

The Children of Silverton Lodge.

(“The Child’s Companion.”)

‘Only another week of the holidays, then stupid old school begins again,’ said Frank Causton, standing in front of the play-room fire and making vicious digs at it with the poker. ‘I hate school!’

‘It’s a shame!’ cried his younger brother Cecil. ‘I can’t think why we may not have lessons at home like the girls.’

‘It’s ever so much jollier to be able to go to school,’ said Madge, with a pout on her pretty lips. ‘I’m sure you and Frank have

‘If you had only seen Master Frank, ma’am, I’m sure you’d never have forgotten it. I don’t know where he gets his ideas from.’

‘A little knowledge is a dangerous thing, nurse,’ said Mrs. Causton. ‘He reads so many books about brave men and boys, that he is apt to forget that the best courage of all is that which makes you do your duty in the little things of every day life.’

‘But what am I to do, ma’am? Will you go and speak to them?’

‘I think not, nurse. They have rebelled against you, and it will be better for both you and them if I let you manage it alone.’

two people who loved them most took peeps at the young rebels. There were plenty of cakes, biscuits and fruits in the school-room, or they might have been driven to call for help sooner, but, as it was, the shadows of evening came on, and only the blaze from the fire lighted the room.

There had been plenty of fun and laughter, but Mrs. Causton felt sad as she saw the children gradually getting fretful and tired, till at last they all settled to sleep on the couch in positions more or less uncomfortable.

‘The fire is nearly out, nurse,’ said Mrs. Causton, ‘so they are quite safe. I will get my supper, and you can do the same.’

‘But we can’t go to bed and leave them like that,’ said nurse.

‘I don’t think there will be the least chance of it,’ said Mrs. Causton. ‘The next thing will be that one or two of them will tumble down.’

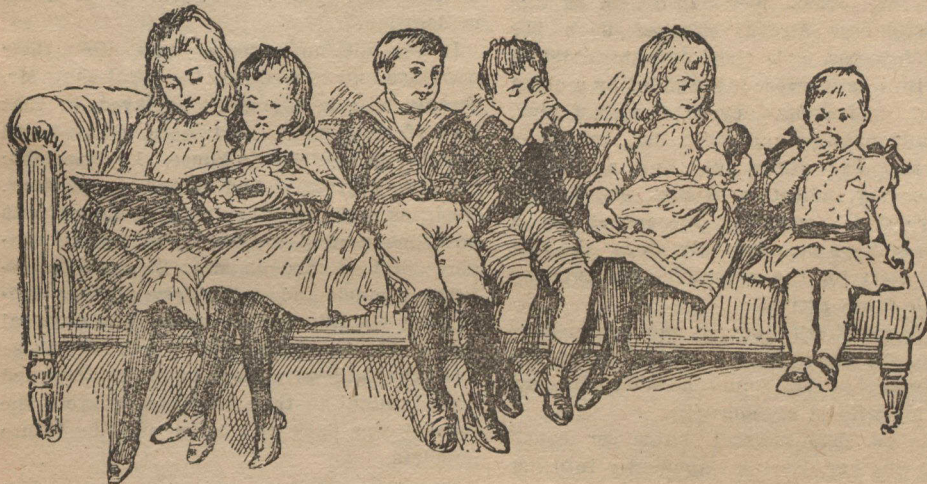
Sure enough within half-an-hour there was such a commotion as had never been known at Silverton Lodge.

Jack fell off the sofa, and woke with a scream, then, terrified at finding himself out of his own little cot, set up a shriek for nurse and mother which would not be silenced, while the bigger children, cold and stiff from their uncomfortable positions, could not refrain from loud complaints.

‘Get the door open!’ cried Madge. ‘I’m afraid to move for fear of knocking myself against the furniture.’

‘It’s all very well to say get the door open,’ replied Frank in a suspiciously choky voice. ‘I don’t know where the key is. Nurse! Nurse! Open the door quick! We want to go to bed.’

And so ended the rebellion at Silverton Lodge, for Mrs. Causton opened the little window and the children were dragged one at a time through it. A rather ignominious ending to such a very noisy beginning; but half-an-hour afterwards they were all happily tucked up in bed, having sleepily re-



ENJOYING THEMSELVES IN DIFFERENT WAYS.

lots of fun. You said yourself the other day that there was always some joke on.’

‘My dear child,’ said Frank, flourishing the poker to give emphasis to his words, ‘that was three weeks ago, when the holidays had only just begun and school seemed miles away. Now, you see, we have only a few more days and we shall be packed off from eight o’clock in the morning till five o’clock in the afternoon, and home-work to do after that, while you girls just play at learning with Miss Morton for a short time, and then go out for a walk.’

‘I hate walking!’ said Muriel snappishly. ‘I’d far rather go to school.’

‘You’d have to walk then, so there!’ cried Cecil, making a ball of his handkerchief and throwing it at his tiny brother. ‘You are a lucky fellow, Jack, any way, for you have no lessons, no school, no work, and no walk, so you’ve got nothing to growl about.’

‘Me’s got to go to bed,’ said little Jack, and sure enough nurse appeared at that very moment, and beckoned to him to go to his mid-day rest.

Then a strange thing happened. I suppose the children were a little tired of doing nothing, for that is possible, you know, strange as it may seem, and then talking about their grievances had made them appear much bigger than they really were.

‘Come along, dear,’ said nurse, finding that the little fellow did not obey her signal, ‘and you others, please had better dress to go out at once.’

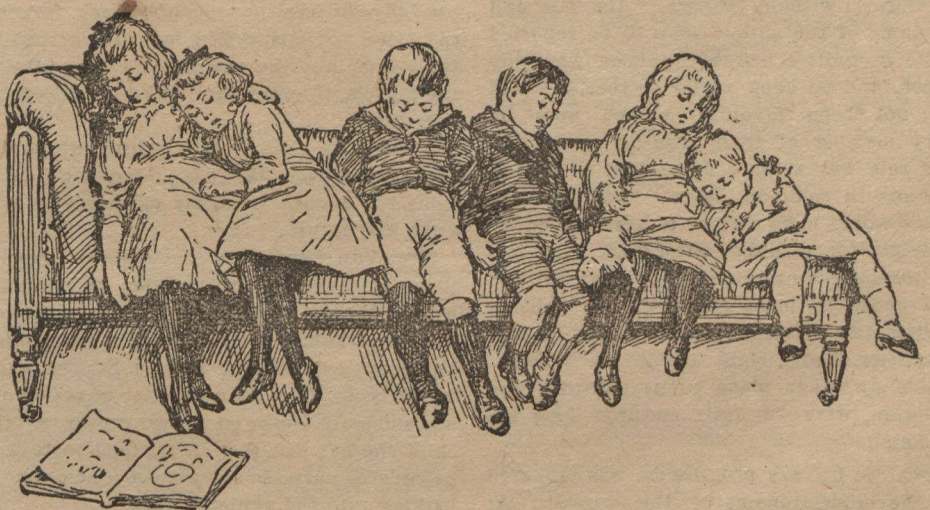
Frank sprang on the table and exclaimed: ‘Boys—girls—be brave! Do as I tell you and all will be well. Sit still, Jack, and you shall be no more dragged off to lie down against your will. Go, woman!’ he added, flourishing the poker as if it were a sword. ‘We will not go out or go to bed, and you will touch one of us at your peril!’

Nurse, who happily had a keen sense of fun and loved every one of the children, retreated quickly, choking with laughter. She went straight to Mrs. Causton and told her what had happened.

Go to them once more, and ask if they are ready to do as you tell them, and if not say you will not go near them again till they beg you to do so.’

Nurse ran off and returned in a few minutes to say the children had all indignantly refused to obey her, and when she had stated her intention to leave them quite to themselves, Cecil had exclaimed, ‘That’s a blessing! Now for some fun!’—and had locked the door against her.

For an hour or so all was happy in the



AT LAST THEY ALL SETTLED TO SLEEP ON THE COUCH.

play-room. Their mother looked in at a little window which gave light to a staircase and saw that they were all sitting on an old-fashioned sofa enjoying themselves in different ways.

‘Poor baby will have a dreadful pain if he eats that orange without sugar,’ whispered nurse.

‘Never mind,’ said Mrs. Causton; ‘he will be less likely to rebel in future. He is very young, but not too young to learn that if you plant thistles you cannot expect to gather roses.’

Many times within the next few hours the

solved that rebellion may sound very nice but obedience feels better.

The Story of a Library.

(Pansy, in ‘Christian Endeavor World.’)

My story is about a literature committee whose problem was how to help in a small village, with a large outlying country district, and with no public library or Sabbath-school library to depend upon; how to help those who would like to read, and had but little chance, and how, above all, to help those who, not being used to much reading,