



### Bed-Time Fancies.

Out from the corners and over the floor  
Come flocking and flocking the shadow band;  
I will get in my little white coach and drive  
Through the Valley of Dreams into Slumberland.

I have four black horses that Night has lent,  
I call the name of my coachman Sleep,  
And the little white coach is cozy and soft,  
As I nestle down in its cushions deep.

Heigho! we are off. The horses go slow  
At first, then fast and faster still,  
With silent hoof-beats speeding on  
Down to the foot of the Drowsy Hill

This twilight place is the Valley of Dreams,  
Where all the wonderful dream things are,  
And the balsam groves and poppy fields  
That stretch on ever and ever so far.

The dream forests rustle their secrets out,  
The lights of the dream town twinkle and shine,  
And the white dream-ships from the harbour sail  
Away to the dim horizon line.

Ah! the sounds of the Valley are growing faint,  
Its sights are fading on either hand,  
I cross the border still and dark  
And enter the real Slumberland.

### Farmer Brown's Wonderful Adventures In the Moon

BY MORDUE

(Continued from No. 140.)

"Dear! dear! Well, I suppose I shall have to try, but how shall I commence?" Then he remembered in a vague sort of way that the speakers he had heard always began with "Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen." "That's the correct thing, no doubt. So I had better begin that way."

Bowing to the Man-in-the-Moon, he said, "Mr. Chairman," then turning to the army, "Ladies and Gentlemen, I,"—but he was interrupted by a roar of laughter.

"What's the matter?" he asked in a bewildered way, turning to the Man-in-the-Moon.

But His Majesty was laughing as well as the rest and could hardly answer him; at last he gasped out: "Don't you see? there are no ladies present."

"Oh,—ah, yes—yes,—how stupid of me!" Then he began again. "Mr.—Lad—I mean—oh, what do I mean? Oh, now, I have got it. Fellow-citizens, I hope you are feeling quite well, and I am much obliged, I am sure, for the great attention with which you are listening to me." (There, that is a little better; I do believe I shall become a speaker after all.) This was said in an undertone, as he paused awhile to steady himself against a rock, for his knees threatened to give way, while the perspiration rolled down his face. "As I was saying,—bless my heart, what was I saying?" and in frantic despair he ran his fingers through his hair till it stood on end. Just then a happy thought struck him. He had once learnt a piece of poetry; why not give it to them; everybody was fond of poetry. So clearing his voice he began:

Cowards, cowards, all of you,  
Traitors, traitors, every one.

What the rest was will never be known, for he got no further, for a great shout of anger drowned his voice, and a dozen little clubs and spears were flung at him, and if it had not been for the presence of the Man-in-the-Moon nothing would have saved him from their fury. Poor Farmer Brown was so overcome at this unexpected ending of his poetry that his knees gave way entirely, and he sank in a helpless state to the ground.

The angry clamour of voices was instantly hushed at the sound of a trumpet, which His Majesty commanded to be blown. As soon as quietness was restored, he addressed his army, assuring them that Farmer Brown was deeply hurt at the way they had received his poetry, "for you ought to have known, my brave soldiers, that his

deed, I think you are the bravest, grandest army that exists."

"Well," said the Man-in-the-Moon, "I think Farmer Brown deserves to be rewarded after all this rough treatment. Bring forth the flock."

"Quack, quack," was heard, and there appeared before the delighted eyes of Farmer Brown an immense flock of geese, and in the front rank were his own. Yes, there they were, every one of them, even to Hop-and-go-One, all looking so proud and happy. They advanced with measured waddle to him, whereupon Farmer Brown fell to stroking them with much pleasure, while they quacked merrily away, seemingly as much delighted at the meeting as he was.

"Now you will see the use we make of the flock in time of war." And His Majesty said something to the General, who called out, "The Scout's Division, make ready!" At this command a number of warriors advanced and stationed themselves each behind a goose. Then came the order, "To goose! to goose! and away!" Quick as a flash each little rider jumped on his goose, and was soon soaring away, with Flying Jack leading.

"These are our scouts, who go before the army and bring news of the enemy's movements; from their lofty position, they are out of the reach of the enemy, and can watch what is going on without danger."

"Wonderful, wonderful!" was all Farmer Brown could say.



kind and sympathetic nature was quite incapable of imagining for a moment that you were cowards and traitors. I am ashamed of you for having treated him in such a way; now show that you bear no ill-will by giving him three cheers." This they immediately did, and by the time they were finished, Farmer Brown, who had heard what His Majesty had said, had hastily risen and in great excitement assured them that he had never intended anything personal, but it was the only piece of poetry he knew. "And, in-

### CHAPTER V.

THE ARMY ON THE MARCH AND THE ASCENT OF THE ICE MOUNTAIN.

Shortly after the departure of the scouts the camp was struck and the vast army in motion. There being no artillery, and the roads being good, they made rapid progress. From time to time, some of the scouts would return with news of the enemy. A little before noon Flying Jack was seen approaching.

(To be continued.)