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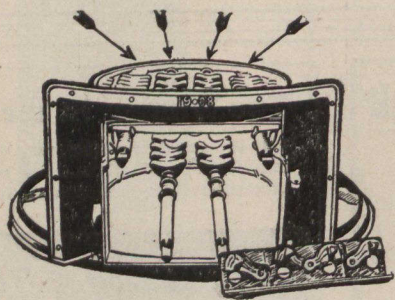
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FOR THE CHILDREN

THE CHILD AND THE MOON.

(A Lullaby Story for Very Little Children.)

BY MAUD LINDSAY

ONCE upon a time there was a little child who did not want to go to bed.

"The yellow chickens are all asleep," said his mother, as she undressed him. "I heard the old hen calling them, cluck, cluck, cluck, before you had eaten your supper."

"But I do not want to go to sleep," said the child.

"The pigeons are all asleep," said his mother, "up in the pigeon house. 'Coo-roo, coo-roo, good-night,' they said; and they tucked their heads under their wings."

"But I do not want to go to sleep," said the little child.

"The little red calf is asleep in the barn," said the mother; "and the lambs are asleep on green clover beds;" and she put the child in his own white bed.

It was a soft downy bed close beside a window, but the child did not want to lie there. He tossed about under the coverlet, and the tears were beginning to run down his cheeks when, all at once, the moon looked in at the window.

"There!" said his mother. "The moon has come to tell you good-night. See how it is smiling."

The moon shone right into the child's eyes. "Good-night, little child, sleep well," it seemed to say.

"Good-night," said he; and he lay still on his bed, and watched the moon while his mother sang:

"Like a bright angel's face up in the sky,

Baby is watching you, Baby and I,
Lovely moon, lovely moon, up in the sky."

"Can the moon see the lambs?" asked the child sleepily. His eyelids were so heavy that he could scarcely keep them open, while the moon looked in at the window and his mother sang:

"Tell us, oh, lovely moon, what do you see,
As you shine down upon meadow and tree?"

"I see the little lambs, I see the sheep, I see a baby child going to sleep."

The moon smiled at the child and his mother, and the mother smiled at the moon; but the little child did not see them, for he was fast asleep.—*Kindergarten Review*.

THE ENCHANTED PRINCE.

BY LOUISE D. MITCHELL.

I AM quite sure that you have all heard the story of the "Sleeping Beauty," and how for many years she lay in her silken bed in the tower of the great castle, sleeping the sleep of enchantment.

Well, now I am going to tell you the true story of a Prince of the Under World and how he was kept in an enchanted sleep. It was Mother Nature who wove the spell that sent him into this enchantment, but she did it only for his good, for his other mother had gone away.

To be sure, Mother Nature selected a very queer, and not at all pretty, place for him to rest in. She made for him a tiny, brown cradle. She sealed the cradle all up tight, and thrust it down into the waters of a bad-smelling pool. She took pains to make his little cradle water-proof, and she knew that nothing would disturb his sleep. Then she left him.

There he lay in that strange, dark castle, until one day when all was ready for her, Mother Nature came back to the pool and, lifting the

cradle out of the water, placed it up on the surface of a plant that was anchored near by, and fastened it there with a kind of glue.

Then, taking her magic wand, she tapped upon the cradle and said softly:

"Awake, Prince! Arise! Come forth!"

And suddenly there was the sound of something tearing or splitting, and the ugly, brown cradle was torn apart and out stepped the most beautiful little creature you could imagine! He had a long, slender body and two brilliant eyes and four great wings, gorgeous with every colour of the rainbow, and as transparent and delicate as the most wonderful lace that was ever made.

His wings were as strong as they were beautiful, for Prince Dragon-Fly lives only on the wing, and his legs are almost useless. They are intended to be used only as supports when he pauses to rest now and then. His wings are always outspread, even when he is resting, and so strong is he in flight that he is sometimes called the "eagle" of the fly-family.

Darting back and forth across some quiet pool, we see him ever in motion, and he keeps the insect world in motion, too, for the smaller flies and bugs are his prey and he will dart upon them in the twinkling of an eye. I think that you have often seen him flying about and I'm pretty sure you have exclaimed: "Oh, look out! There goes a Darning-Needle!" But really he is very harmless and would not sting nor bite you for the world.—*New Idea Woman's Magazine*.

FORGIVING.

BY WEBB DONNELL.

"NO, 'deed I won't!" scowled little Sam, when Jimmy asked him for his ball. "'Deed I won't lend it to you. You put burs inside of my coat last night!"

"I was awfully mean to do that, Sam," said Jimmy.

"All the same you don't get my ball," said Sam. He went out to the back yard with that article in his pocket.

He frolicked with Dandy for a moment; then he saw the milk-can setting on the back porch, and a moment later poor old Dandy was yelping about the yard with a dreadful clattering and banging at the end of his yellow tail. When the can finally dropped off, Dandy sat down on his hind feet and looked reproachfully at Sam, as if he would say, "That was an awfully mean trick you played on me—indeed it was!"

But the boy only laughed and went off to find amusement elsewhere.

Pretty soon Dandy heard a dreadful wail out by the duck pond, and faithful old fellow that he was, he rushed off to find out about it.

Sam had been trying to fly his kite across the little pond, as some one he had read about had done when starting a suspension-bridge across a great river. Now the kite was floating in the middle of the pond, the string broken.

Dandy looked at Sam a moment as if he had something in his mind; then he jumped into the water and swam out to the kite. When the dog got back to the shore, Sam's face looked as if he had something in his mind, too. He was red up to the roots of his tousled tow hair.

"Come, good old doggie!" he said, as Dandy wagged his wet tail. "Come, let's go find Jimmy. I guess he wants to play ball with us."—*Youth's Companion*.