

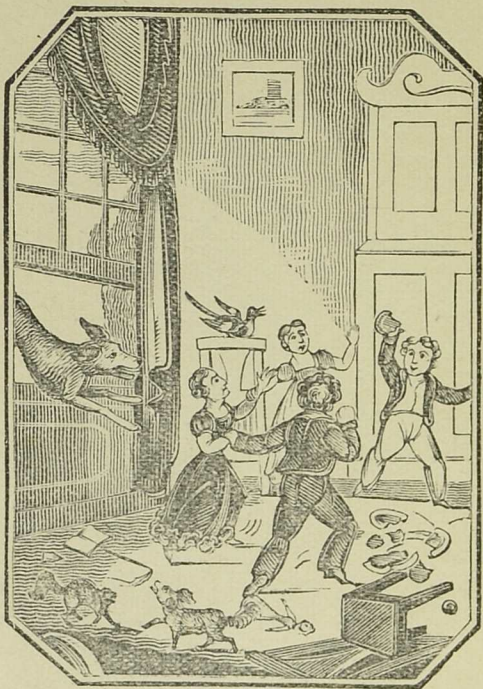
any thing out of the place 2

Mr. S. G. Waller

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“The faithful dog was not far off: he came running round the corner of the house with the speed of the wind, and, bounding in at the window, he saw his master contending in the middle of the room with his sisters and his brother.”

EVERYTHING
OUT OF ITS PLACE

BY MRS. SHERWOOD

Author of

“LITTLE HENRY AND HIS BEARER,”

“THE LITTLE WOODMAN,” ETC.

LONDON
HOULSTON AND SONS
PATERNOSTER BUILDINGS

*Every Thing out of its
Place.*

IF you have happened to make a voyage on the Thames, from Gravesend to London, and have looked out in a certain place, you must have seen a white house on the side of a hill covered with trees, and before it a green lawn sloping down nearly to the water's edge.

In that house there once dwelt a very happy family. There was a papa and a mamma, and four children. The name of the fa-

mily was Milman, and the children's names were Edward, Mary, John, and Elizabeth.

At the time when the events happened which I am about to relate, Edward was twelve years of age, and Elizabeth not quite eight. These little children had every thing to make them happy. They said lessons every day from nine in the morning till one in the afternoon, and from three till five; and they had the rest of the time, when they were not eating and sleeping, for play. They had each of them a little garden; and they had a large play-room at the end of the house, where they might make a noise without disturbing their papa and mamma; and they had every one a favourite animal. Edward's favourite was a verv



large old dog, called Cæsar; Mary's was a little lap-dog, named Flora, a cross little thing, but very pretty; John's was a magpie, called Maggy; and Elizabeth's was a cat, called Puff, because when a kitten she fell into the flour-tub, and came out as white as a powder-puff.

Mr. and Mrs. Milman were very kind to their children, and gave up

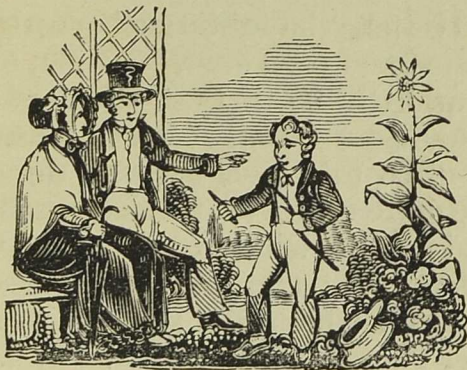
their whole lives to teaching them, and trying to make them happy; though they did not spoil them, but kept them in very good order. There was one thing, however, which they were rather strict about, and that was this: they insisted that every thing should be kept in its place. The little boys had a room to themselves, and so had the little girls; and in those rooms they had shelves for their books, and drawers for their clothes; and each little boy and girl was expected to put up their clothes and books, and not to leave them littering about the room. Every body and every thing had its place in Mr. Milman's house, and nobody was allowed to go out of his situation, nor any thing to remain out of

its right place when it had been used.

Cæsar had his kennel when he went to rest, and he had liberty to go any where outside of the house, excepting to the kitchen-garden, and on the flower-beds; and he might, when he pleased, come in and warm himself by the kitchen-fire. The magpie had her cage, which was either hung up in the stable or suspended under a tree in the yard, and she was permitted to hop about the yard and go into the barn. Flora was allowed to come into the parlour, but Puff was not admitted, because she always set up her back and swelled out her tail when she saw Flora: but she was permitted to sit by the fire in Mrs. Milman's dressing-room, where she gene-

rally behaved very well, though she was certainly not the best tempered cat I ever met with. And, indeed, I must confess, that the favourites of Mr. Milman's children were by no means the most amiable creatures of their kind, though Cæsar was, upon the whole, the best of them. Poor Flora was touchy and easily offended, and a great observer of people's dress; Puff was sly and not over honest; and Maggy was the greatest scold in all the county of Kent; but as, through the management of Mrs. Milman, the four worthies seldom met, there was more peace in the family than could have been expected, considering of whom it was composed.

And now that I have described



to you the various inhabitants of Mr. Milman's house and grounds, I shall proceed with the principal concerns of my story.

It happened, one day, that Mr. and Mrs. Milman being seated with their children in an arbour in the garden, Edward began to cut a stick with his pocket-knife, and to throw the chips upon the gravel.

His papa bade him gather up the chips, and then said, "I wish, my dear little ones, that you would sometimes think of what I have so often told you, that few things are more useful than being regular and neat in what you do. I have often spoken to you of the love of order which our heavenly Father shews in his works. When he made the world, he put every thing straight: nothing was out of its place, from the stars of heaven to the smallest insect which flies in the air; and all creatures were blessed and happy, because they were in their places. But when our first parents were tempted by Satan to desire to be made as gods, they got out of their stations, and then came ruin and disorder throughout the world.

And this disorder would have continued for ever, had not our blessed Lord died to save us ; and had he not, by giving us the benefit of his own merits, lifted us into the place from which we had fallen."

"My dear," said Mrs. Milman, "I think you are using words which are too hard for the children to understand."

"Perhaps I am, my dear," replied Mr. Milman, "and I will speak plainer if I can."

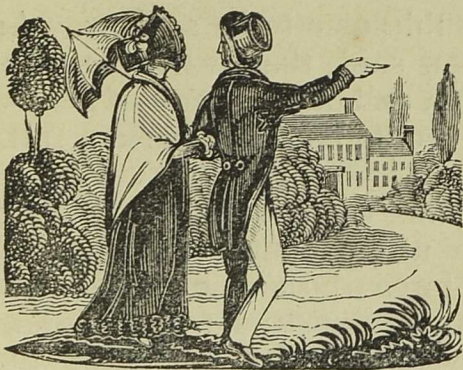
"Every thing in the world, Edward, has its place. Every thing in a house has its place ; and those people are most obedient to their heavenly Father's will who understand best how to keep their places."

"What, papa," asked Mary ; "do you mean to say that the tidi-

est people are the most religious? I know some very neat people who are not good. Our last housemaid was very neat and clean, but you know, papa, that she was obliged to be sent away for quarrelling with the other servants."

"Then, Mary," replied her papa, "she only kept her proper place in some particular things, and not in all. She went out of her own bounds when she quarrelled with the other servants; and I think, my little girl, when you have considered this matter well, you will agree that I am right."

While Mr. Milman was speaking, a servant came into the garden to call him to some company who were just come; and he went into the house with Mrs. Milman; while the children were left in the



arbour, where, I am sorry to say, they made a very bad use of their time.

Mary said, she wished there was no such thing as tidiness. And Edward said it was very dull to have a place of one's own and always to keep in it. And Elizabeth said, that, perhaps, when she grew up she might like to be neat, but that she thought it was very

troublesome to be so now. And John said, that, when he was a man, and had a house of his own, he would have the parlour full of dogs.

This was very naughty; but I am afraid that there are many children who set themselves in this way in opposition to their parents' advice. And I trust, my little reader, if you have ever done any thing like this, you will ask God to forgive you, and to help you in future never to commit so great a sin.

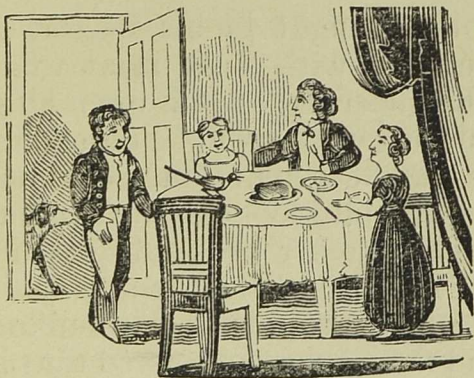
It was about a fortnight after this that Mr. and Mrs. Milman were obliged to go to London, where they expected to stay three weeks; and before they went, they gave the keys to Mary, and told her to take care of every thing

that was locked up, and they begged Edward and the other children to keep every thing in the same order as if they were still at home; and they kissed them, and blessed them, and went away.

Edward, and his brother and sisters, were very sorry when they saw the carriage drive away; for they loved their parents, and always felt most happy when they were at home. And they now began to reckon how many days it would be before they should see them again; and, as many days as there were to be, so many notches they cut in a stick. There were twenty-one notches, and they agreed to cut off one every day, and were at first very glad when they saw the stick getting shorter. But it was only at

first that they were glad; for, after a few days, they began to get into confusion, and to put things out of their places; and then, the idea of their papa and mamma's coming back became not quite so pleasant to them, though they did not say so one to another.

And, first of all, Mary left out the tea-chest, and the sugar-bason; and then they were tempted, when they saw the sugar on the side-table, now and then to take a lump, and the sugar began to go too fast. And Edward and John went out on Monday morning in their Sunday clothes, and got them well soaked in a heavy shower; and it was several days before they were sufficiently dry to brush the mud off. And Elizabeth forgot to pull off her green



silk tippet, after she had been at church, and spilt some currant juice on it, at dinner, which made a large stain. But these were only the beginnings of confusion. Elizabeth, one evening, brought her cat into the parlour at tea, and, because Flora growled at puss, she must needs feed her on the tea-table, and puss broke the cream-jug. And, the next day,

John brought in his magpie to feed her with some meat which was under-done; and when Mary was angry about it, he laughed at her, and set his bird to scold her; and the bird looked so ridiculous, stretching her neck and opening her mouth as wide as she could, that Mary could not help smiling; and then John considered that he had gained his point, and he did not fail from that time to fetch Maggy to every meal, although her presence made Flora very jealous, and puss very spiteful: for Elizabeth was obliged to hold her cat on her lap, or else she would have sprung upon poor Maggy, and, perhaps, put an entire end to her noisy tongue.

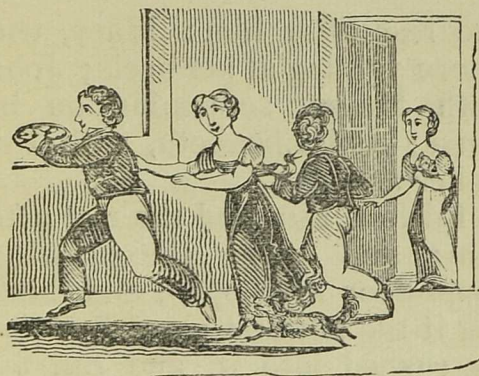
Now, it cannot be supposed, when things were in this state, that

they would be much mended before the parents returned, though Mary and Edward did certainly talk from day to day, of putting things to rights, and getting every thing in order, not considering, however, how time went on. They had also forgotten to cut off a notch each day, and the return of their parents was much nearer than they thought.

Now it is a very sad thing for children so to behave, when their dear papa and mamma are from home, that, instead of rejoicing and being very, very glad when they are coming back, they are sorry and frightened. Such children are like what the wicked will be in the last day; *when the trumpet shall sound and the dead shall be raised.* How glad, how

blessed, in that awful day, will those be who have loved their Lord in this present life, and have trusted in him and delighted to serve him! and how miserable will the wicked be!

At length, the day came when if the stick had been properly cut, there would have been only one notch left upon it. It was the afternoon of that day: the children had just finished their dinners, but the servant had not removed the things, and there were some bones, which had been picked, upon a plate, from which Maggy, who was, as usual, at table, attempted to get one of them. Mary gave the bird a tap on the side of the beak, and bade her let them alone, for they were designed for Flora.



“I beg your pardon, Mary,” said Edward, “they are for Cæsar, and Cæsar shall have them.”

“He shall not have them all,” said Elizabeth; “that would not be fair: I will have some for Puff.”

“You will, will you?” cried Edward: “we will soon see that;” and, seizing the plate, he ran out of the room, and all

the rest after him: Mary, with Flora yelping at her heels; John, with Maggy screaming on his wrist; and Elizabeth, with Puff in her arms.

Edward ran, and the rest after him; and seeing the drawing-room door wide open, and thinking it the readiest way of escape, he rushed into it, and ran forwards to an open window, calling, "Cæsar! Cæsar!" with all his might.

The faithful dog was not far off: he came running round the corner of the house with the speed of the wind, and, bounding in at the window, he saw his master contending in the middle of the room with his sisters and his brother, while the bones and the dish itself, broken all to

pieces, lay scattered on the fine carpet, having been thrown, in the scuffle, from Edward's hands.

The children were laughing and shrieking, the little dog was yelping, the magpie was scolding, and poor Puff, whose tail had been accidentally trod upon in the affray, was increasing the uproar, by spitting and snarling at Flora.

One bound had brought Cæsar in at the window, and the second brought him to his master's side, where he laid about him so violently, that he knocked down Elizabeth, and overturned Flora, and if Master John had not made his escape, he would have been on the floor also by the side of his sister: but, as the old saying is, Cæsar's bark was worse than

his bite, or much more mischief would have been done.

However, the noise was so great, that all the servants came running in; and no one heard the sound of wheels, although there was a carriage driving up to the hall-door.

In that carriage were Mr. and Mrs. Milman, and they got out and ran into the drawing-room frightened almost out of their wits. And they stood at the door of the room just at the instant that the noise and uproar were at the highest.

Before Mr. Milman could make himself heard, he was forced to shout as loud as if he had been a pilot in a storm; but when, at last, every one was made aware of his presence, there was silence

in a moment. Maggy knew the master of the house, and flew out at the window. Cæsar remembered his manners, and shook his sides as he walked quietly after Maggy. Flora slunk under the couch with her tail between her legs. And Puff crept peaceably up to the dressing-room.

The footman ran to put the parlour to rights; the housemaid to sweep up the bones and the broken dish in the drawing-room, and the four children fell at their parents' feet.

“This comes,” said Mr. Milman, “of things and persons being out of their places. Go, and put all things straight; and, after that is done, then come and beg pardon: but, till then, we have nothing to say to you, nei.



ther shall you know what we have brought from London.”

The little ones made all haste to put every thing to rights as far as they could, but it could not be so done but that much still remained in confusion. However, when the tea-bell rang, they all went down, and humbly begged their parents' pardon.

Mr. and Mrs. Milman then for-

gave them, first pointing out the naughtiness of their behaviour.

There was, however, a deal box nailed up, containing two dolls, some bats and balls, and several beautiful books, which Mr. Milman had brought from London; and these he would not suffer to be opened until many weeks were past, during which the children had an opportunity of proving that they had learned to consider it a much pleasanter thing to be neat and orderly than to be irregular and slovenly.

FINIS.

