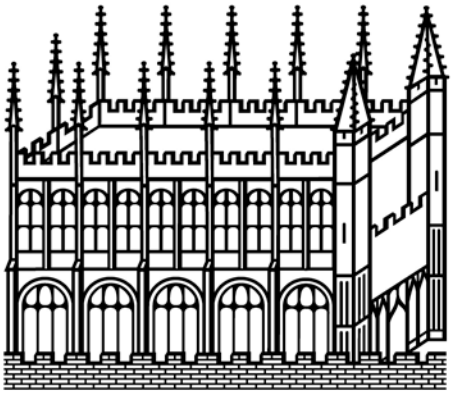


Bodleian Libraries

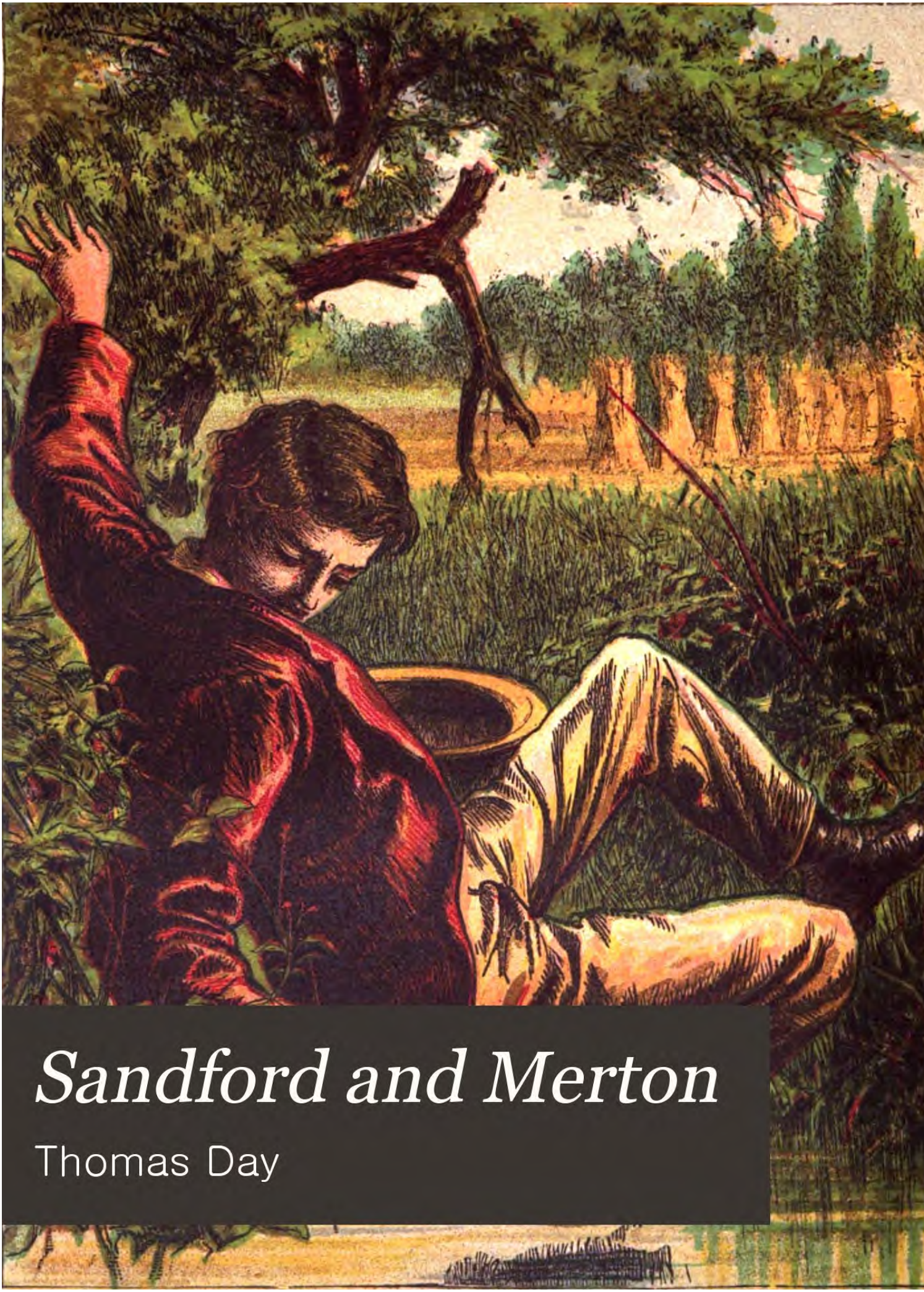
UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

This book is part of the collection held by the Bodleian Libraries and scanned by Google, Inc. for the Google Books Library Project.

For more information see:

http://www.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/dbooks

This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-ShareAlike 2.0 UK: England & Wales (CC BY-NC-SA 2.0) licence.



Sandford and Merton

Thomas Day

600078356Z

"He took hold of the snake by its neck and tore it from his leg."—*Page* 11.

LONDON:
CASSELL, PETTER, AND GALPIN, BELLE SAUVAGE WORKS,
LUDGATE HILL, E.C.

PREFACE.

THE great popularity of "SANDFORD AND MERTON" among all classes of young readers has induced the Author to select it for the purpose of translation into easy words of one syllable. But in order to maintain the identity of the book, it has been thought right to retain the proper names of Sandford, Merton, and Barlow, which form the only exceptions to the rule of using words of one syllable exclusively. The writer takes this opportunity of acknowledging the valuable aid she has received in monosyllabic words from the Rev. E. Dalston's book of "Brief Thoughts," by the kind permission of the author.

SANDFORD AND MERTON.

CHAPTER I.

THERE was a man of great wealth, whose name was Merton, and he had a young son, whom he made the whole joy and pride of his heart. This boy had but to cry for a thing, and Mr. and Mrs. Merton would give it to him then and there. But one night when the nurse went to put him to bed, he thought he should like to have the moon to play with. Well, what was to be done? It was clear that none of

them could give him the moon, let him cry for it all the night and all the day. When they told him it was too far off for them to reach it, he fell down flat on the ground, tore his hair, and said he *would* have it. So Tom (for that was his name) wept on, till at length, with a deep sigh he fell off to sleep.

Tom would eat sweet things till he was sick, and when this brought pain, he could not be made to take a dose to cure him.

When friends came to dine at the house, Mr. Merton would help Tom first, and give him the choice parts of the meat, lest he should shock the guests with his cries; and when they sat down to tea, Tom would not wait, but would

seize hold of the cake and jam and eat them.

The least rain gave him cold. He was kept in-doors when the wind was in the east; and in a high wind, let it blow from the north, south, east, or west, young Tom was not to stir out of the house, lest he should take a chill.

He could not leap, or jump, or run, as most boys do, nor was there a child's game that he could play at; and Mrs. Merton would not let him learn to read, for Tom said it made his head ache.

A man of the name of Sandford, who kept a small farm close to Mr. Merton's grounds, had a son who was just Tom's age, and his name was Hal.

This boy was brought up to be much out in the fields with the men on the farm, and to drive the cows, and mind the sheep. He had a nice frank face, and you had but to look at him to love him.

While young Hal ate his meals, if he saw a poor wretch in want of food, he was sure to give him half of his own, if not all of it. So kind was he, that he would not rob the birds' nests of their eggs or young ones, and he would join in no kind of sport which gave pain to poor dumb brutes. It is true that once Hal was caught with a pin thrust through a moth, which he held with a piece of string; but he did this from want of thought, for as soon as Mrs. Sandford told

him that the moth felt as much pain, or more, than Hal would do were a knife thrust through his hand, he drew the pin out of the moth, and took it home and kept it on fresh leaves. From that time Hal would step out of the way if but a worm were in his path. He would get green boughs for the sheep which ran by his side, and there was not a horse on the farm that did not know Hal, and like to feel his hand pat and stroke him while he was at work. So great was his love for dumb things, that toads and frogs, which most of us kill when we find them, were quite safe with Hal, who would say they had as much right to live as we have.

Then you could trust Hal for

the truth of all that he told you; for if you were to say he should have a plum cake if he would but tell a lie, yet would he not tell one.

The way in which Hal Sandford came to know Tom Merton was this. One fine day, Tom took a walk in the fields with his nurse, when what should start up from the high grass but a large snake, and coil round Tom's leg. The nurse ran with loud shrieks for help, while Tom did not dare to stir from the spot where he stood.

Just then Hal, who was near, ran up to see the cause of such cries. But poor Tom could not speak, for the sobs came so fast. All he could do was to put out his leg to show him the snake.

Hal was brave, and told Tom not to fear; at the same time he took hold of the snake by its neck, and tore it off from his leg.

Mrs. Merton, who had heard the cries of the nurse, came up quite out of breath. She caught up her dear boy in her arms to kiss him, and hear if he was hurt.

"No," said Tom, "I am not; but I think the snake *meant* to bite me, and would have done so, if that boy had not come to pull him off from my leg."

"And who are you, my dear, to whom we owe so much?"

"My name is Sandford," said Hal. "Our farm is just at the foot of the hill."

"Well, my child, you are a dear,

brave boy, and you must go home and dine with us. You shall be my child from this time; will you?"

"If you please, if I may have my own home too," said Hal.

Mrs. Merton sent to the farm to say where Hal was to dine, and then led him by the hand to her own house, where she found Mr. Merton, and told him all that took place in the field.

Hal was now in the midst of a new scene, and he could but gaze at Mrs. Merton, who wore a dress of rich silk, such as he had not seen till now. Then they took him through the great halls, till they came to the room where they were to dine. There was a train of men

to wait on them, and the board was spread with food that Hal thought might feed a whole town. There was to be seen on it all that could tempt the taste and please the eye. Mr. Merton said grace, they all sat down, and Mrs. Merton, who saw Hal's eyes rest on a gold cup, said—

"Should you like to have such a fine cup of your own to drink out of, my dear boy? True, it is Tom's cup, but I am sure he will be glad to give it to his kind young friend."

"Yes, that I will," said Tom; "for you know I have quite as fine a one, as well as two large ones."

Hal.—"Thank you, with all my heart; but I will not take it, for I

have one I like quite as well at home."

Mrs. Merton.—"How so? Do they drink out of such cups as this at the farm?"

Hal.—"I don't know what you call this, but we drink out of long cups, made of horn such as the cows have on their heads; and they suit us best, for they do not make us cross."

Mrs. Merton.—"Make you cross, my child. What do you mean?"

Hal.—"Why, when the man threw down that great bright thing, which is just the shape of my cup at home, I saw that it made you look quite pale in the face. Now, our horn cups are thrown down by us all, and no one minds it."

Mrs. Merton (to Mr. Merton).—"Of a truth, my dear, I do not know what to make of this boy; he says such strange things!"

The fact was the man had let fall a large gold cup, for which Mrs. Merton took him to task for his want of care. Mrs. Merton then gave Hal a glass of wine, and bade him drink it off.

Hal said, with thanks, that he did not wish to take it.

"But, my dear," said she, "this is sweet and nice, and as you are a good boy, you may drink it up."

"Ay!" said Hal; "yet Mr. Barlow said at church that we ought not to eat and drink, save when we stand in want of meat and drink, and that this was what

the good men of old were taught by our Lord."

Here Mr. Merton drew back in his chair. "And pray, my boy," said he, "do you know who these men were?"

Hal.—"Oh, yes, sir, to be sure I do."

Mr. Merton.—"And who were they?"

Hal.—"Why, sir, there was a time when men had grown so bad that they did not care what they did. The great folk were proud, and they ate, drank, and slept, but took no heed of the poor. At this time the poor would not work nor be taught; and boys and girls, and all the world were as bad as they could be. And then there came a man

from God, whose name was Christ, and he took care of the poor, and went from place to place to do good, and cure men of all sorts of ills, and taught them what they ought to feel, and what they ought to do. And He chose out twelve men to go with Him and do the same things. These twelve men did not care what they ate and drank: for food they had dry bread, and they drank from the wells. They told all whom they met to love God, and to do His law; to heal the sick, feed and clothe the poor, to wish well to those who hate them, and to love all men. And so the world was more kind and good through the means of Christ our Lord."

"On my word!" said Mr. Merton, "this young child is quite a sage! And I should be glad if Mr. Barlow would take our Tom to teach him, for he grows a great boy, and it is time for him to learn to read. What say you, Tom, should you like to be a sage like our young friend here?"

"I don't know what a sage means; but I should like to be a *king*, for he is so rich and fine, and all men wait on him and fear him."

"Well said, my dear," quoth Mrs. Merton, as she rose to give her child a kiss. "And a king you ought to be. And here's a glass of wine for you. Should you not like to be a king, Hal?"

"I don't know what that is," said he; "but I hope I shall soon go to the plough and work for my own bread, and then I shall have no need of men to wait on me."

"But should you not like to be rich, my dear?" said Mr. Merton.

"No, sir."

"No, you goose?" quoth Mrs. Merton; "and why not?"

Hal went on—"Well, there is but one rich man that I know, and that is Squire Chase who lives hard by, and he rides through folk's corn when he hunts, and breaks down a hedge here and a gate there, kills their dogs, lames their cows, and swears at the poor; and they say he does all this for that he is rich, though they dare not tell

him so to his face. Oh, I would not have men hate me as they hate him for all the world!"

"But should you not like to have fine clothes on?" said Mrs. Merton; "and a coach to take you from place to place?"

"As to that," quoth Hal, "there is not much to choose in a coat, if it will but keep you warm; and as for the coach, if I had one, and men to mind it, I could not find work for them, for I can walk where I choose."

Mrs. Merton threw up her eyes at this speech of Hal's, but said no more.

At night Hal went home to the farm, and Mrs. Sandford kept him up till it was quite late, to hear

what he had to say of the folk at the great house.

"They were all kind to me," said Hal; "but I would quite as soon have been at home, for at the best I had hard work to get a meal. There was a man to take my plate, a man to give me drink, and a man to stand by my chair, just as though I had been lame or blind. Then there was so much to do to put this dish on, and take that dish off, that I thought there would be no end of it. And I was made to sit still two whole hours to hear Mrs. Merton talk to me, but not as Mr. Barlow does; for she thought I ought to love fine clothes, and wish to be a king or a rich man (and to have all the

folk hate me, as they do Squire Chase)." While Hal told all this to Mrs. Sandford at the farm, at the great house much of the talk ran on young Hal. Mrs. Merton thought him brave as well as good, but at the same time she said she could not but be struck to see how much more gross were the thoughts of the poor man's child than of the rich.

Mr. Merton did not think so. He thought that Hal might put to shame boys who were in a high rank of life. "A grace of dress and a way of the world," said he, "a man may soon pick up; so much so, that these might be found with grooms; but the real seat of good taste must be in the heart and mind, not in dress and fine airs."

"My dear," said Mr. Merton, in a grave tone, to his wife, "I think this boy of the farm has in his mind the seeds of a true and great man. And I know of no one thing that would give me more joy than to find that our child did not fall short of Hal Sandford of the Farm House."

Mrs. Merton did not speak, but Mr. Merton went on to say: "It is our fault that Tom has not been taught to read, and to learn what most boys of his age know. I have long seen all this, but have not as yet told out my thoughts to you. I must now let you know that I have made up my mind to place Tom with Mr. Barlow, if he will take him. I am quite firm in what

I say, and I hope you see it in the same light as I do. Young Sandford is just the age of Tom, and I should like our boy to be brought up with him. We have been too fond of him (if I may so speak), and have spoilt him. And I mean to ask Sandford if he will let me pay to have his son taught by Mr. Barlow for a few years while Tom is there, if Mr. Barlow will take the boys in hand." Mr. Merton said this in so firm a tone, that his wife, who knew that it was high time that Tom should learn to read, at last made up her mind to part with her dear boy.

They wrote to ask Mr. Barlow to dine with them, that they might know what he thought of the plan,

and he told them that he would do his best to teach their son, but not if he was paid for it. He said he would take Tom in his house as a friend, till he could find out if those faults which he saw in him would yield to his will. So, in a short time Tom was sent to his house, where Hal had been for a week or more.

CHAPTER II.

THE next day Mr. Barlow took up a spade, and gave Hal a hoe, that they might set to work and dig up the weeds.

"All that eat should work," said Mr. Barlow to Tom. "See here, this is my bed, and that is Hal's. We both work at them for some time each day, and he that can raise the best crops will fare the best. Now, Tom, if you will join us, I will mark you out a piece of ground which you shall have, and all that grows on it shall be your own."

"No," says Tom, "I don't

choose to slave like a boy at the plough."

"Just as you please, young sir," said Mr. Barlow; "but Hal and I will mind our work."

By and by Mr. Barlow said it was time to leave off, and he took Hal by the hand, led him to a seat, and brought out a dish of ripe plums which were quite fresh from the tree, with the bloom on them, and gave one half to Hal, while he ate the rest. Tom thought he should have had his share; but when he saw that he was quite left out, he flew in a great rage, and burst out with sobs and cries.

"What do you cry for?" said Mr. Barlow.

Tom said not a word.

"Well, sir, if you don't choose to talk, you need not do so. No one need talk in my house if they do not like it."

At this speech Tom got much worse, and went round the grounds in a great rage, for he found he was in a place where no one took pains to please him.

Mr. Barlow and Hal then went for a walk in the fields, and as they came home Hal saw a kite on the ground, which had a young chick in her claws. The kite flew off when Hal came up to it, and left the chick much hurt, but still it had life in it.

"Look, sir," said Hal, "see how he bleeds and hangs his wings! I will hold him to my breast to warm

him, and I will take him home when I go to the farm, where he shall have part of my meals till he is well."

As soon as he came from his walk, Hal's first care was to put his chick in a cage with some fresh turf and some crumbs of bread, and then Mr. Barlow and he went to dine. In the mean time poor Tom, who was seen to skulk from place to place, was glad to find that at last a meal was spread, and took his chair to sit down to it with the rest.

"Stop, sir," said Mr. Barlow; "as you are too proud to work, we, who are not, do not choose to work for you."

At this speech Tom wept as if

his heart would break, but more from grief than rage, for he saw that no one in the house took heed of his cries.

But Hal, who could not bear to see his young friend in such a state of woe, said to Mr. Barlow: "Pray, sir, may I do as I please with my share of the meal?"

"Yes, to be sure you may," said he.

"Why, then, I will give it all to Tom, who wants it more than I do." So he gave it to him where he sat, which was some way off from the rest.

Tom took it with thanks, but he did not lift his eyes from the ground.

"I see," said Mr. Barlow, "that proud young boys who will not

work, are not too great to take the bread from those who have gone through some toil to earn it." This speech brought fresh tears from Tom.

The next day, Mr. Barlow and Hal went to work once more; but they had not been out long, when Tom came to them to ask if he might have a hoe too. Mr. Barlow then gave him one; but as he did not know how to use it, he hit some strokes on his leg with it. So Mr. Barlow laid down his own spade, that he might teach Tom how to hoe; and in a short time he got on well with it. When the day's work was done, they all three sat on a bench to eat fruit; and Tom had his share, which he ate with great

glee, as he had done some hard work.

From this time, Mr. Barlow and the boys went day by day to work at their beds; and as they sat in the shade to rest from their toils, Mr. Barlow gave Hal this tale to read out:—

"A fly and an ant once came to words as to which stood first in rank. The fly said, 'How can you place your mean state by the side of mine? Look how I soar up in the air, skip round the head of a king, and kiss the lips of a queen! I toil not, nor stoop to work; but live a life of ease. What can you have to say to this?'

"'Why,' quoth the ant, in a sharp tone, 'to be made much of by kings

and queens is a great thing, I grant, if they send for you; but not if they deem you a pest. In good sooth, I think it is but your small size that screens you from their wrath; and as to work, you will learn the use of it when the frost and snow come, and the cold winds blow; while I shall reap the fruits of my toil.'"

Hal Sandford now went home for a week or so to the farm; while Tom Merton was left with Mr. Barlow; and they went on with their work at the clumps day by day. When they sat on the bench to eat their fruit, Tom made sure that Mr. Barlow would read to him, as Hal was not there; for as to poor Tom, he did not so much as know how to spell. But that day Mr.

Barlow had too much to do to read to him; the same thing took place all the rest of the week. Tom laid this to heart, for it was a great source of joy to him to hear Hal's tales.

At last the thought struck him, that if he could but read like Hal Sandford, he should not need to ask Mr. Barlow or Hal to do so for him. "Why may not I do what Hal Sandford has done?" thought Tom. "To be sure, he is sharp; but he could not have read if he had not been taught. I dare say I shall soon learn to read as well as he. The first thing when he comes home, I will ask him to teach me."

In ten days' time Hal came

back from the farm, and Tom said to him:

"How came you to learn to read?"

Hal.—"Why, Mr. Barlow taught me to spell short words first, and then to read them."

Tom.—"Do you think you could teach me to read?"

Hal.—"To be sure I could."

Tom then took up a book for the first time in his life, and on that day he learnt more than most boys could have done.

Days, weeks, and months went on, and Tom took so much pains with his task, and was so quick at it, that he now read out to Mr. Barlow this tale in short words:—

"A poor lark was kept in a cage

that hung on a wall in a town that was full of dust and dirt. One day as he stood on his piece of dead turf to sing out his sweet song, a finch, who by chance flew that way, said: 'How canst thou sing so blithe a strain while shut up in that vile cage?' 'Finch, finch!' rang out the lark, in his clear tones, 'Know you not that if I did not sing while I am shut up here, I should fail to call to mind my song when the time came for me to get free, and mount up to the sky!'"

Mr. Barlow.—"So it is meet for us to sing hymns of praise while we are on earth, to fit us for our flight to realms of bliss. You have done well, my boy, to learn

to read. How glad am I, for now you will not find the time creep as it did, and you will soon get at all you want to know."

"Yes," said Tom; "I make no doubt that I know more than most men do; and I am sure, though there are six black men in our house, there is not one of them that can read half as well as I can."

Mr. Barlow, whose face grew grave at this vain speech, said:

"Pray who has taught them?"

"No one that I know of, sir," said Tom.

"Then why should you think it strange that they do not know how to read so well as you?"

Mr. Barlow went on to hint to

Tom that he would not have known how to read, if his friend Hal Sandford had not taught him to do so, day by day, and step by step.

"Why, Tom," said he, "this boast of yours is like the Leap at Rhodes."

Tom.—"How far was that, sir?"

Mr. Barlow.—"Well, the man who made the boast said it was two score yards. This man, you must know, had been in all parts of the world, and told his old friends, when he came home, of the great feats he had done. These tales they at first heard with great glee, but in time they found out that what he said was a mere boast, and worse than this, that he told

lies, and when he once did that he set less and less guard on his tongue, till he made those who heard him stare. "How comes it," said they, "that this man, who, when at home, could boast of no great feats, should, when he goes to strange lands, do such great things?" One day he told them that there was no place in the world where men leapt like the men at Rhodes. "But *I* beat them all," said he, "for I took a leap there of two score yards." A grave old man, who sat near him, said, with a sneer, "Sir, if your tale be true, think this place to be Rhodes, and take the leap once more." But the man kept his seat, and had not a word more to say.

As the time had now come for the boys to go out to play, Tom took his bat and ball, and the ball fell in a field of corn not far from where a poor boy was at play. "Bring that ball to me," said Tom, in a harsh voice. But the boy took no heed of this, but went his way, and left the ball. Tom now spoke in a tone still more gruff, "Do you not hear what I say?"

Boy.—"Yes, yes; I am not deaf."

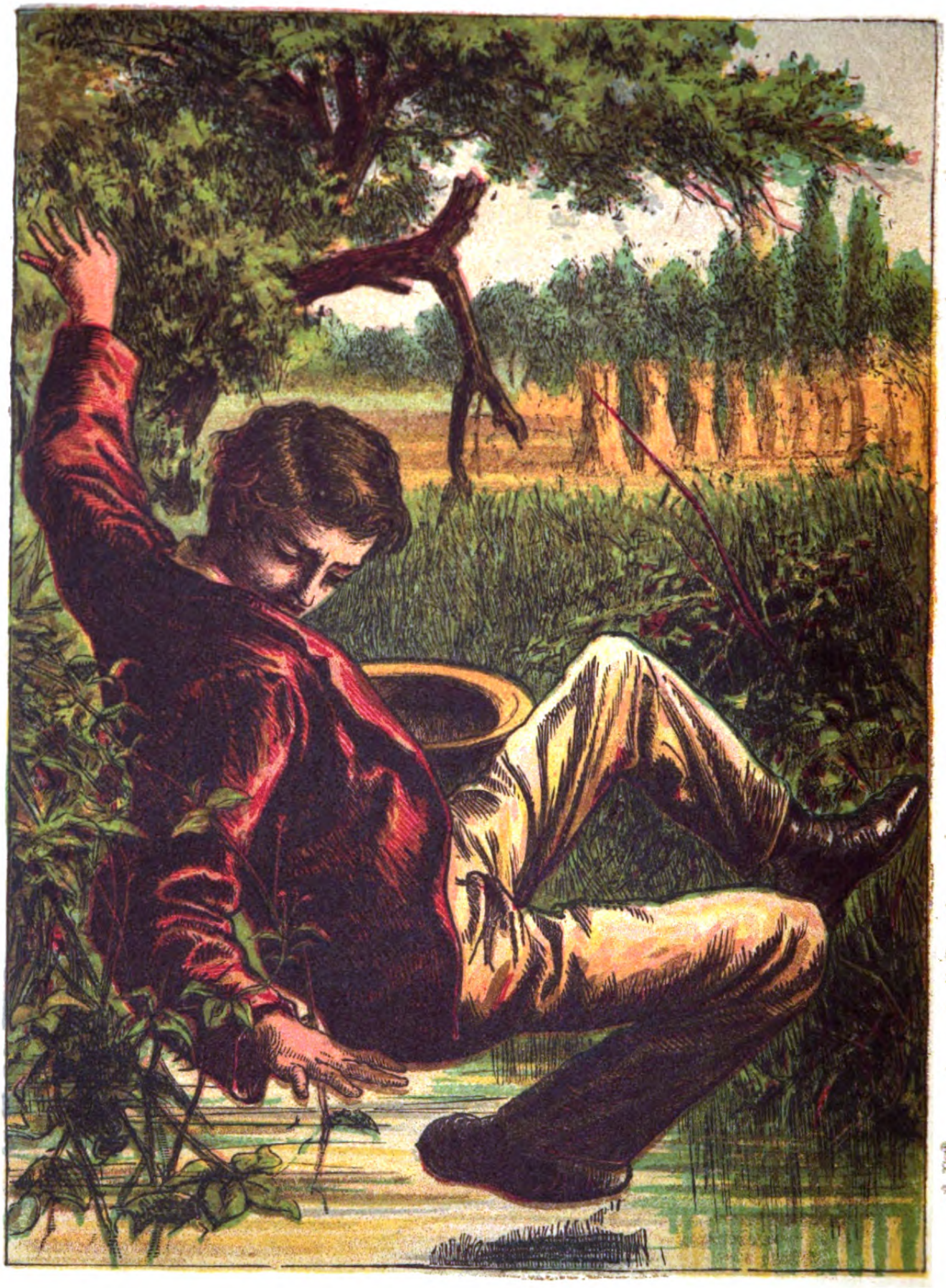
Tom.—"Oh, are you not? then bring me my ball."

Boy.—"I don't choose to."

Tom.—"Don't choose to? If I come to you I shall soon make you choose it."

Boy.—"May be you may not."

Tom.—"If I come on that side



"He fell in a wet ditch which was full of mud."—*Page* 41.

the hedge, I will thrash you till I take all the breath out of you; and then we will see if you choose to or no."

At this the boy gave a loud laugh, which put Tom in such a rage, that he sprang to the top of the hedge, from whence he would have made a jump so as to bring him in the field where the boy stood, but his foot slipt, and he fell in a wet ditch which was full of mud. There poor Tom lay for some time, to kick from side to side, in the vain hope that he should get free. But it was of no use, for his feet stuck in the mud, or slid off from the bank, and the mire clung to his smart coat. He first lost his right shoe, and then his left,

and his fine hat too fell from his head, and was spoilt by the mud. There Tom must have lain for some time, had not the poor boy in rags come to his aid. Tom could not so much as look up at him for shame, nor could he say a word, but ran home in such a plight, that Mr. Barlow, who met him, had fears that he had been hurt. But when he heard the tale from Tom, he could not keep a smile from his lips, and told him to look sharp when next he went to play at ball that he did not thrash poor boys in rags. When Tom had seen to his dress, Mr. Barlow gave Hal this tale to read out to Tom:—

"A fine war horse broke loose

from his stall, and sprang down the road with a loud, shrill neigh. You might hear him sniff the air, as if the ground he trod on was too poor for such as he. An ass that went on the same track, with a load upon his back, was told by the horse, in a proud tone, that if he did not clear the way for him he should tread him in the dust; so the poor ass got out of his way as fast as he could, and let him go by.

"In course of time the horse went to the war, and was shot in the eye, which spoilt his good looks; and he was now of no use as a war horse, so he was sent to work in a farm.

"Stript of all his pomp, he was

met by the ass, who said to him, 'Hey day, is it you? Well, I must say I thought your pride would, soon or late, have a fall.'"

Hal thought that the grand war horse must have had the look of a fool, when the ass came up to him and saw him hard at work on the farm!

"Yes," said Mr. Barlow, "much the same as Tom did, when the poor lad whom he meant to beat, lent him his aid as he lay in the ditch!"

"Sir," said Tom, "I should not have had the least wish to beat him, but he would not bring my ball."

Mr. Barlow.—"And what right had you to make him bring your ball?"

Tom.—"Sir, he was but a poor boy; and I, you know, am the son of a rich man."

Mr. Barlow.—"So, then, all the sons of rich men have a right to make all poor boys do for them what they choose?"

Tom.—"To be sure, sir, if they are in rags."

Mr. Barlow.—"Then, if your clothes should wear out, and get worn to rags, all rich men's sons have a right to make you do as they please?"

Tom hung down his head, and said: "But he might as well have done it, as he was on that side the hedge."

Mr. Barlow.—"And so I dare say he would have done, if you

had said, 'I will thank you to pick up my ball,' in a kind sort of tone; but when boys speak in a proud voice, they will find few to serve them. Still, I make no doubt that, as the boy was poor, and in rags, you took out your purse to help him on in the world."

Tom.—"No, that I am sure I did not."

Mr. Barlow.—"May be you had no purse with you?"

Tom.—"Yes I had though; I had all this" (here Tom took out a pound).

Mr. Barlow.—"Was it that the boy was as rich as you?"

Tom.—"No, that he was not, sir, I'm sure; for he had no coat;

his clothes were all torn, and his shoes were full of holes."

Mr. Barlow.—"So now I see what makes the son of a man of rank and wealth; and that is, when he has all he wants, and more, and keeps it; when he beats the poor if they will not serve him, though he pay them not for it; and when they have done him a great good, does him no good in his turn.

"Let us not set the poor at naught, Tom; make sure of this. We may be poor in this world's goods; we may have no lands, no gold, no fine clothes, no great friends; but if we have *love* in our hearts, we have what is best of all—we have what is worth

more than the whole world with all its wealth."

This speech from Mr. Barlow found its way to Tom's heart, and he could scarce keep the tears from his eyes. Tom had a large heart, but he had not been taught to use it. He made up his mind to give the poor boy some new clothes the first time he should see him.

Tom did not have to wait long, for that same day he met him, and said:

"Boy, I want to know why you are in rags; have you no clothes but those on your back?"

"No, sir, I have not," said the boy. "There are eight of us, and the rest are as much in rags as I am, but I think we should not so

much mind that if we could get more to eat."

Tom.—"And why have you not more to eat?"

Boy.—"Dad is ill, and can't work, so that we must all starve if God does not take care of us.

Tom did not say a word more, but set off at full speed to the house, and soon came back with a loaf of bread, and a whole suit of his own clothes.

"Here, boy," said Tom, "you were kind to me, so I will give you all this, for I am rich, and have more."

The joy that shone out from the face of the poor boy made it look as bright as the deed, and as to Tom, he felt quite as glad as the

boy did, if not more so, for it was the first time in his life that he had gone out of his way to do to a friend what he would like that friend to have done to him, if he had been in his place. He did not wait to hear the poor boy's thanks, but went home with a strut, and found Mr. Barlow at the door of his house, to whom he told all that he had done.

Mr. Barlow said: "You have done well to give the boy the clothes, for they were your own; but what right had you to give my loaf of bread?"

Tom.—"Why, sir, the boy said he stood much in need of food, and was one of eight, and all the rest of it."

Mr. Barlow.—"This made it just and kind in you to give what was your own, but not that which was mine. What should you say if Hal were to give some one all your clothes, and not tell you of it?"

Tom.—"I should not like it at all."

Mr. Barlow.—"Do you think it would be just and right?"

Tom.—"No, I don't think it would."

Mr. Barlow.—"I do not grudge the boy my loaf of bread, far from it, for there is no one to whom I would so soon give a loaf of bread as to that poor boy, who had it in his heart to do for you what he would wish you to have done for him, were he to lie and kick in the mud of a ditch; and this, too, when

you had been so proud to him. Still, Tom, there is but one name to give to this act of yours, and that is the word '*theft*.' It may be you have heard that it is said, 'He who would steal an ounce would steal a pound.'"

Tom.—"I can't say I have, nor should I think it was true."

Mr. Barlow then told Tom of a boy who stole a horn book from school, and brought it home to his aunt, but she did not take him to task for what he had done, but gave him some plums for his pains. In course of time the child grew up to be a man, and need I say a thief? He stole more and more, and at last was caught in a great theft, for which he was hung. A

crowd came to look on at the sad scene, and with them the aunt of the thief, who, with sobs and tears, tore her hair and beat her breast. The thief saw her, and said to those who were in charge of him, "Give me leave to say a word to my aunt." When she came up, he put his face to hers as if he would speak, and bit off her ear! At this the aunt gave a loud cry, and all who stood near were struck with awe at so base a deed. "Good sirs," said the young man, "it is she who is the cause of my guilt; for if when I stole a horn book from school she had had the sense to point out to me that I had done wrong, I should not have come to this end."

"So you see," said Mr. Barlow, "if we do not crush sin in the bud, it will grow strong, and crush us."

Just then a boy in rags came up to Tom with some clothes in his hand. His eyes were black, as if he had had a fight.

"Here, sir, take back your clothes," said he, "and I wish they had been left in the ditch I took you out of, and not been put on my back. You will catch me no more with such fine things on as long as I live."

"What does all this mean?" said Mr. Barlow to the poor boy.

"Sir," said he, "Mr. Merton did all he could to beat me when I would not fetch his ball, but he fell in the ditch, and then, as I

took him out, he gave me these clothes here, all out of good will I know. But the worst of it is, I was such a fool as to wear them, and this made all the boys hoot at me as I went down the road. Jack Sparkes was the first to give me a blow. 'Oh,' says I, 'are you at that sort of work?' So I gave him a punch in the ribs which made him roar. Then came up Bill Miles and Jim Stubbs, and they said I was 'French;' but I don't choose them to call me 'French,' and I don't want the clothes, so I have brought them back."

Then Tom, who had not said a word all this time, spoke to the boy thus:—

"I am sure you are much hurt, for there is blood on your dress, and as for the clothes I gave you, I grieve much to hear that they should have done you all this harm."

As soon as the poor boy had gone, Hal and Tom made a plan to buy some clothes for him that would suit his rank of life. So the next day, at dawn, off they set.

They had not gone far when they heard the noise of a pack of hounds which ran full cry some way off.

"What does it all mean?" said Tom.

Hal.—"I know too well what it means. It is the squire and his dogs in chase of a poor hare. As I live, there she skulks, poor

wretch. I hope they will not find her. If they ask me, I will not tell them which way she has gone."

Soon the dogs came up, and a man on a fine horse said:

"Have you seen the hare?"

Hal did not speak, so the squire said once more, in a loud tone:

"Which way has she gone?"

"Sir, I shall not tell you?" said Hal.

"Not tell me!" said the grand man, who then came up to Hal to lash him with his whip. "Now, you young thief you, will you tell me now?"

To which Hal said:

"If I would not tell you then, I won't now, though you should kill me."

But the squire went on like a brute with his lash, till a loud cry of "help, help!" from Tom brought a friend of the squire's to the spot at full speed, who said:

"For God's sake, Chase, leave off. What are you at? You will kill the child if you do not take care."

"It will serve the young dog right if I do," said he, "for he has seen the hare, and will not tell me which way she ran."

"Take care," said his friend, in a low voice; "I know the child who is with him is the son of a rich man, who lives not far off."

Then he said to Hal:

"Why, my dear, would you not tell the squire which way the hare had gone, if you saw her?"

Hal, who had scarce got breath to speak, said:

"I don't choose to let the man kill the hare if I can help it."

The squire's friend said:

"This boy is quite a sage, and it is a good thing for you that he is but a child; though the growth of his mind, and the strength of his will might shame a man. But tell me, Chase, are you at all times so fierce as this with the poor?"

Just then the hounds found the scent, and burst out into full cry; so the squire got on his horse, and rode off with the rest. When they were gone, Tom came up to ask Hal how he did, and flung his arms round his neck.

"I feel sore," said Hal, "but that will go off soon."

Tom.—"I wish I had had a gun or a sword."

Hal.—"Why, what would you have done with it?"

Tom.—"I would have shot the wretch, of course, or cut off his head. He is a brute, that he is, to beat you so."

Hal.—If I had been a man, he should not have done it. I don't think he meant to kill me. But it is all past now; and we ought to try to love those that hate us: hate the *deed* we *may*, but not the *man*—as Mr. Barlow says our Lord Christ did. And then, may be, the squire may come to love me, and grieve at what he has done."

Tom.—"But how could you bear the whip all that time, and not cry out?"

Hal.—"Why, to cry out would do no good in such a case as that, would it? And I think you would say this is not much, if you knew what some boys have to bear, and yet do not flinch at it."

CHAPTER III.

THE next day, when the boys went to their books, their thoughts were so full of the hunt, that Hal chose this tale to read out:—

"A stag, that had left the hounds some way off, came up to a man who was at work on a farm, to ask if he would show him some safe place to hide in. The man bade him hide in his own hut, which was close by. So the stag lay there quite still, and in a short time up came the squire and his train with the hounds. The squire, who caught sight of the boor, drew

back from the rest, and said: 'Have you seen the stag pass this way?'

"'No,' said the boor, in a loud tone, 'I have not.'

"At the same time—as he had a wish to keep on good terms with the squire—he held out his hand with a sly look, to point to the hut where the stag lay; but, as luck would have it, the squire took no heed of this sign, nor did he so much as see it. So on he went to join the rest; but though they rode through the field where the hut was, they did not see the stag.

"As soon as they were quite out of sight, the stag stole from the hut, but said not a word to the

boor, who now gave a loud call to him.

"'Wretch!' said he, 'you owe your life to me; yet when you leave my hut, where I sent you to screen you from your foes, you say not one word of thanks!'

"'Nay,' said the stag, 'you may make sure I should fill your ears as full of praise as my heart is of joy, if your deeds had been true to your words; in short, if I had not, through the door of the hut, seen your *hand* play false to your *tongue*.'"

The boys then went to the shop, and Tom laid out a pound in clothes for the poor boy, and said to Hal: "*You* must take them there, you know."

"That I will," said Hal; "but why will you not take them?"

Tom.—"Well, it is not for the child of a rich squire to take such a load as that."

Hal.—"Why, what harm does it do, if he has strength for it?"

Tom.—"I don't know; but I think it is that he may not look like the poor boys in the road."

Hal.—"Then he should not have hands, feet, eyes, ears, or mouth; for poor boys have the same."

Tom.—"No—no, he must have all these, for they are of use to him."

Hal.—"And is it not of use to do things by one's self?"

Tom.—"Yes; but the sons of

the rich have all these things done for them."

Hal.—"Then I should think it must be a bad thing to be one of them."

Tom.—"Why so?"

Hal.—"Well, if all were rich, things would not be done; and then we should all starve."

Tom.—"Starve!

Hal.—"Yes; why, you could not live, could you, if you could not get bread?"

Tom.—"No, I know that."

Hal.—"Bread, you know, is made from a plant that grows in the earth, and we call it wheat."

Tom.—"Why, then, I would pick it and eat it."

Hal.—"Then you would have to

work, you see. But that would do no good, for wheat is a hard grain, and you would not like to eat it."

Tom.—"No; but how comes bread, then?"

Hal.—"Corn is sent to a mill."

Tom.—"I should like to see a mill, that I may know how they make bread."

Hal.—"There is one close by, and if you ask Mr. Barlow he will go with you, for he knows the man who works it."

Tom.—"Well, I will, for I should much like to see them make bread."

Just then the two boys heard a cry, and they saw a horse come down the lane at full speed, and drag a man with him.

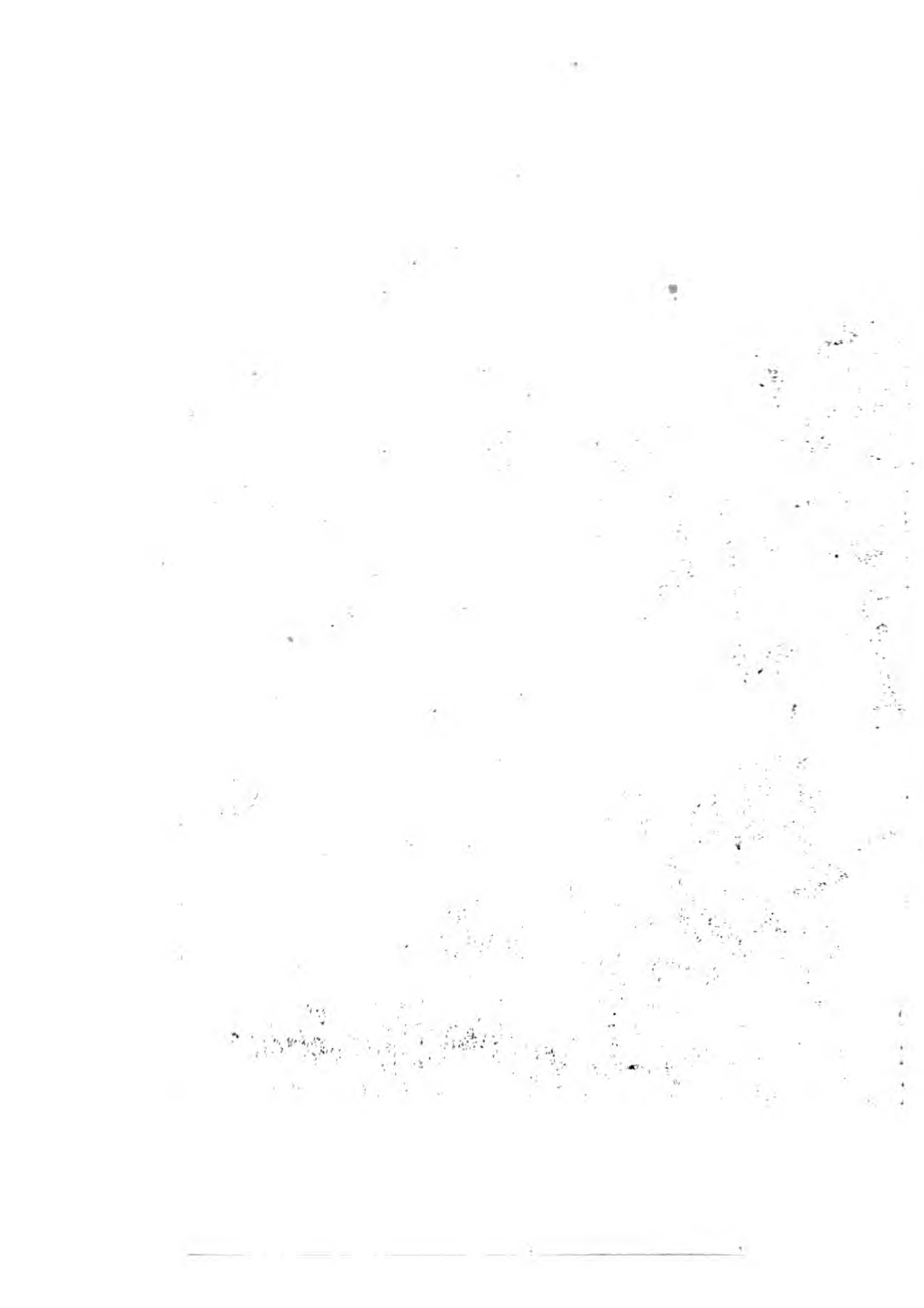
Hal, who at all times was glad

to do a kind act, ran up to a gap in the hedge, which he saw the horse meant to go through, and just as the horse made a stop that he might take a good leap, Hal caught hold of his head.

Two or three men soon came up, and set Squire Chase on his legs—for the squire it was. He gave a wild stare round him, and took breath; the first use he made of it was to swear at the horse, and to ask who it was that laid hold of his head.

"Who?" said his friend; "why, the self same boy that you gave all those blows to, and had it not been for him that skull of yours would have had more flaws in it than it has now."

"Hal caught hold of his head."—*Page* 68.



The squire gave a glance at Hal, with a face full of shame. At length he put his hand in his purse, and gave him a pound. But Hal drew up with a look of pride (which was rare with him), and would not take it.

So the boys went their way, and in a short time they found the poor lad, whose cot they were in search of. Tom told him that they had brought him a suit of clothes, in which there could be no fear that the boys would call him "French." He then gave all the young boys a suit each, and the thanks from the poor folk for his kind gifts made Tom so full of joy that he said, as he went home, that he would take care to spend all that Mr. and

Mrs. Merton gave him in the same way.

In the space of a few days, Mr. Barlow took the two boys to the mill, and they saw all the parts of it. Tom was struck with the great sails, which went round and round with the wind, and were made to move two large flat stones to bruise the corn.

"Well, to be sure! So this is the way they make bread."

"Yes," said Mr. Barlow; "but there is more to be done than this."

As they went home, Hal said to Tom:—

"So you see, now, that if no men chose to work, we should have no bread to eat."

Tom.—"Why not? Does not corn grow in the ground?"

Hal.—"Corn grows in the ground, but then first you must plough the ground to break it up."

Tom.—"How do they plough?"

Hal.—"Have you not seen a plough drawn up and down the fields in a straight line? One man drives, and one holds the plough, and the horse pulls."

Tom.—"Yes, I have. Is that the way they break up the ground for the corn?"

Hal.—"It is; and there's a sharp kind of wedge which turns the ground up all the way as it goes."

Tom.—"Well, and what then?"

Hal.—"Why, they sow the seed in the ground, and rake it, and

then the seed grows, and shoots up high, and at last the corn gets ripe, and then they reap it."

Tom.—"How strange, to be sure. I should like to sow some seed, and see it grow. Do you think I could?"

Hal.—"Yes, of course you could; and if you will dig the ground, I will go to our farm and get you some corn to sow."

The next day Tom was up with the lark, and went to work and dug the ground for some hours. He must needs tell Mr. Barlow what he had done, and said: "Am I not a good boy to work so hard to raise corn?"

Mr. Barlow.—"That I do not know till I hear what use you will make of it."

Tom.—"Why, sir, I shall send it to the mill and have it ground, and then I will get your cook to shew me how to make bread of it, and then I will eat it, and tell my nurse that I ate bread out of corn that I have sown in my own piece of ground."

Mr. Barlow.—"That will be well done, but where will be the great good for you to sow corn for your own self? That is no more than all the folk round do; and were they not to do it they would starve."

Tom.—"But then they are not all rich men's sons like me."

Mr. Barlow.—"What then? Must not the sons of the rich eat as well as the poor? And it is for their

own good that they should know how to get food."

Tom.—"Yes, sir; but they can have the poor to raise it for them, so that they need not work at all."

Mr. Barlow.—"How is that?"

Tom.—"Why, sir, they pay the poor to work for them, or buy bread of them when it is made, as much as they want."

Mr. Barlow.—"Oh, Mr. Tom; but what if the rich man should lose all his wealth, or go to strange lands where hands are scarce?"

Tom.—"Well, true, sir, he ought to know how to make it in case these things should come to pass."

Mr. Barlow then told Tom of an old man who had a field, and by his skill and care made it serve him

for food. At length he fell ill, and he sent for his three sons, that he might take leave of them, and give them his last charge. "My sons," said he, "there is one thing which with my last breath I beg of you to do, and that is to seek out a rich gift which I have left you, and which you will find in my field"—but here the poor old man's voice grew faint, and his head sank down on his breast in death. The sons were in too much grief for their loss to put in force that which the old man had bade them do, till want drove them to seek in the field for what they thought must be a hoard of gold. So they made a search in it from end to end, till there was not a clod that

they did not turn. At last they gave it up.

"It is strange that the old man should have set us on this long search for a thing that is not here," said Jack.

"Come," said Dick, "since we have gone through so much toil on the field, we may as well sow it with *corn*, and so make the most of our pains."

At this bright thought they set to work to sow the grain; and in due time a crop sprang up, five times as large as those crops which had grown there in the old man's life time.

The youths now said that *this* must have been the wealth the old man meant, and that his wish was

that they should earn their bread by the sweat of their brow.

Hal now came in from the farm, where he had been for a short time, and brought with him the chick which he took from the claws of a kite, and which had now got quite well, and was so fond of Hal that it ran by his side like a dog, would perch on his arm, sit in the breast of his coat, and eat crumbs out of his hand.

"How did you make it so tame?" said Tom.

Hal told him that he took no pains to do so, but that as the poor bird had been so much hurt, he had fed it at the farm house from his own hand, and it was that that made it so tame.

"Well, how odd, to be sure!" said Tom; "I thought all birds flew off when a man came near them. The fowls that are kept at our place will not let me touch them."

Mr. Barlow.—"Why is that, Tom?"

Tom.—"Well, they are wild."

Mr. Barlow.—"And what do you mean by the word wild?"

Tom.—"When they will not let you come near them."

Mr. Barlow.—"Then it comes to this, does it? A bird is wild when he will not let you come near him, and he will not let you come near him when he is wild. But I want you to tell me *why* he is wild."

Tom.—"That I can't say, sir."

Mr. Barlow.—Birds and beasts would not be wild if they did not *fear* us, and if we are kind to them they get tame. I think if a large beast of prey were to come up to you, you would run from him."

Tom.—"Should I not, in truth? Ah, as fast as my feet would take me."

Mr. Barlow.—"And yet you do not think that you rank with the wild men?"

Tom gave a loud laugh at this; and Hal then told him that he knew a boy who had a tame snake, and when he ate his bread and milk in the shade of a tree, he would call the snake up to him to drink out of his bowl.

Tom.—"And did it not bite him?"

Hal.—"No. He gave him a pat now and then with his spoon if he ate too fast; but the boy had no fear that he would bite him."

From that hour did Tom make up his mind that he would tame some pet. So off he set at once, with a large slice of bread in his hand, in search of a young bird or beast to pet or bring up tame; and the first thing he met was a young pig, that lay in the sun to bask. So Tom put on a soft smile, to look kind, and said, "Pig, pig, my dear pig, here is some bread for you; come to me, come!" But as the young pig could not quite judge of what Tom's views were, it gave a squeak and ran off to the old sow. "You young wretch," said

Tom, "to run off when I want to feed and pet you; if you do not know your best friend, I must teach you." So he sprang at the pig and caught it by the leg with his right hand, and held out the large slice of bread with the left. But still the young pig knew not what to make of it, and the squeaks it gave were so shrill and loud that they soon brought the old sow to the spot, with all the rest of the young pigs at her heels.

Tom held the sow in too much fear to keep her young one in his arms while she was near, so he let it go, and it ran just in front of Tom, which threw him down. Then the sow came up, and trod on him in her rage. So there poor

Tom lay in the mud and dirt. It was Tom's turn now to be in a rage, so he took the old sow by the leg and beat her with all his might. At this, she and all the young pigs sent forth grunts and squeaks that rent the air. The old sow led Tom through the midst of a large flock of geese that by chance fed near the spot where all this took place. You who read this, may guess how a flock of geese would add to the noise; but worse than all, the old goose, to save her brood, gave Tom a sharp peck with her bill, which put him to so much pain that his shrieks now fell in with the shrill sounds all round him, and this brought Mr. Barlow to the spot.

"Hey day!" said he, "what is all this?"

Tom, as soon as he could speak, told Mr. Barlow that it was all his fault, and that he might trace it to what he had told him.

"To what that I have told you?" quoth Mr. Barlow.

Tom.—"You said, sir, that to tame a bird or beast I ought to give him food, and be kind to him, and now all this comes of it."

Mr. Barlow.—"I see you have been in the mud, but I hope you are not hurt, and if it is from what I may have said, I shall grieve all the more.

Tom.—"No, I am not much hurt."

Mr. Barlow.—"Well, then, now we will come home, that you may wash off the mud, and we will talk of what you did with the pigs and the geese by and by."

When Tom came down from his room, Mr. Barlow said: "My dear boy, what could be the cause of the sad plight I found you in? I am sure I hope that I was not the cause of it; but I don't think that I told you to catch pigs by the hind legs."

Tom.—"No, sir; but you said that to feed wild things was the way to make them love me, and that then I could tame them, and so I went to feed the pig with a slice of bread."

Mr. Barlow.—"But it was not

my fault that you did it the wrong way. The pig did not know what you meant, and so when you went to seize hold of him, he did all he could to get free, and the old sow, who heard the cries of her young one, came to help him."

Mr. Barlow then told Tom that, in days long gone by, a Greek slave wrote a tale to prove that it is not wise to play with edge tools, as Tom had just done. But this slave did not take "a boy, a sow, and her young one" to set forth this truth, but he took "a wolf and a crane," and this was the tale: "A wolf had a bone that stuck in his throat, and gave him so much pain that he ran with a howl up and down, to ask all whom he met

to lend him a kind hand, and said he would give a large sum to bird or beast who would take it out. At last a crane, who had heard of the bribe, came up, put her long bill down the wolf's throat, and drew out the bone. The crane the nsaid, 'Now, where is the fee which you spoke of?' 'Wretch, that you are!' said the wolf, 'to ask for more than this—when you have put your head in a wolf's mouth, and brought it safe out!'"

As Tom had cause to know what the sound of a squeak of a pig was, to cheer him up Mr. Barlow then told him of a man who said he could show a trick; so he stood on a stage, when all at once he thrust down his head, and gave out a

sound like the squeak of a pig. This he did so well that all thought he had brought a young pig in his cloak; but though a search was made, they did not find one.

A rough man from a farm, who had come to look on, said, "Faith, I can do this as well as he." So the next night they were both to try their skill. A great crowd came to see them, and the men went on the stage. One of them gave his squeak like a pig, which brought a shout of praise, as it had done the first night. The boor's turn then came, and he did hide a young pig in his cloak, but though he made it squeak by a hard pinch on the ear, all gave the palm to the first

man, and they sent the boor off the stage with a loud hiss.

Hal and Tom now told Mr. Barlow that they meant to build a house.

Mr. Barlow.—"To build a house? And have you got a stock of bricks and lime?"

Tom.—"No, no, Hal and I can build a house that will not want bricks or lime."

Mr. Barlow.—"What, is it to be made of cards then?"

Tom.—"Dear sir! do you think me such a child as to wish for a card house? No, we mean to build one fit to live in. You said we ought to know how to do all things, lest we should get poor, or be cast on some wild part of the earth

where there are no men to work for us; in that case you see, sir, we could build our own house."

Mr. Barlow.—"What is it to be built with, then, Tom?"

Tom.—"The first things we shall want are wood and an axe."

Mr. Barlow.—"Wood I can give you, and loads of it, but do you know how to use an axe?"

Tom.—"No, sir."

Mr. Barlow.—"Then I fear to let you have one, as you might get much hurt by it. But if you tell me what wood you want I will cut down the trees for you."

Tom.—"Thank you, thank you."

Mr. Barlow then went to work, and cut down poles as thick as a man's wrist, eight feet long, which

the boys made sharp at the end to force them in the ground; and so mad was Tom to build a house, that he had quite lost sight of the fact that he was "the son of a rich squire," and went on with the work with all his might.

Mr. Barlow.—"Where shall you place your house?"

Tom.—"This will be the spot for it, just at the foot of this hill, for here we shall be warm and snug."

Hal took the stakes, and drove them in the earth, and made the house ten feet long and eight feet wide. When this was done, he and Tom took the small sticks of wood which they had cut from the stakes, and wove them in with the

poles, so as to form a sort of fence; and this took them some days to do.

To give them heart while they went on with this slow work, and to show them that if we want to make sure that a thing is done, we must work at it with our *own* hands, Mr. Barlow told them the tale of a lark that had a nest of young birds in a field of corn, and one day two men came to look at the state of the crop. "Well," says one of them to his son, "I think this wheat is ripe, so now go and ask our friends to help us to reap it."

When the old lark came back to her nest, the young brood told her in a great fright what they had heard. "So they look to their

friends for help," said she. "Well, I think we have no cause for fear."

The next day the man came; and as he saw no friends in the corn field, he bade his son fetch his kith and kin to help him.

This the young birds heard, and told it to the old one when she came home to her nest.

"Fear not," quoth she; "I do not see that men go much out of their way to help those that are of the same kith and kin."

In the course of a day or two, as the man found that no one came, he said to his son, "Hark ye, John! we will trust to none; but you and I will reap the corn at dawn of day."

"*Now*," said the old lark, "we must be gone; for when a man takes his work in his own hands, it is sure to be done."

CHAPTER IV.

When Hal and Tom went back to their work they found, to their great grief, that while they were in doors, a storm of wind and rain had blown down their new house.

"So this is the end of all our toil!" said Tom, with his eyes full of tears. When Hal went to look at the stakes that the wind had blown down, he found that the cause of it all was that they did not go so deep in the ground as they should have done; so that when the wind blew on the flat side of the wall, they had not strength to bear it;

but Mr. Barlow struck the tops of the stakes (which the boys could not reach), and drove them in so firm that, let the wind blow as hard as it might, they would be quite safe.

The next thing to be done was to put a roof on—for till now, their house had none; so they put long poles to rest on the tops of the four walls, and on these they laid straw; and they thought now that the house would be snug and dry.

By and by the rain came down hard on it, and the boys were proud to think how dry and warm it kept them; but at last, the straw that was on the top got wet through; for as their roof was flat, there was no way for the rain to

run off. At last they could stand it no more, and went in doors to talk of what they should do.

"The top should have more straw," said Tom.

"No," said Hal, "that's not it; it must be that our roof is too flat; for you know all roofs slant, that the rain may run off from them."

The next day they set to work at a new roof, with straw for a thatch; and, that the wind should not blow it off, they stuck bits of stick from peg to peg, to keep it it in its place.

When this was done, they found that the walls, which were made of twigs, did not keep the wind out; so to cure this, they put wet clay on each side of them.

"Well," said Mr. Barlow, "you have been much put to it to know what to do, as the bees were when they made a wax tomb for their guest."

Tom.—"What bees were those, sir?"

Mr. Barlow.—"I did not see the hive, but this took place in real life. The guest I speak of was a snail, that made his way through the hole of a hive which was full of bees, where in a great rage they flew round him and stung him to death. But soon they found that the snail, when dead, was all the more a foe than when he had life, for the air in the hive was not fit to breathe. What was to be done? He was of too great a bulk for the

bees to turn him out, so they had to leave the hive, and they found to their cost that they ought to have let the poor snail just crawl out as he had come in.

The bees made a long search for a new home, but in vain; so they went back to their old hive, to see what could be done with the dead snail; and in the end, they all set to work to build a case of wax round him, so as to close him in a sort of tomb, and thus they made the air of the hive as sweet as the stores that were in the combs."

Tom's wheat, which he had been to watch day by day, had now sprung up; and when he saw the green blade, he said, "Now, I

think we could live if we were cast on some lone isle where there were no men to be found to work for us. Here's a house to screen us from the sun and rain, and we shall soon have corn for food."

Tom thought that it would add much to the charms of their house if it had some plum and pear trees near it, to screen it from the hot sun, and yield fruit; so Mr. Barlow sent Tom to make choice of two fine strong ones. The boys took their spades to dig large holes to put them in, and broke the earth up that it might lie light on the roots, and then put them in. Tom held the tree while Hal threw the earth on the roots, and trod it down with his feet. Then they stuck large

stakes in the ground, to tie the trees to, for fear a high wind should blow them down.

At the side of the hill there was a spring, that burst forth not far from the spot where the new house stood. It ran down in a small stream, and the boys set hard to work for some days to form a sort of ditch to bring the stream down to the roots of the trees, for the air was hot, and the ground dry, and they thought their trees might die for want of rain.

"On the bank of just such a brook as this, and on the side of just such a hill, did the poor lamb meet the wolf," said Hal.

"What lamb, and what wolf?" said Tom. "Do tell me!"

"Well," said Hal, "last night I read of a wolf who went to quench his thirst at a clear brook that ran down a hill, and by chance a young lamb stood there who would stray from the flock. The wolf had a wish to eat her, but felt some qualms; so for a plea, he made out that the lamb was his foe. 'Stand off from the bank, sir,' said he, 'for you tread it down, which makes the stream thick, and all I can get to drink is foul.'

"The lamb said, in a mild tone, that she did not see how that could be, for the brook ran down hill to her from the spot where he stood.

"'But,' said the wolf, 'how dare you drink at all till I have had my fill?'

"Then the poor lamb told him that as yet her dam's milk was both food and drink to her.

"'Be that as it may,' said the wolf, 'you are a bad lamb, for last year I heard that you spoke ill of me and all my race.'

"'Last year, dread sir,' said the lamb; 'why I have not yet been shorn, and at the time you name I was not born.'

"The wolf, who found that it was of no use to tell lies, fell in a great rage, and as he came up to the lamb, he said: 'All you sheep have the same dull kind of face, and how is one to know which is which? If it was not you, it was your dam, and that is all the same, so I shall not let you go hence.'

He then flew at the poor meek lamb and made a meal of her."

As the day was fine, Tom and Hal took a stroll in a wood, and went so far that they were glad to sit down to rest. By and by a poor dame came up to them.

"My dears," said she, "you seem to have lost your way, come and rest in my cot; and as my girl has gone to milk the cows, may be you will sit there a while by the side of my fire, and wait till she brings you some warm milk from the cow."

"No," said Tom, "we have not lost our way, but we shall be glad to rest in your house and drink some milk." So they went in and sat by a fire made of turf. Tom,

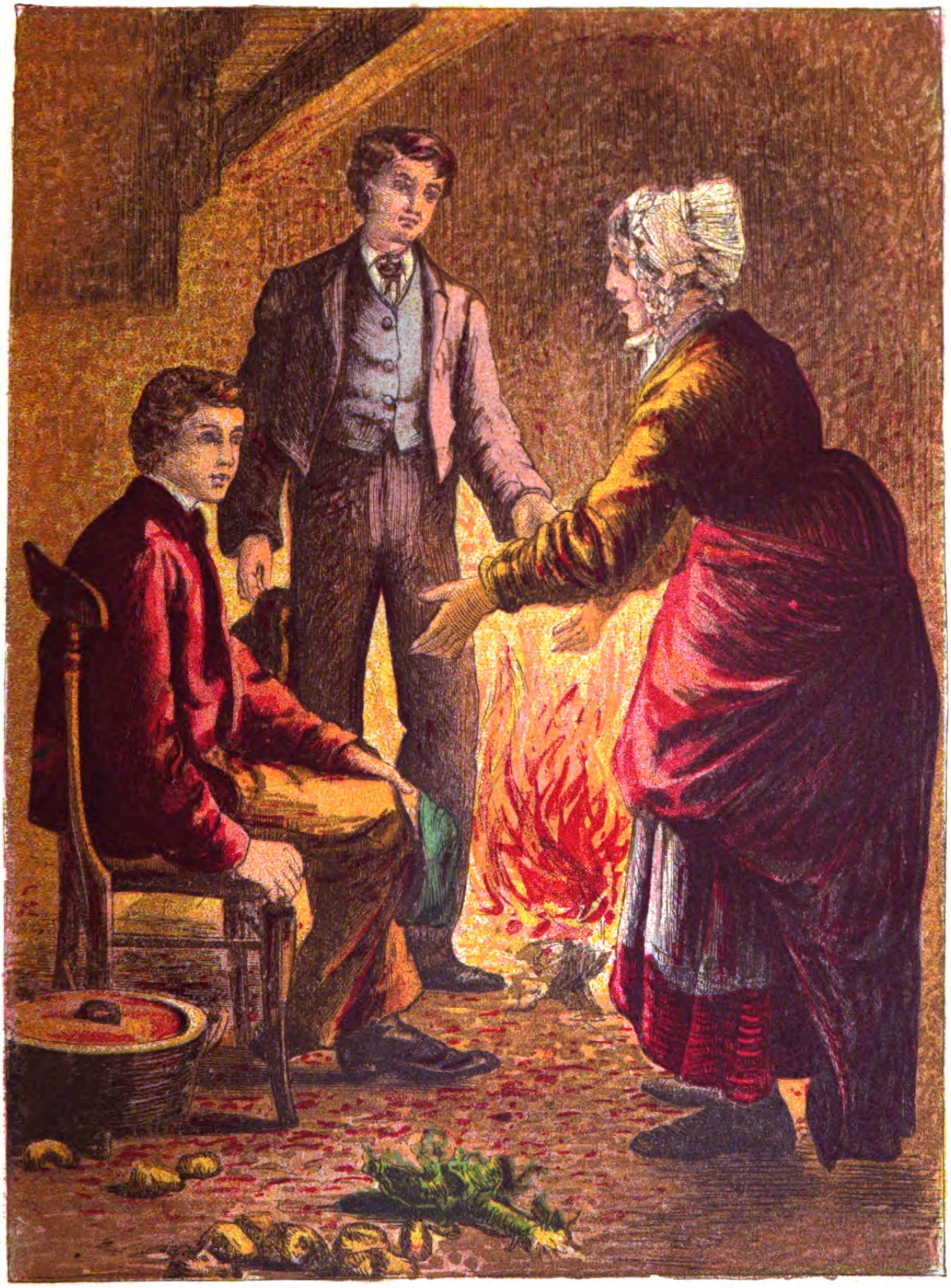
who had not till now seen such a fire, said, "What is it made of?"

The old dame told him that it was a peat fire, and made of the roots of heath and turf which they dig from the waste land, and then put it in the sun to bake.

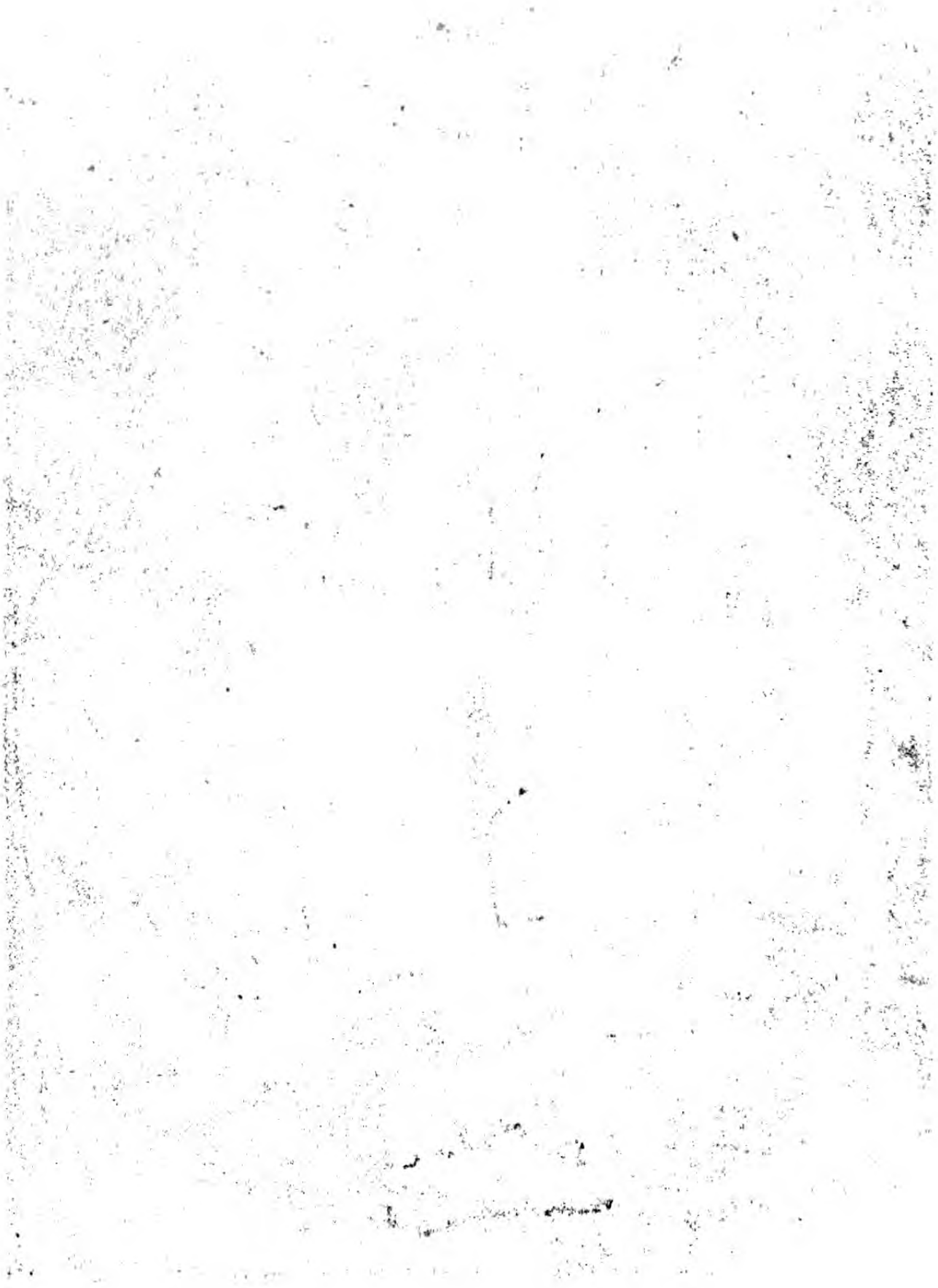
"How can you roast your joints of meat at such a fire as this?" said Tom.

"We do not eat meat in our house," quoth the good dame; "but we are glad if we can get a bit of fat pork to boil in a pot of greens; and we bless God that we fare so well, for there are lots of poor souls as good as we, who can scarce get a bit of dry bread."

The girl now came in with a bowl of warm milk from the cow,



"What is it made of?"—*Page* 104.



and a slice of brown bread for each.

At last the boys said they must go home, so Tom gave the dame a crown for all that she had done for them.

"No, bless you, my dear," said she, "I would not take it from you for all the world; for though my good man and I are poor, we can give a mess of milk to two young things like you, when they want it."

So both the boys gave her their thanks, and left. But just as they went out of the door, two men came in, and said to her, "Is your name Stiles?"

"Yes, it is," said the dame.

"Then here's a writ from Mr.

John Gruff," said one of them, which I have to serve Mr. Stiles with; and if he does not pay the debt, which is twelve pounds, and all costs, we shall take your goods and your stock and sell them to pay it.

"Nay," quoth the dame, "this could not have been meant for Stiles, for he has no debts, save for the rent of our house and farm, and I know he has made it up for half a year."

"Yes, yes, Mrs. Stiles, we are right, and when he comes in we will talk with him; and in the meantime we can make out our list of goods in the next room while we wait, in case Mr. Stiles should not have cash to pay the debt with."

Stiles soon came home. "Well, my dear," said he, "what have you got for me to eat and drink?"

"Oh, my poor Ned!" said she, "here is sad news for you; but I think it can scarce be true that you owe a large sum to Mr. John Gruff."

At the sound of this name, the man gave a start, and his face, which till now had been red, grew all at once as pale as death.

"Sure, Ned, it *can't* be true?"

"Nay," said Stiles, "I do not know to a pound or two how much it was; but when Frank Home lost all he had, I was bound for him to keep him from gaol, and when he went to sea, he told me he would send me all he could

spare from time to time, but you know it is now three years since he went, and we have not once heard of him."

Then the poor wife burst out in loud grief, and told him where the two men were, and what they had come to the house for.

At this, Ned's face grew red with rage, and the first thing he did was to seize an old sword which hung on the wall, and then said: "It shall not be, I will die first!" He then drew the sword, and would have run to the room where the men stood, but his wife fell down on her knees to him, and caught hold of his arm to beg of him not to stir a step. "It would be a sin in you to use that sword," said she;

"what if you were to kill the men? Put up the sword, Stiles, for my sake, if not for theirs."

This made him pause, and his young ones hung round him with sob and cries, and Hal, too, took hold of his hand, which he made wet with tears, till at last Stiles sat down, hid his face in his hands, and said, "God's will be done."

Tom, though he had not said a word all this time, now gave his young friend a look, which was as much as to say, come with me; and then went out of the house, and took the road which led to Mr. Barlow's. As he went, his thoughts were so full of the scene he had just left, that he did not speak, but when he got home, he went at once to

Mr. Barlow and said: "I must beg of you to send me to my own home at once."

Mr. Barlow said: "Why, my young friend, how is this? Do you wish to leave me?"

"No, sir," said Tom, "I have not the least wish to leave you; far from it, for you have been so kind to me, that I shall feel it as long as I live; but I want to go home, and at once, for I have a thing to tell them at home which I am sure you will like to hear of."

Mr. Barlow did not press Tom to say what it was, but sent him home on his horse, with a man to take care of him.

It gave great joy to Mr. and Mrs. Merton to see their son, but

Tom's mind was so full of the scene which took place at the farm, that he did not lose much time, but said at once to Mr. Merton: "You told me some time since that you were rich, and that if I were good I should be rich too. Now will you please to give me a large sum to take back with me?"

Mr. Merton.—"Yes, to be sure. How much do you want — a pound?"

Tom.—"No, a great deal more than that."

Mr. Merton.—"Let us see first how much?"

Tom then told him of the sum that he meant to help Stiles with, but did not say what use he should put it to.

"Bless the boy!" said Mrs. Merton, "I am sure Mr. Barlow has taught him to spend."

Tom.—"No; Mr. Barlow does not know of it."

Mr. Merton.—"But what can a child at your age want with such a sum?"

Tom.—"Well, I do not wish to name the use I mean to put it to, but I am quite sure that it will give you great joy when you do come to hear of it."

Mr. Merton.—"That I doubt much."

Tom.—"But if you will please to let me have it, I will pay you from time to time."

Mr. Merton.—"How can you pay me such a sum as that?"

Tom.—"Why, you know you give me new clothes, and fill my purse now and then, and if you will but let me have the sum I ask for, I will want no more clothes or cash till I have made it up."

Mr. Merton.—"But what can you want with all this?"

Tom.—Pray wait a few days and you shall know, and if I make a bad use of it, don't trust me as long as I live, that's all."

Mr. Merton was much struck with his son's tone, and as he was both rich and good, he said, "Yes, I will give it to you." So he put the whole sum in Tom's hand, and told him that he must let him know what use he had put it to, and that if he did not like the way in which it

was spent, he would trust him no more.

Young Tom was half mad with joy at the thought that Mr. Merton had put his *trust* in him; and said I hope you will let me go back now with Mr. Barlow's man.

When he got back, Tom's first care was to hunt up his friend Hal, and ask him to come with him to poor Stiles' house, so the two boys set off with all speed. As they came near to the house they heard loud sobs, which came from the dark end of the room, where sat the poor dame.

Tom took her by the hand, and said: "You were kind to me just now, and gave me bread and milk when I was half dead with heat

and thirst, so I have made up my mind to be kind to *you.*"

"God bless you, my child!" she said; "but you could not help me if you would."

Tom.—"How do you know that?"

Mrs. Stiles.—"I know you would do all you *could*, but our goods are to be sold if we do not pay the debt; and *that*—oh! *that* we could not do; so my dear Ned and all our young ones must be sent out of doors, and none but God can help us!"

Tom's heart was too full to wait, so he took out his bag of gold and threw it on her lap. "Here, take this, will you?" said he, "and pay your debt with it."

The poor soul gave a wild stare at Tom, wrung her hands, and fell back in her chair. When Stiles, who had been all the while in the next room, saw her, he ran up to her, caught her in his arms, and said, "Why, Ann, what ails you?" But she sprang from him, and fell down on her knees to Tom to give a kiss on his foot. Stiles thought that his wife had gone mad, and the babes ran up to her to pull her by the gown, and hide their face in it. At the sight of them she said: "You young rogues! why don't you join with me, and give thanks to this dear child who has kept you from death?" At this Stiles said: "Why, Ann, you must be mad! What can this

young boy do for us that will keep our babes from death?"

"Oh, Ned!" said she, "I am not mad, though I may seem to be. But look here, Ned! Look here! see what the good God has sent us by the hands of this dear child, and *then* tell me if I am mad or not!"

As she said this she brought to view the bag of gold, and, at the sight, Stiles' look was quite as wild as hers had been, but Tom went up to him, shook him by the hand, and said, "I give it to you, so I hope you will be set free from your debt."

Sobs of joy from the poor man now came loud and fast, but this was too much for Tom, he could

not stand it, so he and Hal ran out of the house as fast as they could go, and were soon out of sight.

When they got home they found it was the hour for school, and Mr. Barlow gave this tale to Tom to read out:—

"A man in the East, who sold doves, threw down some grains of rice in a wood, and flung a net on the top of them in such a way that it could not be seen in the grass, and then hid close by to watch. Soon the king of the wild doves—Smooth Neck by name—flew up to the spot with his train, and said: "Whence can all these grains of rice come in this wild wood? Let it be seen to, eat them not yet."

But the doves, drawn by greed, set to work to pick them up, and they were all caught in the net.

"'Ha!' said Smooth Neck, 'I thought this might be the work of a foe. You would not wait, as I told you to do, and this has come of it. Now, hear the plan which I have in hand. Small things may work out great ends, for we know that a large beast may be bound with *straws*, when made firm in a *thick rope*. Now all put forth your whole strength *at once* and take up the net, then fly off with it.'

"This they did, and the man who had set the snare was much struck to see his net borne off by the birds.

"'This is well,' said one of the

doves; 'but what are we to do now with these toils on our feet?

"Smooth Neck said: 'We are in an ill plight, but Gold Fur, the king of the mice may help us.'

"So he went in search of Gold Fur's hole, which had scores of small doors that led to it, deep down in the ground.

"The good mouse came out to meet them, and when he had heard their tale, he said: 'As long as my teeth do not break, I will gnaw the nets for you.' So with his sharp teeth he cut the snare, and set them all free.

"Then, with great joy, the king of the doves bent low his smooth neck to him, and said: 'How much do we owe to you? Think of us as

your slaves for life, for a friend in *need* is the best friend of all.'"

Mr. Barlow, Tom, and Hal now went out for a walk. They had not gone far, when they saw three men, who led three large bears by a chain, and a crowd of girls and boys ran with them. On the head of each of these bears sat an ape, which now and then gave a grin. Tom, who till now had not seen a bear or an ape, thought it fine fun when the bear rose on his hind legs as he was bid to do, and dance to the sound of bells. Mr. Barlow and the boys then went on their way, but soon they saw a crowd of men who ran with all their might, and they found that one of the bears had made a bound,

snapt his chain in two, and run off with a fierce growl to the spot where Tom and Hal stood. Mr. Barlow, who had a stout stick in his hand, and was a brave man, saw this, and bade Tom and Hal stay where they were; he then ran up to the bear, who stood still as if he would bite him, but Mr. Barlow struck him two or three hard blows, spoke to him in a hoarse voice, took hold of the end of his chain, and so made the huge beast give in. By and by, the man who kept the bear came up, and Mr. Barlow gave him the chain, and with it a charge that he ought to keep a sharp look-out on so fierce a beast as a bear.

All this time the boys had stood

"Mr. Barlow struck him two or three hard blows."—*Page* 122.

some way off quite still, to look on. But as luck would have it, the ape that had sat on the head of the bear was thrown off when that great brute broke loose, and Tom, who thought he would be as brave as Mr. Barlow, ran up and took hold of the string to which the ape was bound. But as the ape had no wish to be caught, he gave a snap at Tom's arm, and made his teeth meet in the flesh of it. Tom would not let him go, but beat him with a stick which he had in his hand, till the ape, who saw he had a strong will to deal with, at last gave in, and let Tom lead him.

When they got back to Mr. Barlow's they found Mr. Merton's groom at the gate, with a horse, to

take Tom home for a few days. As soon as Tom got there, Mr. and Mrs. Merton threw their arms round his neck with joy to see their dear boy once more. But though Tom told them of all things else, he did not say a word of the sum he gave to Ned Stiles.

CHAPTER V.

THE next day they all three went to church, but they had not sat long in their pew when they found that all eyes were cast on Tom. Mr. and Mrs. Merton knew not what to make of this, but would not, of course, ask what it all meant till they had left the church. Then, as they went through the gates, Mr. Merton said to Tom:

"What did all the folk stare at you for, my boy? And they had so much to say, too, as they stood to gaze at you. What did it all mean?"

Tom had no time to tell him, for just then poor Ann Stiles ran up to him, fell down at his feet, and said he had—"through the grace of God, set them all free. Yes, dear child, I, my good man, and our babes all owe our lives to you. We have nought but thanks to give you, save a wish that when it is time for your dear soul to soar up to the next world, this good deed may help you in your flight."

All that Mr. and Mrs. Merton could do was to stand and gaze at what went on; but when, at length, they found that Tom's gift was the cause of it all, they felt as much as the poor dame did, and they threw their arms round the young boy's neck and wept.

Their hearts were now too full for them to think of the crowd that stood round, till at last they went to their coach to hide the tears of joy which ran down their cheeks. Few can judge what they felt when they were made to know how Tom's heart had spread since his stay at Mr. Barlow's, for they saw that his mind, his heart, and his health had all grown strong by it.

No one saw Tom fret at Mr. Barlow's, as he had done at home, for since he had had Hal to *love* and give way to, his thoughts had been so much drawn off from *self* that it made a new life of it. Nor was he the worse for the cold, which was now so great that the

ponds were a mass of ice, and the earth was bare of food for bird and beast.

When Tom came back to Mr. Barlow's, the first thing he did was to go and look at his new house; but to his great grief he found that his choice plum tree, from which he was in hopes of so much fruit, had been cut at the root by the teeth of the hares, and was dead. Tom ran to Mr. Barlow in a great rage to tell him what "those vile hares had done."

Mr. Barlow.—"I grieve to hear that your tree is dead, but it is now too late to help it."

Tom.—"Yes, but you may have the rogues all shot, so that they should not get to our pear tree,

which you know, sir, is not far off."

Mr. Barlow.—"You should have had a fence put round your tree to save it from the hares. And as all things are so much in want of food now that this hard frost has set in, of a truth I know not what is to be said if they come too near to for it, as the poor things must eat."

Tom said he did not like this cold time of the year at all.

"Well," said Hal, "I could tell you of a land, which is far north, where there are *no* trees, and where the men know not how to make bread, and have no sheep, hogs; or cows."

Tom.—"What then have they to live on?"

Hal.—"They have large stags, which are tame, and live in herds; and when the snow is on the ground they scratch it and find a sort of moss which grows there, and when the frost is too hard for this the men kill part of the herd and live on the flesh, which keeps good a long time in so cold a clime. The skins of the deer they spread on the ground to sleep on, and make warm coats of them. They have but one kind of house, and that is made of poles, all of which meet at the top, where they leave a small hole to let the smoke through. On these poles they lay the skins of deer, turf, or the bark of trees, and the huts have a small hole in the side through which they creep to get in. They

do not keep long to one spot, but from time to time they take down their house, pack it in their sledge, and set it up in some new place.

Tom.—"Do they draw the sledge with their own hands?"

Hal.—"I know I shall make you stare, Tom, when I tell you that the *deer* draw it for scores of miles at a time, and they go at full pace on the snow, which is as hard as a board."

Tom.—"This makes me think I should like to go there."

Hal.—"Well, don't pack up your trunk till you have heard the rest. There are no fruit trees, think of that! no fields, no roads, no inns to sleep at, no shops; bears and wolves prowl all round

them to prey on the herds of deer, so that the men have to hunt them: to do this they fix a large piece of flat board four or five feet long to the soles of their feet, and thus they run on the snow. They kill the bears with the shaft from their bow, save when they find them or the wolves in their dens, and then they use spears. When they have put a bear to death, they boil the flesh in a pot, and their friends all come to the feast. They melt down the fat, and then sit round the flame and tell tales of the hunt."

Tom.—"Poor men! I should think such a life must soon kill them."

Mr. Barlow.—"Have you found

then that those who eat and drink most have the best health?"

Tom.—"No, I think not; for there are two or three men who come to dine with us, who eat such huge plates of meat that you would say they must burst, and these men have lost the use of their limbs; their legs swell as big as their waists, and they seem as though they could scarce put their feet to the ground. When their coach drives up to the door, two or three of the grooms come to help them out; and these fat men talk of no one thing but of what they eat and drink."

Mr. Barlow.—"Do you find this to be the case with the poor?"

Tom.—"No."

Hal and Tom set off for a stroll in a wood, and they went so far that they lost their way. The wind blew hard, and the snow fell so fast, that their track could not now be seen, so they stood in the stem of an old oak, which just held them.

"What shall we do?" said Tom, while the tears fell fast from his eyes.

"Do?" said Hal; "we must wait here till it clears up, and then we must find our way home."

Tom.—"But what if it should *not* clear up?" said Tom, with more tears.

Hal.—"Well, in that case we must make our way through the snow, or stay here."

Tom.—"But oh, how I dread this lone wood! If we had but a fire to warm us!"

Hal.—"Well, I have heard that if you strike a piece of flint on steel, a spark will come. I have a large knife here, and if I could but find a piece of flint, I could strike fire with the back of it; so let us try what we can do."

The boys made a search for some flint, and found some, though as the snow lay so thick, it cost them some pains. Hal then took the flints and struck them with all his might, till they were quite thin bits, and out of these he chose a sharp piece, which he hit with the back of his knife. "This," said Hal, "will serve to light a fire

with. He then got all the dry leaves he could find, which, when put in a heap with small bits of wood, made a blaze from the sparks which he had struck. But it was in vain, for the leaves were too damp to burn up, so the boys thought that as they could get no warmth, the best thing for them to do was to make their way home as well as they could. At each step Hal sank up to his knees in the snow. At length he saw a heap of dry wood that had been left with fire in it. "See, here's luck!" said he. "Look, here is a fire that wants but some wood to make it blaze up."

This it soon did, and as the two boys stood there to warm their cold

limbs, Hal said: "Ah, Tom Merton, you know not what *want* is! But I know some poor boys who have no fire to warm them, and no clothes to put on, yet they do not cry in a year so much as you have done this half hour."

Just then who should come up but the poor boy to whom Tom gave the clothes! Hal said to him, "Can you show us the way out of the wood?"

"Yes, to be sure I can," said Jack (for that was his name); "but who would have thought that I should see *you* here at this time of night, in all this snow and wind! If you will come to our cot, I will run to tell Mr. Barlow you are safe, for he said that he could not

find you." So Jack led the boys to his home. "Dad," said he, "here's Mr. Merton, who was so good to us all, he has lost his way, and is well nigh dead with cold."

So the man rose from the side of the fire, and bade Tom and Hal sit down, and the dame went to fetch a large log of wood to make a bright blaze, and said: "There, young sirs, we *can* make you warm, and I wish we could ask you to sup with us, but I fear what we poor folk eat would be too coarse for such as you."

"Not so," said Tom, "for I have had so long a fast, that I feel as if I could eat the chair I sit on." Then the dame went to broil some meat for Hal and Tom;

in the mean time the old man took up his book and laid it with care on the shelf.

Tom saw this, and said, "What book is that?" The old man told him it was the Book of God's Word. "Ah, sir," said he, "you are but a child, and as yet too young to think of such things, but when I am cast down, and my heart is faint, the balm of that book is sweet; it works like a good draught, and heals and binds up the wounds of the soul. When I am low I go to it, and it is sure to do me good. God took care that in his word man should find balm, and oil, and wine, to cheer him, and drive off his grief, and give him joy and peace of mind

in its room. There are words fit to speak peace to us when we stand in need of it, words to cheer us, words to guide us in the right path, and words to point out and bid us shun the wrong path. Oh, if we go to that book *in faith* we shall be sure to get all this good from it!"

By this time the kind dame had spread a coarse but clean cloth on a board as white as snow, on which she put the meat and the brown bread.

In the meantime Jack had come home from Mr. Barlow's, where he had found him in great grief at the loss of the two dear boys who were in his care. He had sent right and left, yet in no place could

they be found, and he came back with Jack to the cot just as Tom had had his meal, which would have made three such as Mr. Barlow could eat.

Tom and Hal rose to meet him, and thank him for the long search he had made for them, and to tell him how much grief they felt to have been the cause of all his fears. Mr. Barlow said in a mild tone that he thought it was not wise to stray so far from home. He took leave of the good folk of the cot, and then they all three set off home.

CHAPTER VI.

As Mr. Barlow and the two youths went on their way home the stars shone with a bright light. "I do not think there is a man that could count them!" said Tom, "for you might as well try to count the flakes of snow that fell while we were in the wood."

At this speech Mr. Barlow gave a loud laugh, and said: "Hal will tell you that it is *not* so. Can you not tell Tom the names of the groups of stars, Hal?"

Hal.—"Not all of them, I fear, sir."

Mr. Barlow.—"Come, Hal, as you were brought up at a farm, I think you can at least point out to us Charles's Wain."

So Hal bade Tom look at five bright stars, and three more a short way off.

Mr. Barlow.—"The four stars are like the wheels of a cart, and the rest are like the horse that draws the cart. Now, Tom, look well at them, and see if you can find a group of stars that are like them as to the way they stand."

Tom.—"No, sir, I do not think I can."

Mr. Barlow.—"Now look on the two stars which stand for the hind wheels of the cart, and raise your eyes straight up. Do you not see

a bright star that seems to be, but is not quite, on a line with them?"

Tom.—"Yes, sir, I do."

Mr. Barlow.—"That is the Pole Star; it does not stir from its place, and if you look full at it, you may find the north."

Tom.—"Then if I turn my face to that star I look to the north?"

Mr. Barlow.—"You are right."

Tom.—"Then I shall turn my back to the south?"

Mr. Barlow.—"You are right once more, Tom; and now can you not find the east and the west?"

Tom.—"Does not the sun rise in the east?"

Mr. Barlow.—"Yes, but there is no sun now to tell us."

Hal.—"If you turn your face to

the north, the east will be on your right hand, and the west on your left."

Mr. Barlow.—"You are right."

Tom.—"That's fine! So, then, as I know the Pole Star, I can find north, south, east, and west; and that too when clouds shut out the sun. I shall tell them all of this next time I go home."

Hal.—"How glad should I have been to know more of it that night that I was on the marsh; for I lost my track, and knew not where I was. At last I thought I must give it up, when on one side of me I saw a light not far off, as if some one went on the moor with a lamp."

Tom.—"Did not that make you glad, Hal?"

Hal.—"You shall hear. At first I did not quite like to go up to the man who (as I thought) held the lamp; but then it struck me that it was not worth a man's pains to hurt a poor boy like me; so I made up my mind to be bold, and go up to it, and ask my way of the man."

Tom.—"And did he tell you the way?"

Hal.—"I thought at first that the light was on my right hand; it went fast, and then it would seem to go in front of me, then to the left. I thought this was strange, but I went on with the chase, and just as I felt I had got so near that I could grasp at it, I fell in a pit, and found I was on the

same side as the light, so I went in search of it once more, but still in vain; and I knew no more where I was than if I had been set down in a strange land. I had no hopes that I should get home if I did not reach the light, and though I could not think that the man who held it knew I was so near, still he would seem to strive all he could to get from me."

Tom.—"And did he?"

Hal.—"No. Though I gave a loud cry to beg of him to halt, it was of no use, for the light went ten times as fast, and zig zag, so that I thought the man who held it must be drunk. I had some hopes that I might hear the bark of a dog, or the bell of a sheep,

but no sound was there to be heard. The wind grew cold and bleak, and my clothes were wet through with the rain, and I sat down for awhile to think what I should do; but when I cast my eyes up to the sky, there I saw Charles's Wain, and at the top of it the Pole Star. This brought to my mind that the last time I went that way the Pole Star was right in front of me, so it struck me that if I were to turn my back on it, and go in a straight line, I should get home, and so I did with ease by the light of the moon."

Tom.—"Then it is of use to know the stars! I have made up my mind that I will learn the names of all the stars that are in

the sky. But, Hal, did you find out what that light was that you saw in the marsh?"

Hal.—"It was the Will of the Wisp."

Tom.—"Who is he?"

Hal.—"They told me at the farm that it was a kind of air that comes out of the earth and takes fire, and that time out of mind men have run up to try to get near it, as I did, and like me had been thrown in some pit or ditch."

The young boys had now got to Mr. Barlow's gate, and when they had sat a long time to talk of all that they had gone through, they went to bed.

Mr. Barlow was in his room, where he sat to write by the light

of a lamp, when in sprang Tom, who said in a loud voice—

"Sir, sir, I have found it out! It moves! It moves!"

"What moves?" said Mr. Barlow.

"Why, Charles's Wain moves. When I took my clothes off I thought I would take one more peep at the sky, and I saw that all the four stars that make the cart, and the two stars that make the horse, had got up in the sky a great, great way!"

"Well," said Mr. Barlow, "you are right. You have done a vast deal this day, and when we get up to break our fast we will talk of all that you have seen and heard."

The next day they did so, and Mr. Barlow told the boys a tale

from real life, which took place in the Alps, where the rocks are so high that the snow does not melt on the tops of them. Mr. Barlow said that half the year the men who live there keep to the house day and night, but when it gets warm the snow thaws on the sides of the hills and rocks, and, as it melts, it is apt to fall down from time to time in a large mass, so as to kill the men and beasts who are in the vale.

Well, it was from these Alps, on the 12th of March, that a mass of snow of huge bulk came down from a great height. All in the vale were then in doors, save two, Joe Roche and his son (who was a lad), and they had gone on the roof of their house to clean the snow from it.

A priest, who just at that time went by on his way to the church, told them to come down from the roof as fast as they could, for he saw a large mass of snow roll down the side of the rocks of ice, which would soon be on them. The man and his son flew for their lives they knew not where; but they had not gone more than a few yards, when the lad's foot slid on the ice, and he fell down. Roche went *back* a step or two to lift him up, and as he did so he saw the mass of ice and snow fall on his house and crush it.

When Roche came to think how all that he held most dear were now shut up in the snow to die, he was so struck down with grief that he fell to the ground in a kind of fit.

At last he got safe to a friend's house some way off. Five days had he been there ill; and on the sixth day he went with his son and two men to try if he could find the spot where his house stood, but they could not do so.

As the next month was sure to be hot, he knew the snow would melt, and from time to time he went to see if he could find a trace of his dear wife and two babes. One day he threw earth on the snow that lay on his house (to melt it), then he broke through ice six feet thick with a strong bar, then thrust down a long pole, and with this he felt the ground; but as it grew dark, he had to leave off for that day.

The next day a friend went with

him to work, and they found the spot where the house stood by a hole in the snow, but none of the dead could they see. They now made a search in a shed or stall which was some way from the house, and there they heard a cry of "Help! Help!"

What tongue can tell the rush of joy which these sounds sent to the heart of Roche? He and his friend set to work with all their might to dig a hole, through which they crept, and Roche saw his poor wife all but dead, who just had the strength to say, with a faint voice, "I *knew* I could trust in God and you, Roche!" The young girl, too, still had life; and when they brought them to the top, it was as if they took them from

the grave. They were too weak to walk, and they were put to bed, and had some warm milk with flour.

The wife had lost the use of her limbs from cold and cramp, and could not so much as sit up in her bed, but the girl soon got well.

The wife told the sad tale in these words:—"When the mass fell, our dear boy and girl and I were in the shed, in which were our ass, five or six fowls, and six goats, one of which on that day had had two dead kids, and we had gone there to take her some warm drink, and we meant to stay there to wait for the church bell to ring. All at once we heard the roof break, so we stood in the rack, for there the roof had most

strength. The ass got loose and gave a kick, which threw down a pail, in which we caught the snow, and when the air was warm so as to cause it to melt, we drank it. Our first care was to know what there was to eat, and I found some nuts in a pouch which hung by my side. The boy and girl had just had a good meal, and said they should want no more that day; but they thought of a plate of meal cakes which they knew were in one of the stalls, yet they could not get at them for the snow. We all set up a loud shrill call, but no one heard us. The ass and goats kept up life for three days, and then we heard and saw no more of them; but two of the

goats were left, one of which gave milk, and to them we owe our lives.

"All this time we saw not one ray of light, yet for three weeks we had some note of day and night, for the fowls kept up their crow at dawn till they were dead, just as if they had seen the break of day.

"The next day we ate all the nuts, and drank what milk the goat had, which at first was two pounds a day. The third day we made a search once more for the cakes, but in vain. Just at the top of the stall was a loft, where, through a hole, the boy could pull down the hay to fill the rack for the goats as long as he could reach it, and then, when it was too high

for that, the goats got on the boy's back and brought it down.

"On the sixth day the dear boy fell sick; and four days from that time I held him on my lap. At last he told me to lay him at his length on the ground. I did so; and when I took him by the hand, I felt it was cold. I then put my hand to his mouth, and found that that too was cold, so I gave him some milk, and the dear love said—'Dad is in the snow. Oh, my dad! my dad!' and then his sweet soul took wing.

"In the meantime the goats' milk got less and less; and as the fowls were now dead, we could not tell night from day.

"But the time had now come

for one of the goats to have a kid; and as the young one did not live, we had all the milk for our food.

"When we spoke to her, she would come to lick our hands and face; and she gave us two pounds of milk each day, so she may well be a pet with us!"

"Dear me," said Tom, when Mr. Barlow had brought this tale to a close, "what things men have to bear!"

"They have, in good sooth," said Mr. Barlow; "and we ought to do more than sit at our ease in an arm chair, when life is made up of so much grief and care."

"Those who have no wealth to give can show their love by a kind word or two, which, on the face of

it, seems but a small thing—yet on the ear of him who thought to die with none to mourn him, it would fall like choice sounds from a lute, fill his eyes with tears, and tell him that one of the great race was near, and felt for him. It was some such thought as this that gave Roche strength for his work. To get sight of one last look from his poor wife, to lock that hand in his once more, and to speak one word of peace to her! Though this was more than he could dare to hope for, when they had been shut up in the snow so long!"

Tom.—"How is it that men can care to live in such a place as the Alps?"

Mr. Barlow.—"The Swiss have a great love for the land of their home. Which do you love best Tom, the town or these green lanes?"

Tom.—"O these green lanes and fields, to be sure!"

Mr. Barlow.—"Should you not like to live in a town, my boy?"

Tom.—"No, sir, for then I must leave those I love best in the world, and you too, sir, who have been so kind to me; I do not think in all my life I shall meet with so good a friend as you are."

Mr. Barlow.—"Well, these Swiss who live on the Alps love their land best too, like you, Tom, and the Field Mouse."

Tom.—"What of him, sir?"

Mr. Barlow.—"Why, he must needs try what a town life was like, that he might make his choice; so his friend the Town Mouse came to fetch him, and the Field Mouse spread a meal for his guest in his soft nest, which was in the hole of a tree. The fare was plain, but it cost some pains to get it; there were seeds of grass, rye, wheat, and nuts, ants' eggs, the sweet bag of a bee, and a frog's leg.

"The Town Mouse could not taste such fare, not he! Frogs and bees are fit for none but snakes and birds. Let me be free with you, Peep (for that was his name), I can't think how you can spend your life in this vile hole, with

nought to look at but hills and rills, green grass and sky. No sounds reach your ears but the songs of birds and the buzz of bees, while in the town we hear the news of the whole world. Take my word for it, Peep, you will find it a good change to live in a town, for we dance and sing, and take our fill of the best.

"So they set off side by side, till they got to a grand house, and through a chink they crept to a room where a feast was spread. There were all kinds of fowl, ham and eggs, plates full of tarts and creams; Peep was quite wild with joy, and they set to work tooth and nail.

"But hark, a key turns in a lock,

and lo! a big man comes in with three large dogs! The mice, in a great fright, now run for the chink, but their tails brush the jaws of a great dog ere they reach it; yet they get safe out at last.

"When Peep could fetch her breath, and it was a long time first, she said to Dame Town Mouse: 'I take my leave of town and great folk from this hour, and I long for the charms of the Downs, and my snug nest in the tree; for, though poor the fare, mice are most blest when free from care.'"

Tom.—"The Field Mouse was quite right, and the Town Mouse was quite wrong."

Tom and Hal now went to play with a snow ball which they had

made, but which had grown to such a size that they could not roll it. Tom said they must strike work, for no one could have the strength to move it. "Oh," said Hal, "I know a cure for it." So he went to fetch two thick sticks five feet long, one of which he took in his own hand, and gave one to Tom, and then told him to shove his stick 'twixt the ball and the ground, while he did the same on his side, and then the ball went with ease.

Tom.—"How can this be?"

Hal.—"It is the sticks that have done it, and this is the way our men move the stems of large trees which they could not stir but for the poles."

Tom.—"But the sticks do not give us more strength than we had."

Just as Tom said this the poles broke off. "This is no great loss," said he, "for the ends will do just as well as the whole sticks." Yet they would not stir the snow-ball.

Tom.—"Well, the short sticks will not do. How is that?"

Hal.—"That I could have told you, but I like you to find these things out. You see now that there is more force in a long stick than in a short one."

So they went to Mr. Barlow's men to ask for some long poles, and they found the men at work on the stump of an old oak, which was so large and strong that it

would seem as if no axe could cleave it, yet there were but two old men at work on it, to break it up in small bits for Mr. Barlow's fires; but Tom said he was sure that he could not know what hard work the poor men were at.

Hal.—"What should you say then if you saw me, small as I am, cleave it in two by the help of but one of these men?"

So Hal took up a six inch wedge, and with a few blows drove it in the wood. The old man and he then struck it hard on the head, till the root of the oak gave a loud crack on all sides, and the wedge went so far in that it was lost sight of.

"There," said Hal, "this first wedge has done well." Two or three more did the job, and the root was split in two.

CHAPTER VII.

WHEN the boys came home they went to their books, and Mr. Barlow gave them a sketch of some of the great wars that took place a long time since.

"Oh," said Tom, "what a fine thing must it be to go to the wars, and dress up in a red coat, march to the sound of the drum, see the flags fly in the air, and be a man!"

"Nay," said Mr. Barlow, "these fine clothes and gay sounds are not all that make up such a life, for in time of war there is no set of men that have to go through more toil

than they, for they march for whole days in the heat of the sun, or through cold and rain, and it may chance that they have no food to eat, and that while they sleep the most they can have is some straw to lie down on, and there are times when they are worse off still. While the fight goes on, there is not an hour in the day that each man does not run the chance of a shot, by which he might lose his limbs, or die of the wounds."

Tom.—"Dear me, sir, what a sad sketch you draw of those brave men who fight for the land of their birth. I'm sure when they come home sick and ill from their wounds, those who sent them out should take care of them."

Mr. Barlow.—"In truth they should, Tom."

Tom sat still for a long time wrapt in thought.

"Well, Tom, what are your thoughts?" said Mr. Barlow.

Tom.—"Why, sir, I want to know how we can go to war and not break that law which you read to us once a week in church, 'Thou shalt not kill?'"

Mr. Barlow.—"Of all the blood that has been spilt from the time of the wars of the Jews down to a few years past, scarce a drop of it has been shed in a cause that can be said to have been right, just, or to have sense in it."

Tom.—"How can it be right to

kill at *all*, sir, for aught else than to *save* life in the end?"

Mr. Barlow.—"If men took that law which you speak of ('Thou shalt not kill') as it is meant, there *would* be no wars but those which were fought with a view to *save* life. And, what is more, no man would be hung."

Hal.—"But, sir, we are told in the first five books of the Word of God that 'He who sheds man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed.'"

Mr. Barlow.—"But what are the words that come next to those which you quote?"

Hal.—"'For in the form of God made he man.'"

Mr. Barlow.—"Then it would

seem that the law was made to set forth the great worth of a man's life, and that the God who made us is choice of man's life, '*for* in the form of God made he man.' The Jews were so dull of heart that they could not be made to feel the law of *love.* But as time went on, God sent our Lord Christ on earth to teach it, and Christ said, 'Ye have heard that it hath been said, an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth, but I say to you, strive not when harm is done to you.'"

Hal.—"Then you think, sir, that we are not bound by the law of God to take a life for a life?"

Tom.—"It seems to me, sir, that when they come to hang a man, it must make him think that they took

the hint from him. And I am sure he can't think that we hold a man's life to be worth much, if we send two men out of the world when (if it were not for this law of our land) it need have been but one."

Mr. Barlow.—"I think you are right; to take a life for a life, is to hold life too cheap. As to wars, it will be a good time when we shall hear of no fights save those which are fought by brutes. You must ask Tom to tell you of the war with the birds, beasts, and bat."

Hal.—"The bat—who could not be said to be bird or beast—at first kept out of the way of both, but when he thought the beasts would win the day, he was found in their

ranks, and to prove his right to be there, he said, 'Can you find a bird that has two rows of teeth in his head as I have?' At last the birds had the best of the fight, so then the bat was seen to join their ranks. 'Look,' said he 'I have wings, so what else can I be but a bird?' Thus to 'grind with all winds' was thought base in the bat by both sides of the fight, and he could not get bird or beast to own him; and to this day he hides and skulks in caves and stems of trees, and does not come out till dark, when all the birds of the air have gone to roost, and the beasts of the field are wrapt in sleep."

The frost had now come to an end, and as the night was clear and

light, Tom went out with Mr. Barlow to look at the stars.

"How strange it is," said Tom, that all the stars should turn round the earth!"

"How do you know," said Mr. Barlow, "that they move at all?"

Tom.—"Why, sir, I see them move from time to time."

Mr. Barlow.—But how are you sure that it is the stars that move and not the earth?"

Tom made a long pause and then said: "But in that case, sir, I should see the earth move, and the stars stand still."

Mr. Barlow.—"How is it in a coach, then; does the coach stand still while the trees move?"

Tom.—"No, sir, but it looks as if it did."

Mr. Barlow.—"How is it in a boat, too?"

Tom.—"O yes, I have seen the same thing in a boat. I have thought the shore slid from the boat, and not the boat from the land."

Mr. Barlow.—"If that is the case, may it not be that the earth you stand on moves, and that the stars are at rest?"

Tom.—"But do you think that such small things as the stars would stand still, and a large thing like the earth move."

Mr. Barlow.—"How do you know that the sun and the stars are so small?"

Tom.—"I see them to be so. The stars are so small that they can scarce be seen at all; and the sun does not seem to be so large as a round stool."

The next day, as they stood to gaze on the sea, Mr. Barlow saw a small speck a great way off, and the first thing was to point it out to Tom, which cost him some pains to do, as it was so small.

"What do you think of it?" said he.

Tom said he thought it might be a small boat, but he could not well tell, as it was but a speck on the edge of the sea. "Look, sir, now it seems to grow more and more big."

Mr. Barlow.—"How is that?"

Tom.—"Why it gets more and more near to our sight."

Mr. Barlow.—"What, can a thing, then, be small and large too?"

Tom.—"Yes, sir, it seems small when it is a great way off, for I have seen a house and a church do the same. And now I find that it is a ship with a mast, and not a boat, for I see the sail."

Mr. Barlow went on for a while by the side of the sea, and soon he heard Tom call out to him. "Why, sir! 'Tis not a ship with one mast, as I thought it was, but a fine large man of war with three masts, and all her sails up."

Mr. Barlow.—"Will you now think of what you have just said?

What was first a speck, was by and by a small boat, then a large one, then a ship with one mast, and now it is a large man of war with three masts, and in full sail! Yet it is the same thing all the while, seen far and near."

Mr. Barlow.—"Well, then, Tom, if the ship, which is now in full sight, were to tack and sail back just as it came up to us, what do you think would take place?"

Tom.—"It would grow less and less, till it got to be a mere speck once more."

Mr. Barlow.—"I think you said that the sun was a small globe the size of a round stool?"

Tom.—"Yes, sir."

Mr. Barlow.—"If the sun were

to move a great way off, what would take place?"

Tom thought for some time, and then said it would do the same as the ship did."

Mr. Barlow.—"Might not the stars then at last look as large as the sun now does, just as the sun would be but the size of a star were it to move a great way off?"

Tom.—"Yes, I think it might."

Mr. Barlow.—"And what if the sun came near it, would its size be the same?"

Tom.—"No."

Mr. Barlow.—"If so, then it is clear that the earth we live on is not so large as we might think. What if it should be *less* than the sun and the stars. They are a

great way off, and if you could go from the earth up to the sun, how do you think the earth would look?"

Tom.—"I can't tell."

Mr. Barlow.—"No? Why, is it not the same thing if the ship should sail from us, or we should walk from the ship?"

Tom.—"Yes, sir."

Mr. Barlow.—"Might not the earth then at least seem as small as the sun or moon do?"

Tom.—"Yes; it would look less and less."

Mr. Barlow.—"Now, then, I would ask you, if a man could go straight from the earth to the sun, how would each seem to him as he went?"

Tom.—"The earth would seem less and less, and the sun more and more big."

Mr. Barlow.—"Why then the earth might seem *less* than the *sun?*"

Tom.—"Well, so it might."

On their way home, Mr. Barlow and the boys saw a great crowd round the door of a house, and when they went in they saw there a man who had much skill in sleight of hand; so they sat down with the rest of the crowd.

"Sirs," said the man, "I have kept my best trick for the last. You see this swan, it is no more than a false swan, made up of wood and paint. If you have your doubts, take it up in your hands and look at it."

So the boys took it up, and then set it to swim on the small tank which had been brought there to play the trick on.

"Now this swan," said he, "which you see, sirs, looks to have no sense or life, is of so strange a sort that he knows me, and will turn to me at all times when I call him."

The man then took a small piece of bread, made a shrill sound, and told the swan to come to the side of the tank to be fed. At the word "Come, sir," the swan gave a slow turn, and like a ship in full sail, came up to the bread that was held out for it; and let the man go which side he would, the swan swam up to him.

At this a loud laugh came from all the boys and girls that had been drawn there to look on, but they could not make out how it was. Tom was so struck with the trick, that for some days it was all he could talk of. He said he would give all he had in the world to find it out, and to have just such a swan.

But Hal told him he thought he could play the trick; and the next day he made up a piece of wax in the shape of a swan, and put it in a tub for a pond, on which it swam with as much grace as the man's swan did, and came up to Tom when he held out the bread.

He was mad to know how the trick was done, so Hal gave him

the swan to look at, and he saw that a long thin piece of steel ran through it from end to end; and that in the bread with which the bird was fed was put a bar of steel in the shape of a horse's shoe. But all this threw no light on Tom's mind. Mr. Barlow then put down some small bits of steel, near to which he brought the bar, and to see these jump up one by one, as the bar came near them, and dance from side to side, made Tom jump with glee. When the bar was held up in the air they all clung to it, just as if they had sense and life, for no one kept them there. Mr. Barlow then put a key near the bar, which hung to it in the same way.

Mr. Barlow.—"A stone is found in the mines which can draw to it bits of steel; but, what is still more strange, if you take these bits of steel and rub them on the stone, you can do the same thing with *them*, for they will draw steel up to them just as the stone will."

Mr. Barlow then told him that this force in the steel is made use of in ships out at sea, when the steel is shut up in a glass case, and by its means the men can find out the north, south, east, and west.

Tom thought it most strange that a small bit of steel should help men to cross the vast seas and sail from port to port, and this too when the shades of night, and mist, and fogs shut out the light.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE time of year now drew near for Mr. Merton to have the poor folk to dine at his house, so he sent for them from far and near. They came in crowds; and there was a large spread of meats and cakes, beer and sweet wine, for them all to sit down to in the hall, where a large bright fire met their gaze.

Mr. Barlow went to and fro to talk to them, and to help them to this dish and that, and saw that they all had their fill. Tom and Hal did the same, and so far the day went off well.

When the meal came to an end, Tom took out the large dog (whose name was Dash), of which he was so fond that he would throw sticks in the pond by the hour for Dash to bring out and lay down at his feet.

Tom now thought he would make Dash draw him in a sledge, for which he got a chair, and bound him to it. Dash (who knew not the use he was now put to) let the young boy do to him just what he chose; so when the dog was bound fast to the sledge, Tom took his seat with whip in hand, and set off in grand pomp, to the great glee of the boys and girls who had come from the feast to look on. This, of course, made Tom wish all the more to show off his skill.

"Gee up, Dash! get on, sir!" said he; and then came a smack of the whip. But poor Dash felt much at a loss to know what the smack of the whip was for, and thought he had done some wrong thing, so, with a cringe, he crept on the ground, and then made a dead stop. This brought a loud laugh from those who stood by.

As Tom could not get on with Dash, he grew hot with rage, and gave his dog a sharp lash with the whip. At this the dog tore off at full speed, yet still Tom kept his seat with great skill; but, as ill luck would have it, the pond (in which Tom had thrown sticks to please the dog) was near at hand, and to this pond Dash made a rush, and

"To this pond Dash made a rush."—*Page* 190.

one plunge brought him in the midst of it, with the chair at his heels, in which sat Tom.

Tom's fears for his life were now great, for Dash gave a bound which made the chair tilt on one side, and plunge poor Tom in the pond, and as he could not swim, he had hard work to get to dry land. He stood up to shake his wet clothes, but now his feet stuck fast in the mud, and when he got them free, it was with the loss of his shoes.

At last Tom came to land! And he found he was in the midst of the troop of boys and girls, who, with one voice, now broke forth in fresh peals and shouts. This of course made Tom in a great rage,

and he dealt cuffs and blows on all sides, which put the boys to flight.

The noise soon brought Mr. Barlow to the spot; but it was as much as he could do to keep a smile from his face when he saw poor Tom, with his clothes all wet, his shoes off, and wild with rage.

It cost Tom some pains to make known to Mr. Barlow all that took place, and it cost Mr. Barlow some pains to make much out of it. But he brought Tom home, and told him that the best thing for him to do was to go to bed, and he took him up some warm drink.

The next day Mr. Barlow said, in joke, "Well, Tom, shall you

go out in your sledge to day? I see I could not go with you, for I fear you beat those who are near you."

Tom.—"I should not have done so if I had not heard them laugh."

Mr. Barlow.—"Did their noise do you harm, that you should be so rough with them?"

Tom.—"No, it did not do me harm, nor give me pain, as far as that goes, sir; but who does like boys to point and laugh at one?"

Mr. Barlow.—"Well, though it might be just to treat them so, you had no right to do it; and to be free with you, my dear young friend, I would bring to your mind what the Wolf said when the hounds came up to him to hear him play on the pipe."

Tom.—"What was it, sir?"

Mr. Barlow.—"It was this: He who goes out of his way to play the fool, should bear in mind that he will have to pay for it."

Tom.—"Whom did the wolf play his tune on the pipe to? Not to the hounds I should think."

Mr. Barlow.—"No, but to a young kid that would stray from the herd, and when she saw the wolf, she did her best to get out of his reach, but when she found that all hope was at an end, and that he meant to eat her, she said; 'I know that I am to die at your hands, so as my life will now be but short, I pray of you to let it be a gay one. Now, do you pipe while I dance!'"

"So first the wolf pipes, and the kid jumps and springs to please him. But just then a pack of hounds, who heard the sound, ran up to see who was there, and then the wolf set off as fast as his legs would take him."

Tom.—"Well, sir, you would not have had me set off as fast as my legs would take me from all those rude boys round the pond, would you?"

Mr. Barlow.—"I think you chose a much worse part when you gave them blows right and left."

Tom.—"What would you do in such a case, sir?"

Mr. Barlow.—"Why I think I should take the laugh in my own hands, as the bald man did when

the wind blew off his hat and wig, and a laugh came from all those who saw his bald head." He said, "How could I hope to keep strange hair on my head, when my own would not stay there!'"

Tom.—"But I had no joke, sir, to turn it off with."

Mr. Barlow.—"Then there is but one thing to be said, which is, that he must stoop that has a low door."

The time had now come when Tom was to go to Mr. Merton's, and Hal, too, was to stay there for some time.

Mr. Barlow had felt a great dread that Tom would meet with boys of the world there, who would draw his young mind from that which is true

and good, and set up in its stead that which is false and wrong; and he took leave of the boys with a faint heart.

When they came to Mr. Merton's house they found it full of rich folk who were to spend a gay time there. Twice did Tom go the rounds to shake hands with the guests, and all took care to speak in his praise.

"He has grown such a sweet boy," said some of the young folk, "his eyes, his hair, his teeth, are so fine!"

As to Hal, by good luck, no one took much heed of him, save Mr. Merton, who gave him a warm shake of the hand, and was most kind to him. But in a short time a young girl, whose name was Maude

de Vere, came up to Hal to talk to him, and found what a nice lad he was.

Then they all went to dine, and poor Hal gave a deep sigh at the thoughts of what he had to go through; but he had made up his mind to bear it, for the sake of his friend Tom.

Though Hal knew that Mr. Merton would spare no pains to make him feel at home (just as he had done the first time he went to his house), still the blaze of lights, the grand style of dress in the guests, the soft tones of their voice, and the ease and grace of their ways, all struck Hal with so much awe that he could but think that the men on the farm were much the best

off, who when they want food can sit at their ease on a bank and eat a good meal, though there may not be plate, or so much as a cloth to place it on.

In the mean time, his friend Tom sat with the grand dames, who said so much of his "wit and his sense," that Tom thought he must be all that they said he was, and that there was none there to match him—no, not one!

It was this that Mr. Barlow had so much dread of, when he took leave of the young child who was in his charge to train up in the way he should go.

Mrs. Merton was quite of the same mind as the rest. To see her boy for the first time that he had

come home, so stout in heart, and so strong in health, was a great source of joy to her (for, though she was weak, she could feel what was right); but to see him shine with so bright a light as he now did, and in the eyes, too, of those who she thought could so well judge, made her heart beat with a joy which she had not felt till now.

In fact, Tom's tongue went at such a rate that it would seem as if he took the lead, and Mr. Merton—who did not see that this was in such good taste as Mrs. Merton did—once or twice told him not to talk so fast, which his wife thought hard; and all her friends, when they left the room, said that Mr. Merton would spoil Tom's pluck for life.

As for Hal, he held his tongue, and had not said one fine thing all the while.

Some of the guests went so far as to tell their host that if Mr. Barlow kept a school for boys at the plough, it was not for him to let his fine boy join them. They said, too, that Mr. Barlow was an odd sort of man at the best, for he went to no balls, nor did he play cards, nor dress well.

"To tell you the truth," said Mrs. Merton, "I did not think much of the plan when it was made; but as Mr. Barlow would not be paid for it, one could not ask him to turn young Sandford out of the house."

"If that is the case," said Mrs. Count (for that was the name of Mrs. Merton's chief friend), "I

should say it would be the best to place him in some school where he might know the world, and make friends to push him on, and cause him to shine."

Just then the tea was brought in, which put a stop to all this talk. Then a young girl sang a Scotch song, which made Hal weep. By and by some French airs were sung, but as Hal could not make out the words, he thought them tame, and soon was seen to give a yawn, and then a nod, till at last he fell back in his chair in a sound sleep! All the gay folk round him thought this "strange—rough—rude." But Hal's sleep was none the less sweet for all that, as he heard them not; nor did he wake up from it till it was time

for those guests who did not spend the night there, to go home.

Tom chose out two boys to play with all day, and, step by step, he shook off his dear, good friend Hal, the boy who had led him to love all that is great and true of heart, and with whom he had spent his time since he had been at Mr. Barlow's! And for whom did he cast him off? For two bad boys who were made up of self, who might be said to love that which is wrong, and to hate that which is right.

Tom now felt a new range of thoughts spring up in him, a range more wide, though by no means so high as that which Mr. Barlow had taught him.

CHAPTER IX.

One day Mr. Merton sent all the boys to a town not far off, to see a play. Young Tom sat with one of the bad boys on each side of him, and to pass the time, they threw bits of peel and nuts on the boards; and when the men came on the stage to act their part, the folk who sat near these three boys could not hear a word of the play for the noise they made.

At last Nash (who was the chief of them all) said, that as the men did their parts so ill, it would be fine fun to hiss them off the stage, and

then put out the foot lights, in short, to "kick up a row." Though Tom did not quite know what "kick up a row" meant, yet he thought so much of Nash that he said "it would be just the thing!"

Now Hal, who had sat quite still all this time, could stand it no more, so he got up, and said in a loud voice, "Though these men can't act so well as those you have seen in town, don't you think they would be glad to do it if they could. Why do you taunt them for what they can't help?"

No one knows how long this noise would have gone on, if a man from a farm, whose seat was near, had not come up to Nash and told him in plain words that he for one

would take the means to put down all this noise.

Nash said, "Do you think I shall stand this from such a low bred wretch as you are? Is it for you to think and feel for me?" And then he struck him on the face.

But the man took Nash by the neck, laid him at full length on the ground, set his foot on him and said: "Since you do not know how to sit still at a play, I will teach you to lie still;" and that if he were to stir hand or foot, he would tread him to death.

Such a scene as this, of course, threw a gloom on all the young folk that had come from Mr. Merton's to see the play.

Nash had to beg for his life in as mild a tone as he could use, and all his friends did the same; Hal, too, was heard to join them.

"Well," said the man, "I could not have thought that a set of high born boys as you are would come to a place like this, and act a part so coarse and rude as yours has been this night. I am sure there is not a lad at my plough who would not have shown more sense. Yet, since you change your tone, I will let you off, for the sake of this young boy who has done all he could to stop you." Here the man put out his hand to point to Hal.

With these words he let Nash rise from the ground where he lay, and he crept from the spot with

looks more meek and mild than those he had brought there; and from that time all the boys sat out the play as still as mice.

But as he went home, Nash's pride rose, and by the time he had got out of the man's reach, he said to Tom: "Were it not for his mean rank, I would call him out and shoot him."

The next day, when the guests all sat down to dine at Mr. Merton's house, those who did not go to the play said to the boys that they should like to hear what they thought of the piece; so they told them that as far as that went it was a first rate plot, full of wit, and in all ways fit to do good to those who went to see it, if the men had but known how to act it.

But Mr. Merton, who saw that Hal did not speak, said he should like to know what he thought of it.

"Why, sir," said Hal, "I am no judge of such things, for this is the first play I have seen; but, as far as the plot goes, it struck me that pride, spite, snares, and vain show made up the sum of it, and men came on and off the stage to tell lies and cheat."

Mr. Merton laid down his knife and fork, and gave a loud laugh, yet it was a kind one.

At night the young folk sat down to cards; but Hal did not join them, as he did not know the game. Hal's friend, Maude de Vere, told him she would teach him. Yet Hal said, "No;" for he had spent

all his cash, and so could not pay the stake as the rest did.

Maude then said she would lend him some if he would play; but still Hal could but call to mind that Mr. Barlow had told him how bad a thing it is to ask a friend to lend.

"Well," said Maude, "that need not give you pain, for you shall play as if for me."

Thus was Hal led on to sit down to cards with the rest. He did not find the game hard to learn, and, as it fell out, Hal and Maude were the last two who were left to play; the rest, by the laws of the game, gave up all claims to the stake, and one more round would give the whole of it to one of these two.

But Hal rose from the game, and told Maude that as he was to play from her fund, there was now no need for him to go on with it, as there could be no doubt that the pool was hers.

Maude.—"Will you lay out the sum for me, Hal?"

Hal.—"By all means; and I hope you will like the way I shall spend it."

The next day at dawn off Hal went, and no one in the house saw him till they all sat down to dine; and then, with a glow of warmth on his face, he took his seat.

Some of them drew back with pride in their looks, when they saw all the dust from the road on his dress; but when Mr. Merton, in a

kind way, made room for him by his side, Hal felt more at home.

The talk ran on the dance and the stage. And now they had all made a plan to get up a fund for a man who took the part of Jakes in a play, and did it so well that they thought they should like to show their taste, and give him a gold snuff box.

All gave to it but Hal. "Here's a fine rogue!" said they. "Last night we saw him with six crowns in his hand, which he had won from us, and now the wretch will not give us half a crown; but, no doubt, he can prove that it is quite the right thing to keep his cash in his purse."

Of course there was much to vex

Hal in all this, and he thought the best thing was to speak out at once, and let them know what he thought, so he said:

"I do not see what good it is to give to a man who gets as much in a week as would feed a score of the poor round us in the same space of time."

This speech drew forth much scorn from the rest of the boys; and they sat down to cards. Maude, who did not play this time, said to Hal:

"Would it not have been best to give just what the rest have done, so as not to thwart them by so free a speech, though you did not quite like the cause?"

Hal.—"Nay, I could not give it."

Maude.—"How can that be, Hal? Did you not win six crowns at the game of cards?"

Hal.—"That was yours, not mine. And I gave it in a way which I am sure you will like.

Maude.—"And how is that, Hal?"

Hal.—"There lives near us a poor old man, who has grown too weak to work, and his wife has a bad hand. Their child took some work on our farm, but she left her place to nurse these poor folk. When she comes to the farm for the day, she slaves hard that she may get food for them. So, as you said I might do as I chose with the sum, I gave it to her, and I hope you will like the use I have put it to."

Maude.—"Nay, I thank you much for the good fame in which you hold me, to have spent it in so kind a way; but I wish you had done so in your own name."

Hal.—"That I had no right to do."

In this way was the time spent at Mr. Merton's, where Hal found no peace save when he sat out with Maude de Vere.

At length the time drew near for a ball, which Mrs. Merton meant to give. Dress and the dance were the sole things that the girls could now think of, but Maude was bent more on that which is good and true. Maude had been at work on a large roll of clothes, which she bade Hal give to the poor folk he

spoke of. When Hal took it from her his eyes were full of tears, for he saw in Maude's face the mark of a good and true heart. So much does real worth set off the looks! And Hal could but think, if all the rest of the girls were as good as Maude, they might spare all the pains they took to curl their hair and deck their forms.

At last came the night of the ball. There was a blaze of light in all the rooms, and the halls rang loud with mirth. Not a point was left out of Tom's dress that could add to the style of it. He had learnt to dance from one of the girls who had come to stay at the house, and though he felt shy just at first, he was soon seen to show off.

"What a style he has in face and form!" "How sweet a grace in all he does!" said his friends. Till at last praise was all that Tom could live on.

While the jest, the song and the dance went on, Hal sat in a dark part of the room to gaze on the gay scene, when up came Nash to teaze him. Now Nash did not like Maude de Vere, while Hal, on his part, thought of none but her, for she was all in all to him. Nash said he had come to tell him of Miss de Vere's wish that he should dance. It was in vain that Hal told him that he knew not a step, for Nash said he *must* stand up as Miss de Vere had sent for him, and that if he would just move through the dance that would do.

Poor Hal made no doubt at all of the truth of this tale, so he rose from his chair, and let Nash and his friend take him up the long room to the place where Maude stood. They did not give Hal time to say a word to her, for they led him to her side at once, and just at the right time they gave a sign for the band to strike up, which it did.

Maude was much at a loss to know how Hal came to be in the dance (as he had said that he knew not a step), and still more to see him dance with her. Hal, who thought the left hand was just as good as the right, gave it, and then gave the right hand where it should have been the left, and so on, which

made fine fun for those who sat out, but, of course, was no source of fun to Maude, whose wish was to close the scene, so she gave Hal both her hands, and brought the dance to an end; and soon they all went to sup.

At the first sight of the feast Hal could but gaze on the bright cups and plates of gold, the rich robes of silk, the choice wines and rare fruits, the quick hand and still tread of the black men, and all that made up the bright scene. But no one thought it worth his while to wait on Maude de Vere. And when Hal saw this he ran for some cake and wine, which he put on a huge tray to hand to her, if not with quite so much grace, at least with a heart more kind than the rest. But as

Hal bent to let Maude reach the glass, Nash made a feint to catch his foot in the rug, and fell so close to Hal as to push him, and thus sent all the wine on Maude's neck. This brought a deep blush on her cheeks, for she saw that Nash meant to do it; and Hal, who saw it too, threw a glass full of wine in his face. At this Nash, who was a bad boy at heart, flung a glass at Hal's head; and a good thing was it for Nash that it gave him but a slight cut; yet it made Tom fly on Nash with a just wrath, and a fierce fight took place, which threw the whole room in a fright; but Mr. Merton soon came up and put a stop to it.

Nash made out his tale. But one

tale is good till the next is told. And Hal, with all his truth of heart, was firm in what he said, and of course there was Maude de Vere to turn the scale on his side; so that Mr. Merton soon saw how the case stood, and sent Hal to have his wounds bound up and his dress put to rights, which was all red with blood.

CHAPTER X.

THE next day, the young folk who had come to the ball were to dine at Mr. Merton's, and then go home.

They all took a walk; and as they went with slow steps on the heath, they saw a great crowd, which they found had come there to look on at a bull bait. All the young boys from Mr. Merton's of course felt a strong wish to see it; but there was one thing that stood in their way, which was, that Mrs. Merton had told them to keep a strict look out that they ran no risks in their walk.

"But," said one of the boys, "it is quite safe, for there is to be a stake, to which the bull will be bound fast, so he can't hurt us." Then he gave an arch smile, and said, "Why need she know that we have been here at all? I'm sure I hope none of us would be so mean as to tell tales?"

"No! no! no!" was on the lips of all but Hal, who did not speak.

"Hal Sandford has not said a word!" quoth one of them. "Sure he will not tell of us?"

"Nay," said Hal; "I do not wish to tell of you; but if Mr. and Mrs. Merton ask me where I have been, what am I to say?"

"What!" said the boy who spoke first; "can't you say that we took

a walk on the road, and say no more?"

Hal.—"No; for that would not be the truth; add to which, a bull bait is a vile thing for the bull, the dogs, and the men, and none of us ought to go to it, least of all Mr. Tom Merton, for they love him at home too much for that."

"A fine thing, forsooth, for this young ape to take on him all these airs!" said this boy. "He is not more wise than the rest of us!" said that. And all the boys took the same tone. But Nash came to Hal face to face, and, with a grin, said, "So this is all you do for Merton, is it? to turn spy, you mean brat!"

Hal, who had long seen how

cold Tom had grown, felt more grief to find his friend was mute while all these jeers and taunts were thrust at him than at the jeers and taunts. And as soon as the crowd of boys would give him leave to speak, he said, "I am not more of a spy than the rest of you, and I want no more of you than you do of me; but were I so poor as to beg, I should not be such a fool as to ask alms of one of those who stand here!"

This sharp speech was too much for Tom, who now came up to Hal with a strut, and shook his fist at him, while he said, "Do you mean to taunt me?"

"Well done, Merton! Thrash him well!" said all the boys at once.

"Take that," said Tom, and he struck Hal a blow on the face.

Hal, who had not nerve for this last taunt, said, "O Mr. Tom, Mr. Tom, and has it come to this!" and then burst out in a loud cry, and hid his face.

All the rest now set on the poor boy; but when one of them took him by the hair Hal was seen to brush off his tears, look up, and ask them with a firm voice "Why do you all wish to vex me?" Then he swung round, and broke from those who had laid hold of him.

Most of the boys fell back; but Nash told him, with a sneer, that this was the way they treat all such as he, and if he had not had

his fill they would give him some more.

"As to that," said Hal, "though I let Mr. Merton's son strike me, there is not one of the rest that shall do it, or if he choose to try he shall soon find that I know not what fear is."

At this Nash gave him a blow on the face which all but threw him down. His size and strength were twice as great as Hal's, and he had gone through scores of fights. The next blow from Nash threw Hal to the ground; but he soon rose and struck out well. Nash once more gave him a hurl which sent him full length on the rough road, and now the whole troop of boys came round them

to look on, and all stood quite mute.

Nash had the most strength and skill, nor was one of the boys so old as he by two or three years, and to fight one who was so much less in size, in strength, and in years, was not fair, nor was it brave.

But Hal had a frame which had been made hard by work, and could bear pain or want; he was at once more brisk, as well as more cool than Nash, and so brave that no one could daunt him.

Four times had Hal been thrown down by the strength of his foe, and four times did he rise from these falls, just as strong as he was at first.

Nash, on his part, lost strength

from so long a fight, and at the same time he lost his skill, for he felt so full of wrath that at last he struck here and there, and took no aim. His breath grew short, and his knees would scarce bear his weight, yet rage and shame drove him on, and he made a rush with all his might at Hal, as though he had the wish to crush him with one fell blow.

All that Hal did now was to ward off each thrust till such time as he should see Nash grow faint, which he soon did, and then he came with a rush with all his might which threw down his foe.

A shout of praise now burst from all the boys. But when Hal found that Nash could not rise, he put

out his hand to help him up, and told him he felt much grief at what he had done. But Nash was dumb with shame and pain.

Just at this time the bull was led round the field, with strips of red, blue and pink hung from his head, till at last he was brought up to the spot where he was to fight.

He was bound fast to a strong ring in a post, which was set in the ground, and crowds had been drawn there to see the mad sport.

The troop of young boys who had come with Tom Merton could not now be kept back, and all thoughts of what had been told them by their friends went from their mind.

Hal fell back—but kept a close eye on Tom. No scorn, no jeer, no

blow could make Hal cease to love him, and screen him from harm.

Hal knew too well what a bull bait was to quit Tom till he had seen him once more in a safe place. And now the bull was made fast to the ring by a thick cord. Strong as the bull was, he did not try to get from it; but took a meek look round him on the crowd, which would seem to say, "Why should you wish to hurt me?"

By and by a fierce dog was let loose, which, when he saw the bull, gave a yell, and made up to him. The bull, with a cool air, let him come, but just as the dog made a spring to seize him, the bull made a rush to meet his foe, put his head to the ground, and with a toss sent

the dog some yards up in the air; and had not the men run to catch him on their backs or in their hands, the fall would have been the death of him. The next dog met with the same fate, and so a third, and a fourth. One of these fell dead on the spot, one broke his leg in the fall; and one with a howl and a limp got out of the bull's reach. Then there was a pause in the sport.

In the mean time a poor black man came up to ask alms of the boys, and he bade them look at the scars on his face from wounds he had had in the hunt, and the shreds of dress that would scarce hide his limbs.

But these young guests of Mr.

Merton's had been brought up in ease and wealth, their path in life was a smooth one; and while from day to day their board was spread with good things, how should they know how to feel for those in want? It might so chance that they had had no friend at home to call to their mind that Christ our Lord was poor, and that He had not where to lay his head, and that his chief care was to feed, heal, and help the poor, and if so, that we ought to act and feel as He did, and as He would have us do.

But these young boys made jests at the black man for that his skin was not of the same hue as their own, and for that he was poor.

Tom (who had a warm heart in

spite of the bad ways of those boys round him) took out his purse to give the poor man aid, but found that he had no cash in it, for it had all been spent at cards. So the black man then went round to the place where Hal stood, and held out his old hat to ask alms of him. Hal had not much to give, but what he had he threw in the hat, and said, "There is all I have, and if I had more it should be yours." Hal had no time to say much to him, for just then three fierce dogs made a rush all at once at the bull. But their joint force was too much for him, and a wild rage took the place of the calm look which he had borne up to this time.

The bull was then heard to roar

with pain, his mouth was full of foam and blood, he tore round and round the stake, and in fact went mad.

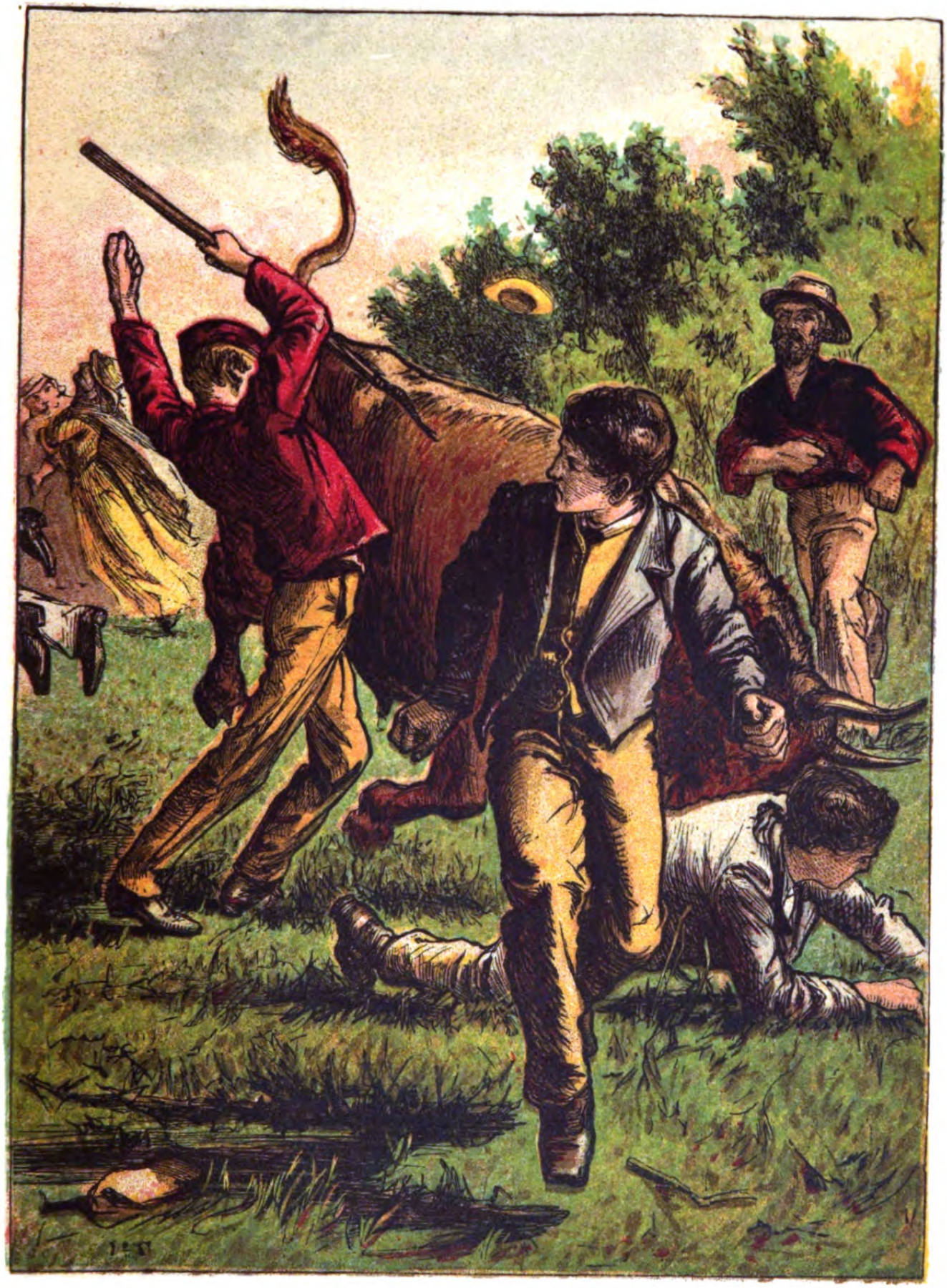
All the dogs now set on him at once, and bit all parts of him. And in his wrath he took the best aim he could, first at this dog, then at that, till at last the rope which had so far held him fast, snapped in two and let him loose on the crowd.

No pen would serve to sketch the scene which now took place. Where all had been mirth and glee, came shrieks and cries which rent the sky. The group, which a short time since was seen to turn a deaf ear to all the kind hints that Hal had thrown out, would now

give the whole world to be safe at home.

Hal was the one boy to keep up; he did not cry or run, but when the bull came close to him he leapt on one side, and the fierce brute went on.

No such luck had Tom, for he was the last of all the boys, and fell down in the path which the bull took. The mad beast tore up to him, and death must have been his doom had not Hal gone up to the bull with a prong (that had been left in the road by those who had run for their lives), which he stuck in his flank, and the wound that it gave made the bull turn sharp round from Tom. Wild with rage, he made at Hal, who



HAL SAVES TOM FROM THE BULL.

Page 236.

would have paid the price of that aid he gave to his friend, but just then the poor black man made a rush at the bull with a thick stick, and with such skill as to turn the rage of the fierce beast from Hal to him. At the same time he gave a jump on one side (as Hal had done), but soon came round, and laid hold of the bull's tail, while at the same time he hit his sides with hard blows of the stick. In vain did the mad brute writhe in the pain, for his brave foe clung on, and did not quit his hold, nor leave off the blows till the bull grew faint. Some men now came up, who threw a rope round his head, and bound him to a tree.

In the mean time some of Mr.

Merton's men, who had been sent out in search of the young boys, took Tom up from the ground where he lay, and though he had no wounds, he was next to dead from fear.

Hal did not go back to Mr. Merton's house with the rest; for when he had first seen that all was right with his friend Tom, he went home to the farm, and took with him the black man, to whom they all might be said to owe their lives.

While these scenes went on, Mrs. Merton, who sat at home, felt that all was not right with the young folk, for they had been out so long; though as yet she had not heard that Tom had been in the wars.

Mrs. Count did not do much to soothe her friend's fears, for now that poor Hal was the theme, her words were like sharp swords, and her tongue was full of gall.

While Mrs. Count was in this frame of mind, Mr. Merton by chance came in the room, and he did all he could to calm her tone; but in vain, so he said, "May be a short space of time will serve to show which kind of boys would be the most fit friends for our son, and till you can find but one bad thing that Hal has done, I could not let you treat the poor boy in so cold and harsh a way."

Just then a maid ran in, who said, with a voice that was faint with fear, "Oh, such a thing!

Poor child, poor dear child, poor dear Mr. Tom!"

"What of him, Jane? What of him?" said Mrs. Merton.

"Nay," quoth the maid, "they told me he was not much hurt; but that the bad boy Sandford took him to a bull bait, and the mad bull gave him a toss in the air with his horns. And John and James have got him in their arms to bring him home."

As soon as Mrs. Merton heard these words she gave a loud shriek, and fell down in a swoon, and while Mrs. Count did her best to bring her round, Mr. Merton, who was pale with fear, went out to learn the truth of the tale.

He had not gone far when he

met the crowd of young folk, and with them Tom in the arms of the groom. As soon as he found that his son had no hurt, save that of a great fright, Mr. Merton made as if he would fly back to give this good news to his wife; but she, poor soul, was on the spot, drawn there by that love which none but those who know what it is to have a child can tell, nor can they judge of the rush of joy which she felt when she saw her young child safe in her arms.

By and by, when Mrs. Merton's nerves were more calm, she said: "Ah, Tom, my sweet love, that wretch of a boy has not had the face to come back with you, and

it would serve him right if the bull would fly at him!"

"What wretch of a boy do you mean?" said Tom.

Mrs. Merton.—"Whom can I mean, my love, but that vile Hal Sandford, who has all but cost you your life. To think that he should take you to a bull bait."

Tom.—"He—he take me to a bull bait! He did all he could to keep me from it; and it was I who was in fault, for I took no heed of what he said."

At these words Mrs. Merton held her breath.

Mr. Merton.—"Who was it, then, that could have been so rash, Tom?"

Tom.—"Nay, we were all to

blame but Hal, who I think would have gone down on his knees to beg of me not to join in so rash a sport, for he said it would give you so much pain if you knew it, and that at a bull bait no one's life was safe."

At this, a blush came on Mrs. Merton's cheek; but Mrs. Count threw out a hint that it might be Hal's fears that kept him out of the way.

"No, Mrs. Count, no," said one of the boys; "it was not Hal's fears that kept him from the sport, for he fought Nash in too brave a way for that. And though Nash is twice as big as Hal Sandford, and fought well, yet Hal beat him. All the while the bull bait went on, I saw

him keep his eyes on us—that is, on Tom—but he did not join us till the bull broke loose."

"So *this* is the boy that you would cast off," said Mr. Merton. "But let us hear more of this tale, for as yet I know not what risk Hal may have run, nor how he got off with his life."

At this, one of the men who had stood to look on at the scene, was had up to tell all that he saw.

He spoke of Hal's fight with Nash, and of the brave way that he drew off the bull from Tom, though he had just hit him a blow on the face.

That such a deed, so brave and so well meant, should have been done by a child—and while he had

cause for spite, too—drew loud praise from all in the room.

Mrs. Merton was dumb with shame at the ease with which she had been made a sort of foe to Hal, who yet had twice stood 'twixt her son and death. And it was clear to all how much more pure and good was the heart of the poor boy from the farm than that of all those boys of high rank who now stood by to hear his praise sung. But such is the force of real worth, that the young boys and girls quite swept from their thoughts Hal's want of style and grace, and were heard to praise his good deeds to the skies.

Mr. Merton cast his eye round the room to look for Hal, but as he could not see him, he said with

some care in his face, "Where can our young friend be, to whom we owe so much? I hope he is not hurt."

"No," said one of the grooms, "Hal Sandford is safe, sir, for I saw him go on the road that leads to his own home, and the black man was with him."

"Ah!" said Mr. Merton, with a deep sigh, "I fear this good and brave Hal has not had fair play from the rest of the boys. What else could make him turn from us in this way? And now I call to mind that one of you spoke of a blow on the face that Hal had had; sure, Tom, you could not have been so base as to strike the best friend you have!"

At this, Tom hung down his

head, his cheeks were red with a blush that burnt his face, and the tears one by one ran down his face. Look up he could not, for shame, and his heart was like to break from grief.

Mrs. Merton saw this, and would have claspt her child to her breast, but Mr. Merton, with some haste, took him from her, and said: "It is not now a time to give way to love for a child who has just been found out to act a most vile part that a man or boy could be known to take, and which is a cause of deep shame to you and me, my dear!"

At this, Tom burst out in a fresh fit of tears, and Mrs. Merton, who felt Mr. Merton's words still more than Tom did, took her boy by the hand, and led him out of the room.

CHAPTER XI.

WHILE Mr. Merton's mind was full of thoughts which rose out of what he had just heard, he was glad to have a call from Mr. Barlow, who just then came in, and gave him a warm shake of the hand; but he saw such a gloom in Mr. Merton's face that he had fears that all was not right with Tom. So he said, "How is your son?" that Mr. Merton might talk of him, which he did not fail to do. He put his hand in Mr. Barlow's, and said: "Oh, my dear sir, I fear all my hopes are at an

end in that boy; and that the pains you have been at to train him up in the way he should go have borne no fruit; for since he has been home I have seen no one thing in him but pride."

Mr. Barlow heard all that he had to say, and then bade him be of good cheer. "The child is young," said he, "and so there is hope; but we must give him time. Now we all know that it takes a long time to change so small a thing as speech, but it is done at last; how long then must it take to change the heart? Let us not give him up, Merton."

Mr. Merton.—"But Tom seems now to have lost all the good that he learnt from you."

Mr. Barlow.—"In my mind all men are more weak than bad. Do you think that half the vice that fills the world comes from a bad heart? No, I am sure it does not. To be firm is the thing we all want, to have it in us to say 'No,' when that which is wrong is set up for us to join in."

Mr. Merton.—"What you say is no doubt true. But, oh, how base it was of my boy to cast off his best friend, with whom he had spent so great a part of his life. Nay, dear sir, it will shock you to hear that Tom went so far as to strike him a blow on the face. You will, I fear, own that this looks more like a bad heart than a weak will."

Mr. Barlow.—"I do not feel at all sure that your son wants warmth of heart. Nay, I have seen signs—sparks, as it were—from a bright light that dwells there, which may have slept for a while, but shall it not burst forth once more? This rests with you and me. For God, who plants this light in a child's breast, plants it there for use, and if we take no heed to put good oil in the lamp, how can we hope to keep up a bright light? We will try once more, Merton."

Mr. Merton.—"You give me hopes, then?"

Mr. Barlow.—"I do, and what I plead for Tom is this—the tone of self in those proud boys of the

world with whom he has been thrown. To tell you the truth, from the time that Tom left me, I have had no rest, for the fear that some of his young friends here would spoil him. And to be free with you, Merton, I trace all this harm to the bad tone which your son drank in when he was caught by the high rank, the fine names, the fine clothes, and fine airs of those boys whom you brought here for him to make friends with.

"How could we hope that a young child should be kept from that which we men can scarce keep free from? Now, just think, sir, when a man makes choice of a wife who is to share his hearth with him day by day, and year by

year, nay, is to be his friend for life, and more than this, is to raise up souls for the life to come, which of us is there that does not choose her for her fair face? It is that we fall in love with, sir, the tint on her cheek, the fine teeth, the voice, the grace with which she moves; but not her soul. Well, then, should we not grant to the young child, in the hey day of life, at least to be as weak as we are when he makes choice of friends with whom to pass the term of a high day or two?"

These words sank deep in the heart of Mr. Merton; grief and joy both took their place there; grief to find that he had been the cause of this sad change in Tom, yet joy to

bear that grief, and think the while that it was not so much a bad heart in his boy as the chance that had thrown the snare in his way.

The time had now come for the young folk to take their leave of Mr. and Mrs. Merton; but Maude de Vere was to stay. And when they were gone Tom went to join Mr. Barlow, who had set out for a walk. Tom gave a look up in his face as though he had some grave thing to make known to him, and when Mr. Barlow saw this, he said, "What is it you want, my boy?"

"Nay, sir," said Tom, "I know not how to tell you. But I have been a bad boy, and I fear now that you will love me no more."

Mr. Barlow.—"If you feel your faults, my dear young friend, that is a great step on the way to mend them. Let me know what it is you wish to tell me, and if I can aid you, I am sure I will."

Tom.—"Oh, sir! when you speak to me in this kind way it hurts me much more than if you were in a rage with me, for when men are in a rage, one does not much mind what they say; but your kind tone seems to pierce me to the heart, for I know I am not worth it."

Mr. Barlow.—"But, my boy, if you see that you have done a wrong thing, you may make up your mind to do it no more. Few boys or men are so good as not to err at

times, and if you know your faults, you can be on your guard so as not to give way to them."

Tom.—" Then, sir, I will tell you all that I did, for it lies like a lump of lead on my heart. You must know, then, that as soon as I got out of your sight, I was a worse boy than when I first came to you."

Mr. Barlow.—" But why should you take so harsh a view of what you have done? I hope it is not a true one. You were by no means free from faults when you left me, you know."

Tom.—" No, sir; but what I have now done is ten times worse, for I have been the most vile boy in the world!"

Mr. Barlow.—" My young friend,

you make me start! What can you have done?"

Tom.—"That you must judge, sir. When I went home I found there such a lot of nice boys—as I thought—who had each come from some grand house, or some grand school, and with such lots of fun in them, that I took to them at once, and when Hal came to join us, I thought him mean by the side of them. It made me blush to see his great red hands hang down by his side, as if he did not know what to do with them; then you see, sir, he could not dance; and he took up a huge tray when he went to hand a glass of wine to one of the girls, and fell fast off in a deep sleep in his chair while the songs went on.

I tell you this, sir, that you may know what it was that made me such a bad boy. But now Hal's good and brave acts have brought me to a right sense of things, and I hate my own self when I think how mean I have been."

Mr. Barlow.—"I fear this fine set of young boys did not teach you much that it was worth your while to know."

Tom.—"No, sir; but I did not think so then, and so I did what I saw them do, and would talk as I heard them talk, and I grew such a fool that I cast off Hal."

Mr. Barlow.—"That was sad, for I am sure he loves you. But it will be all one to him, for though you are apt at most things, I do not

think he will learn how to make land yield, or to raise food, from what you can tell him, Tom; so it will be best to leave him to the men of the farm (for this I know has been Hal's taste at all times) while you keep to your new friends. Be that as it may, I will tell him that you have now made a new choice, and hint to him that I think it will be best to give you up as a friend from this time."

Tom.—"Oh, sir, I did not think you would treat me so! I love Hal with all my heart, and there is not a thing that I would not do if he would but make it up with me!"

Mr. Barlow.—"But then, may be, all those choice boys and girls will give you up!"

Tom.—"I care not if they do, sir; but I fear I have gone too far in my bad ways for Hal to love me as he did."

Tom went on to tell Mr. Barlow all the rest of the sad tale, till his voice broke, and he wept for some time.

He then put this to Mr. Barlow: "Do you think Hal could make friends with me once more?"

Mr. Barlow.—"Tom, I can't screen from you the truth, which is that I think ill of what you have done. But if your heart now tells you that you did wrong, and you say so to Hal, I make no doubt that he will put out his hand for you to shake it."

Tom.—"Oh, sir! will you be so good as to bring him here now?"

Mr. Barlow.—"Stay, stay, my dear young friend. What is Hal to come here for? Have you not cast him off, thrust him from you, and gone so far as to strike him in the face? Do you think that flesh and blood can stand this?"

Tom.—"What, then, must I do, sir?"

Mr. Barlow.—"If you want to keep your friend, it is for you to go to him."

Tom.—"What, sir! Go to a farm, and show my face to all the men there!"

Mr. Barlow.—"Just now I thought you told me that there was not a thing that you would not do, and yet it is too much to call on Hal at his own house. You think,

then, that to act ill is not so bad as to look as if you *thought* you had done so."

Tom.—"But what would all the folk say if they saw the son of a rich squire go down on his knees to the son of a man who keeps a farm?"

Mr. Barlow.—"May be they would say you had more sense of wrongs done than they thought you had; but you are to act as you please; with the views you still seem to hold, Hal is not a fit friend for you, and, as I said just now, it will be best for you to keep to the new set of boys that you have met with in your own rank of life."

Mr. Barlow then made as if he would go, but Tom burst out in a

loud wail to beg of him not to leave him, on which Mr. Barlow said:

"I do not want to leave you, Tom, but our talk is at an end. You said to me, 'What shall I do?' and I have told you how you ought to act if you would gain back the love of a good friend; but as you do not like to do that which I would have you do, you must, of course, go your own way."

"Pray, sir, pray, sir, do not leave me!" said Tom, with sobs of grief; "it was base in me to treat Hal as I did, most base! And so they think at home, and if you give me up, sir, I have no friend left."

Mr. Barlow.—"That will be your own fault; can you not keep

all your friends, and speak out what you feel to each of them? It would do the rich boys good if you did; it would please those at home; Hal will be your friend once more; and I shall think well of you, as I have long done."

Tom.—"Can you think well of me, sir; can you, now that you have heard all?"

Mr. Barlow.—"As long as I have known you I have thought you vain and proud, Tom; but, at the same time, I think you have the sense to see your faults."

Tom.—"Dear sir, thank you. Oh, sir, I will set off at once and ask Hal to make it up with me. But will you come with me? Do pray, sir, be so good."

Mr. Barlow.—"Stop, stop, my young friend, you will do things so fast! I am glad you have made up your mind to go; but I would have you speak first to those at home who love you still, and tell them of it, and, in the mean time, I will go and call at the farm."

So Mr. Barlow set out to Sandford farm. It stood on a sweet spot on the side of a hill, at the foot of which ran a clear stream. The house was small, but warm, snug, and neat.

As Mr. Barlow came up, he saw Sandford at the plough, and Hal was at the head of the horse. But when Hal saw Mr. Barlow come through the field, he let fall his whip, and sprang to meet him. As

soon as he had had a kind shake of the hand from his friend, he said:

"How is Tom Merton, sir? When I saw you come through this field, I knew you must have come from Mr. Merton's."

Mr. Barlow.—"Yes, I have; but I grieve to find that Tom and you are not on such good terms as you were."

Hal.—"I grieve for it too, sir, yet I do not know why this change has come on Tom; but still, though he did not treat me so well as he ought to have done, I have a great wish to hear that he is well."

Mr. Barlow.—"That you know, Hal, you might have learnt if you had gone back to Mr. Merton's house."

Hal.—"But how could I help it, sir? And since you speak to me on the——"

Here poor Hal's voice shook, so that he could not go on.

Mr. Barlow.—"Well, Hal, let me hear it."

Hal.—"You know, sir, that I did not wish to go to Mr. Merton's, for I thought that the boys and girls there would laugh at my ways, and make fun of me, and I had my fears that Tom would grow shy of me at his own house."

Mr. Barlow.—"Then it did not strike you as strange, Hal."

Hal.—"No, sir, I can't say it did, for I find at all times that they who are rich do treat the poor in the way that Tom did me. But in

this case I did not see why it was to be done, as I did not want to go to Mr. Merton's house. I knew that I was not born and bred in the same rank of life as the rest were; but at your house, sir, it was Tom Merton that sought me out, not I him."

Mr. Barlow.—"This is true, Hal."

Hal.—"How could such a boy as I am get on at a rich man's house, with boys and girls all round me that curl their hair, and dress as if for a show? If I spoke, they would laugh at me, and do what I would, I was sure to hear the word 'clown!' I don't think you would like their talk, sir."

Mr. Barlow.—"But, Hal, if you

did not like their talk, you might have borne with them for a while. And, then, I have heard a word or two of a fight you had.

Hal.—"Oh, sir, I was once in a great rage, but that I could not help, and I hope you will not think ill of me for it. There was a Miss de Vere, oh, such a kind young girl, sir! She was the one girl that did not laugh at me; and there was a bad, bold boy there, who was most rude to her, and all for that she spoke to me. What could I do but take her part?"

Mr. Barlow.—"Well, Hal, I do not much blame you. But why did you run off and not give Mr. Merton one word of thanks, when he has been so kind to you?"

Hal.—"Ah, sir, I have thought of that, and I grieve much for it; but I did not leave Tom so long as I could be of use to him."

Hal then spoke of all that took place at the bull bait, which Mr. Barlow said he had just heard.

"But," quoth he, "there is one thing, dear boy, which I have not heard you name, and that is, that you drew the bull from Tom so as to save his life."

Hal.—"As to that, sir, I hope I should have done the same for the least of my friends. But I think we should all have lost our lives but for the black man, who came up to save us."

Mr. Barlow.—"Hal, I think well of you for all that you have done;

but do you mean to shake off Tom Merton for this one fault of his?"

Hal.—"Oh, no! But, you see, sir, though I am poor, I do not care to be much with those that scorn me. Let him spend his time with his own rich friends, I care most for those in my own rank of life. Yet sure, sir, it is not I that have thrown him off, but he that has cast me off."

Mr. Barlow.—"But if Tom grieves for his fault, and has the wish to come to you and say so, would he gain your love once more?"

Hal.—"Oh, dear sir, I know well that he would not treat me with scorn, taunt, and mock me; not he! It was the proud boys round him that set him on to it."

Mr. Barlow.—"Well, he wants much to see you, that he may ask you to take him to your heart once more."

Hal.—"I will go to him at once, sir. Yet there's the plough, which I can't leave just now, but soon I will get a horse and come to him."

Mr. Barlow.—"No, Hal, there is no need for that; Tom has been a bad boy to use you so ill, and it is for him to come and say so to you. The least he can do is to call on you, else who could trust him for the time to come?"

Mr. Barlow then bade Hal tell him where he could find the black man.

Hal.—"He came home with me, and he sleeps in a small bed that

we have had put up in the barn for him, and he has his meals from the house; he works hard on the farm, and earns his bread."

Mr. Barlow now took leave of Hal, and went back to Mr. Merton's, where he found Tom with Maude de Vere.

Tom had a book in his hand, from which he read to Maude this tale:

"One dark night a thief came to a man's house to rob it, and when the house dog heard him he gave a loud bark. At this the man of the house sprang from his bed to look out, but saw no one, nor did he hear the least sound; so he bade the dog be still, and then went back to sleep. The thief in the mean time had hid in

the shed in a state of great fear, but when he found that the dog was bound by a chain, and did not now bark, he crept to the door of the house, and took out his bunch of false keys to try the lock. The dog saw him, and set up his loud bark, so the man of the house put his head out once more to look round him, but as he saw no one, and found that all was now quite still, he said, in a great rage: 'Down, you brute! down, I tell you! You will not let one have a wink of sleep!' So at last the dog left off, and in the mean-time the thief made his way to the house, and took all that he could find. The next day, when the man saw what had been done, he said: 'This

will teach me to give ear to a true friend when he warns me.'"

Tom.—"That's Hal's voice at the bull bait, Maude! Dogs are so good that I think they come next to our own race. Mr. Barlow tells me that no beasts in a wild state can err, for God gives them a sense which guides them in the right way at all times."

Maude.—"Yes; but though this sense in brutes is so true that it could not err, still they have no sense of right and wrong, as man has. Man has the right to fight for, and the wrong to fight off; and but for this choice, no man could be good or bad."

Tom.—Mr. Barlow told me that this sense in brutes serves to teach

them to know their foes, to bring up their young, and to get food; but what we call mind and soul (which takes the place of it in man) has far more height."

Maude.—"Just so; and more than this, brutes are shut out from the world to come."

Tom put down the book, and said, "'Do what you ought, come what may,' shall be round my coat of arms when I am a man."

Maude.—"And you shall have it on a ring till then, which I hope you will wear for my sake."

Maude then went out for a walk, but took with her a choice ring, to have the words cut on it, and when she came back, she found Tom with Mr. and Mrs.

Merton, and Mr. Barlow; but there was such a change in Tom's dress, and in his hair, that few would know him. He had cut off his curls; stript from his dress all that was fine, and his clothes were as plain as could be.

"What in the world has the boy done?" said Mrs. Merton; "why, my dear, you look quite a fright! You have the air of a boy at the plough, more than a son of ours!"

Tom drew up, and said, "I am now what I ought at all times to have been; and I mean from this day to bid good bye to all that is proud and fine."

Tom said this in so firm and grave a tone, that no one could smile at it.

CHAPTER XII.

THE next day, Tom rose at dawn, put on his new dress, and then went to Mr. Barlow's, to ask him to take him to the farm house.

When they came near, Tom caught sight of Hal, who drove the sheep on the marsh some way off. He could not be kept back, but sprang on with all his might, and when he got up to Hal, he held his sides, and could scarce speak for want of breath. Hal knew by his haste that all was right, and it was a source of great joy to Mr. Barlow to see the

"I bring you one who grieves much for his faults."—*Page* 279

two boys meet like friends once more.

Mr. Barlow.—"I bring you one who grieves much for his faults, and comes to own them."

Tom.—"I have done so much to wrong you, Hal, that I feel I have no right to hope that you will make friends with me."

Hal.—"Nay, I think now but of what you were at Mr. Barlow's."

Tom.—"Thank you, Hal, thank you! I hope I shall all my life keep in mind the way in which you bore it all, and the way in which you now make it up with me."

Hal then led Tom by the hand to a small but neat house, where he saw Sandford and his wife.

At the side of the fire sat the

black man who had done so much for them at the bull bait, and Tom went up to him to give him his thanks.

When they went to dine, Tom sat down with the rest. He ate a good meal, and when they all rose, he thought there would be no harm in a chat with the black man on bull baits; so he said, with some pomp in his tone:

"When I call to mind the ease with which you kept back that fierce brute, I look on it that in your part of the world you are sharp at that kind of sport!"

"Sir," said the black man, "it is not in my own land that I was taught this sort of sport, for there the beasts we hunt are much more fierce. And when I brought to

mind how you white folk scoff at us blacks, I own I thought it strange to see scores of you run off at the sight of a tame bull!"

Tom's cheek had now a shade more red in it, and he held his tongue.

As night drew on, Mr. Barlow made a move, and gave his young friend a hint that it grew late. But Tom took him by the hand, and told him he should like to stay some time with Hal. And then, with a grace all his own, he said, in a loud voice so that all in the room should hear:

"The more I think of what I have done, the more shame do I feel." And then Tom threw his eyes up to Mr. Barlow's face. "But you, dear sir, have told me

that all I can now do is to say so. The whole of my life shall I feel a sense of the great love that Hal has shown for me, when I gave him so much cause to hate me."

Hal threw his arms round Tom's neck, and all the rest stood mute to see the rich squire's son tell out his faults to the plain folk of the farm house.

They then sat down to sup, and Tom ate his bread and cheese with a great zest.

The next day he rose at five o'clock, yet he found it a hard task to wake up at such an hour. But Tom's pride in his new mode of life brought him through it, for he thought of what Mr. Merton would say, as well as Mr. Barlow and all

in the house, if he could not be firm. So he leapt out of bed, put on his dress, and went to work on the farm with Hal.

In a short time Tom found this new kind of life a good one; he ate well, and his health got strong by it.

Day by day Mr. Barlow made a call on his young friend, for he took this stay at the farm house to be the turn point in Tom's life.

Each day would Mr. Barlow go round the farm with Tom, and the black man told them tales of the hunt.

This went on from week's end to week's end, when one day Mr. Merton came to call, and he gave his dear boy a hug and a kiss at the door, and told him he had now

come to take him back to his own home.

"Mr. Barlow speaks so well of you," said he, "that I shall dwell no more on the past, and I now feel proud, dear boy, to call you my son."

Tom.—"Oh, yes; I shall be so glad to come home to you both, and stay at home now, and love you, as you say you will both love me."

Just then, in came Mr. Sandford, who made a bow to his guest, and bade him walk in. Mr. Merton said, "I beg to thank you, Sandford, with all my heart, for what you and your son have done for Tom; for he is not like the same boy." He then put a purse full of bank notes in Sandford's hand.

"What is this?" said he, when

he saw the notes; but he shut up the purse with much care, put it back in Mr. Merton's hand, and told him, with thanks, that he could not take it.

"No!" said Mr. Merton, "why not? Your girls may want it; and there's your son, too, and your own self, Sandford; for you may feel the want of ease some day—oh, pray take it."

"No, sir, no," said he, with a shake of the head; "what is it but this ease that does all the harm? Ah, sir, if you did but know the peace one feels when one guides the plough with a good team, and then goes to bed to sleep all night like a top, you might wish you had been brought up to the

plough. But if you would not do a harm to a whole race of Sandfords, pray leave us as we are."

They all then sat down to dine, and Mr. Barlow came to join them.

At the end of the meal in ran Hal. "Oh, such a team!—such a fine team stands at our back door!" said he; and then Hal threw his eyes up to Mr. Sandford's face, and said, "The man told me it is for you!"

Sandford ran out to look at it, and, when he came back, he said to Mr. Merton, "I did not think you had been such a good judge of a horse! I guess you have sent these nags for me to say what I think of them. Well, then, all I can say is that they are the best

breed of horse in the world, and the best of that breed!"

"Such as they are," said Mr. Merton, "they are yours; and I can't think you will say 'No' this time, Sandford."

Sandford stood mute for some time to gain breath, when Tom came up to him and said:

"Pray don't say you will not take them, for the team was meant more for Hal than for you."

Sandford felt that in that case he must needs take the gift; so he sent it to the farm, and said: "It beats Knowles' team all to bits, which has long been thought the best in all these parts."

When he had seen to the wants of the black man, Mr. Merton took

his leave; and while Tom rose to bid his hosts farewell, he said to his young friend, "I can't thank you too much, Hal, for the two great truths which I have learnt from you."

Hal.—"Pray, what are they?"

Tom.—"The words of one of them are on this ring—read them."

Hal reads—"Do what you ought, come what may."

Tom.—"Now read the words on *this* ring, which your friend Maude de Vere sends you."

Hal reads—"If we would be great, we must first learn to be good."

Tom.—"I chose the words, Hal, but it is you who have taught them to me."

THE END.

CASSELL'S

Illustrated

CHILDREN'S BOOKS

SUITABLE FOR

PRIZES, REWARDS, AND GIFTS.

	PAGE
CHILDREN'S LIBRARY	2
ILLUSTRATED GIFT BOOKS	3
PRIZE BOOK SERIES	3
PRESENTS FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS	4
TWO SHILLING SERIES	5
EIGHTEENPENNY SERIES	5
SHILLING STORY BOOKS	6
SHILLING TOY BOOKS	6
SIXPENNY STORY BOOKS	6
FAIRY STORY BOOKS	7
CHILDREN'S PICTURE BOOKS	7
CASSELL'S PENNY LIBRARY	8
THE CHILD'S BIBLE	8
THE WORLD OF WONDERS	8

CASSELL, PETTER, AND GALPIN,

BELLE SAUVAGE YARD, LONDON, E.C.;

AND 596, BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

CASSELL'S
CHILDREN'S LIBRARY.
NEW AND ORIGINAL WORKS.

UNIFORM IN SIZE AND PRICE.

The Children's Album. Containing nearly Two Hundred beautiful Engravings, with Short Stories by UNCLE JOHN. Third Edition, revised and improved. Square crown 8vo, 368 pages, cloth lettered . . . . . 3s. 6d.

Peggy, and other Tales; including the History of a Threepenny Bit, and the Story of a Sovereign. With Eight Illustrations. Handsomely bound in cloth gilt . . . . . 3s. 6d.

Old Burchell's Pocket: A Book for the Young Folks. By ELIHU BURRITT. Illustrated with Twelve Engravings. Bound in cloth gilt . . . . . 3s. 6d.

Æsop's Fables, in Words of One Syllable. With Illustrations printed in Colours by KRONHEIM. Handsomely bound in cloth gilt . . . . . 3s. 6d.

Sandford and Merton, in Words of One Syllable. With Illustrations printed in Colours by KRONHEIM. Handsomely bound in cloth gilt . . . . . 3s. 6d.

Mince-Pie Island: A Christmas Story for Young Readers. By R. ST. JOHN CORBET. Handsomely Illustrated. Cloth gilt . . . . . 3s. 6d.

Cloudland and Shadowland; or, Rambles into Fairy Land with Uncle White Cloud. Beautifully Illustrated, and bound in cloth extra, gilt lettered . . . . . 3s. 6d.

The Queen of the Tournament, and Butterfly Ball at Maperley Hall. By the Author of "Mince-Pie Island." With Eight Illustrations by F. LAWSON. Cloth extra, gilt lettered . . 3s. 6d.

Lily and Nannie at School: A Story for Girls. By the Author of "The Little Warringtons." Cloth extra, gilt lettered. 3s. 6d.

*** *Other Volumes of this unique Series in active preparation.*

ILLUSTRATED GIFT BOOKS.

Little Songs for Me to Sing. Illustrated by J. E. MILLAIS, R.A.; with Music composed expressly for the Work by HENRY LESLIE Square crown (*Dedicated, by express permission, to Her Royal Highness the* PRINCESS OF WALES) . . . . . 6s.

The Child's Garland of Little Poems; Rhymes for Little People. With Exquisite Illustrative Borders by GIACOMELLI. Square 8vo, cloth gilt . . . . . 7s. 6d.

Bright Thoughts for the Little Ones. Twenty-seven Original Drawings by PROCTER. With Prose and Verse by GRANDMAMMA. Square 8vo, cloth gilt . . . . . 7s. 6d.

Cassell's Picture Book for the Nursery. Royal 4to size, full of Illustrations, with appropriate Text for Young Children. Bound in embellished boards, 5s.; bound in cloth, with coloured centre-piece, 6s.

Dame Dingle's Fairy Tales for Good Children. Handsomely bound in cloth, with gilt edges, 5s.; fully coloured throughout . 7s. 6d.

SPLENDID PRESENT FOR THE YOUNG.

Old Friends and New Faces. Demy 4to, cloth, elegantly gilt, with Twenty-four Full-page Illustrations beautifully printed by KRONHEIM . . . . . 5s.

DEDICATED TO THE PRINCESS BEATRICE.

The Children's Garden, and What they Made of it. By AGNES and MARIA E. CATLOW. With several Illustrations. Square cloth . . . . . 3s. 6d.

PRIZE BOOK SERIES.

Handsomely bound in extra cloth gilt, gilt edges.

UNIFORM IN SIZE AND PRICE.

Will Adams: the Adventures of the first Englishman in Japan. By WILLIAM DALTON . . . . . 3s. 6d.

Working Women of this Century: the Lesson of their Lives. By CLARA LUCAS BALFOUR . . . . . 3s. 6d.

Famous Regiments of the British Army. By WILLIAM H. DAVENPORT ADAMS . . . . . 3s. 6d.

The Angel of the Iceberg, and other Stories. By JOHN TODD, D.D. (New Edition) . . . . . 3s. 6d.

The Book of Drawing-Room Plays and Evening Amusements. A Comprehensive Manual of Indoor Recreation, including all kinds of Acting Charades, &c. Illustrated by DU MAURIER and CORBOULD . . . . . 3s. 6d.

The Habits of Good Society. A Hand-book of Thoughts, Hints, and Anecdotes concerning Social Observances; Nice Points of Taste and Good Manners; and the Art of Making One's-self Agreeable. 3s. 6d.

PRESENTS FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

The Royal Gallery of Kings and Queens. Embellished with Portraits of our English Sovereigns. Handsomely bound in cloth, crown 8vo . . . . . 5s.

The Family Picture History of England. Crown 4to, bound in embellished boards . . . . . 3s. 6d.
Bound in cloth, extra gilt . . . . . 5s.

Famous Events in General History. Illustrated by a number of beautiful Engravings, and written with the special view to interest and instruct Young People. Crown 4to, in an embellished wrapper . . . . . 3s. 6d.
Bound in cloth, extra gilt . . . . . 5s.

Remarkable Persons and Scenes of History. Illustrated throughout with Full-page Engravings. Fancy boards . 3s. 6d.
Bound in cloth, extra gilt . . . . . 5s.

The Bible Picture Story Book. The Old Testament. Crown 4to, in embellished boards . . . . . 3s. 6d.
Bound in cloth, extra gilt . . . . . 5s.

The Bible Picture Story Book. The New Testament, uniform with the above . . . . . 3s. 6d.
Bound in cloth, extra gilt . . . . . 5s.

The Bible Picture Story Book. The Old and New Testaments together, in One handsome Volume, bound in cloth gilt 7s. 6d.
Fully coloured throughout . . . . . 15s.

CASSELL'S
TWO SHILLING SERIES
OF NEW AND ORIGINAL WORKS.

Bound in best cloth, gilt lettering, with Coloured Illustrations.

New Stories and Old Legends. By Mrs. T. K. HERVEY. With Illustrations printed in Colours. Cloth gilt . . 2s.

Owen Carstone: A Story of School Life. With Illustrations printed in Colours. Cloth gilt . . . . . 2s.

The Story of the Hamiltons. With Illustrations printed in Colours. Cloth gilt . . . . . 2s.

Beatrice Langton; or, The Spirit of Obedience. 2s.

The Story of Arthur Hunter and his First Shilling. 2s.

Philip and his Garden. By CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH. 2s.

*** *Other Volumes in active preparation.*

CASSELL'S
EIGHTEENPENNY SERIES
OF NEW AND ORIGINAL WORKS.

Bound in best cloth, gilt lettering, with Four coloured Plates by KRONHEIM in each Book.

The Holidays at Llandudno. With Illustrations printed in Colours. Cloth gilt . . . . . 1s. 6d.

The Hop Garden: A Story of Town and Country Life. With Illustrations printed in Colours. Cloth gilt . . 1s. 6d.

Algy's Lesson. With Illustrations printed in Colours. Cloth gilt . . . . . 1s. 6d.

Ashfield Farm: A Holiday Story. With Illustrations printed in Colours. Cloth gilt . . . . . 1s. 6d.

*** *Other Volumes in active preparation.*

CASSELL'S
SHILLING STORY BOOKS.

The Elchester College Boys. By Mrs. HENRY WOOD. And other Tales . . . . . 1s.
The Delft Jug. By SILVERPEN. And other Tales . 1s.
My First Cruise. By W. H. KINGSTON. And other Tales . . . . . 1s.
Little Lizzie. By MARY GILLIES. And other Tales . 1s.
Luke Barnicott. By WILLIAM HOWITT. And other Tales . . . . . 1s.
The Secret Society. By Mrs. DE MORGAN. And other Tales . . . . . 1s.
The Boat Club. By OLIVER OPTIC. And other Tales. 1s.
The Little Peacemaker. By MARY HOWITT. And other Tales . . . . . 1s.

CASSELL'S
SHILLING TOY-BOOKS.

In Demy 4to, stiff covers. With Full-page Illustrations printed in Colours by KRONHEIM.

1. HOW COCK SPARROW SPENT HIS CHRISTMAS.
2. THE ADVENTURES OF ROBINSON CRUSOE.
3. QUEER CREATURES, DRAWN BY ONE OF THEMSELVES.
4. ÆSOP'S FABLES. (21 Plates.)

CASSELL'S
SIXPENNY STORY BOOKS.
FULL OF PICTURES.

Aunt Mary's Fireside Tales.
Grandmamma's Budget.
Cousin Anne's Stories.
Jack Snowball, and other Tales.
The Little Cripple, and other Stories.
Uncle Tell-Tale's Pretty Book.

CASSELL'S
FAIRY STORY BOOKS.

Coloured, Sixpence each; Mounted on Linen, One Shilling.

The New Little Red Riding Hood.
Aladdin; or, The Wonderful Lamp.
The History of Tommy Thumb.
Cinderella; or, The Little Glass Slipper.
Jack and the Beanstalk.
Old Mother Hubbard.
Cock Robin.
The Three Bears.
Whittington and his Cat.
Jack the Giant Killer.
Children in the Wood,
&c. &c. &c.

CASSELL'S
CHILDREN'S PICTURE BOOKS.

Sixpence, Plain; Coloured, One Shilling.

BIBLE STORIES.

1. The Creation, the Fall, and the Flood.
2. Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob.
3. The Story of Joseph.
4. Moses and the Israelites.
5. Joshua and the Judges.
6. The Three Kings—Saul, David, and Solomon.
7. The Story of the Life of Jesus.
8. The Book of Miracles.
9. The Story of the Death of Jesus.
10. The Book of Parables.
11. The Story of Simon Peter.
12. The Story of the Apostle Paul.

HISTORICAL STORIES.

1. The Early Britons and their Saxon Kings.
2. King Canute, William the Conqueror, &c.
3. Richard the Lion-hearted and his Successors.
4. Henry V. and his Battles against the French.
5. King Henry VIII. and his Daughters Mary & Elizabeth.
6. Sovereigns of England from James I. to Victoria.
7. King Pepin's Fight with Wild Beasts, &c.
8. Famous People of the Middle Ages.
9. Famous Discoverers.
10. Good Queen Bess and her Times.
11. Napoleon Buonaparte.
12. Celebrated Warriors.

CASSELL, PETTER, AND GALPIN, LONDON AND NEW YORK.

Cassell's Penny Library.

Complete Editions of Popular Works for ONE PENNY!

Vol. I. *Foxe's Book of Martyrs.* With engraved Frontispiece by MORTEN. 256 pages, in coloured Wrapper.

Vol. II. *Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.* With engraved Frontispiece and Title-page by SELOUS. 384 pages, in coloured Wrapper.

*** *Other Volumes in active preparation.*

NOW PUBLISHING IN
PENNY WEEKLY NUMBERS, AND SIXPENNY MONTHLY PARTS,

The Child's Bible.

EXTRACT FROM PROSPECTUS.

IT is believed that the object sought can be attained only by placing in the child's hands a *continued narrative in the words of the Bible itself;* and the projectors of THE CHILD'S BIBLE therefore propose to give the Sacred Narrative of the Old and New Testaments in consecutive order, omitting only such portions as a judicious parent might hesitate to select as suitable for a child, and in such cases inserting a few connecting words to preserve the continuity of the story. These occasional insertions will be so printed as to be distinguished from the sacred text itself. By this means THE CHILD'S BIBLE will present the Bible narrative in its integrity—with all its wonderful history, its beautiful poetry, its Divine lessons of truth—in its own living words, that these words may lay hold of the youngest memory, and fix themselves in the youngest hearts.

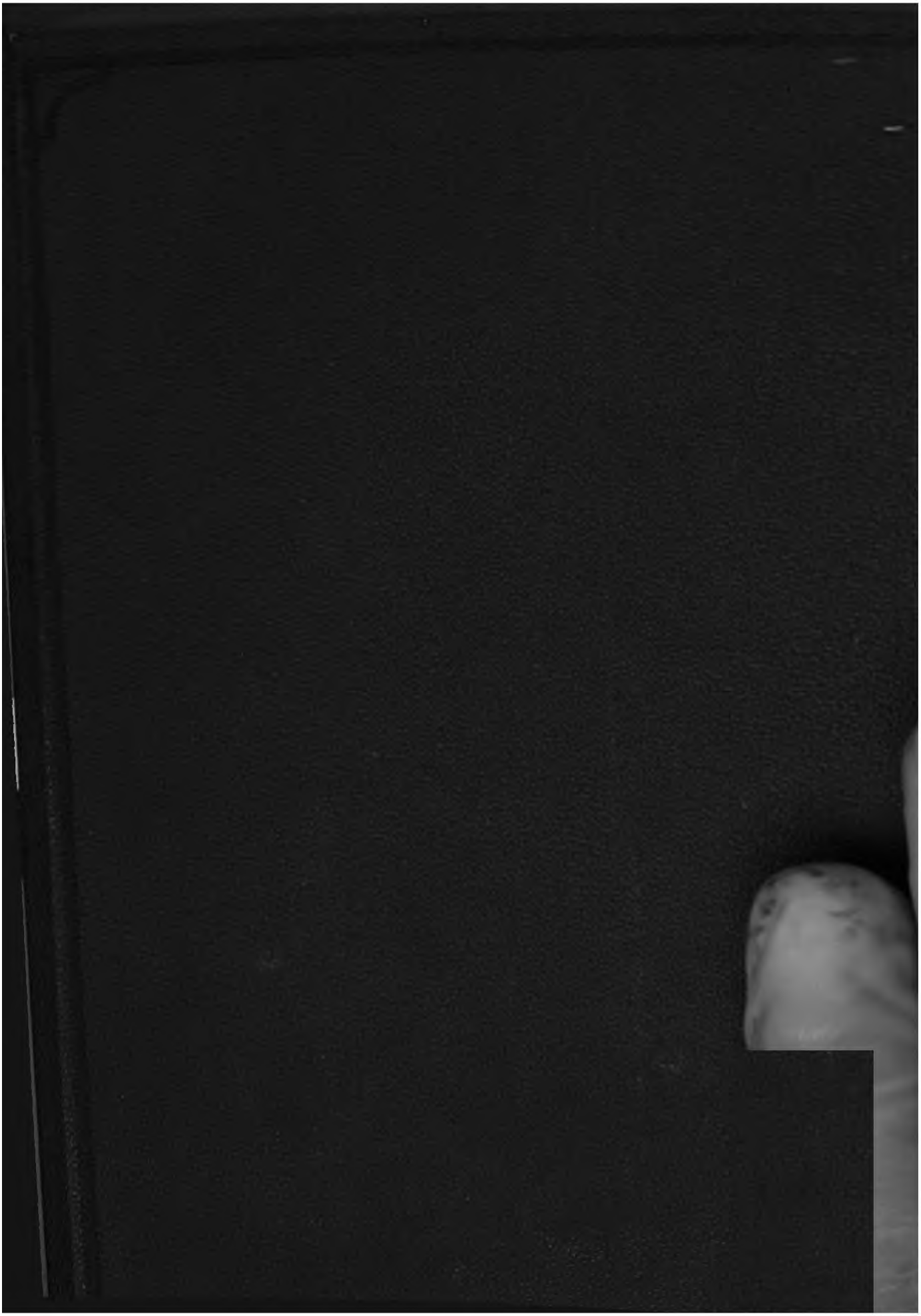
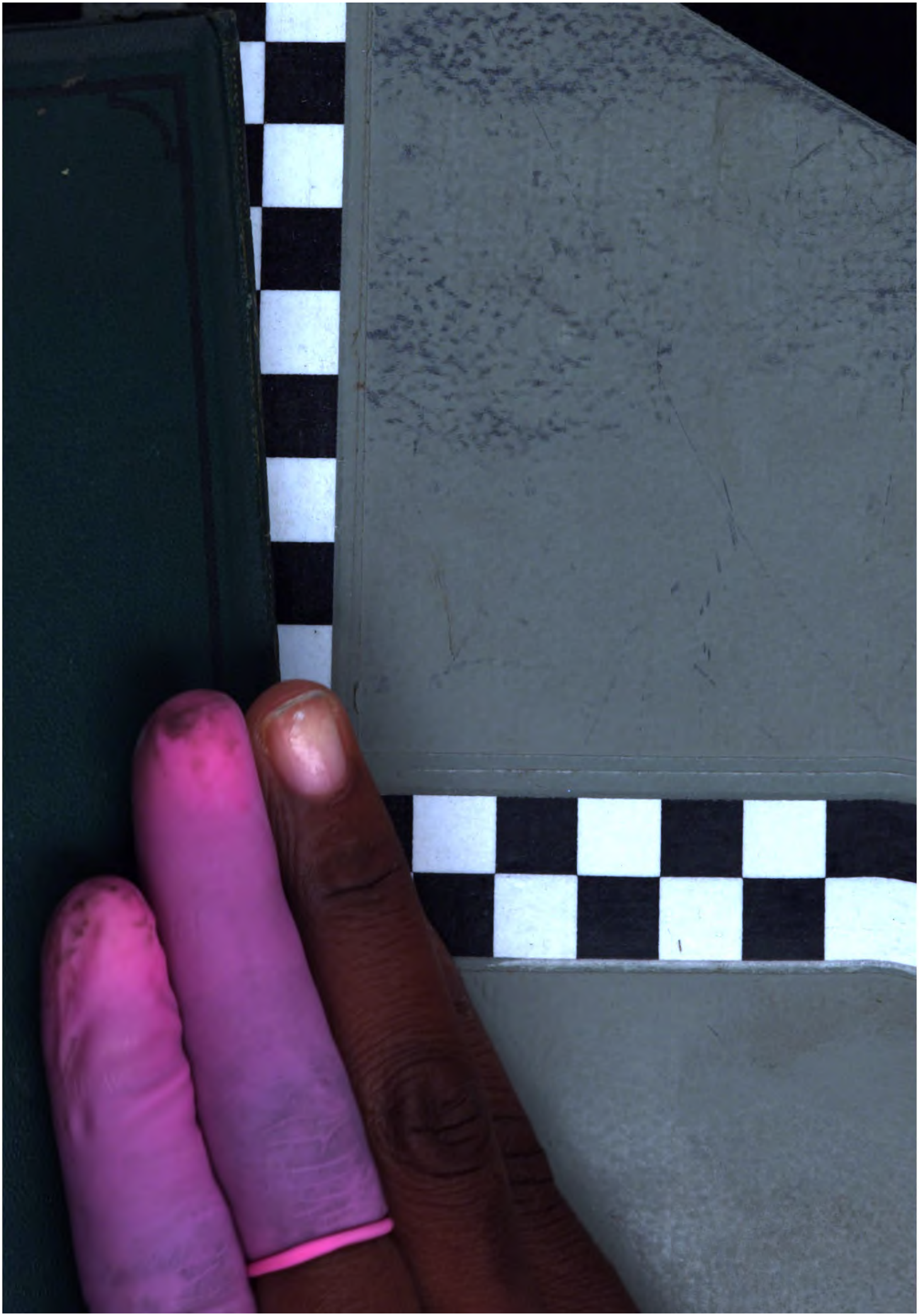
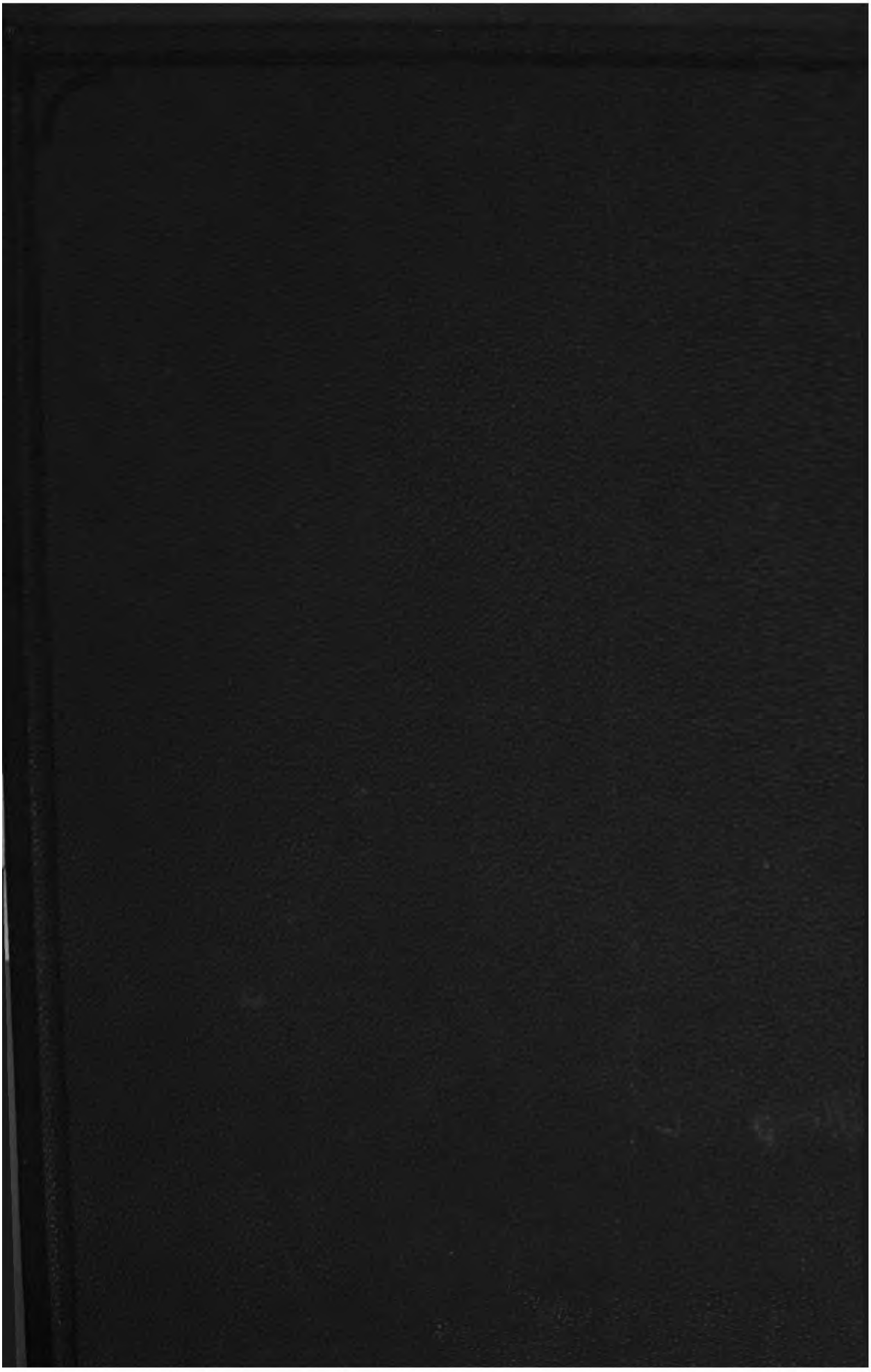
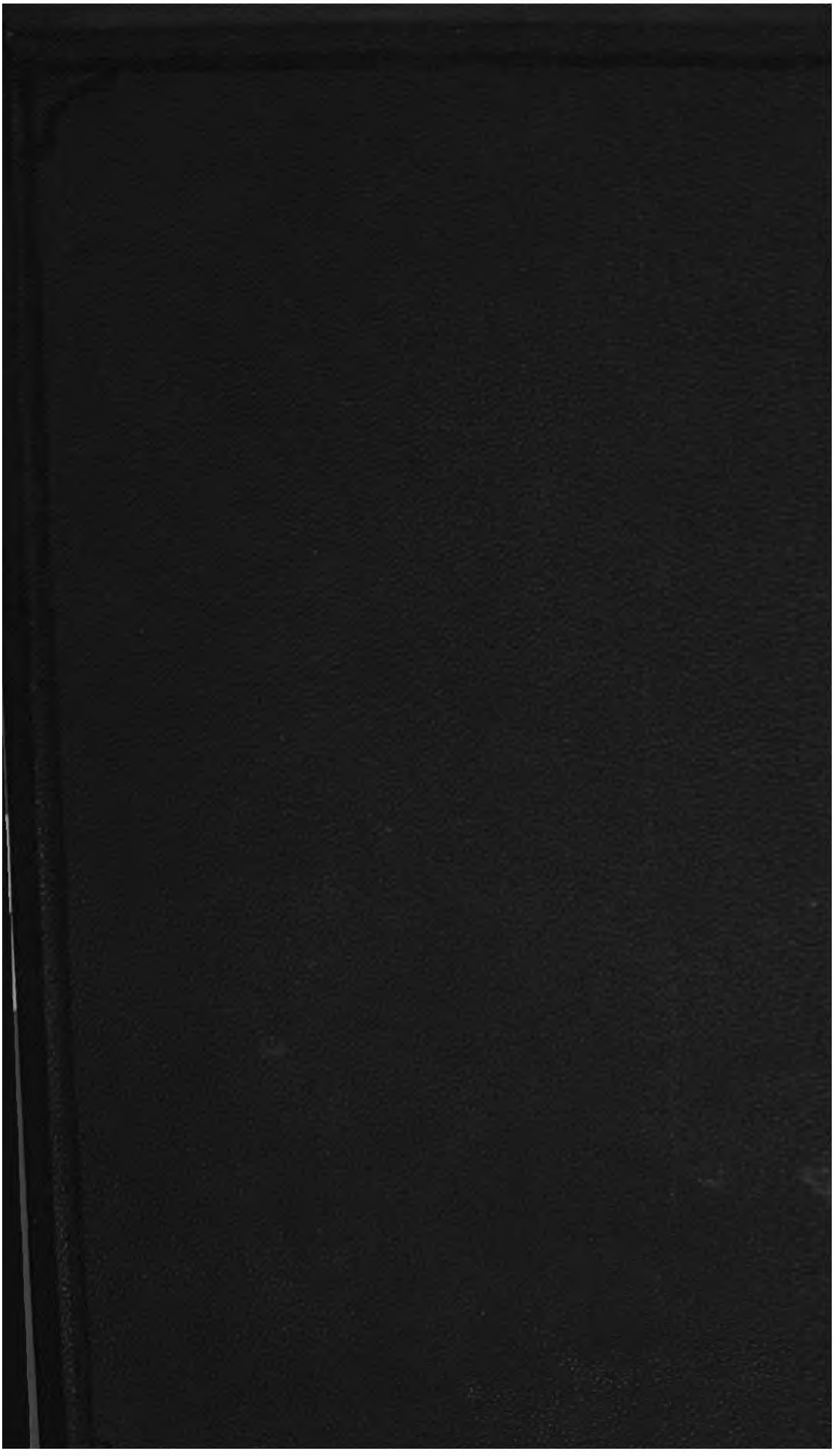
*** *Full Prospectuses forwarded post free, on request addressed to the Publishers.*

IN WEEKLY NUMBERS, PRICE ONE PENNY, AND
MONTHLY PARTS, PRICE SIXPENCE,

The World of Wonders.

EXTRACT FROM PROSPECTUS.

THE WORLD OF WONDERS will contain all that is most curious and marvellous in History and Philosophy—in Travel and Adventure—in the Wars and varied Fortunes of Mankind—in Siege and Battle—in Perils of the Sea and Land—in Exploration and Shipwreck. The History of the Human Mind, moreover—its Dreams and Fancies, Warnings and Apparitions, its Creeds and Sects—the Triumphs, the Miseries, the Greatness and Littleness, the Wisdom and the Folly of MAN; together with the marvellous things revealed by Science of the Worlds by which Man is surrounded; the Wonders of Animal Life, and those which the Laboratory of the Chemist and the Glass of the Optician reveal, &c. &c., will all find a place in THE WORLD OF WONDERS, the whole forming an Original Collection of AUTHENTICATED FACTS AND NARRATIVES.

*** *Prospectuses forwarded post free, on request addressed to the Publishers.*

CASSELL, PETTER, AND GALPIN,
BELLE SAUVAGE YARD, LONDON, E.C.; AND 596, BROADWAY, NEW YORK.