children, the long-legged creature that you see there is called a boy. He makes the most terrible noises not only by screaming, but also with a tin horn which he puts in his mouth. He is the enemy of all toads, therefore beware of him. Keep under the hedge and you will be safe."

The oldest of the toads often peeped out at the boy and saw him romping with the girl and the dog.

"I believe my mother is mistaken," said he. "Grown people don't know everything. That creature looks kind. He never hurts the dog, and besides, it is getting very dull here under the hedge." At that he ran out, but hastened back, for the boy ran after him, crying, "Oh, what a beautiful horned toad!"

Pleased at the compliment, toady proudly raised his head and ventured forth the next day. This time the boy did not seem to see him. Growing bolder and bolder each day and forgetting his mother's warning, the silly toad approached the boy nearer and nearer. At last, longing for admiration, he ran over the boy's foot. With one spring the boy was upon him, had him in his hand, and alas! in spite of toady's wiggling, he put him in a box with cotton and chloroform which he had been keeping for the purpose. The poor little toad soon fell into a deep sleep from which he never awakened.

Down under the hedge the mother waited in vain for her silly child.

If you will go to that boy's room you will see the little horned toad stuffed and hanging on the wall, a warning to all toads who disobey their mother.

* * *



HER FIRST LOSS.

"Mummy, Mummy! My tooth has come unstuck!"

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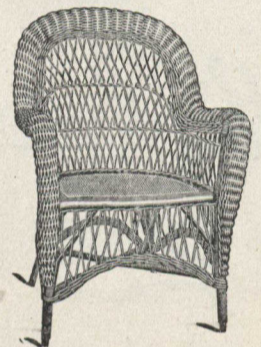
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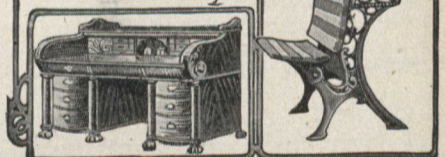
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