SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. XVIII.] TORONTO, AUGUST 28, 1897. No. 18.

HIDE AND SEEK.

Found at last! And what a good hiding-place these two little girls have chosen, behind the broad stem of a tree. Perhaps they have been hiding there for a long time, and the seekers have had a hard job to find them. It is a delightful game to play out of doors in the woods, and to judge by the bright faces of the players in our picture, they certainly seem to be enjoying it.

PLAYING HIDE AND SEEK.

—o—

THE LOST BOY.

The little fellow's name was Harry. He was five years old, and lived in the country. He had neither brother nor sister, and his playmate was a shepherd-dog named Carlo. One day his mother went to the city, which was five miles distant. She was gone all day, and upon her return could find nothing of her boy nor of the dog. When the father came, the neighbours joined him in searching for his lost Harry; but all the night through they found no trace of him. The next day the mother had heard that a boy like her own had been seen in the city. She started immediately to find him.

Arriving there, a man told her that a strange boy, followed by a shepherd dog, had been found by a gentleman, who had sheltered them during the night. The boy had missed his mother, and had come to the city to find her. Carlo had come too, to take care of his little master Harry had grown very tired, and sat down on the gentleman's sidewalk to rest. So Carlo lay down by the boy, who soon *took his dog for a* pillow, and went off into a sound sleep. The kind gentleman found him and took him into the house for the night. Carlo would not be separated from Harry, *and so they both* spent the night together in a nice bedroom, after a good supper.

The anxious mother soon found the house and rejoiced over the safety of the little *wanderer. Carlo* got great praise for his faithful care of Harry.

—o—

ABOUT BATS.

Most bats have very short ears, like mice. But there is one called the "long-eared bat," who is very funny looking indeed His big ears look like parasols held over his head. They must be "paramoons," then, for he does not fly by day. He tucks his ears under his wings when he goes to sleep.

Bats are fond of company, and do not live alone. They live in flocks or parties. They are friendly and do not quarrel. When the day dawns they go to their cave or roof, and hang themselves up by taking hold of the rock or wall with