

"Why did you put away your book so quickly when father came in?" asked the child, still intent on the thought uppermost in her mind; "and why did you show me that sum when you said you wouldn't?"

"Beth! Beth! What a child you are!" said Sybil, completely nonplussed. "It's always why? why? why? with you. I thought your father might want me; and I supposed that if you really could not do the sum that I must show you."

"Yes, I suppose so," replied Beth doubtfully.

"How often must I tell you not to argue? Go on with your sums at once!"

"I don't know how to."

"I have just shown you."

"I didn't see—I wasn't looking."

"Then that was simply your temper."

"No, it wasn't."

"Don't contradict—I say it was. Pray, what were you looking at, and thinking of while I showed you?"

"I was looking at you, and thinking and wondering why you did all that when father came in."

"You are an impertinent child!"

"No, I'm not!" said Beth hotly, not liking the sound of the word, though she did not understand it.

"If you answer me again I'll give you an extra lesson to learn instead of your going out to play."

"Then I won't do it!" said Beth rebelliously.

"Now you've brought the punishment on yourself"—and Sybil opened a spelling book, and marking some difficult words in a column, gave them to the child to learn.

Beth seized the book and flung it to the far end of the room.

"Go and pick that up!" said Sybil, biting her lip, and emphasising each word.

"I sha'n't! I sha'n't!" shouted Beth, jumping up and stamping her foot on the ground.

"*You shall!*" said Sybil, rising and advancing towards her.

"I won't, and you sha'n't make me! I'll go and tell Jeanie!"—and she ran from the room, banging the door after her.

Sybil walked impatiently up and down, seeking to curb her own temper. "I've put my foot in it now. The little vixen! What will Jeanie say? I must be calm." And by the time Jeanie came into the room, calm she was, and able to give in a few brief sentences a much modified view of the whole affair.

"What has the child been doing?" asked Jeanie. "I hope she hasn't been very naughty."

"Oh," said Sybil, "nothing very particular. It all came from a trifling cause. She said she could not work her sums, and ended by being rude, and refusing to learn a lesson I gave her. See where she has flung her book to! She must pick it up before I teach her any more."

"It will be a difficult task to get her to do that. But I will try. Beth is very affectionate, and will do by persuasion that which no amount of force would accomplish. May I try if I can give her the remainder of her lesson for this morning?"

"With the greatest pleasure; but please understand that I attempted no force to your sister," retorted Sybil drily.

"I am sure of that, dear; and I am sorry Beth has been so naughty. Take a little walk or rest. I will fetch the rebellious little mortal. Poor child! She was sobbing hard when I left her," added Jeanie, as Sybil, thanking her, disappeared with her book in her work-bag.

When Jeanie entered the morning-room Beth neither spoke nor moved. She was coiled up in the large easy chair, where she had left her, catching her breath in long, deep gasps, the after result of her fit of sobbing.

Jeanie went to her, and kneeling by the side of the chair, wound her arms around the child, drawing her head down to her breast.

"I am going to teach you the rest of your lessons, little sister. Will you let me, dear?"

"Will you? Will you really, Jean?" she said, lifting up her tear-stained face. "Oh, I'm so glad; and you'll show me how to do that horrid sum, and not think I can do it and won't do it!"

"Of course I sha'n't think so. Come—let us wipe this wet little face"—and taking Beth's seat she lifted her on to her knee.

"I would do anything in the world for you," murmured Beth.

"Then I am going to ask you to do something very hard indeed; but that I know you will do, not only for my sake, but because it is right, and your duty to do."

"Oh, dear!" sighed Beth. "I know it's something about Sybil, and I hate her."

"Hush!" said her sister. "I am sure you do not." Then, in a few loving, simple words, she showed the child wherein she had erred, skilfully evading Sybil's part in the scene; also her duty as a little bearer of Christ's banner on earth, to own her fault to Sybil, ask her pardon, and obey her in the future.

At length the battle was won; eager to do well that which she had to do, she ran to the study, picked up the book, learned correctly, with Jeanie's aid, the lesson, and pressing her lips very closely together, went upstairs to seek Sybil.

She found her in her room reading.

"Here's the book, Sybil," began the child, in great haste. "I picked it up, and I learnt all the words quite perfectly, and said them to Jean. You can hear me if you like now."

"If Jeanie has heard you, that will do. You may now go to play in the garden."

"Yes, so I can; but that isn't all. Please I'm very sorry that I was naughty, I'm very sorry that I threw the book, and banged the door, and didn't hear you tell me all about the sum. Is that all? for I want you to forgive me all that I ought not to have done. Will you, please?"

"Certainly," said Sybil, much surprised. "Of course I forgive you. Do you like sweets?"—opening a packet of chocolate creams lying in her lap.

"Yes, I do. But I have not been good enough to have them this morning. I wish I hadn't been naughty." Then resolutely turning away from the chocolates she ran downstairs; and so ended Beth's rebellion.

(To be continued.)

THE VILLAGE OF THE SAINT.



CAPE CARTHAGE is the highest promontory which dominates the site of the ancient city of that name, now called Râs Sidi Bu Said. It is of red sandstone, and is the most commanding eminence within its precincts.

It is crowned at present by an Arab village of peculiar sanctity—so sacred that, as we were told, no Christian is allowed to sleep there. The venerable sheikh of the village, however, courteously allowed us to enter, and to enjoy the superb view from the summit. It is inhabited by

a large number of Marabouts, or Muslim saints, living and dead—men who, by their austerities, their theological learning, or their charity, have earned a reputation for sanctity, and have come to live where other saints have lived before them, and to lay their bones in death by the bones of those whose virtues they have emulated.

By a curious caprice of fortune, or may we not rather say by a theological Nemesis, the saint who is supposed to give to Sidi Bu Said its special sanctity, is no less a personage than St. Louis of France himself. The Crusading king died in 1270 of a pestilence which broke out in his army near Tunis, as he was on his way to the Holy Land. His heart lies buried near Palermo, and his body rests in the sanctuary of the French kings at St. Denis;

but his virtues and his sanctity are still a living power on the plains of Carthage.

So widely were his virtues recognised among those whom he came to exterminate, that with true Muslim charity they believed, or wished to believe, that he had died a good Muslim, and "the Village of the Saint" is believed, even to this day, to be blessed by his body, and by a special portion of his spirit. It is a homage, even if an all-unwitting homage, paid by his followers to the teaching of the Prophet, who told them, what Muslim and Christian have proved alike so apt to forget—that the God of Muslims and Christians is one. See Koran, Sura, ver. 73: "Say unto the Christians their God and our God is one."—From *Carthage and the Carthaginians*, by Bosworth Smith, M.A.