

Boys and Girls

THE KNIGHT OF THE COASTING HILL

By Anne Guilbert Mahon.

"I wish I'd lived in the time when there were knights," said Eric, as mother finished reading the children a story of the olden time when knights in armour rode about doing brave deeds, and even little boys were trained to be knights when they grew up.

"I wish I could have been a knight," repeated Eric, going to the window and looking out at the snow-covered scene.

"You can be a knight now," answered his mother, going to look out the window at his side. "A knight, you know, is one who does brave deeds, who helps those who are smaller and weaker than himself, who defends the right. I see the need of a knight just now!" She looked at the hill in front of the house, which was covered with merry coasters.

"What do you mean?" asked Eric, curiously.

"I see those girls and those little boys with their sleds off by themselves because those big boys have pushed them out of the way so they can have the hill. They're being so rude and rough that the girls and the little fellows are afraid to try to coast. It's a shame!" Mrs. Curtis looked indignantly at a little group of small boys and girls huddled off to one side of the coasting-hill.

"All right," exclaimed Eric, resolutely. "I'll go out and try to be a knight! It isn't fair for those big boys to have the whole of the coasting—just because they're bigger and stronger than the others."

He hurried into his heavy coat and warm cap, drew on his mittens, seized his sled and ran out to the hill.

He was welcomed gladly by the boys.

"Ho, Eric! Come on; the coasting's fine!" they shouted, as they skimmed down the hill past him.

Instead of following their example, however, and flying down over the frozen hill, to their surprise he went up to the little group of girls and small boys.

"Why don't you go down, too?" he asked, pleasantly.

"Oh, those big boys are so mean! They push us and they won't make room for us," answered the girls, indignantly.

"They won't hurt you. I'll see that they don't. You go ahead." Eric helped one of the little boys drag his sled to the top of the hill. Several of the bigger boys, running up, pushed against the little fellow. He drew back, frightened.

"I say, fellows," cried Eric, hotly, "it isn't fair! It isn't right to push the little fellows and girls out of the way. They've as much right on this hill as we have. We ought to take care of them and be kind to them because they're not as big and strong as we are."

The boys gazed at him in amazement, their sleds upraised.

"Sure," responded Bob Wilson, the biggest of all the boys. "We didn't mean to push them out of the way. Of course, they've as much right here as we have. Let the girls and the little kids have their fun, too!"

When Bob Wilson took a stand for anything there were always sure to be plenty of followers. It ended in

the big boys helping the little ones to the top of the hill, starting them off so they could have a good coast, helping the girls, and seeing that no one pushed or hurt any of the smaller, weaker ones. It was a happy afternoon for all—the big boys, the girls and the little boys. When Eric came in to supper, his cheeks red, his eyes bright, and as hungry as a hunter, his mother looked up, smiling.

"I think the knight has done a very good afternoon's work," she said. "I hope you'll always remember that you can be just such a knight every day of your life."

"I'll try, mother," answered Eric. "I want to be a brave knight, even if I didn't live in the days when they wore armour and rode fiery steeds. Besides, it's such fun—being a knight!"—Churchman, N.Y.

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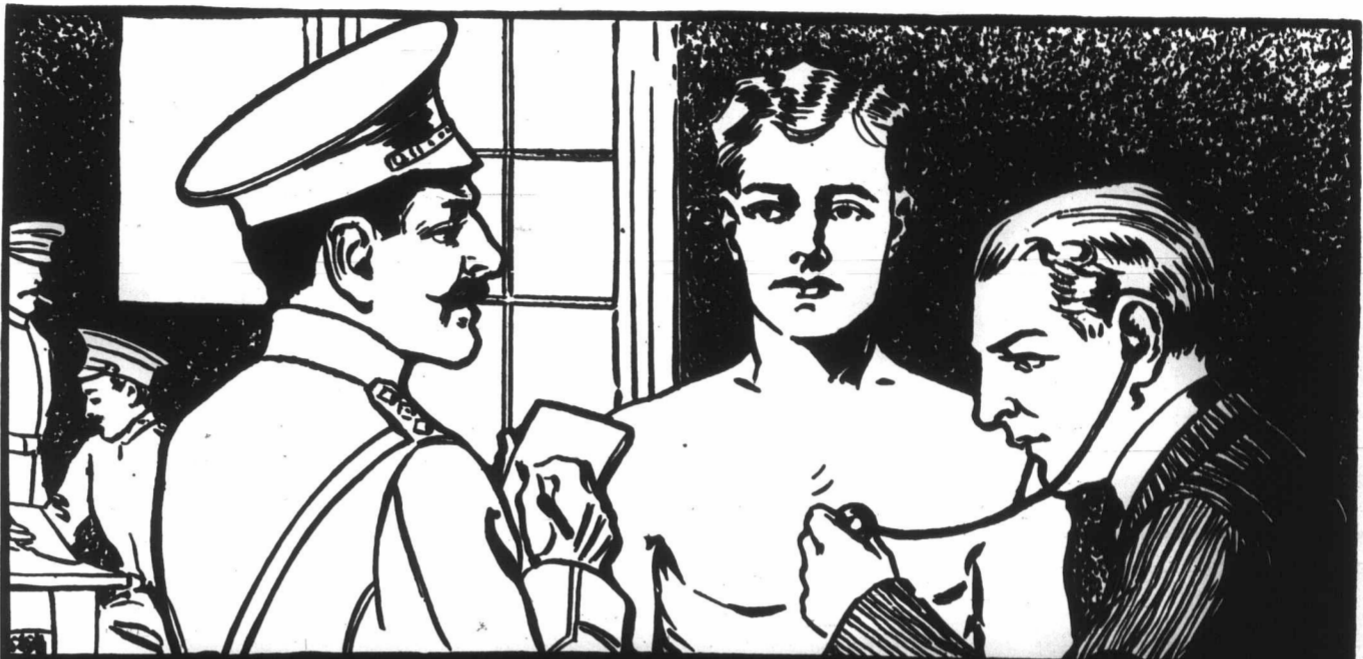
ou will excuse me for y of writing to you, I want to thank you s that you showed a I was at home. It t it was the hand of to you and it seems e that through the entleman that I had y life before, I was Christ that I had for- had forsaken Him. ht up by a God-fear- e and serve God, but fell and was going e when you met me back to the right you might be sure to meet you. Oh, forget you for that or me. I have got had lost and which than anything else

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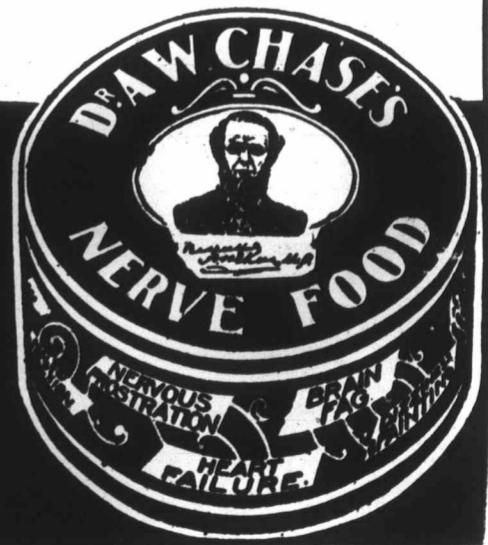
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