

# What Happened in the Night

By LUCY ASHTON

“I SAY, Nurse,” cried Dick, “you said a little while ago that we should have snow this winter, yet here we are, less than a week away from Christmas.”

“Yes, Nurse,” added a chorus of voices, “if the snow is coming, why doesn’t it come?”

They were all at play in the Nursery—Dick, Walter, Nettie and the rest, and time goes so fast when we are at play that the bed hour comes round before we expect it. Truth to tell, the games had lasted so long that everyone in the Nursery had become a little tired. Nurse knew this quite well.

“My dears,” said she, “do you know it is seven o’clock? All little people must get ready for bed.”

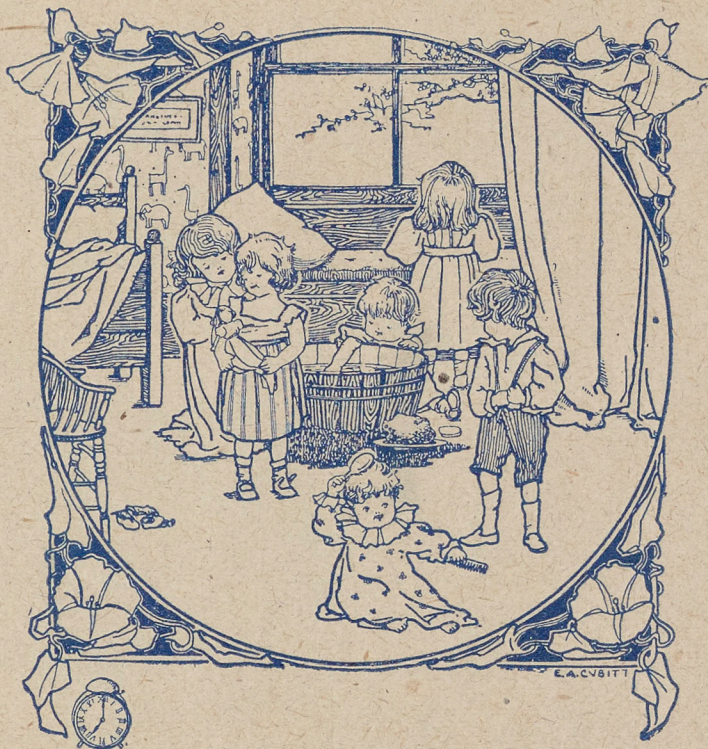
“Yes, but what about the snow?” cried Dick.

“The snow will come in its proper time,” said Nurse.

“If December is not the proper time,” put in Walter, “I should like to know what is.”

And all the others felt the same as Walter did, so that poor Nurse had a troublesome crowd to put to bed that night, but in the end they were all snugly tucked away dreaming of coming Christmas.

When the first bright beam of the wintry sun stole into Dick’s bedroom the next morning he got up at once and went to the window. It was just seven o’clock. Only twelve hours had passed away since he had been cross to Nurse because the snow had not



Seven o’clock.

come. But now his eyes opened wide with wonder, for a wonderful sight lay before him. All the world was dazzling white. Trees, fields, hills and houses were covered with snow several inches deep. With a cry of joy Dick ran from the room, and bursting open the doors of the rooms

in which the other children slept, he cried :

“Get up, get up! The snow has come! It has fallen silently all the night, and covered the world.”

And before he was dressed all the other children were ready to go out and enjoy this beautiful new wonder.

## When the Animals Go to Bed

“DEAR me!” said Mr. Hedgehog, “I think the summer must be nearly over, for the wind seems very cold this evening. Perhaps it is time I got my blankets; booked for a nice cosy bed, and put myself to sleep till the winter is gone.”

With that

he trotted away to a little wood that he knew, and finding a number of dry leaves under a



Mrs. Squirrel.



Mr. Hedgehog remembers that it is time for him to go to bed.

tree, he rolled himself over and over among them. Of course this made a lot of them stick to the prickles that grow all over his body.

“That will do,” said Mr. Hedgehog. “With such a nice blanket round me, I will creep under this