

For the Little Tots



A True Ghost Story

A worthy old lady, who lived ever so many years ago in the country part of a very big country, thousands and thousands of kilometers from the Philippines, made a sweet wine for which she was famous, and carefully placed it on a shelf in the cellar.

The second night after this event she was frightened almost to death by a strange unaccountable noise in the said cellar. The household was called and search made but nothing was found to clear up the mystery.

The next night as soon as the lights were put out, this dreadful noise was heard again. This time it was almost alarming, a sound of squeaking, crying, knocking, pattering of feet, then a dull scratching sound, with many such ghostly noises, which continued through the livelong night.

The old lady lay in bed with the candle alight, pale and sleepless with fright, saying, rather muttering some kind of prayers and anon

resolved to fire off the rusty old blunderbuss that hung over the chimney-piece.

At last the morning broke, and the cock began to crow. (Had it been in the Philippines, the cock would have crowed at all hours of the night). "Now, thought she, the ghosts must disappear." To her great relief the noise really did cease and the poor frightened dame arranged her cap and fell asleep, at the time she should be getting up.

The next night she determined to keep watch with her servants and some laborers well armed. The blunderbuss was taken down, the big dog, called Brandy, was brought indoors, and they all sat ready to make an onslaught and hand-to-hand fight upon the ghost as soon as the noise began.

They sat expectant, but no noise was heard. Sure enough their warlike preparations had scared the ghost. They had gained a complete victory. The ghost was never heard again.

A few weeks afterwards some friends dropped in to take a cup of tea. Among other things, the maid was sent to get some of the wine from the cellar. She soon returned, and, gasping for breath, rushed into the room exclaiming: "'Tis all gone, ma'am!" and sure enough it was all gone, "the ghost has taken it".

Not a drop was left, only the empty cask remained, the side of which was half eaten away, and marks of sharp teeth were visible round the rugged margin of the newly-made bung-hole.

This discovery fully accounted for the strange noises the dame had heard. The rats in the cellar had

found out the wine, and had taken the means to let all the other rats in the parish know.

They assembled, and being quite a family party, succeeded in finishing the wine in two nights, getting very tipsy in the process, which accounted for the strange noise they made.

They had first gnawed the cork, and then, as the wine got lower, the wood to the level of the wine, and so on until the cask was empty. Having got all they could, they returned like wise rats to their respective homes, probably in high spirits, but little dreaming that their merry-making had nearly been the death of the foundress of the feast.



The Guardian Angel

Each night while I am sleeping,
Above my little bed,
My own dear Angel, keeping
His watch, is comforted,
If I have done my very best
Through all my work and play,
And if, before the hour of rest,
I've knelt a while to pray.

My Angel knows that I am weak —
God must have told him so —
And that is why, whe'er I speak,
His soft wings rustle so,
Reminding me that all I say,
Or think, or try to do,
Should be what he can take away,
And give, dear God, to You.



One fact is better than one hundred analogies.

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