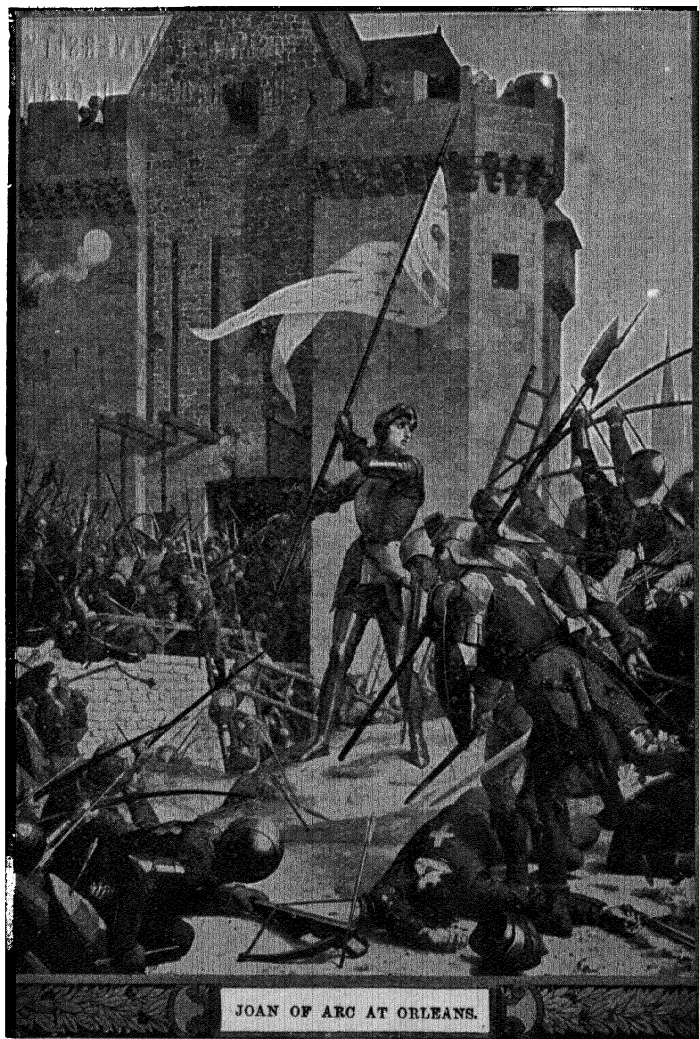


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(From the painting by Lenepvue. Neurdin, Photo.)

GATEWAYS TO HISTORY

Book II.

Heroes of Many Lands

"Let us now praise famous men"

LONDON

EDWARD ARNOLD

41 & 43 MADDOX STREET, BOND STREET, W.

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PREFACE

THIS book is the second volume of GATEWAYS TO HISTORY — a Graduated Series of Historical Reading Books for primary and preparatory schools. The aim of the writer is to introduce the young reader to some of the great men and women of our own and other lands, and to present those features of their characters which are worthy of admiration and emulation. The chapters are arranged in rough chronological order from the earliest times, and those dealing with heroes of our own land are concerned with colonial history.

The present volume is intended to form a companion to the following books already published :

Glimpses of the Globe, being Book II. of ARNOLD'S HOME AND ABROAD (GEOGRAPHICAL) READERS.

This volume contains simply-written chapters on some of the most interesting countries and nations in all parts of the globe, beginning with British lands beyond the sea. The life of the people is made the chief feature, and each chapter in the book is illustrated either in colour or in black and white.

Tales of Many Lands, being Book II. of ARNOLD'S STEPS TO LITERATURE, a Series of Purely Literary Reading Books.

This volume contains folk-tales and fairy-tales of some of the most interesting countries in the world, with simple rhymes and folk-songs

It will be seen that there is some attempt at correlation of the beginnings of literature, geography, and history in these three volumes. After a lesson from the geographical reader on any given country, the teacher can turn to a folk-tale of its people in the literary reader, and afterwards to a "true story" of some hero or heroine of the same country in the historical reader. He will thus have the opportunity of connecting one lesson with another, and of forging links of interest between them, to the great gain of the class work as a whole. The later books of

ARNOLD'S HOME AND ABROAD READERS,
ARNOLD'S STEPS TO LITERATURE, and
ARNOLD'S GATEWAYS TO HISTORY,

are also closely correlated in a somewhat similar manner, as will be found on an examination of their contents.

The teacher is asked to note that any one of these series, or, indeed, any single book, can be used independently of the others.

CONTENTS

	PAGE		PAGE
HEROES OF OLD GREECE	9	WEDDING THE SEA	79
THE FAITHFUL SENTINEL	13	THE HALF BOTTLE OF	
THE CHINESE TEACHER	14	WATER	83
THE ROMAN FATHERS	17	THE FATHER OF CANADA	84
THE PRINCE OF JAPAN	21	THE STORY OF PETER THE	
MARTIN OF TOURS	24	GREAT	89
GENEVIÈVE OF PARIS	26	WOLFE, THE HERO OF	
KING OLAF OF NORWAY	30	QUEBEC	92
HENRY THE FOWLER	33	ROBERT CLIVE, THE HERO	
PETER THE HERMIT	36	OF ARCOT	95
FREDERICK OF THE RED		THE STORY OF BENJAMIN	
BEARD	40	FRANKLIN	100
THE WOMEN OF WEINS-		FREDERICK THE GREAT	103
BERG	42	A BRAVE QUEEN OF	
SAINT LOUIS OF FRANCE	44	HUNGARY	106
THE BLIND KING AT		THE MARCH ACROSS THE	
CRECY	47	ALPS	108
THE SIX TOWNSMEN OF		MUNGO PARK ON THE	
CALAIS	48	NIGER	112
TWO BRAVE FRENCHMEN	52	THE WOMEN OF SARA-	
GIOTTO, THE SHEPHERD		GOSSA	117
BOY	56	FRANKLIN IN THE FAR	
JOAN THE MAID	58	NORTH	121
WILLIAM TELL AND THE		HOW AUSTRALIA WAS	
APPLE	62	OPENED OUT	125
"MAKE WAY FOR		SIR GEORGE GREY	129
LIBERTY!"	64	GARIBALDI, THE HERO OF	
THE SIEGE OF LEYDEN	67	ITALY	132
COLUMBUS: A SAILOR		DAVID LIVINGSTONE	135
HERO	71	THE STORY OF ABRAHAM	
THE PRINCE OF MEXICO	76	LINCOLN	139
THE MINE-SWEEPERS			142



**HEAD OF A GREEK HERO
CUT UPON A STONE.**

GATEWAYS TO HISTORY

BOOK II.

HEROES OF OLD GREECE.

LEONIDAS was King of Sparta, a small State in Greece, long ages ago. His people were brave and hardy, and they lived a very simple life.

The King of Persia marched his great armies into Greece, and some of the Greeks went to meet him. At their head was the brave King of Sparta.

He did not expect to be able to beat the Persians; but he thought he might hold them back till the rest of the Greeks could get ready to meet them.

He had chosen the best men in Sparta, but there were only three hundred in his band, and they were to face a great army of many thousands.

They could not hope to fight a battle with the Persians in the plains, but they knew of a narrow

pass in the mountains through which their foés would have to come ; and they made their way to this pass to wait for the Persians.

Here a small force could stop a great army. For the road was very narrow ; in one place only one carriage could pass along between the mountains and the sea.

The Spartans hid behind a wall which had been built across the pass. Soon the great army was seen making its way over the mountains.

“They have so many archers,” said one of the Greeks, “that when they shoot they will darken the sky.” “So much the better,” said a Spartan ; “we shall be able to fight in the shade.”

The Persian King could not believe that such a small band of men would dare to stand in his way. He sent a horseman forward to find out what the Spartans were doing.

The man soon came back to say that the men in the pass were combing their hair. The King was filled with wonder at this ; but one of his men, who knew the Spartans, said that it was a sign that they were going to fight to the death. For when they were going into battle they always made themselves neat and tidy.

The Persian King did not wish to fight, so he waited four days to see if the Spartans would go away. But they did not move.



MARS, THE GREEK GOD OF WAR, IN THE DRESS OF A
GREEK SOLDIER.

Then he sent a small band to clear the pass, but the Spartans drove these men back with great ease. So he sent some of his own guards, and these were beaten, too. The King was very angry, and did not know what to do.

Then a runaway Greek came and said he could show him a steep path across the hills; over this path some of his men could get round to the other side of the little band of heroes.

The King was very glad to hear this, and a plan was at once formed. A band of men was to be sent over this steep path, and when they got behind the Spartans a second band was to march along the pass. In this way the Spartans would have their foes behind and in front.

The Spartan leader heard what was going to be done. Many of the Greeks left him, but his band of Spartans stood firm. They knew that death was in store for them, but they did not mean to leave their posts.

Morning came, and from both sides the Persians rushed upon them. There was a great fight, and when it was over the Spartans all lay dead in the pass. They had given their lives for their own dear land. They did not stop the great Persian army, it is true. But their brave stand made the other men of Greece fight so well that at last the foe was driven out of the land.

THE FAITHFUL SENTINEL.

You have, no doubt, heard of the great volcano in Italy, which is called Vesuvius.

It is a mountain, from the top of which smoke is always rising. Sometimes fire shoots up from a hole in the top, and red-hot stones are thrown up into the air, with showers of sparks. Streams of melted rock, called lava, move slowly down its sides to the base or foot of the volcano.

Long ago there were two large cities near the foot of this mountain. One day the sky grew dark, and the earth began to quake. Then from Vesuvius there came forth a great mass of fiery, melted rock.

It shot up into the dark sky, and then rolled down the sides of the mountains. In a short time the two cities were buried beneath the lava, and large numbers of the people were killed.

After some time the lava turned into hard rock again, and for hundreds of years the two cities lay buried beneath it. Then, not very long ago, men set to work to dig down to the cities again.

Once more some of the streets were laid open to the light of day. The walls of many of the houses were still standing, though most of the roofs were gone.

The bones of hundreds of people were found in

the streets and houses ; and at one of the gates were found the remains of a Roman sentinel in his armour.

His hand was raised to his face as though to keep away the fiery dust and smoke. But he had stood at his post by the gate, true to his duty even to the death.

There he had been placed by his officer, and there he met his death, and showed to all ages how a Roman soldier did his duty.

THE CHINESE TEACHER.

LONG, long ago there lived a very wise man in China, whose name was Confucius. He went about from place to place teaching the people ; and now his name is held in great honour by all the people of China.

He had a number of young men who went about with him. They loved to hear him speak, and they tried in all things to do as he taught them.

The teaching of this wise man was good for the Chinese of that time ; and it is just as good to-day, not only for them, but for us as well.

Here are a few of the lessons he tried to teach :

“Spend all the time you can in learning ; for in this there is true joy.”



THE FAITHFUL SENTINEL.

(From the painting by Sir E. Poynter, R.A., by permission of the trustees of the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool.)

“Form good habits in your youth, and when you grow up it will be easy for you to do well.”

“You owe a duty to yourself—to live rightly; and to your friends—to be true in all things.”

“Love and obey your father and mother, for they took care of you when you were helpless.”

“Do your duty to the Emperor, who is the father of his people.”

“The true man is true to his promise. In eating, he knows when to cease; in his work he is diligent; in his rest he is at peace.”

In his time there was much trouble in the land of China. The King was not able to keep order. In many parts of the land the rich men did as they pleased, and they made the poor people pay such heavy taxes that they found it hard to live.

One day Confucius was walking along a road with his friends, when he saw a woman crying by a tomb at the side of the path. Full of pity for her, he sent one of his friends to ask her the cause of her grief.

“You weep,” said the kind man, “as if you had known sorrow after sorrow.”

“I have, indeed,” said the woman. “My father was killed here by a tiger, and my husband also; and now my son has been lost to me, and in the same cruel way.”

“Why, then, do you not move from this place?”

asked Confucius, who had now come up. "Because here I can live in peace, for the ruler of these parts is kind at heart."

"You see," said Confucius, turning to his friends, "how a cruel ruler is more fierce than a tiger. To the shame of man be it said."

THE ROMAN FATHERS.

ROME is the chief city in the land of Italy ; it is one of the oldest places in the world, and has been the home of many great men.

Long, long ago a great army of Gauls came against it. These people lived to the north of Italy, and they were known as brave and fierce fighters. They were tall and strong, with long limbs and red hair.

The Romans went out to meet their foes ; but on the banks of a little river, ten miles from Rome, they were badly beaten. Some ran to other towns not far from Rome ; only a few came back to the city to tell the people that the Gauls were coming.

But the Gauls did not come at once. They spent three days in feasting and sharing the spoil they had taken from the Romans. So the people of Rome did what they could to make ready for them.

They took all the food they had into the fortress known as the Capitol, in the middle of the city. Here they made up their minds to hold out till the last. All who could not fight ran away from the city.

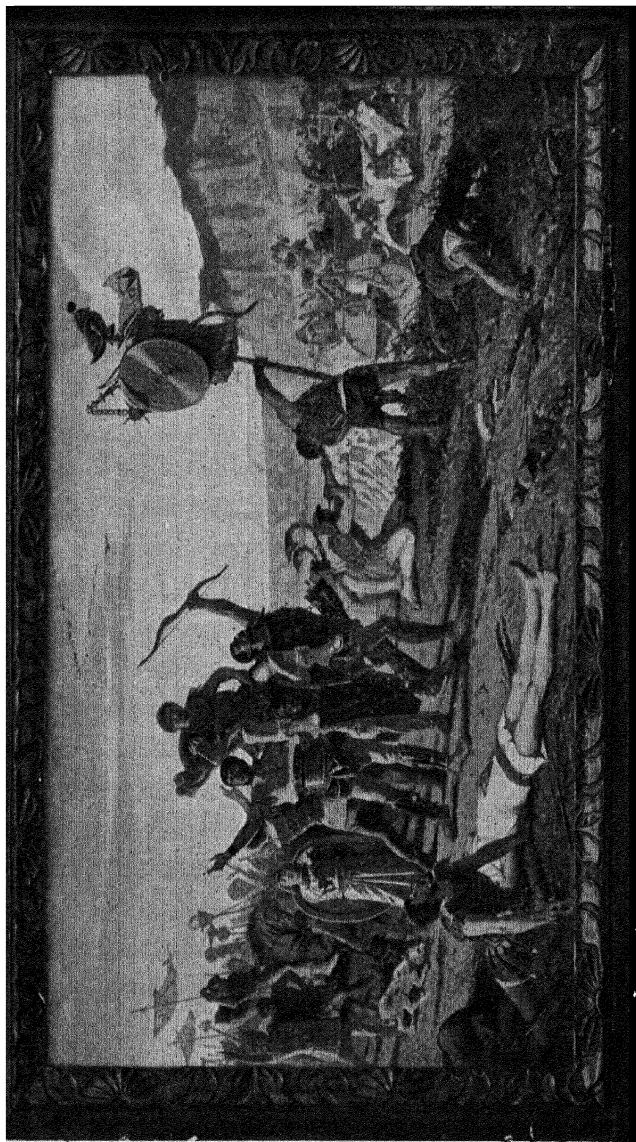
But there were some men in Rome who would not go into the Capitol. These were the wise old men known as the Fathers of the City. They were too old to fight, and they did not wish to use up any of the food which the fighters would need.

So they said they would stay in their meeting-place, called the Forum, and the Gauls might do with them what they would.

At last the great army came to the walls of the city. They found the gates open, and in great wonder they passed through. The streets were empty, and no one could be seen in the wide courtyards of the houses.

On they went, sword in hand, through the streets of the city, and in time a band of them came to the Forum. There they saw a sight which filled them with wonder.

In a row of ivory chairs sat the Fathers of the City. They were all dressed in rich robes, some of snowy white, others of white and purple. They sat quite still, each one holding an ivory staff in his hand.



A ROMAN GENERAL BEING HAILED AS VICTOR AFTER A GREAT BATTLE.

From the painting, "The Triumph of Marius," by Altamura. Brœti, Photo.)

The Gauls thought at first that these were not men, but images, and they stood gazing with eyes wide open at the strange sight. Who were these white-haired, white-bearded men, who looked so noble and so fearless?

But before long a Gaul moved forward to one of the old men and stroked his beard, to find out if he were real. This was more than the old man could bear. Raising his ivory staff, he struck the man a sharp blow on the head.

At once the Gauls lost their feeling of awe and wonder, and before long the Fathers of the City lay dead in their place of meeting.

Then the houses of the city were fired, and soon the men in the Capitol saw beneath them a mass of smoking ruins. But for the time at least they were safe, for the Capitol stood on the top of a steep rock that was very hard to climb.

Yet the Gauls were used to climbing steeper rocks than this, for they had crossed the Alps to get to Italy; and it would be strange if they did not find a way into the fortress.

Their leader chose some of his best climbers, and told them to go up the steep face of the rock, one by one, as soon as night came on.

So they set out in the dead of night. Without a sound they climbed up the rock, laying hold of shrubs and bushes on the way.

Then all at once the silence was broken by the cackling of geese and a sound of flapping wings. A flock of these birds was kept in the Capitol, and they had heard the rustling among the trees on the brow of the hill.

The sentry had been sleeping, and he at once awoke. The noise also roused a brave officer named Manlius, and he came running, sword in hand, to the spot.

The first Gaul who showed himself was wounded by Manlius; the second was thrown down the steep face of the rock. Soon the Roman soldiers came in crowds to the spot. And for the moment at least the Capitol was saved.

THE PRINCE OF JAPAN.

IN the early days, long, long ago, there was an Emperor in Japan whose name was Sinin. He ruled his people for many years, and ruled them well; but at one time he was in danger of losing his life, and by the hand of his own wife.

The Empress had a brother who wished to be ruler of the land. So he went to his sister and said: "Whom do you love most, your husband or your brother?" And she said: "My brother."

Then he said: "If that be so, let you and me rule the land." And he gave her a dagger, and said: "Kill the Emperor while he sleeps."

One day the Emperor lay asleep with his head in the lap of his wife. Then she put her hand in her bosom, and took out the dagger. But she had not the heart to harm him, and the tears fell from her eyes on the face of her sleeping husband.

This awoke him, and he sprang up. "I have had a strange dream," he said. "A heavy shower fell and wet my face, and a small snake came from a wood and coiled itself round my neck. What can this dream mean?"

Then the Empress told him of the plot which her brother had made. Her husband at once called his men and marched against him. But he had set up a strong paling of bamboo round his house, and felt sure that the Emperor could not take him.

When night came, the Empress and her baby son came to the palace of her brother. As soon as the sun rose, she stood up where the Emperor could see her with the child in her arms.

Now, she thought, the Emperor would spare the palace for the sake of the baby Prince. But he called some of his best men, and said: "Take the Empress and the Prince; harm them not, but bring them to me."

Then the Empress cut off her hair, and tied it to her head as though it still grew there, and she made the strings of her necklace tender by steep-

ing them in spirits; she also made the cloth of her mantle and her robe quite rotten.

With the child in her arms she went to meet the men who had come to take her. She gave them the Prince, and then turned to run away. One man took hold of her hair, but it came away in his hands.

Another caught hold of her necklace, but this broke in pieces. A third gripped her mantle, but she ran away, leaving a piece of it in his hands. In a few moments she was once more within her brother's palace.

Then the men went to the Emperor, and told him what had taken place. He was very angry, and told his men to set fire to the palace, for now all pity for his wicked wife had left his heart.

Then one of his men said to him: "The mother must name the child," for this was the rule among them. So they went to the burning palace, and called out to the Empress: "What name shall be given to the Prince?" And she gave them a name, telling them also how the baby was to be brought up.

Soon the palace lay in ruins, and the Empress and her wicked brother were dead. But the baby Prince lived to be Emperor, and in his time, it is said, the first orange-trees were brought to Japan.

MARTIN OF TOURS.

LONG years ago there was a soldier in the Roman army who was named Martin. He afterwards became Bishop of the town of Tours, in the land of France, which was then called Gaul.

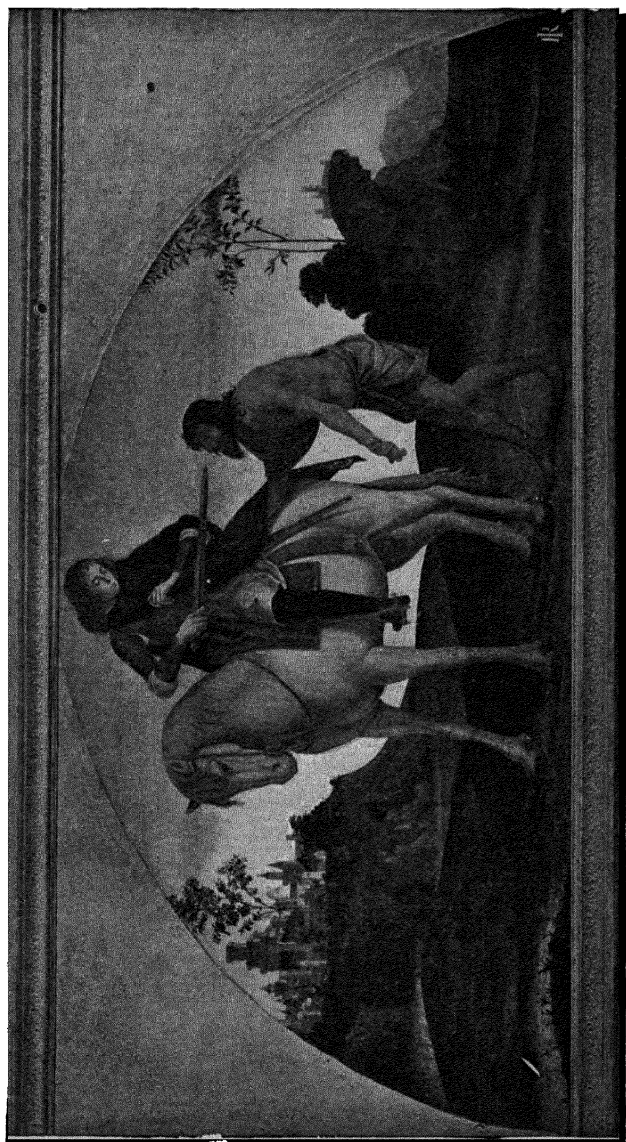
When he first became a soldier he was not a Christian. But he learnt all about God and Christ, and made up his mind some day to be baptized

At one time he was sent with a band of Roman soldiers to a French town called Amiens. On a very bitter night he was out riding, when he saw a poor beggar, nearly naked, and shivering with cold.

When he saw him, he took his sword in his right hand and cut his big warm coat into two parts. Then he wrapped half of it round the poor man to keep him warm.

Next night, when Martin was asleep, he dreamed a dream. He saw in his dream Jesus Christ in heaven, wearing over one shoulder half a soldier's cloak. And as he looked at Him, he heard Him say in a gentle voice: "Martin—yet not a Christian."

This dream helped him to make up his mind to become a Christian. He was baptized, and not long afterwards left the army to teach the people



ST. MARTIN SHARING HIS CLOAK WITH THE BEGGAR.

(From the painting by Donzello. Brogi, Photo.)

about Jesus Christ. In due time, as we have said, he became a Bishop.

On page 25 there is a picture of Martin dividing his cloak with the beggar. Boys and girls who live in London can see another if they keep their eyes open.

There is a church in London called St. Martin's Church, and near it are several tall iron posts for the electric lamps. At the bottom of each of these posts there is a picture of St Martin and the beggar.

GENEVIÈVE OF PARIS.

THOUGH Martin was Bishop of Tours, he did not belong to the country where he taught. The Roman army in which he was a soldier had taken the land which was then called not France but Gaul.

Its people were called Gauls, and not long after Martin's time they lived in great fear of some wild tribes, who were known as Franks. These men came into the land, killed the people, and burnt the towns and farms.

In the north of France at this early time there lived a simple little peasant maiden known by the name of Geneviève. One day there passed through the village in which she lived two good and gentle

Christian priests. They were on their way to the north coast of France, where they meant to set sail across the Channel to our own land.

All the people of the village met to welcome the good priests, who talked to them and blessed them in the name of God. One of them spoke to the little maiden, and gave her a small round medal on which a cross was marked. Geneviève looked upon this as a great treasure, and began to feel that she ought to give up her life to the service of God.

Not long afterwards her father and mother died, and the girl went to live with a friend. She was loved by all who knew her for her gentle ways and simple piety. What little she had she shared with those who were poorer than herself, and she spent much time in prayer on the hillsides near her native village.

Then came a year of great terror for her country. The fierce Huns, from a land far away, came sweeping over Gaul, killing the people and burning the towns. When they drew near to Paris, the people, in great fright, began to leave their homes. But Geneviève stood facing them on the only bridge which led across the river from the town ; and she begged of them to go back and bravely defend their homes, putting their trust in the good God to help them.

At first the people were very angry that a young girl should stand in their way like this. But after a while they saw that she was right, and most of them went back to get ready to fight, like true men, for their homes and wives and children.

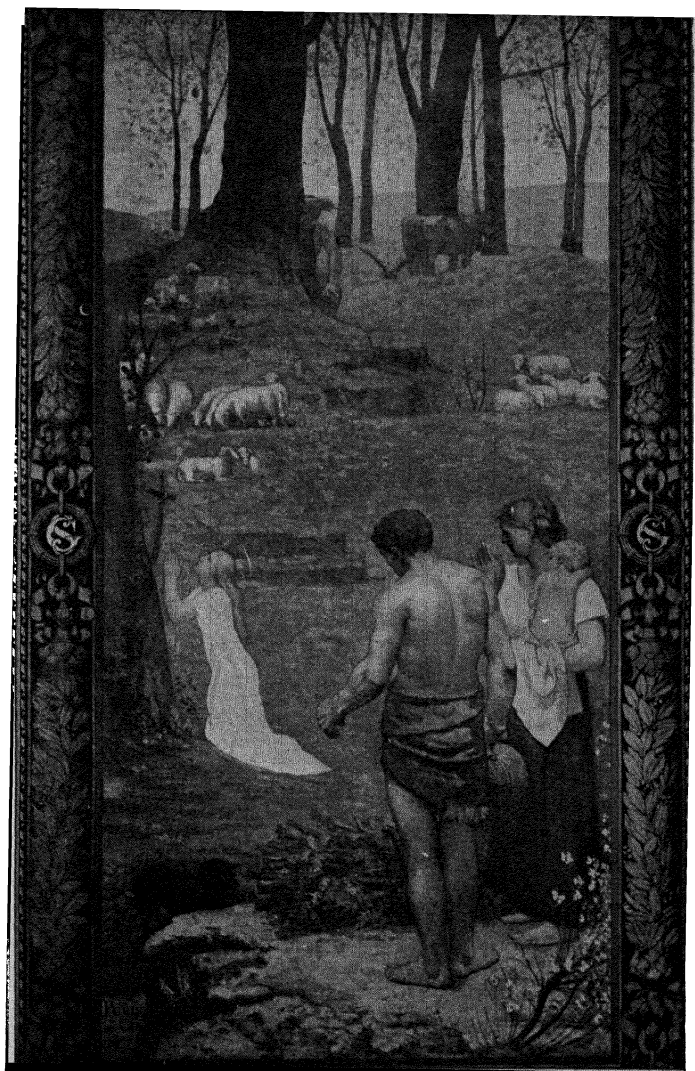
In a few days they heard that the leader of the Huns had been beaten in battle and driven out of the country. And Geneviève did not forget to tell them that God had sent an answer to their prayers.

Not many years later, the Franks came down upon the town of Paris. They made a great camp outside the walls, and would not let the people go out or in. Many died for want of food, and some were ready to give up the town to the enemy.

But Geneviève kept up her heart, and would not let them give in. She took a small boat, and made her way alone down the stream past the camp of the Franks. Then she went on foot to a number of towns, and begged the people to send food to the starving people of her native place.

This they did, and a number of boats, it is said, were able to pass up the river and bring help to the poor people in the town.

But after a while the fierce Franks took the



ST. GENEVIÈVE AT PRAYER.

(From the painting by Puvion de Chavannes in the Pantheon. Neurdein, Photo.)

place. They were going to put to death a large number of the people ; but Geneviève made her way into the town, and boldly faced the fierce leader of the Franks when he was holding a feast. Rough and rude as he was, the man had great fear of the simple shepherdess, and gave her what she asked—the lives of her people.

The Franks took the land for themselves, and it was from them that it was afterwards called France. Geneviève lived to see their King become a Christian, and after a long life of noble deeds she died. But the people of France and of Paris will never forget the shepherd girl of those early days.

KING OLAF OF NORWAY.

MANY hundreds of years ago there was a good King in Norway who was called Olaf.

When he was quite young he was known as a brave sailor. At the age of twelve he began to make voyages along the rough coast of Norway. And before long he came across the North Sea to our own land, and helped one of our Kings to fight against the Danes.

After this, he went back home to claim the throne. As he leapt from his ship upon the beach he slipped and fell down.

"See, I fall," he cried in fear. "Nay," said one of his men, "you only grasp the land which is your own."

One day he sat in his tent on the beach making a handle for his spear. A peasant came up and looked hard at him.

"Who art thou?" asked the man.

"I am a trader," said Olaf.

"A trader in crowns," laughed the man; "but I know thee, and soon thou wilt win a great battle against thy foes."

"If that should be as thou sayest," said Olaf, "come to me, and I will see that thou dost not lose by my gain."

Soon Olaf met with his foes on the sea, and there was a great fight, and after much bloodshed Olaf won the day. Now he was King, and could set to work to do what he could for the good of his people.

He had himself learnt about Christ and God, and he wished his people to become Christians too. But it was not an easy task to get the people to give up the worship of their gods of wood and stone.

At one time he wished to make a certain man, called Gudbrand, become a Christian. This man had a large number of friends, whom he called together to a great meeting.

When they met, he said to them : “ This man Olaf says he will force us to give up our gods and will break them in pieces, and he dares to say that he knows of a God much greater than ours.”

“ Let us carry our great god Thor out of his temple. Then when Olaf sees the great image, he and his God will melt away.”

Then, after a while, King Olaf came to them. And he stood up among them and spoke to them. He said that many of their friends now prayed to the true God who made heaven and earth, and he begged them to do so, too.

Then Gudbrand said : “ No one has ever seen your God. We have a god who can be seen at any time, though he is not out to-day, because the weather is wet. But when you see him, you will melt away with fear.”

“ What is he like ?” asked the King.

“ He is great and heavy, and bears a hammer in his hand. He is covered with gold and silver, and every day we give him meat and cakes of bread. ’

“ I will see him to-morrow,” said the King. Then they all went to rest for the night.

Next day the great image was brought before King Olaf and his men. Gudbrand and his friends bowed down before it. “ Where, now, is thy God, King Olaf ?” was the cry. “ Now

indeed, you will scarcely dare to raise your eyes."

Up rose the King and said: "Ye have asked to see our God. Soon He will come to us. Your god is blind and deaf and not able to move. Turn your eyes to the east and see our God come forth in glory."

The sun was just rising, and all turned to look. Then one of the King's men gave the image a great blow with a club which he carried. Down it fell in many pieces, and out of it there ran a large number of mice and snakes.

"See," cried the King, "how little your god can do. See also how you have been feeding mice and snakes with your gifts of bread and meat."

Then Gudbrand stood up before the King and said: "Since Thor can help neither us nor himself, we will believe in your God from this day."

HENRY THE FOWLER.

WE have all read of King Alfred, our own hero-king, who fought with the Danes. Not long after his death there was a German King who was like him in many ways.

He was known as Henry the Fowler. Let me tell you how he got this name.

A certain German King lay dying, and he said:

“We have strong cities and great wealth. But when I am dead the land will need a wise man to rule as King. Go, then, as soon as I am dead, and find out Duke Henry. Take to him the crown and spear, the sword and mantle of the old kings, and bow down to him as your master.”

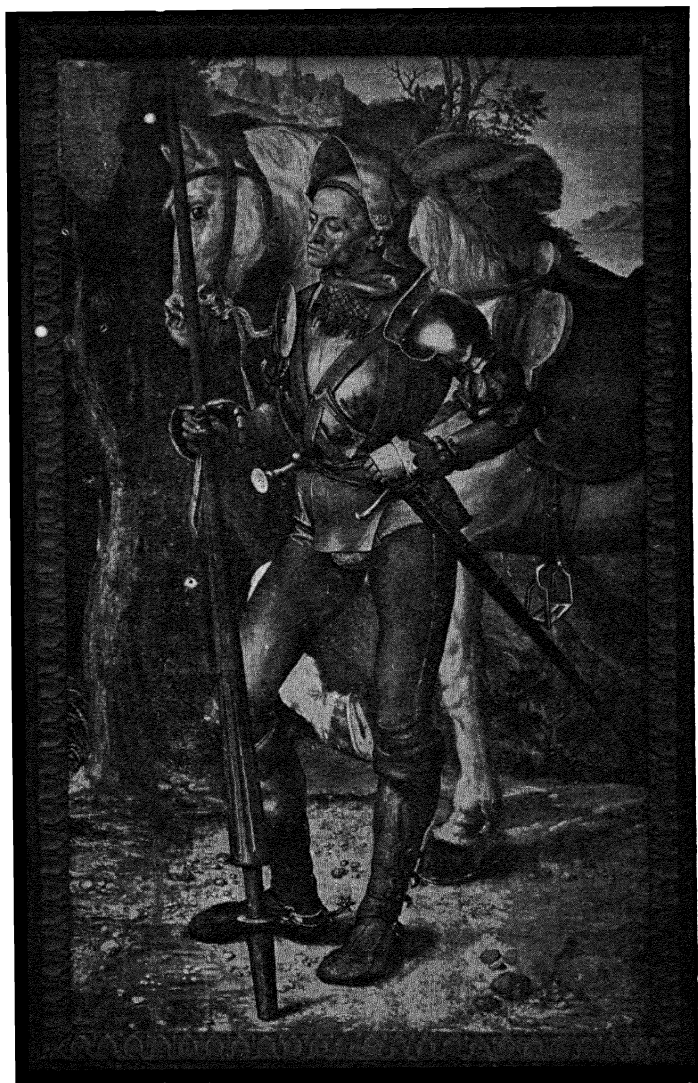
This was done. The lords who took the crown to Henry found him hunting on the mountains with a hawk on his wrist. Then they told him that the old King was dead, and that he had been chosen in his place.

So Henry left his hunting and went back with the lords. He was brought into a great hall where all the nobles had come together. And there he was lifted up on his shield and hailed as King.

And because the lords had found him “fowling,” he came to be known as Henry the Fowler.

Now, in his time the fierce Huns came against the land of the Germans. These people had, as yet, no fixed homes, but went about in great armies from place to place.

They had very swift horses, and the men spent most of their time in the saddle. They were very hardy; and though they were not tall, they were strong, and good fighters. Their hair was black and straight, their lips were thick, and the skin of their faces was yellow.



A GERMAN KNIGHT OF THE EARLY DAYS.
(From the painting by Albert Dürer. Hanfstaengl, Photo.)

They had come into the land of the Germans, they said, "to drink the rivers dry, and beat the towns to dust."

Henry at first was not able to beat them off. So he did what our King Alfred did at one time with the Danes.

He gave them money to stay away. But he did so only to gain time. When he was ready he meant to fight them and drive them away.

For nine years he paid money to them, and during this time he formed a great army. He also built many strong castles, and put some of his men into them, with food to last a long time.

At the end of the ninth year, the Huns came for their money. Henry said that he would not pay them. They went away in a rage, and soon the armies of the Huns were on the march.

But they did not sweep all before them. The soldiers of the German King were well drilled, and ready for battle. A great fight took place, and Henry won the day. And for the rest of his life the Huns did not trouble the land of the Germans.

PETER THE HERMIT.

WE have heard of the wars in the Holy Land, in which our brave King Richard took part. They were fought to free the tomb of Christ from the Turks.

At one time a priest of France named Peter had gone to the Holy Land on a visit. There he saw how badly the Turks treated the Christians. So he set out for home to try and rouse the great captains to go and fight the Turks.

He rode on a mule with a cross in his hand ; his head and feet were bare, his dress was a long coarse robe with a cord round the waist.

He preached in the churches, in the roads, and in the market-places ; and he told the people what cruel things were done to the servants of Christ in the Holy Land.

The people heard him gladly, and were ready to set out at once. But first a great meeting was held, to which came the Pope of Rome and many great Princes. Peter spoke to them, and begged them to go at once to the Holy Land.

Then the Pope stood up and spoke in a ringing voice : " A sad tale indeed has come to our ears. A race of men who know not God has laid waste the Holy Land. They have cast down the churches and slain the servants of Christ.

" God has given you riches and strength," he said ; " use them to beat back these men from the most sacred land on the earth."

Then the Princes rose, drew their swords, and held them up in the air. " It is the will of God !" they cried, " It is the will of God !"

When the Pope heard them, he said that this should be their war-cry; and when, at a later time, they went into battle, it was with this cry upon their lips: "It is the will of God!"

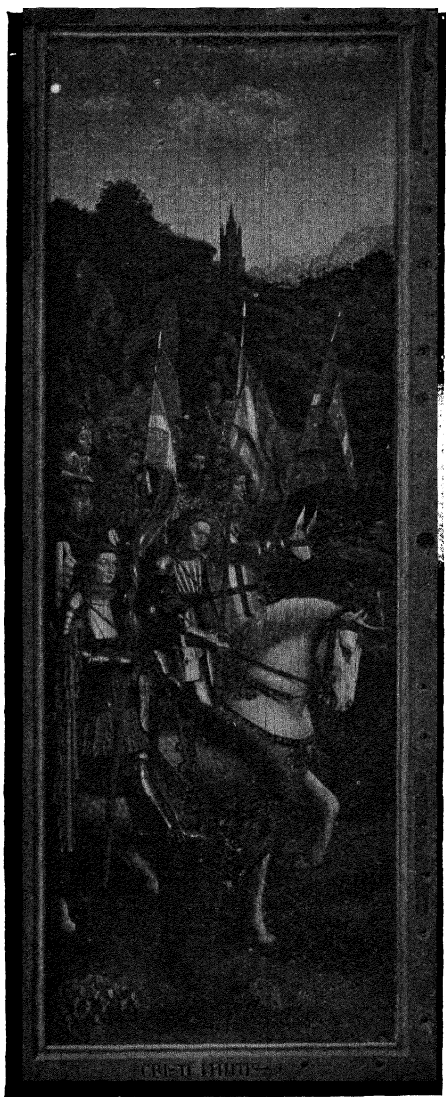
The Princes then began to make ready to set out for the Holy Land. Many sold their lands to buy horses and arms. The smiths were soon very busy making armour, swords, and lances. The priests left their churches to join the great army. Farmers and workmen left their work. Even women and children made ready to go.

Some of the people could not bear to wait till the Princes were ready. So they made Peter the Hermit their leader, and a great band of them set out for the Holy Land.

But after a long journey they met an army of the Turks. And as they did not know how to fight they were slain in great numbers.

After a time the army of the Princes set out too. Many battles were fought on the way, and for six years the work of fighting went on. Then the holy city of Jerusalem was taken, and the leader of the Princes was chosen to be King.

But he would not let his people call him King. "I cannot wear a crown of gold," he said, "in the place where Christ, my Master, wore a crown of thorns."



CRUSADERS ON THE MARCH.

(From the painting by Van Eyck. Hanfstaengl, Photo.)

FREDERICK OF THE RED BEARD.

IN the time of Richard the Lion Heart there lived in Germany a brave King named Frederick. He wore a long beard, and from its colour he was known as the Red Beard.

He was a fighter and a man of stern temper ; but his soldiers thought much of him, for he led them well ; and he is looked upon as one of the best of the Germans of long ago.

In his time there were many knights who used to rob the merchants. They had castles built on high rocks above the roads by which the traders went from place to place.

When they saw a company coming they would ride down and take their goods and money from them. The traders were no match for the knights in armour, with their strong swords and lances.

The King made up his mind to put a stop to this. So he sent his soldiers to guard the traders and fight the robber knights. Many of their castles were broken down, and in time the roads were made free of these robbers.

The King fought many great fights, but he did not always win. At one time he fought in Italy, and he lost a great number of his men. He had to dress like a common soldier and make his way home on foot.

This meant that he and his small body of men had to cross the Alps, which lie to the north of Italy. They had many hardships to bear ; for the way was rough, and it was very cold among the high mountains.

But the King shared all he had with his men, and he showed them how to bear hardships without grumbling. In time they got back to their own land once more.

Frederick was one of the Princes who went with our King Richard to the Holy Land. He left his son Henry to rule in his place ; and when he had set out he was told that his son was dead. This was not true, but for the time the King thought it was.

The tears ran down his beard, now no longer red but silver-white. Then he turned to his men and cried : “ My son is dead, but Christ lives still, and He calls us onward. Forward ! ”

On the way the King met with his death. Some say he was drowned in crossing a river ; others that he caught a chill and died not long afterwards of a fever.

It was never really known how he had died. And in time it began to be said that he was not dead ; but that some day he would come back again when the Germans had need of him, and lead their men to victory.

As time went on the story was told that he sat in a certain cave in a rocky hill.

One day, it was said, a peasant saw him in this cave. He sat at a marble table leaning on his elbow. His eyes were partly open, as though he were only half asleep.

His beard had grown so long that it touched the ground. He looked at the peasant for a moment, and asked him something about the time. Then he dropped his eyelids again as if to say : "It is not yet time."

But, say the peasants, he will one day awake and set up his shield as in the old days, and his cry will be : "Ho, every one that is in trouble, come to my side, for I am your King !"

THE WOMEN OF WEINSBERG.

ABOUT eight hundred years ago there was war between two nobles of Germany. One was a Duke, and the other was a Prince, and brother to the King.

At last the Prince shut up the Duke and his men in the great castle of Weinsberg, and for a long time he would not let anyone pass out or in.

Months went by, and the food in the castle began to grow scarce. When it was all done the



SOLDIERS STORMING A TOWN.

Duke was forced to give in. But the Prince said that he would let him go away in safety.

The wife of the Duke did not trust the promise of the Prince. She thought that he had a plan for doing some harm to her husband. So she formed a plan of her own, and made up her mind to carry it out.

The Prince came riding to the gate to take the keys of the castle. Then the Duchess sent to him one of her servants with a message.

"My lord," said the man, "of your goodness grant a favour to my mistress. Permit her and her women to pass out from the castle with only so much of their wealth as they can carry."

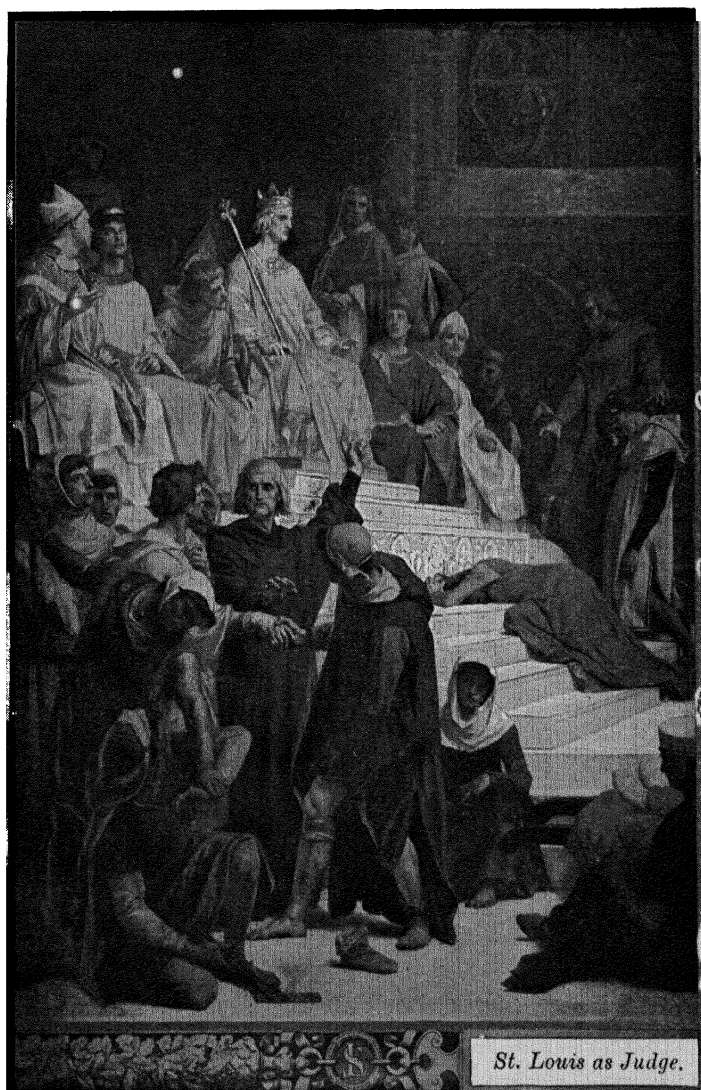
"Willingly I grant this," said the Prince; and at once a trumpet sounded. The castle gate was thrown open and the ladies came out, with the Duchess at their head.

But they did not carry with them gold, jewels, or rich clothing. Each one was bending low under the weight of her husband whom she carried on her back.

SAINT LOUIS OF FRANCE.

NEARLY seven hundred years ago France had a good King known as Louis the Ninth. He was like our own King Alfred, a just man and a father to his people. So good was he that after his death he was spoken of as Saint Louis of France.

He had a very good mother, who taught him in his boyhood to be true and upright in all his doings. She made him feel that God had



St. Louis as Judge.

(From the painting by Cabanel Neurdein, Photo.)

sent him to be a King in order that he might do all the good he could to the people of France.

“ Know, my dear son,” she would often say to him, “ that though I love you with all a mother’s love, I would rather see you dead than do what is wrong in the sight of God.”

At one time the King was very ill ; and during his sickness he said that if he got better he would go to the Holy Land to fight the battles of the Cross. He did get better, and at once raised an army with which he fought bravely in Egypt. But at last he fell into the hands of his foes.

His people, however, paid a large sum to have him set free, and he came home to look after his kingdom. For twenty years he ruled, and he made the people of France learn what is meant by truth and justice.

Everyone who was wronged brought his tale to the ears of the King and had his wrongs set right. They came in crowds before him, as we see in the picture, and the King did not weary of their tales.

To each he gave a willing ear ; and when he had heard all that was to be said, in a firm but gentle voice he gave orders as to what was to be done.

He lived in a rough time, when his people often fought among themselves, and the strongest took what he wished from those who were weak. And

his work as a judge and ruler was greater than that of many a leader on the field of battle.

THE BLIND KING AT CRECY.

MOST of us have heard of the fight at Crecy, where the Black Prince beat the French. There were many brave deeds done that day, but they were not all done by the English.

On the side of the French was an old blind King of a German land, and his son Charles. He was a brave soldier, and though he could not see, he longed to have his share in the fighting.

Someone came to him as he sat on his horse, and told him that his son was in the thick of the battle. Then he turned to some of his friends who were near him.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I beg of you to lead me into the fight, so that I may at least strike one stroke with my sword."

"We will do so," said they. So they put the King between two of their number, and tied the bridles of their horses together. Then they rode forward into the fight.

The blind King fought as bravely as the best of them. But he and his friends were cut down, and on the next day they were found among the dead with their horses still tied together.

THE SIX TOWNSMEN OF CALAIS.

YOU may, perhaps, remember the story* of the Battle of Crecy, and how the great fight was won by Edward the Black Prince.

After this battle, King Edward with his army marched to the north coast of France. Here stood a town named Calais, which he wished to take.

It looked out upon the blue waters of the English Channel, and on the land side there was a strong and high wall with a great gate.

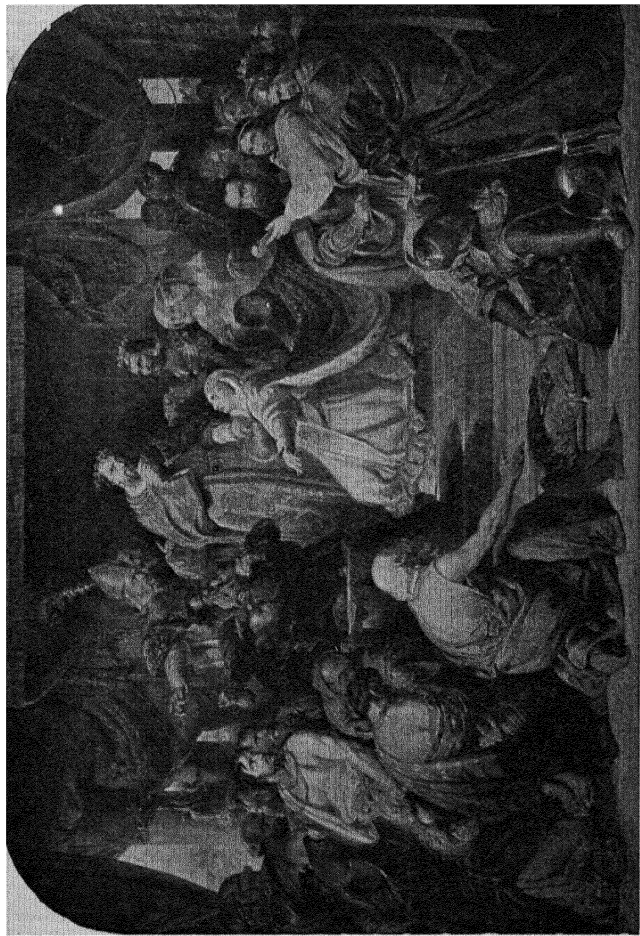
The people of Calais would not give up their town to the English King. So he made up his mind to force them to do so.

He placed his army so that he could stop anyone from taking food into the town. He had also ships in the Channel. They were ready to fight any French ship which might try to bring help to the people of Calais.

Before long the food in the town began to grow very scarce. Still the brave people would not give in, and for nearly a year they kept the English King outside of the town.

During this time the French King tried more than once to break through the English lines and make his way into Calais. But he was not able

* See Book I., p. 39, of this series.



**THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND BEGGING HER HUSBAND TO SHOW MERCY TO THE SIX BRAVE MEN
OF CALAIS.**

to do so. King Edward was a good general ; and he so placed his men that they could easily keep the French troops away.

At last the food in the town was all done ; and the people of Calais begged their leader to give up the place if the King would promise to spare their lives.

Edward was very angry because the town had held out so long. When he heard that it was to be given up, he made up his mind to punish the people. But one of his captains, Sir Walter Manny, begged him to have mercy on them. For, he said, they had held out bravely for a long time.

Edward, at first, was not at all willing to do this. But at last he said he would spare the town if six of the men would throw themselves on his mercy. They were to come to him with their heads and feet bare, with ropes round their necks, and the keys of the town in their hands.

When the people of Calais heard this, there was great grief amongst them. A number of the chief men met in the market-place, and talked over the matter.

At last, one of them, a rich merchant, said that he would be one of the six. He was soon joined by five others, and they left the town for the tent of the English King.

When they came before King Edward, the old merchant knelt before him and said: "Gentle King, here be we, six townsmen of Calais, and great merchants; we bring you the keys of the town and castle of Calais, and give them up to you. We offer ourselves to save the rest of our people, who have borne much pain. So may you have pity and mercy upon us."

The King, still full of anger, ordered the men to be put to death at once. Sir Walter Manny begged of him to spare them, and the King was very much vexed with his brave captain.

"Hold your peace, Master Walter," he said; "they must die. For have not the people of this town brought many of my own men to their deaths?"

Then, at last, the Queen, who stood near King Edward, came forward and knelt at his feet. "Ah, gentle sire," she said, with her eyes full of tears, "now pray I, and beg you, with folded hands, to have mercy upon these men."

The King looked at his wife for a few moments without speaking. Then he said gently: "Ah, lady, I wish you had been anywhere else but here; but you ask in such a way that I cannot deny you. I give these men to you to do as you please with them."

The Queen then took the six men to her own

tent. There they were clothed and fed. Then they were taken back to the town, which they had saved by their bravery.

TWO BRAVE FRENCHMEN.

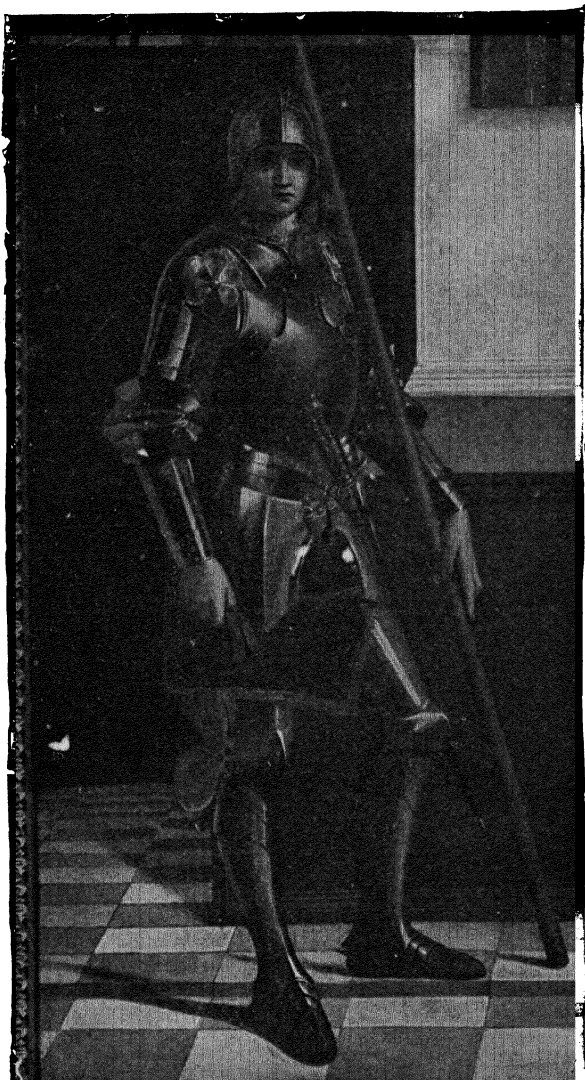
IN the time of our Black Prince there lived in France a soldier who was known as Sir Bertrand. He was one of the bravest men who have ever lived.

He took part in a fight with the Black Prince, and his army was beaten. Then he was taken and sent to prison, where he was kept for a long time.

One day the Black Prince sent for him and asked him if he were well. "My lord," said Sir Bertrand, "I never was better ; for, though I am in prison, I am the most honoured knight in the world."

"How is that?" asked the Prince. "Why, they say," said the other, "that you are so much afraid of me that you dare not set me free, and for that reason I am bound to think myself honoured."

"Why, Sir Bertrand," said the Prince, "do you think that we keep you in prison because we fear you ? I tell you it is not so ; for, my good sir, if you will pay me a sum of money you shall go free."



A KNIGHT IN ARMOUR OF THE TIME OF BAYARD.

(From a painting by Giorgione. Anderson, Photo.)

Sir Bertrand was glad to hear this. Before long his friends found the money, and the brave and clever knight was set free.

He was such a good leader in war that the King of France made him his chief officer, and he took part in many battles against the English.

He died while he was trying to take a castle in the south of France. After a time the castle gave in, and the English leader came out with the keys in his hand.

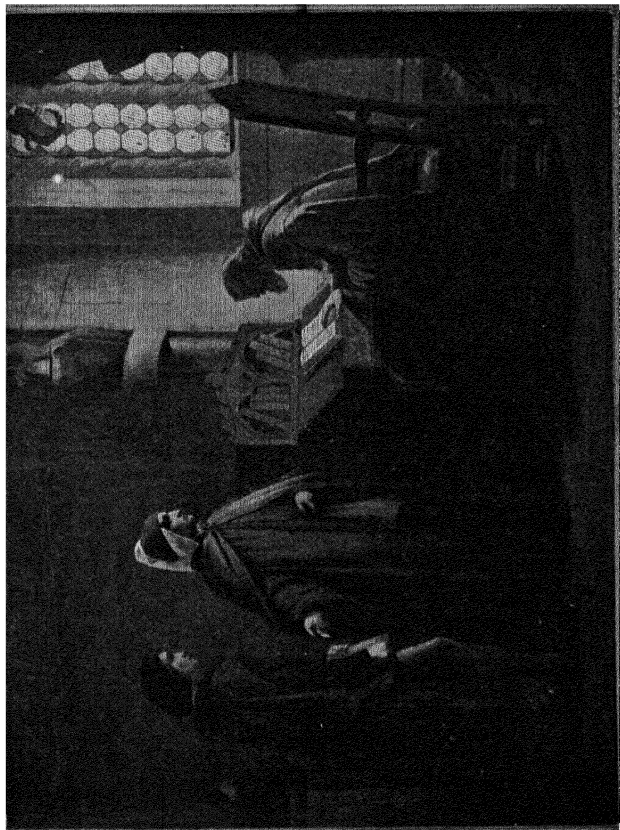
“Where is Sir Bertrand?” he asked, and they told him that he lay dead in his tent. “To him alone, dead or alive, will I give up these keys,” said the officer, “for it is no disgrace to give in to so brave a soldier.”

Then he was taken to the tent, and laid the keys beside the body of Sir Bertrand.

Another brave Frenchman who lived at a later time was Sir Bayard. He is often spoken of as the “blameless and fearless” knight.

At one time his men were fighting the soldiers of Spain. A small party of French crossed a narrow bridge, and the Spaniards in great numbers were close upon them. Then Bayard turned and held the bridge against two hundred of the foe ; while he did so his men were able to get away.

In another fight with the Spaniards he was



**DANTE, THE GREAT POET OF ITALY, MAKING KNOWN THE YOUNG ARTIST GIOTTO
TO A RICH NOBLEMAN IN HIS STUDY.**

(From the painting by Giovanni Mochi Biagi, Photo)

badly wounded and fell to the ground. His foes were so proud of him that they lifted him up and took him to his own men.

There he lay breathing his last, but with his face towards the foe. "Do not pity me," he said to one of his friends, "since I die as a brave man should."

GIOTTO, THE SHEPHERD BOY.

THIS is a story of a poor shepherd boy who grew up to be one of the best artists who have ever lived.

His name was Giotto, and his home was in the sunny land of Italy. When he was quite a small boy he was sent out to mind the sheep in the fields near his home.

There he used to amuse himself in this way. He would get a piece of sharp stone and make drawings of his sheep on the smooth face of the rocks.

One day a great painter came walking that way. He saw the shepherd boy busy on a drawing of a sheep, and he stood still to look at him. The drawing was well done for a boy who had never had a teacher, and the artist saw that the lad would some day make a name for himself.

So he asked the boy's father if he might take

his son away and train him to be an artist. The father gave him leave, and the two went away.

In time Giotto became a great artist. Not only could he paint pictures, but he could also carve figures in marble. In many of the churches of Italy his work can be seen to-day.

One day a man came to him from the Pope of Rome. He asked for some piece of work which he might show to the Pope. For some pictures were wanted for a great church in Rome, and the Pope wished to choose the best artists to paint them.

Giotto took a piece of paper and a brush full of red paint. Then he put his arm close to his side, and with one turn of his wrist he made on the paper a true circle. "Here is the drawing," he said. "Am I to have nothing but this?" said the other in great wonder. "That is quite enough," said the artist; "show it to your master, and he will know what it means."

When the Pope looked at it he knew that only a great artist could have made so true a circle. So he sent for Giotto to come and do some of the work which he wished to have done.

This is the story of the O of Giotto.

JOAN THE MAID.

KING HENRY THE SIXTH OF ENGLAND was also called King of France. In his time there was much fighting in France between the people of that land and the English. For the French were not at all willing to obey Henry as their King.

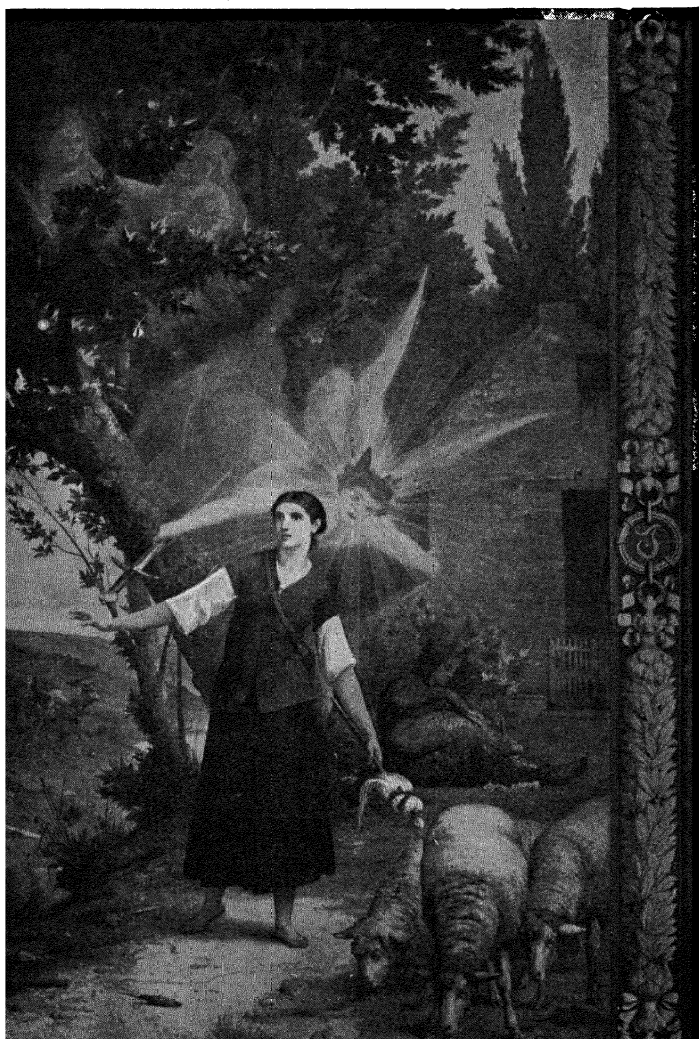
The English held a large part of the north of France for some years. But there was one great city in the hands of the French which they wished to take. They therefore came about it and tried to force the people to let them enter.

The city held out bravely, though the English did all they could to take it. Then, when some time had gone by, the city was saved by a French girl named Joan.

She lived the simple life of a peasant in a small French village. The people knew her to be a good, quiet and dreamy girl, and were very fond of her. She went often to church, and was very fond of taking lonely walks in the forest near her home.

She often thought, with a sad heart, of the cruel wars that were going on in the land. At times, sick and wounded soldiers would be brought into the village, and from them she heard sad tales of war and death.

By-and-by, she said she began to hear voices



THE VISION OF JOAN THE SHEPHERD GIRL .

(From the painting by Lencpvue. Neurdein, Photo.)

which told her to go and free her country from the English. And at one time, she said, a bright and shining angel came to her, and he told her that she must leave her home and go at once to the help of the King of France.

"I am but a poor maiden," said the girl; "I know not how to ride to the wars or to lead men-at-arms." But, she said, the angel spoke words to her which filled her heart with strength. Then he left her, and she stood still full of wonder and fear at what she had seen and heard.

The girl's mind was now made up, and she told her friends what she meant to do. Most of them laughed at her, and her father said that he would kill her rather than let her go.

But the girl was firm. "I must go to the King," she said, "even if I wear my limbs to the knees. I would stay with my mother if I might, for I did not choose this great work of myself. God gave it to me, and therefore I must do it."

At last she found a man who was willing to take her to the French Prince, Charles. It is said that though he was standing among a group of nobles and was dressed like them, Joan at once knew him.

"Gentle Prince," she said, "I am Joan the Maid. I am sent by the King of Heaven to tell you that you shall yet be made King of France."

Then the brave girl made up her mind to lead the French soldiers herself against the English army round Orleans. She dressed herself in armour from head to foot, and she rode a white war-horse with a white banner in her hand.

She placed herself at the head of the French, and led them on to the city. "As soon as my banner touches the wall you shall enter the place," she said. And she was true to her word. Filled with spirit by the girl's brave words, the French fought with fury, and before long drove the English from Orleans.

Then the Maid led her troops into the city, and went at once to the church to give thanks to God for the victory. She wept when she saw the sad sights which are always to be seen in time of war.

Prince Charles was then taken by the Maid to the French city of Reims ; and in the great church of the city he was crowned King of France. As he knelt to have the crown put on his head Joan stood by him with her banner in her hand.

Then she knelt at his feet and begged to be sent once more to her village home. "I would," she said, "that I might go and keep sheep once more with my sisters and brothers. They would be glad to see me again."

The King, however, would not let the brave girl go back to her home ; for he still had need of

her help. There was yet more fighting to be done, and Joan took part in other battles with the English.

At last she was made a prisoner, and burnt to death as a witch. She is often spoken of as the Maid of Orleans because she saved that city. Another name for her is Joan of Arc.

WILLIAM TELL AND THE APPLE.

THE Swiss are the people who live in the high mountains known as the Alps. They are very brave and hardy, and they love their freedom dearly.

A long time ago the Princes of Austria wished to take their country from them. Many battles were fought, and in the end the Swiss made themselves free.

The following story is told* of one of their leaders who was called William Tell :

One day the Austrian officer placed his cap upon a pole and set it up in the market-place of a Swiss town. Then he said that each man who walked past it was to take off his hat and make a bow.

* According to the best writers, it is only a story, but it ought not to be passed over. There were men as brave as Tell among those who fought for Swiss freedom.

Tell would not do so. He walked proudly past the pole with his hat on and his head held high in the air. At once the Austrians took him before their leader.

This man was full of rage, and made up his mind to punish Tell. He knew that he was one of the best archers in the land. So he ordered him to show his skill by shooting at an apple on the head of his own son. The boy was only twelve years old.

At once the child was brought and placed with his back against a tree. Then the father took his place at a distance, with his bow in his hand.

Though his heart was sad, his hand was steady. He raised his bow and shot the arrow. The boy did not move an inch. The arrow sped through the air and clove the apple in two.

Then Tell turned to leave the market-place with his child. As he did so, there fell to the ground an arrow which he had hidden in his breast.

The Austrian saw Tell stoop to pick it up, and he asked him why he had brought a second arrow. "To kill thee, if I had failed," was the fearless answer.

"Thou shalt go," cried the other in a rage, "to a prison where neither sun nor moon shall shine on thee." At once Tell was bound and taken away in a boat to a castle by the side of a lake.

On the way a great storm arose, and the Austrian thought the boat was going to be sunk. He was in great fear for his own life, and he knew that Tell was the only man who could bring the boat to shore.

So he ordered his men to loose the cords which bound him. Tell then steered the boat to a small flat rock by the shore on which they might land.

When they drew near to this rock he jumped out upon it, and pushed the boat back into the deep water. Then he made all haste into the woods near the castle.

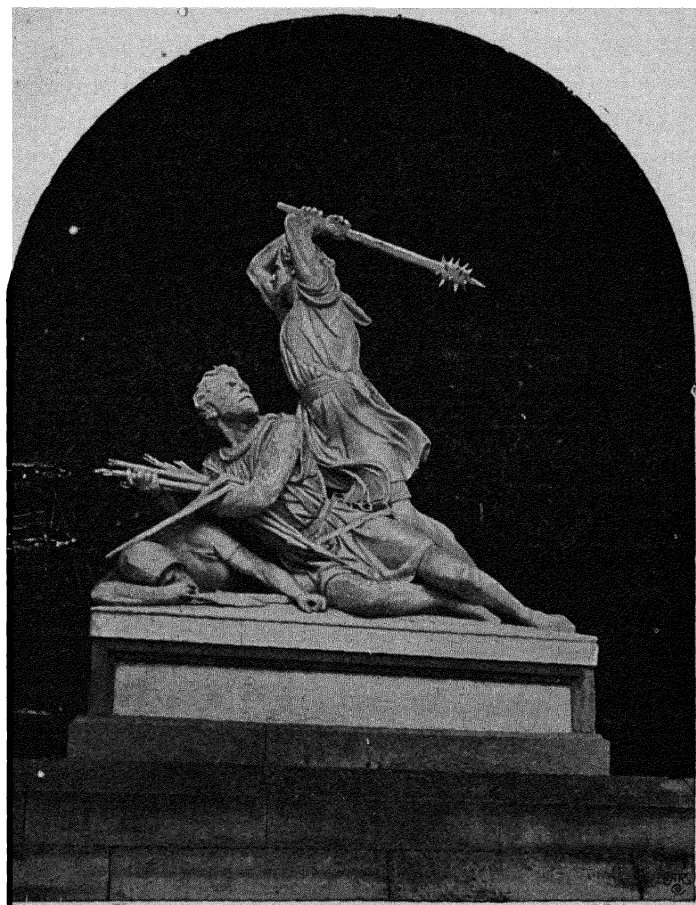
The boat was tossed about for some time, but after a while the men were able to bring it to shore. The Austrian and his men then set out for the castle.

As they went an arrow came from behind a tree and struck the Austrian to the heart. He fell to the ground crying, "It is Tell's arrow," and before long he was dead.

"MAKE WAY FOR LIBERTY!"

ANOTHER brave man who fought and died for the Swiss was Arnold Winkelried.

One day a small body of Swiss lay hidden near a wood. The Austrian leader came by and, almost before he knew it, he was face to face with his foes.



"MAKE WAY FOR LIBERTY!"

(Gebr. Wehli.)

The Swiss had chosen a piece of ground which was very bad for horses. So the Austrians sent their horses away and got ready to fight on foot.

Their leader placed them in a great square. On each side their spears made a close line without a break. Then they stood still and waited for the Swiss to come on.

The Swiss had very few men in armour, and they had not such good swords and lances as their foes. So when they ran forward they were driven back with ease.

They could not make a break in those lines of spears. Many of their men fell in trying to do so; and at last the Austrians began to move forward towards them.

Now they had lost all hope, and they stood close together in silence, not knowing what to do. Then they were saved by the brave deed of a single man.

Winkelried saw that the foe would soon make a ring about them, and then death would come to all. If only that rank of spears could be broken! He made up his mind to break it.

"I will make a road for you," he cried to his friends. "Take care of my wife and little ones." Then he ran forward alone with his arms stretched out and crying: "Make way for liberty!"

He dashed against the line of spears. Four

of them broke on his helmet, a number of them were buried in his body, and he fell dead to the ground.

But he had broken the rank of spears; and through the space that he had made the Swiss rushed with great fury. They fought like lions. The Austrians lost heart, and broke up their ranks.

Soon they turned and fled. Their leader fought like a brave man, as indeed he was. But it was all of no use. The Swiss won the fight, and all through the brave deed of a single man.

THE SIEGE OF LEYDEN.

WE have all heard of Holland, the land on the other side of the North Sea where the Dutch live. The shores of this land are very low and sandy; in some parts they are so low that they are beneath the level of the sea. In these places great banks or walls have been built to keep the water from flooding the land.

These walls are called dikes. They are made of large stones or of sand, and they are very thick and strong. If they were broken down the water would cover a large part of the land.

Many years ago, the Dutch were at war with the King of Spain. A great army of Spanish soldiers was sent to take the city of Leyden.

They formed a camp round about the city, and they made up their minds to stay there till the Dutch gave in. They kept such close watch that no help could be brought to the place.

There were only a few soldiers in the city. But the people were brave and would not think of giving in. "As long as there is a living man left," they said, "we will fight for our city."

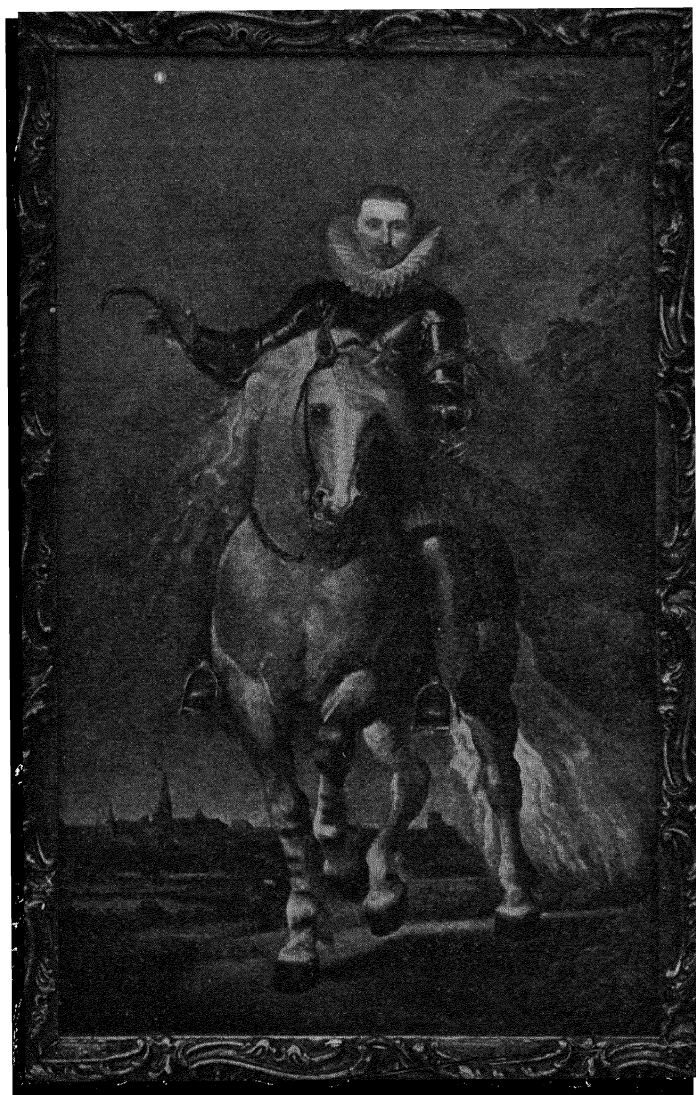
They hoped that help would come from a certain Prince who was their friend and leader. This was William of Orange, a brave and good man.

He tried many times to send food to the people; but he was not able to break through the Spanish lines. Then he thought of a bold plan.

This was to cut the dikes near Leyden and let the water flood the fields round the city. Then ships could be sent with food right up to the quays. By this time many of the people were starving.

This was done. The dikes were cut. The waters rushed in and covered a wide stretch of farm land and orchard. "Better a drowned land than a lost land," said the brave people of the city.

Ships full of food were now got ready. Then they made their way to a dike which the Spaniards held. Here there was a stout fight. The Spanish soldiers were driven away. Great



PORTRAIT OF A SPANISH NOBLEMAN WHO GOVERNED THE DUTCH.

holes were made in the dike and the ships passed through.

Before long they came to a second dike. This also was broken. But when the ships passed through they could not move ; for the water was not deep enough.

There they lay for a time while the Spanish gunners fired at them from a fort not far away. Then a strong wind arose and the ships moved forward a little ; but before long they stuck again and lay helpless. Now they could see the people on the walls of the city ; but they could give them no help.

“It is all of no use,” said some of the men in the city. “We must give in.”

“Never,” said the leader. “I tell you I will hold the city. May God give me strength to do so. I fear no man, not even you, my friends. If you are angry with me, here is my sword, plunge it into my body. Then *you* may give in to Spain. But while I live I will hold the place in spite of them.”

These brave words put fresh heart into the people. Soon a great gale came. The waters rose, driven by the wind from the sea. The ships floated and passed right into the city.

Bread was thrown from each ship among the crowd. Many were so hungry that they ate too

much and made themselves ill. Great was the joy among them all ; for the end of their trouble was come.

COLUMBUS : A SAILOR HERO.

COLUMBUS was a brave sailor. He led the way across the western sea to the great land of America. Before his time people did not know that there was such a land at all.

He was born in Italy, and when he was quite a boy he was sent to sea. He became a very good sailor and visited many far-off lands. When he was forty he said that he had sailed to every part known to man.

He studied all the books about the sea that he could find, and soon he began to form a great plan in his mind.

If a man were to sail away to the west, he said, he would in time get to India. He knew that the world was round ; but he did not know that America lay in the way, for he knew nothing at all of that great land.

If only he could find ships, he thought, he would set out westward at once. But he was very poor, and his friends could not give him any money.

He went about from town to town with his

little son of ten years old in his arms.' They had no home, and very often they were sorely in need of bread.

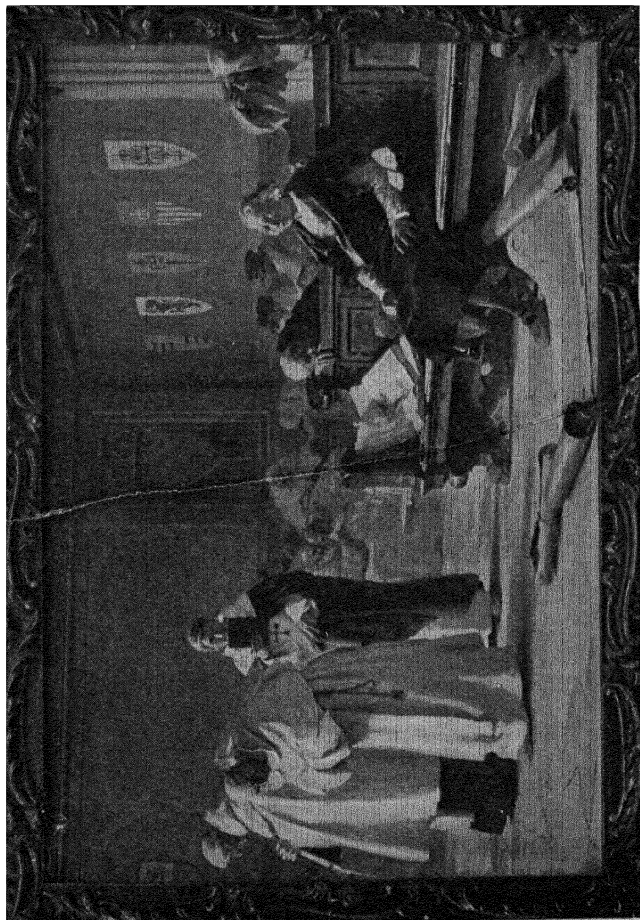
One day they came to the door of a large house in which some monks lived. Columbus knocked and begged for bread for himself and his child.

The good monks took them in and looked after them for some time. To one of them Columbus told his plans, and the monk said that he ought to go and ask the King and Queen of Spain for help.

So he went at last to the King and Queen, and told them of his plan. They heard him to the end, but his story seemed to them like a fairy tale. They called their wise men and told them of the plan of Columbus. These men laughed, for they thought that the world was flat, and they did not see how Columbus could get to India, which was in the east, by going to the west.

But Columbus did not lose heart. He waited for a long time till at last the King said he would find him ships and men. But if Columbus should find out any rich lands full of gold and spices he was to give them up to the King.

Columbus said he would do so, and before long he set out from a port in Spain with three small wooden ships. He did not find it easy to get



COLUMBUS MOCKED BY THE MONKS AND PRIESTS.
(From the painting by Barabino. Alinari, Photo.)

men to go with him. They were afraid of the long voyage across the dark ocean.

Those who went with him begun to murmur before they had been long on the way. "Are there no graves in Spain," they said, "that you should bring us here to die?"

Then came a day when they said that they had gone far enough. No land was in sight, and they did not mean to go on.

But Columbus kept up his heart. He cheered them with his brave words and bright face. What a fine thing it would be, he said, to be first to reach India by the west!

So they set to work again, and after a few days the sailor on the look-out cried that land was in sight. When the next day came they saw a small island about six miles away.

It was one of the islands near America. But Columbus thought it was one of those near to India. So he found America without knowing it.

Soon his ships drew near to the island, and on the shore he could see figures of men and women. He was rowed in a small boat to the beach, and he soon stepped on shore with the flag of Spain in his hand. This was a sign that he had taken the island for the King and Queen of Spain.

The men and women of the island looked at him and his men as if they had fallen from the skies,

Then they came and touched some of the sailors with their fingers, as if to make quite sure that they were real men.

Columbus spoke kindly to them and gave them presents of caps and glass beads. They seemed much pleased at this, and they gave to the sailors small parrots, balls of thread, and long sharp darts like arrows.

They were tall and strong, and they wore no clothes. Their skins were of a red-brown colour, their hair was coarse and long. They did not carry any spears, nor did they know what swords were. When Columbus showed a sword to them they laid hold of it by the blade and cut their fingers.

Columbus then went on board his ship once more. He sailed away and found other islands much larger than the first.

Then he set out once more for Spain. He took with him a few of the people and some of the fruits which grew in the new islands.

The King and Queen were very glad to see him, and to hear what he had found. They even stood up when he came before them, and this was thought to be a great honour.

THE PRINCE OF MEXICO.

MEXICO is a country in North America. It lies to the south of the United States, and it sends us a great deal of coffee and silver.

About five hundred years ago there was a King in that land who was killed by his enemies. These cruel men wished also to kill the Prince, a boy of fourteen years.

But, search as they would, they could not find him. For he had hidden himself in the branches of a tall tree in his father's garden. Here he could see without being seen.

After a while he came down, and made his way into the country. But in time he was caught, and brought before the man who had made himself King in his father's place.

This cruel King put him into a strong prison. Here the Prince was visited by a friend. The two changed clothes; the Prince left the prison, and the friend stayed behind only to lose his life.

After wandering about for some time, the Prince was allowed by the King to come back again to his home. So he went to his father's palace, where he spent eight quiet years with a good old man who was his tutor.

Then the old King died, and a new one took his place. This King did not love the young

Prince, and made up his mind to have him put to death.

The Prince went to see him, and laid at his feet a present of flowers. But the proud King turned his back upon him, and would not speak a word.

One of the King's servants told the Prince that it would be wise for him to go right away at once. But the young man was not afraid. He went quietly back to his palace and waited to see what would happen.

Before long a band of men came to make him a prisoner. They found him playing at ball in the court of the palace. He told the men to come in, and at once ordered his servants to give them food and drink.

While the men were having their meal, the Prince went into the next room. But the doors between the two rooms stood wide open, and at first the soldiers could see him quite well.

In the middle of this room stood a fire on an iron stand. The servants threw some fresh fuel upon it, and at once great clouds of smoke rose to the roof.

Under cover of this smoke the Prince made his way out through another door. Then he hid himself in a large water-pipe, and the soldiers could not find him.

At night he came out and went to the cottage

of a poor man who had been his father's friend. Before long he heard that soldiers were looking for him all over the land ; and that the King had offered a large sum to the man who should be able to find him.

One day the soldiers came to the cottage. They looked in every corner, but could not find the Prince. So they went away again, and all the time the Prince had been lying under a heap of wool in the middle of the floor.

After a while he left the cottage, and hid in the deep woods on a mountain side. He had little to eat, and was often wet and very cold.

One day he met some soldiers, and thought that, at last, all was over. But they were really his friends, and they gave him food, for which he was very thankful.

Then other soldiers came along who were looking for him. But the first party hid the Prince in their large drum, and then they danced round it in a ring. The second party passed by, and once again the Prince was safe.

At another time he met a girl who was reaping corn. The soldiers were not far away, so he asked her to cover him up with the stalks of corn. He lay down, and she flung the corn over him in a heap.

Up came the soldiers, and the girl, without

speaking, pointed to a path through the corn. They passed on in search of the Prince, and as soon as they were out of sight he stood up, and made his way back to his cave by another path.

One day an officer met a peasant. "Have you seen the Prince?" he asked. "No," was the reply.

"If you were to find him, would you give him up?" asked the officer. "No," said the peasant.

"Not for a large sum?" "Not for all the King's wealth" was the reply.

At last the Prince found that he had friends enough to make a large army. So they got together and marched to fight the King.

A great battle took place, and the Prince won the day. Then he was made King in the place of his enemy; and his troubles came, at last, to an end.

WEDDING THE SEA.

THERE is a city in Italy which is known by the name of Venice. It stands at the head of a great arm of the sea known as the Adriatic. The city is built on a number of islands which are joined together by bridges. Most of the houses stand close to the water, and the people pass to and fro through the city in boats called gondolas.

Long ago this city was one of the first in the world, but it is not now so great and busy as it used to be. It was ruled by a Duke who had almost as much power as a King. Great wealth was won by the merchants of the city, and they spent a large part of their riches in making the buildings of Venice as fine as they could be made.

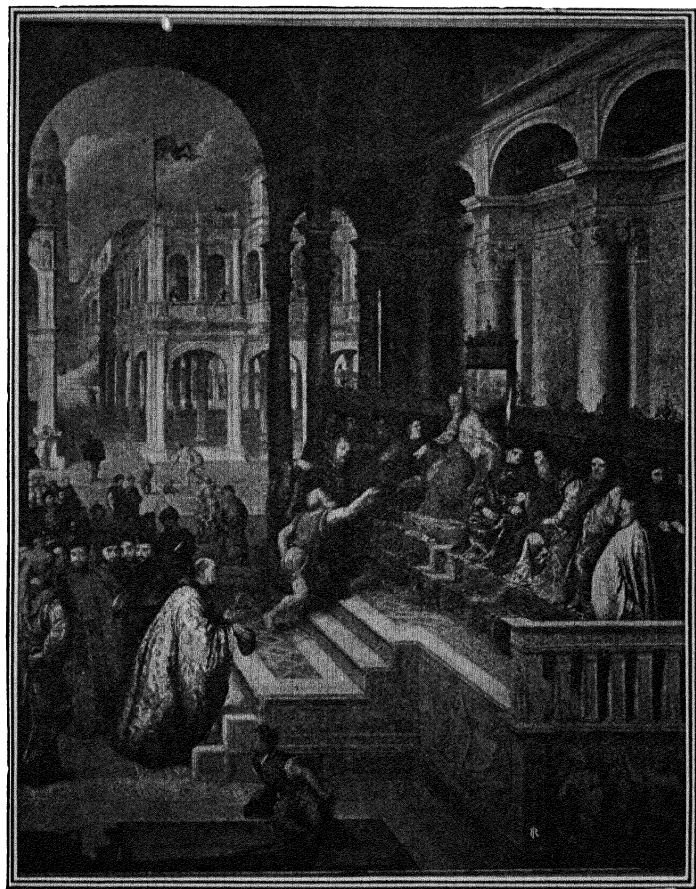
One day the Pope of Rome sent to the Duke of Venice a beautiful ring, which was to be used in the following way. The Duke was to go out on the sea, and throw the ring into the water as a sign that Venice was wedded to the sea. For it was from the sea that the men of the city had won all their riches.

For a long time this was done once every year, a fresh ring being used each time. The Duke set out in a fine large boat with all the nobles and great men of the city.

A call was made at one of the islands on which lived a number of monks. These men came down to meet the Duke, and gave him a bunch of dark red roses in a silver vase.

The Duke kept one of these roses for himself, and gave the rest of them to the nobles round about him. The Duke's boat then went on to the mouth of the harbour, where her head was turned towards the sea.

The Duke and a Bishop now went to a small



THE FISHERMAN BRINGS THE RING TO THE DUKE OF VENICE.

(From the painting by Bordone. Anderson, Photo.)

window in the stern of the boat, and a prayer was offered up. "Grant to us, O Lord, the use of these waters, and to all who sail over them give peace and quiet. We beseech Thee to hear us."

The Duke then stepped forward, holding a ring in his right hand. This he threw into the sea with the words: "We wed thee, O Sea, as a sign of our true and lasting power over thee." Then the Duke and his party went back to the chief palace, where a merry wedding-feast was held.

One day, it is said, a fisherman was at his work in this sea, when he caught a fish which had within it the ring of the Duke. At once he gave up his work, and rowed quickly for the Duke's palace. He found him with his wise men about him, busy with the affairs of the city, and was taken before him.

The Duke was filled with surprise when he heard the tale of the fisherman, and ordered that a rich gift should be given to him.

The picture gives us some idea of the dress of the Duke and his wise men, and of the fine buildings upon which the rich men of Venice had spent their wealth.

THE HALF BOTTLE OF WATER.

MOST of us know the story of Philip Sidney and the cup of water. Here is one which is very like it, only the hero was not an Englishman but a Dane.

A little later than the time of Sidney, the Swedes and the Danes were at war. In one great battle the Danes won the day, and the army of the Swedes was driven from the field.

One of the Danes who was wounded was about to take a drink from his wooden bottle. Then he heard a Swede who was lying not far away cry out, "Water, water!"

At once the man took the bottle from his lips. Turning to his foe, he said, "Friend, thy need is greater than mine." Then he moved up to him, and put the bottle to his lips. But the Swede was a man of cruel heart, and when the Dane was quite close to him he shot him in the shoulder.

"Rascal!" cried the Dane, "I wished to help you, and in return you would kill me! I will pay you back. I was going to give you the whole bottle, but now I will only give you half."

Then he drank half himself, and gave the other to the Swede.

The King of the Danes heard the story, and he

* See Book I., p. 62, of this series.

called the man before him. "How was it," he said, "that you did not kill the man?"

"Sire," said the brave fellow, "I could not kill a wounded man, even if he were my foe."

THE FATHER OF CANADA.

MOST of us know a little about the great land of Canada. It lies across the wide ocean to the west of our own land; and it has the same King as we have.

Many of the people who live in Canada work on large farms, and they send to our own land a great deal of wheat, as well as apples, and other kinds of fruit.

Long ago this land was ruled by the French King, and most of the people who lived in it had come from France.

One of the first white men who made journeys into Canada was a Frenchman. His name was Samuel Champlain. He was a very brave man, and had no fear of the Red Indians whom he met on his travels.

He found them living in the woods and on the wide plains which we call the prairies. He learnt a great deal about their ways of living, and he saw that they were very keen hunters and fierce fighters.



**KING LOUIS, WHO WISHED TO MAKE A GREAT FRENCH EMPIRE IN THE
LAND NOW KNOWN AS CANADA.**

He wrote home to the French King a letter, telling what he had seen, and he spoke of the Red Indians as fierce and savage. "They live," he said, "like beasts of the field."

But after a while the white men got to know that the Indians were in many ways a very fine race. They were fierce fighters, it is true; but we must not forget that the land was their own, and that they wished to keep the white men out in the first place.

Champlain saw that Canada might be made the home of a large number of French people. He told his King that the soil was very good, and that numbers of good farmers should be sent to till the ground.

In time a large number went out; and soon in one part of this land of the Red Men there were set up numbers of farms like those in sunny France far away across the sea.

Then Champlain made up his mind to go up the great river St. Lawrence, and far into the heart of the land. He built a boat, light but strong, and took with him a few sailors and three Indian guides.

As he went on he gave names to places which he passed. He would name a point or an island or a waterfall after one of his friends, and many of these names are still used at the present day.

By-and-by he came to a part of the river where there were very tall cliffs. Here the stream was narrow, and to this spot the Indians had given the name of *Kébec*, that is, "the narrow place."

On he went, till he came to a part of the river where the stream ran very swiftly. This was called the Rapids. So swiftly did the water run that the boat was in great danger of being upset.

It was tossed about from wave to wave, and dashed against the rocks. And, at last, Champlain saw that he would have to turn back.

He was very sorry to do so. He asked his Indian guides what lay beyond the Rapids. And they told him of great lakes and rivers of which they had heard their wise men speak, but which they had never seen.

They also spoke of a waterfall which they said was "somewhat high." This was the great Fall of Niagara, one of the wonders of the world.

Years afterwards Champlain came back to *Kébec*. And here he set to work to build a fort. He saw that this place was like a narrow door to all the rich lands to the west, so he made up his mind to hold it for France.

Trees were cut down, and a storehouse was built. Then stores of all kinds were brought up the river, and other log-houses were set up for the soldiers and workmen.

Champlain chose a place for his own house, and began to lay out a garden. One day he was working here when a friend came to him with bad news.

He said that four of the sailors had made a plan to kill their captain, and get all his goods for themselves. Champlain showed no fear, but took steps to have the men caught and put in irons. But if his friend had not warned him he would have been killed.

Champlain went on with his work, and soon there was a little town of wooden houses near the river, and a fort on the cliff. To this town was given the name of Quebec, and in time Champlain was made its governor.

Here he lived and ruled well till his death. He had many fights with some of the Indians, but others were his close friends. He loved to talk with them and listen to their stories.

In the bank of a certain island up the river there was a great cave; within this cave, said the Indians, lived a fierce monster named Gongon.

It had the form of a woman, but it was very ugly. So tall was the monster, that the highest masts of the tallest ship only reached to its waist.

It fed on Indians, often eating three or four at a meal. It could put a poor Indian into its pocket with ease; in fact, so large was its pocket

that it would hold a ship. Any Indian stealing softly by the island could hear it hissing and roaring in a dreadful manner.

So the old men by the fire at night would tell to the braves. But there was no monster in the island—only a deep dark cave in which the rushing water hissed and roared. Here many an Indian canoe had been lost for ever.

THE STORY OF PETER THE GREAT.

THE ruler of the land of Russia is known as the Tsar. His people sometimes speak of him as the "Little Father."

At one time there was a Tsar named Peter. He was a rough and cruel man in many ways; but he did a great deal for Russia and her people.

If you look at Russia on the map you will see that it has not got much coast-line. When Tsar Peter came to the throne it had even less. But during his reign there was a war with Sweden; and at the end of the war Russia won some land round the Baltic Sea.

The Tsar now saw that Russia would have to build ships and begin to trade with other lands. But there were very few Russians who knew anything about ships or how to build them.

So the Tsar made up his mind to find out for

himself. With a few friends he left his own country and went to a town in Holland where ships were built.

There he set to work in the dockyard like any other ship-builder. He lived like the other workmen, and he learnt all he could about the building of a ship.

Then he came over to our own country and worked in a dockyard near London. In his spare time he would often row or sail on the Thames, and he learnt in this way how to manage a boat.

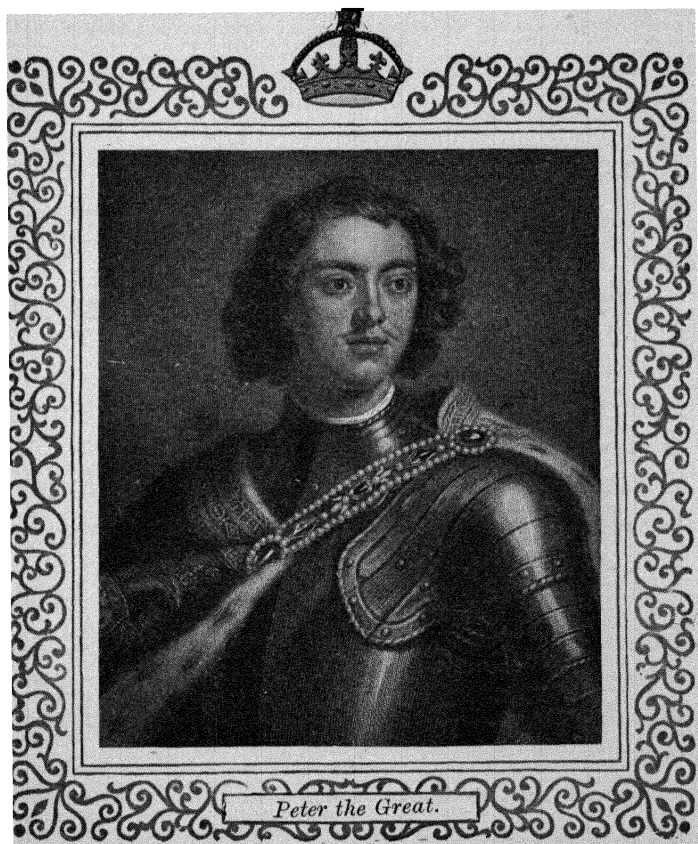
He was very happy when he was on the water; and one day he said he would rather be an Admiral in England than a Tsar in Russia.

The King gave him a large house to live in. It was near the dockyard, and the Tsar could pass quickly from the garden to the place where he worked.

He and his friends did not take much care of the house. When they went back to their homes it was found to be in a very untidy state. All the locks were broken as well as a great deal of the furniture, and the garden was trodden down as though a herd of cattle had been turned into it.

Peter then went back to Russia and set to work to make great changes in the country. He wished to see his people living in the same way as those of England and other countries.

So the men were told to wear French coats and to shave off their beards ; and many changes were



also made in the dress of the women. If anyone dared to disobey the Tsar he was flogged.

But though Peter was harsh and often cruel, his people learnt to love him. And when he died they sang of him this song :

“ Ah ! thou dear bright moon !
Why dost thou not shine as before,
As before, as in the olden time ?
From the evening to midnight,
From midnight to the white day,
Thou dost hide thy face behind the clouds.”

WOLFE, THE HERO OF QUEBEC.

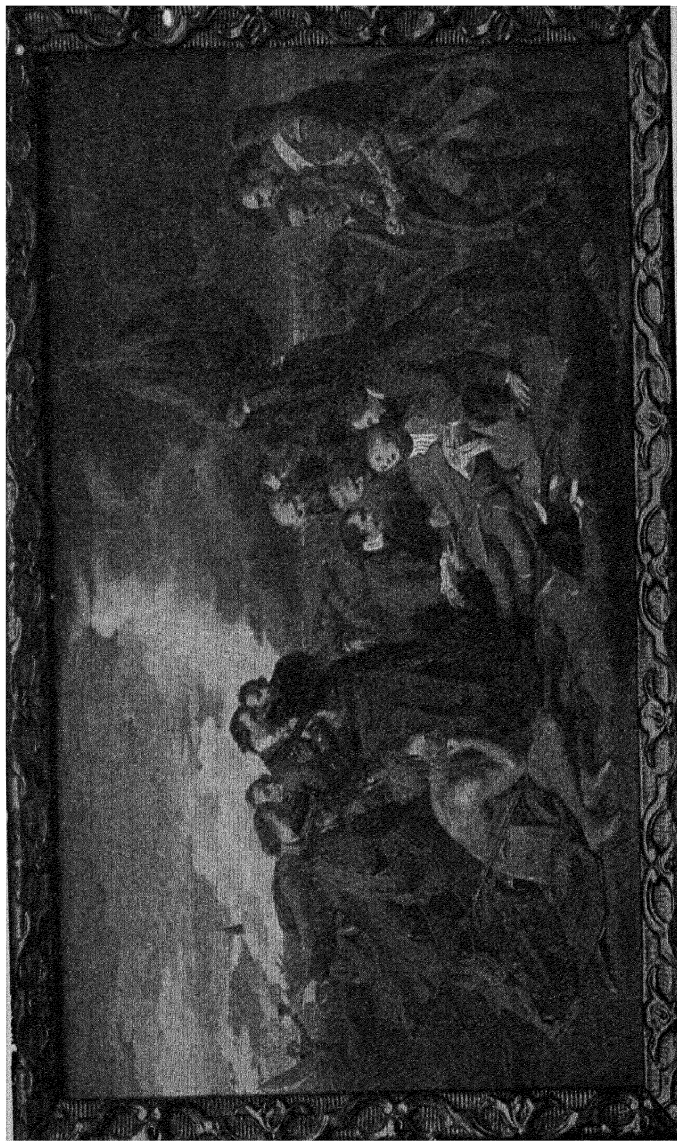
MANY years after the death of Champlain our country was at war with France. And during this war Quebec was taken from the French.

There was a great battle on the heights above the river of which we read in our lesson on page 87, and the British troops won the day.

They were under a brave young leader named General James Wolfe. He had been sent out from England to “take Quebec.” Those were his orders, and, as we shall see, he carried them out.

It was not an easy task. The French soldiers kept close watch from the top of the cliffs, and there was a great army of them to guard the town on the other side.

At one time Wolfe almost gave up hope of



THE DEATH OF WOLFE AT THE BATTLE OF QUEBEC.

taking the city. Then he made up his mind to try again.

On a dark night he put some of his men into boats, and they rowed quietly down the river. At the foot of the cliffs they found that a narrow path led up the steep face of the rock. Up they climbed one after the other and at last stood on the top of the cliff.

The French Guards were so taken aback that they fired a few shots and then ran away. And before daybreak Wolfe had a small army on the heights.

Then the French army came to meet them under their brave leader Montcalm. There was a fierce battle, and in the end the British won the day.

Near the end of the fight Wolfe was struck by a ball, and was carried wounded to the rear. It was soon seen that he was badly hurt, and that nothing could save his life.

As he lay dying one of his men who stood near him cried out : " See—they run ! " " Who run ? " asked Wolfe, as he raised himself on his elbow.

" The enemy," said the man. " Then God be thanked," said the brave General. " I shall die happy "; and with that he fell back dead.

The brave French General, too, was hurt in the fight. He was also carried from the field.

"Shall I live?" he asked the doctors. "Nay, General," was the sad reply, "we fear that you cannot."

"So much the better," said the hero, "for I shall not see Quebec given up to the enemy." And not long afterwards he also died the soldier's death.

So Quebec passed into the hands of the British. And now it is one of the chief cities in our land of Canada.

ROBERT CLIVE, THE HERO OF ARCOT.

WHEN we hear the name of India we ought at once to think of Robert Clive. For it was he who did more than any other man to bring that great land under our rule.

He was born, nearly two hundred years ago, in a country town in the central part of England. As a boy he was very wild and careless, and gave his father much trouble.

One day, it is said, he began to climb to the top of the church steeple. The people of the little town soon got to know, and one ran to tell the boy's father.

Soon a crowd of people stood near the church watching the boy make his way little by little up the side of the tall steeple. No one dared to

shout, for fear he might miss his footing and fall to the ground.

Up and up he went, till at last he was seated on a stone spout which was near the top of the steeple. Then he waved his hand gaily to the little crowd far below him.

To come down safely was even more dangerous ; and all the people held their breath as they watched the daring boy make his way down.

It is said that he was met with a cheer when he stood once more upon the ground ; but that his father marched him home to be flogged for his foolish act.

When he grew up Robert Clive was sent to India. There he worked as a clerk for some time. But he did not enjoy this life. He wished to do something more active, and he was very homesick at times. "I have not had one happy day," he wrote in one of his letters, "since I left my own dear country."

But after a while he had a chance of doing work which was more to his taste. Fighting was going on between the French and the English in India, and a man was wanted to take a little town called Arcot from the French.

For some time before this Clive had been in the army, and had already shown that he was a good leader. So he was chosen to do this work.



THE GODDESS OF WEALTH OF THE HINDUS.

He set out with a little army of only five hundred men. About half of these were British, the rest were native Indian soldiers.

As he drew near to Arcot a great storm came on. The lightning flashed and the thunder rolled; but Clive went boldly on. The men in the place did not think he would dare to come with so small an army; and when he got to the gates of the town they all ran away.

So Clive took Arcot without a battle. But before long he and his men were shut into the town by a great army of natives who were on the side of the French.

The army outside was going to wait till want of food should force Clive to give in. At last there was no food left in the town but a little rice.

The British had asked a certain Indian Prince to help them. Up till now he had done nothing. But when he heard how bravely Clive was holding out, he set out to go to his help.

When the army near Arcot heard of the coming of this Prince, they began a great fight with Clive's little band. But the brave leader cheered on his men, and the native troops were driven off.

After this Clive became a general, and when he came home for a rest the people were very

proud of him. Even his father was heard to say :
“ After all, the boy has sense.”

The chief city in India is called Calcutta. At that time it was held by a cruel young Prince who hated the British. He had driven most of the white traders away, and hoped to find a great deal of gold in the city. But he did not find so much as he wished, and this made him very angry.

A number of white people were made prisoners by his men. The Prince said he would spare their lives. But his soldiers drove them all into a small room, or cell, with only two small windows high up in the wall.

Here the prisoners were locked in for the night. The heat was very great, and they had scarcely room to stand. They knew that they must soon die for want of air.

They cried to the guards to open the door, and they offered the men large sums of money if they would do so. But the cruel men only laughed at them.

When morning came the doors were opened, and only a few of the prisoners were found to be alive. The cruel Prince was not sorry for what had been done. And Clive was sent with an army to punish him.

The Prince marched out with all his men to

meet him. He had forty great guns, each drawn by white oxen, with an elephant to push behind.

Clive had only a small army and a few guns, and for a time he did not know whether to fight or not. But at last he made up his mind to take the risk.

The fight began at a place called Plassey. It lasted all day, but in the end the British drove the troops of the cruel Prince from the field.

After this the British took Calcutta, and they have kept it ever since.

THE STORY OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN was born in the city of Boston, in the land across the great western ocean.

His father was a maker of candles, and as soon as the boy was able he had to help in this work. It was his duty to cut wicks for the candles, and fill the moulds with the melted tallow.

He spent two years at this kind of work, and though he did it well, he did not like it very much. As he was fond of books his father sent him to his uncle's office to learn printing.

He liked this work much better, and now he could borrow books from the stores to which he was sent with his uncle's newspapers. He read

all he could, and sometimes sat up all night to finish a book.

After a few years he left Boston, and went to find work in a town a long way off. He was now seventeen years old, and he had very little money.



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

He got to this town in the early morning. He was tired and dirty, as well as hungry. His spare shirt and stockings were stuffed into the pockets of his coat. On he went through the streets till he came to a baker's shop.

Here he bought three large rolls. One of these he tucked under each arm, the other he ate as he walked along.

A girl standing on a doorstep saw him, and he looked so funny that she laughed at him. But the boy did not care, for he was enjoying himself.

He marched on as if he had come to make the town his own. In good time he became one of its best known men, and the girl who had laughed at him became his wife.

He worked very well at his trade, and though hard times often came, he at last grew rich. But he did not spend all his time in making money.

He set up a library at which people could get books to read. All his life he had found it hard to get the books he wanted, so he made it easier for other people who wished to read and study.

He saw that the open grates of his time wasted a lot of fuel, and filled the rooms with smoke. So he made a small grate which was not wasteful, and which gave out a great deal of heat.

One day he set a trap to catch the lightning. This is how he did it.

He made a kite of silk with a metal point on the top; then he tied a string of hemp to it with which to fly it. At the end of the string he tied a key, and a silk string to hold it by.

His kite was now ready, but he knew that if

he went out to fly it in the daytime, a crowd would soon gather. So he waited till one night there came a heavy storm of rain and thunder.

Then he went out and stood under a shed. From here he sent up his kite into the clouds. Soon he saw that an electric current was passing through the hemp string, for the strands of hemp were standing up. He put his finger to the key and felt a shock.

Then he knew that lightning was caused by an electric current. After that he made the lightning-rod, which you may see on steeples and high chimneys.

It makes the electric current of the clouds pass into the earth, and do no harm. If it were not used high buildings would often be struck by lightning.

FREDERICK THE GREAT.

NEARLY two hundred years ago there was a King in Germany who was called Frederick. He was a great leader in battle as well as a good King.

When he was a boy his father treated him very badly. He would not let him play his flute, though the boy was very fond of music, and he often beat him very severely. After a time the boy tried to run away. His father said

that he was a deserter, and that he ought to be put to death.

But the boy's friends would not allow this, and he was put into prison instead. Here he could play his flute and read the books he loved ; so he was happier than when he was free.

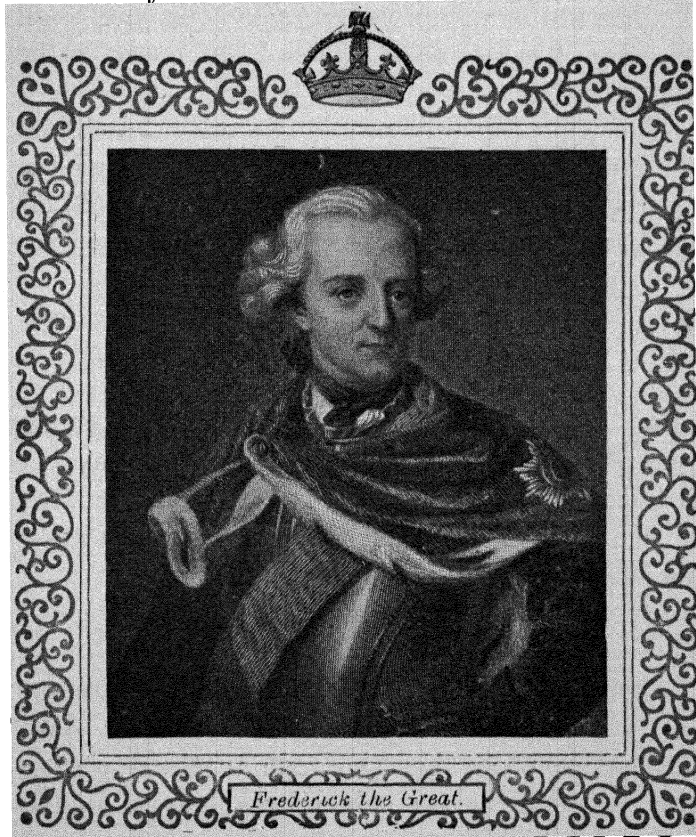
When his father died he was made King, and he said he would do his best to make all his people happy. He set to work to make roads and canals so that the farmers could get their corn and butter and eggs to market.

Large pieces of marsh land were drained and made fit to grow corn. He also took care of the poor, and saw that they were not asked to pay heavy taxes. The people learnt to love him and called him "Father Fritz," but they always had to do as he told them.

The King was very proud of his army, and nearly all his men loved him. But he made them work well, and they often did things which at first sight seemed too hard for any men to do. Before one of his battles he said to his officers :

"Gentlemen, the army we are going to fight is three times as great as my own. We must beat it, or make our graves here on this field. Remember you are Germans. If any one of you is afraid, let him fall out now. I will not speak a word of blame to him."

One day the King was riding round his palace grounds, when he stopped to ask a sentry the time of day. He saw a watch-chain on the man's



coat, and he thought, of course, that there was a watch at the end of it.

For a moment the soldier did not speak. Then

he raised his right hand to his cap, and with the other he drew from his pocket not a watch but a bullet, which was tied to the end of the chain.

“My watch points only to one hour, sire,” said the man, “the hour at which I am ready to die for my King.”

The King liked his people to work hard and do their duty, and he set them a good example in his own life. Early in the morning he began his work, and nothing was too small for his care.

A BRAVE QUEEN OF HUNGARY.

THERE lived once in Hungary a brave young Queen named Maria Theresa. As soon as her father had died, the nobles met and called her to the throne. Woman as she was, they knew her to be both brave and wise, and they were ready to be ruled by her, and to fight for her to the death.

Then she mounted a great war-horse, dressed like a soldier, with a sword at her side. With the nobles about her she rode to the top of a hill near her palace, which was known as the King's Hill.

There she drew out her sword, and pointed with the bright blade to north, south, east, and

west in turn. This was a sign that she was ready to fight for her lands with any who might march against her. Not long after, she was called upon to do so.

She ruled over other lands besides Hungary, and certain Princes wished to take these away from her. This she made up her mind to prevent. Her husband was neither brave, nor clever; so she had to take her own part.

Three Princes of the lands round about her got ready their armies to fight. This did not fill her with fear. "The lands which my father left to me," she said, "I will never give up. Sooner than do so I will face death itself."

The Princes set out, and soon their armies over-ran the lands which belonged to this brave young Queen. Then she called her friends to a meeting in her palace. They came in great numbers, armed and ready for battle.

As soon as they were seated, the young Queen came into the hall. She looked very sad, but very brave and beautiful. After her walked some of her friends, and among them was a nurse with the Queen's baby boy in her arms.

The Queen stood up to speak with the child in her arms. Then in a clear and steady voice she cried: "Our foes are at our gates. There is danger to my people, my child, and myself. I

have no friends but you, and to you only I can trust in this hour of trouble."

These words touched the hearts of the nobles. At once they sprang to their feet. Like one man they drew their swords and waved them high above their heads. Then arose a mighty shout, which seemed to shake the walls and roof. "We will die for our King, Maria Theresa!"

At this time there was a King in our own land who was called George II. He gave his help to the young Queen, and even went to fight for her himself. He took part in a great battle in which the troops of Maria Theresa won the day.

The Queen was not able to keep all her lands. Some of them she lost, but in time she became ruler of even wider lands, and had the title of Empress. Then she ruled her people well, and did what she could to make them happy.

THE MARCH ACROSS THE ALPS.

ABOUT a hundred years ago there was a ruler of France who was named Napoleon. He was a great general, and fought many battles in France, Germany, Spain, Italy, and Russia.

He wished to have many lands under his rule, and it was for this that he spent most of his life in cruel wars.

At one time he made up his mind to send an army into England. He felt quite sure that he could take London. So he had a medal made ready for his soldiers to wear, and upon it were stamped these words: "Struck at London, 1804."

But he did not take London. Nelson, our great sailor, spoilt his plans; and at last our great soldier, the Iron Duke, beat him in a fierce battle at Waterloo.

Napoleon caused much misery by his wars; but he was not only a great leader in battle. He was also a great ruler, and he made many good laws for the people of France.

He never lost heart because a piece of work was hard to do. There was one word which he would not use. That word was "cannot."

You have heard something of the great chain of mountains called the Alps. If anyone wishes to enter Italy from the north, they must cross these mountains or go through the tunnels that have been cut through them.

In the time of Napoleon there were no tunnels, nor, indeed, any railway trains. And the only way to cross the Alps was by a steep narrow road known as a pass.

Napoleon wished to march an army into Italy. So one day he took a map of Europe, and sat down before it with one of his generals. Then

with a pen he drew a line, showing the way by which he meant to go.

“I shall cross the mountains here,” he said, “and there I shall meet the foe.” Then he stuck a pin in the map at a certain point, saying, “And there I will fight and beat him.”

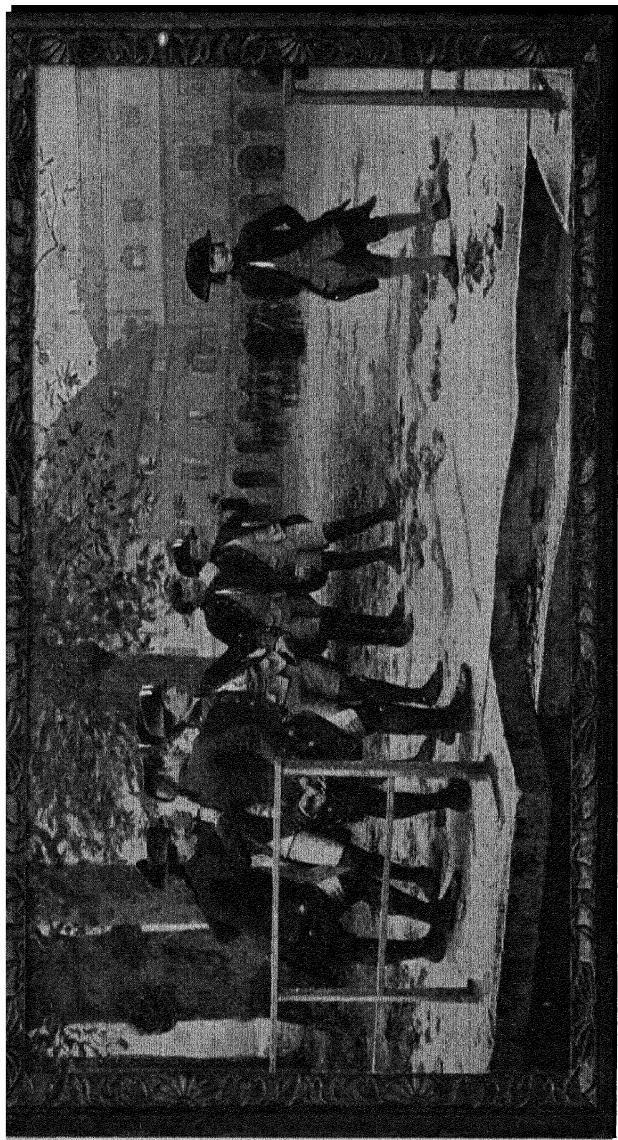
An officer was sent to find out the best path across the mountains. He chose the best, but even that was very steep. “It will be a hard task, sire,” he said. “Hard indeed,” said his master. “Let us start at once.”

The march began at midnight. It was soon found that the great guns could not be taken on wheels up the steep path and over the snow. So they were taken from the wheels, and each was placed in a hollow log of wood.

Then a hundred men were set apart for each gun, and to the music of the bands they drew them up the path. Where the snow was deep, and the road was steep, a march was beat upon the drums. Then the men with a loud cheer sprang forward, and on went the heavy guns.

So they pushed onward till they came to a narrow part of the path, which was blocked by a strong fort. Here the great general divided his army into two parts. Part went round the fort by a goat track in single file.

The guns were taken past when night came on,



NAPOLEON AT A SCHOOL FOR YOUNG OFFICERS.

The artist shows him in the playground on his first day at college.

(From the painting by Dumas. Neurdein, Photo.)

though all the while a heavy fire came from the fort. On went the brave soldiers once more, till at last the great army came down into the plains. There a great fight took place, and the French won the day.

MUNGO PARK ON THE NIGER.

THERE is a great river in the west of Africa which is known as the Niger. The man who made it known to us was a traveller called Mungo Park.

He was born on a farm in Scotland, and when he grew up he studied to become a doctor. Then he went on a long voyage, and got a great liking for travel. And after a while he was chosen to find out what he could about the great river in Africa—the Niger.

He spent the rest of his life in the land through which this great stream flows, and he saw many strange sights during his travels. He was often in great danger of losing his life, and at last he did lose it, as we shall see.

The country near the Niger contains large numbers of black people. They are ruled by chiefs, or kings, and live in villages of small huts, placed often near the banks of the great river. Park lived among them, and learnt their ways of life.

He found¹ among them many Moors who had come from lands further to the north. These men used to take some of the blacks and make slaves of them. Park was more than once taken for a Moor, and so ran the risk of being killed.

He went a long way before he saw the great river. One night he came to a small village, where he bought some food for himself, and some corn for his horse ; for these he gave to the native who sold them a single button.

The black man told him that next day he would be able to see the great river, for he was now very near to it. Park went to rest, but could not sleep for the thoughts of seeing the stream which he had been sent to explore.

He was up and on horseback before day broke. But he could not leave the village till the sun rose ; the gates were closed for fear of the lions.

As soon as the gates were opened he set out, and before long the black man who was his guide called out, "See the water !" Park raised his eyes, and saw at last the broad stream shining in the morning sun.

He leapt from his horse, and ran down to the edge of the river. There he drank of the water, and then gave thanks to God for having brought him so far.

The rest of his life was spent in tracing the

great stream, and in finding out what he could of the people near its banks, and their trade.

After his time other white men went out, and did a great deal of trade with the blacks. But it was Mungo Park who showed them the way.

At one time Park came to a part of the river where he wished to cross. He sent some negroes to the King on the other side to ask his leave to come over.

The King would not allow him to do so; but he told Park to stay for the night in a village not far away.

Park went away, very sad at heart, and found that no one in the village would give him a lodging. He sat down under a tree, and began to wonder what he should do.

The wind was rising, and great rain clouds were gathering over his head. He knew that there were many wild beasts in the forest by the river, and he began to think he would have to spend the night in a tree.

Just then a woman coming home from her work in the fields stopped to speak to him. He told her of his sad case, and the woman took up his saddle and bridle and told him to follow her.

She led him into her hut, and spread a mat on the floor for him to lie upon. Then she told him that he might rest there for the night. She also

cooked ~~some~~ fish for him, and he made a good supper.

All this time a group of girls in the hut had been watching Park with much interest. Then when he lay down to rest, they went on with their work of spinning cotton.

They worked through the greater part of the night, and they made their work easier by singing songs. As he lay with his eyes closed Park heard that one of their songs was about himself. One girl sang :

“ The winds roared and the rains fell. The poor white man, faint and weary, came and sat under our tree. He has no mother to bring him milk, no wife to grind his corn.”

Then all the girls joined in the chorus, “ Let us pity the white man ; no mother has he.”

In the morning Park gave two of the four brass buttons left on his waistcoat to the kind woman, and she was very much pleased with the gift. After a while he got over the river and went on his way.

One day Park was leading his horse along a forest path just as the day was drawing to a close. He had not gone far when he heard a strange noise on his left. It was rather like the barking of a large dog, but it ended in a hiss like the *fuf* of a cat.

At first Park thought it must be a large monkey, and, turning to a friend he had with him, he said, "What a big fellow that must be!"

He had scarcely spoken when they heard another bark nearer to them, and then a third still nearer. Then came a low and deep growl. Park knew that some wild animal was coming towards them, but he could not tell what it was.

They went on for a little way till they came to an opening in the bushes. Then they saw three lions coming towards them. They came bounding over the long grass, all abreast of each other.

Park walked boldly forward to meet them. As soon as they were near enough to him he fired his gun at the middle one. He did not hit it so far as he could see, but the sound of the gun made the three lions stop.

They stood for a few moments and looked at each other. Then they bounded away a few paces, and stopped again. One of them turned away and looked at Park for a few moments; then they all ran away into the bushes and were seen no more.

Park at last met his death on the river which he knew so well. He was being rowed on the stream in a canoe by some black men when the people of a certain village set upon him.

They threw lances, spears, arrows, and stones,

and Park and his friends were forced to fire upon them. But the black people on the bank were in great force ; and at last Park, seeing no chance of escape, jumped into the water. He was never seen again.

THE WOMEN OF SARAGOSSA.

SPAIN is a great country in the south of Europe. It has had many great Kings and great generals, and at one time it was the first country in the world. It was a Spanish King who sent the Great Armada to England ; but Drake and other brave English sailors drove it away.

About a hundred years ago the armies of France marched into Spain, and there was cruel fighting in many parts of the land.

Soon the French came to the city of Saragossa, and they placed themselves about it so that none could go out or in. Then they called upon the Spanish leader to give up the city. "Never !" was his reply ; "we will die first."

The people of the city were, as a rule, slow, lazy, and careless. But the danger made heroes of the men and heroines of the women.

The French placed their guns in a tall tower which rose high above the houses of the city.

And from thence they sent down a deadly hail of shot and shell.

Still the people did not give in. They did what they could to make the walls and gates as strong as they could be made. Then they set to work with the few guns they had, and kept up a strong fire upon the army outside the city.

A noble young countess got the women around her. And she showed them how to make themselves useful. They brought wine, water, and food to the men at the guns. They also carried away those who were hurt, and dressed their wounds.

The countess had no fear of the flying shot and shell. She went about among the men where she could be seen by the French, and wherever she went the men of the city blessed her, and felt stronger for the sight of her.

The nuns of the city became nurses to the sick. Some of them made cartridges for the guns, and little children carried these to the men on the walls. So men, women, and little ones all took their share in the brave work.

One day the French made a great rush at one of the gates. The men of the city met them bravely, and drove them back; but they did so at great cost.

Numbers of those who showed themselves above



KING PHILIP OF SPAIN, WHO SENT THE GREAT ARMADA TO
ENGLAND,

the wall were killed. So fierce was the fire that at one time all the gunners lay dead, and for a few moments there were no men to man the guns.

Then a young woman sprang forward. She took a match from the hand of one of the men who had fallen, and fired his gun. Then she sat down upon it, and said she would take charge of it from that moment. This put fresh spirit into the men, and soon the fighting went on as fiercely as before.

The French brought fresh troops against the city. Then their leader sent to the chief man of the city a message of one word only—"Surrender." The answer came back—"War to the knife."

At last the brave defenders got their reward. Just when they were almost beaten, they saw the French troops move away.

Great was their joy at the sight. They met at once in the churches, and gave thanks to God for their safety. The young woman who had taken charge of the gun was given the pay of a gunner for the rest of her life.

She was known as the Maid of Saragossa, and she always wore a small shield worked on her sleeve, to remind people of what she had done for the city.

FRANKLIN IN THE FAR NORTH.

THE far north of Canada is a land of ice and snow. There are few people to be found there, and we do not know a great deal about the country. Brave men have often gone there to find out what they could, and they have had to bear great hardships from the cold.

One of these brave men was called Sir John Franklin. He was a sailor in our navy, and he was sent to find out what he could of the coasts of those icy lands.

He landed on the shores of Hudson Bay, and went with his party on foot westward across the country. He found only a few Indians in those parts, and here and there a fort where a white fur-trader was living. The cold was very great, and game was scarce, so that the travellers could not get fresh meat.

The guides of the party at last grew afraid, and said they would not go on any farther. They had seen great flocks of geese flying to the south, and they knew from this that even colder weather would set in.

So Franklin was forced to stop, and build a wooden house for the winter. Then he began to get together as much food as he could. Large

numbers of reindeer were killed, and their flesh beaten hard into what is known as *pemmican*.

The winter cold was intense, and the men found it very hard to bear. The trunks of the trees were frozen hard, and if one was struck with an axe, the edge broke without making a mark on the tree.

As soon as the ice began to melt, Franklin set out down a great river, which led him into the Arctic Ocean. He sailed along the stormy north coast for a long distance, then his men would not go on, and he turned back at Cape Turn-again.

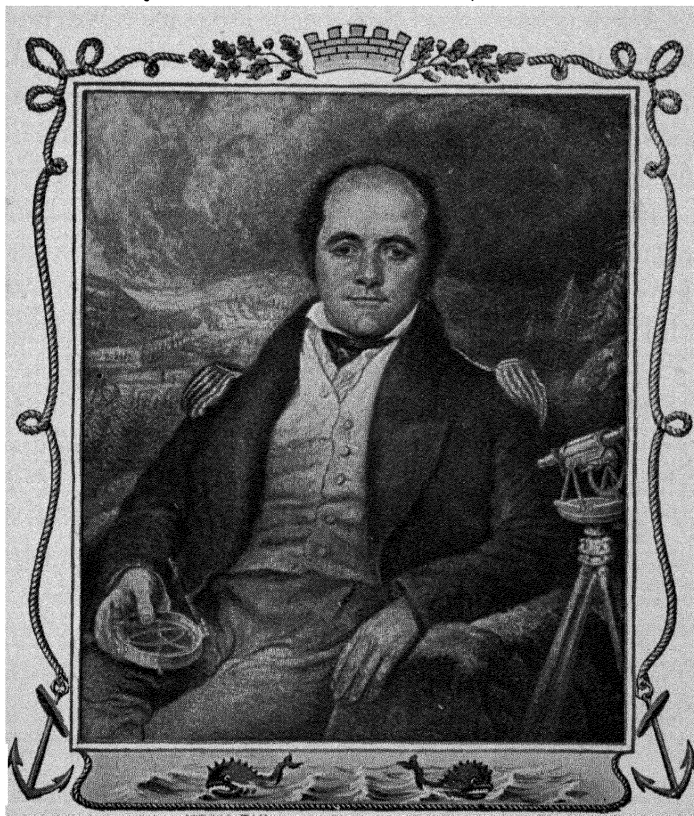
The travellers now sailed up another river, and soon were stopped by a high waterfall. They had to leave their boats, and go on foot across country to the wooden fort from which they had started.

The snow was very deep, and they had not much food. At last the food was all eaten, and for five days they had nothing. They reached the fort more dead than alive.

There was no one in the place, and the snow was too deep for them to go and seek food. In the fort they found the bones and skins of the game they had killed many months before; and from these they made a kind of soup on which they lived for nearly three weeks.

Then some friends came, but they had no food,

and this made matters still worse. Death seemed to be very near, when, at last, three Indians



SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

came to the fort with a little food. These men had come from another party of travellers who were not far away, and who had a supply of food.

Soon the two parties met, and now the troubles of Franklin were over.

All his work had not been in vain. He had found out many things about the northern coast which were not known before. If it were not for such men as he, we should know very little about far-off parts of the world.

Franklin made other journeys in this cold land of the north. At last, when he was nearly sixty, he was sent to find, if he could, a way right across the north of America, from ocean to ocean.

He had two ships, and about a hundred and thirty officers and men. All were full of hope, and glad to go on this journey, full of danger though it was.

Two months later the ships were seen by a Scotch whaling vessel far away to the north. After that they were never heard of again.

Months passed, and people at home began to fear that the brave sailors had lost their lives. Ships were sent out to try and find them. But it was all in vain; there was no doubt that Franklin and his brave men had met their deaths in the lands of the icy north.

At last the sailors of one of the ships found a pocket-book, a comb, and a piece of paper lying in a lonely spot. Soon they knew that these things had belonged to one of Franklin's men.

From the paper they learnt that Sir John had died, and that the sailors had then left their ice-bound ships to go on foot across the country. There was now no doubt that all had died of cold and want of food.

The sad news was brought home, and now the brave wife of the explorer was certain that never more in this world would she see her dear husband again.

HOW AUSTRALIA WAS OPENED OUT.

SOME of us have read how Captain Cook made a voyage to Australia.* He was the first Englishman to visit that great land. But after his visit a great number of others went out to make their homes there.

They lived for the most part near the south-east coast, and they knew nothing of the lands behind the great mountains which they could see a few miles away. It was a long time before they found out what the middle part of Australia was like.

But before long men began to go inland from the coast, and little by little they opened out the country. It was hard work, and full of danger, and many brave men lost their lives in doing it.

* See Book I., p. 75, of this series.

The first man who crossed the mountains had to climb up the steep face of great rocks, and he was often in great danger of falling. When he got to the other side he found that he was on a fine level piece of country where the soil was very good.

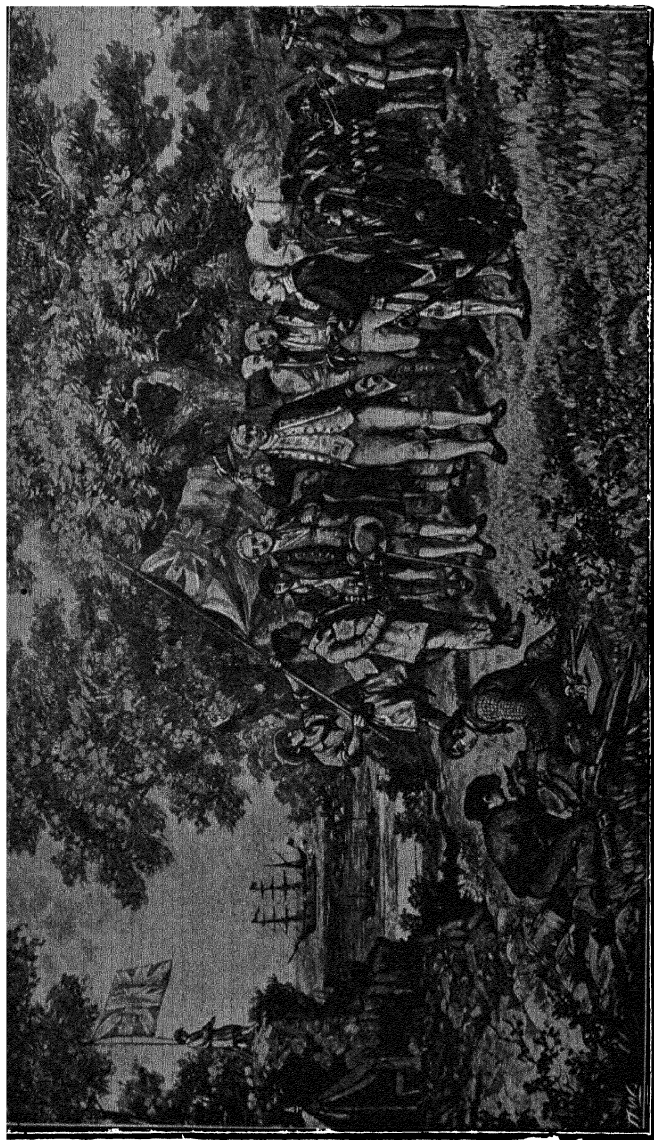
Other men went after him, and found two large rivers, which they traced for a long way. Then two men going south found a third river full of rushing water. They made a kind of boat out of one of their carts, and crossed the stream at great risk.

On they went till they came at last to a river beside which the others were very small. This one of them called the Hume, after himself, but in time it came to be known as the Murray.

Hume afterwards rode inland, and found a stream of salt water. Here the land was dry and parched, and no green things could be seen.

Then a brave man named Sturt took a boat down the Murray to the sea. He had a very rough journey back up the stream. His men had to row mile after mile, day after day, in the face of a strong current. When at last they got home, Sturt went blind, and only got back his sight many months later.

Other men went far inland, and found the wide plains on which are now fed great flocks of sheep.



CAPTAIN COOK HOISTS THE BRITISH FLAG IN AUSTRALIA.

One brave man named Eyre went farther than the others, right into the heart of the land. Here he found great swamps, in which the water was salt like that of the sea.

He turned back to the coast, and pushed along to the west. The land here was without water, and very dreary. All his white men but one were sent back home, and with this one white man, three blacks, and a few horses and sheep, he bravely faced the desert.

There were no streams, and for water they used the dew which they collected at night in sponges. Then the food ran short, and two of the black men ran away.

One night as Eyre was coming back to his camp he heard a shot. Then he saw one of the blacks running away from the tent. When he came up to it he found his friend lying dead, and all the food missing.

With one black fellow, Eyre pushed on. The food was now done, but soon they found fresh water; and at last they found a ship in a little bay, and were able to get some food.

Once again Eyre went on, and at last finished his long journey. He had made it certain that in this part of the land it was not of much use trying to make homes for white people.

Then a large sum of money was offered to the

first man who should cross the great island from south to north. A man named Stuart tried three times, and at last was able to finish the task.

It was hard work, and full of danger. At one time Stuart was stopped by a great body of blacks, who were going to kill him, and he was forced to return. His horses died for want of water, his men's hearts would often fail, and only a very brave leader could ever have done the work at all.

So the work went on, and many brave men took part in it. In some places gold was found, and now, as we all know, there are many rich gold mines in Australia. In other parts the land was proved to be good for feeding sheep or growing corn, and soon the farmers began to follow the explorers.

In this way the land was opened out, but not without much hard work done by brave men, whom no dangers could make afraid.

SIR GEORGE GREY, THE FRIEND OF THE MAORIS.

ONE day, nearly a hundred years ago, a little boy stood near a fruit-stall in a London street. The stall was piled with oranges and bananas.

The boy knew very well that this fruit had not been grown in England, but that it had come from lands far away across the sea.

As he stood there he was filled with a great desire to visit some of these far-away lands. And when he was older he did so, as you shall hear.

His name was George Grey, and when he grew up he became an officer in the army of the Queen. But he did more to make peace than war during his long life.

When he was a young man he set out on a journey to Australia. "I wish," he said, "to find out something about the lands on the other side of the world. Perhaps they will make homes for some of the people in the crowded towns of our own land."

So he set to work like the men of whom we read in our last chapter, and he did a great deal to open out the great land of Australia.

It was not easy work. He was often in great danger. At one time he had a long tramp through the desert, and nearly lost his life. At another time he and his men met some blacks, who threw sharp spears at them, and before the black men could be driven away Grey was badly hurt in two or three places.

Grey went home to England after a while, and he told the people that there was room in Aus-

tralia for good farmers. Many English and Scotch farmers went out and set to work.

Grey too went out again to rule part of the land in the name of the Queen. And when the first big field of wheat was ready for the reaper, he himself took a part in getting in the harvest.

Then Grey was sent to New Zealand. At that time the Maoris of that land were at war with our people. There had been many fights, and large numbers had been killed and hurt on both sides.

In a very short time the war was over. Then Grey set to work to win the goodwill of the Maoris. He learnt their speech so that he could talk freely to them, and in every way he treated them kindly.

He made many roads through the land to help the farmers to get their corn to market. One of the chiefs of the Maoris said that he would not have a road made through his land. So Grey sent the chief's sister a present of a carriage.

With a carriage to ride in the chief began to think that roads would be very useful. So he told Grey he would be very glad to have them made.

"I always tried," said Grey, many years later, "to treat black people as kindly as white." In

this way he won their love, and they would do almost anything for him.

When he came back to London he had a letter from some of the black people on the other side of the world. "Our word to you," they wrote, "is this, O Grey. May God's blessing rest upon you. May He give peace and joy to you who have given peace and joy to so many of us."

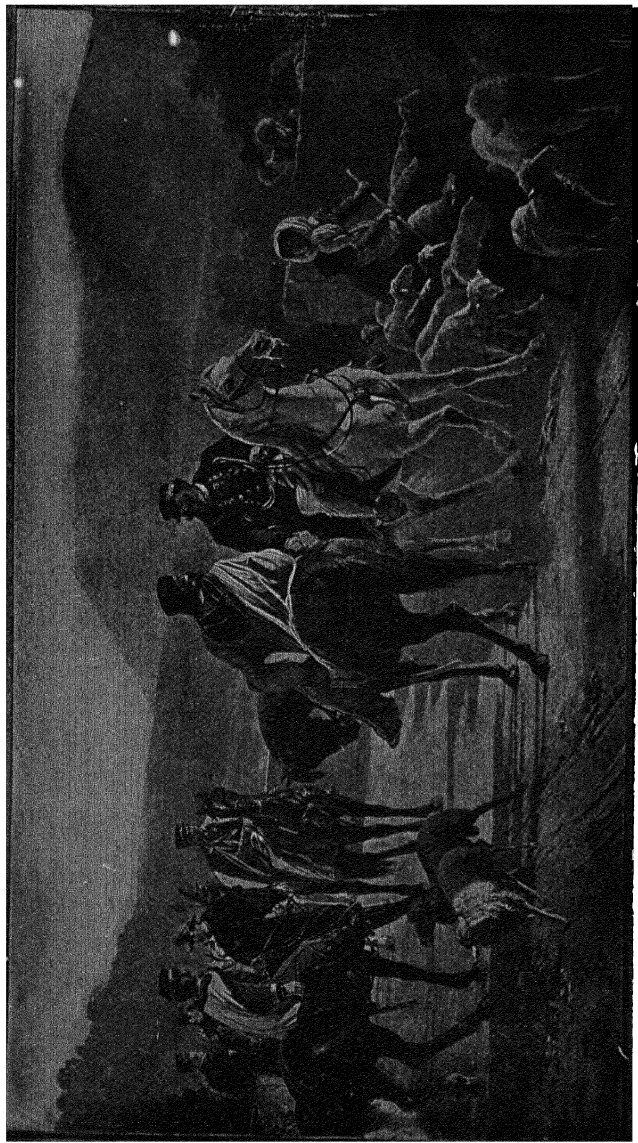
Grey loved to talk to the Maoris and to learn their ways. He wrote down many of their stories, some of which are very beautiful.

GARIBALDI—THE HERO OF ITALY.

Not long ago there lived in Italy a brave soldier named Garibaldi. In his time there was much cruel fighting in that land, and he had a great share in it. But when it was over Italy was free of her foes, and for this she owed many thanks to Garibaldi.

He was born in a town on the south coast of France, and his father was a sailor. So when he grew up he became a sailor too, and visited many lands far away from his home.

At one time his enemies were going to kill him. But he got away from them, and went across the sea to America. Here he got together



GARIBALDI MEETING WITH THE KING IN THE EARLY MORNING.

(From the painting by Ademollo. Brogi, Photo.)

a band of men from Italy, and he drilled them till they became good soldiers.

He was their captain, and he won their love, so that they were ready to go anywhere and do anything for him. He usually wore a hat with a broad brim, grey trousers, and a red shirt.

With his band of soldiers he went back to Italy and took part in the fighting that was going on. His brave wife was always with him, ready to help him in every way she could.

She had much to bear, but she did not murmur. At one time she and her husband had to wander about homeless, and with very little to eat. At last this rough life wore down her strength, and while hiding in a wood she took ill and soon afterwards died in her husband's arms.

But Garibaldi was fighting to make Italy free and happy, and he went on with his work alone. He was often ill, but this did not check him. At last he was able to drive his foes out of the south of Italy.

Then the King for whom he had fought was made ruler of the whole of the land which lies to the south of the great range known as the Alps.

DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

WE have read a little of Mungo Park, the hero of West Africa. Now let us learn something of David Livingstone, the hero of South Africa.

Like Park, he was born in Scotland, and like many other great men, he began life as a poor boy. He had good parents, who taught him to work and to tell the truth.

There were four children besides David, and the boy would often help his mother in her work at home. "Mother," he would say, "if you will bar the door, I will sweep the floor." And his mother often told how he always swept "under the mat."

The boy was very fond of animals. He also loved to go for long walks in the country round about his home. He would look closely at the plants and insects which other boys would pass without seeing.

When he was only ten years old he was sent to work in a cotton mill. He worked from six in the morning till eight in the evening. Yet he found time to read a great deal, and he went to a night-school from eight to ten.

The boy's life was hard, too hard for any but the very strongest. Yet when he became a man

he said : " If I were to begin life again, I should like to pass through the same hardy training."

Soon he began to read books of travel, and now he had a great wish to visit far-away parts of the world. He made up his mind to be a missionary.

He worked very hard in the summer to get money for classes in the winter. Then he went to Glasgow to go to the classes there. He studied hard and became a doctor. Then he was sent out to Africa to teach the black people.

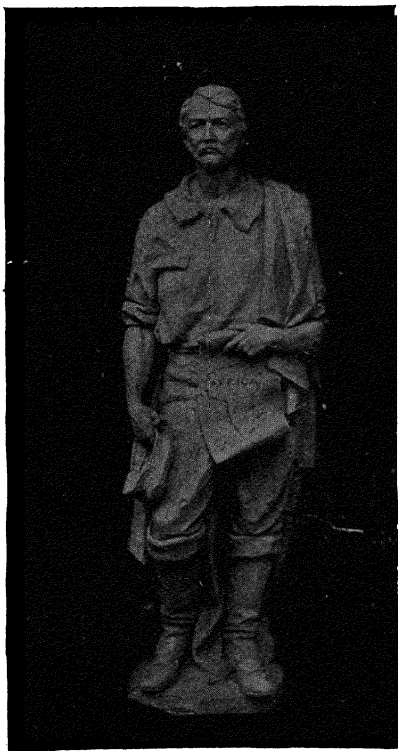
He made his home in a village not far from a large lake. But he spent much of his time in going on long journeys into the country round about. He found out a great deal about Africa which white people did not know before his time. So we call him an explorer, like those of whom we have already read.

He also got to know a great deal about the black people of Africa and their ways of living. Many of those among whom he lived learnt to love him, and were willing to serve him in any way they could.

At one time the people of the village in which he lived were much troubled by lions. These fierce beasts often came at night and killed the cattle. More than once they came in open day.

The men of the village made up their minds

to have a lion hunt. They knew that if they killed one, all the others would leave the place.



DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

(By kind permission of Mr. A. A. Hunter.)

Livingstone went with the men, and they found the lions on a small hill which was covered with trees. A ring of men was made round this hill,

and step by step they made their way up the sides.

Livingstone stood with one black man down at the foot of the hill. He saw two of the lions quite clearly, but he was afraid to fire lest he should hurt the men. He knew that the lions would be speared when they tried to break through the ring.

But when the great beasts made a rush, the men let them burst through the ring. Livingstone turned to go to the village when he saw a lion sitting on a piece of rock not far away.

He fired his gun at once, and then heard voices cry, "He is shot! he is shot! let us go to him!" But Livingstone cried out: "Stop a little, till I load again."

Then as he stood loading his gun he heard a shout. He turned half round, and saw the lion just about to spring upon him.

The great beast leapt into the air, and in coming down caught Livingstone by the arm. Both fell to the ground, the lion growling in a fearful manner.

A dreamy feeling came over him. He was not afraid, nor did he feel any pain. Turning round a little, he saw that his friend was just ready to fire at the lion, so he lay quite still.

The man fired twice, but missed. Then the

lion sprang at him and bit him in the thigh. At that moment another man tried to spear the angry beast.

It turned round and caught him by the neck. But in a moment it fell with a growl to the ground. The bullets which had been fired into its body had done their work, and soon the great beast lay dead.

The black people made a great fire over the body. They thought that in this way they would keep away all lions from their homes. Ever afterwards Livingstone's arm bore the marks of the lion's teeth.

THE STORY OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

THIS is the story of a poor boy who rose to be President of the great country which is called the United States. We can go to this land by steamer in about a week, across the great ocean to the west of our own country.

Lincoln was born in a log-cabin, that is, a small house roughly built of logs of wood. It had only three walls, and one side was open to the weather. There was no need for a chimney, for the fire was made out of doors on the open side. There was no floor, and the bed was a boarding of wood.

Lincoln's father was a hunter and farmer, and the family lived a very rough life. The boy was quick and eager to learn; but there was not much schooling to be had in those wild parts. However, he learnt to write, and the men in the place used to get him to write their letters for them.

He also learnt to read, and the few books he could get were soon well known to him. The boy had to work hard all day with his father, but at night-time when the others were resting, he would get out his books, and read them by the light of a candle.

He grew up to be a tall, strong man, and all who knew him felt that they could trust him with anything.

When he was only nineteen he had charge of a boat, which used to take farm stuff down the river to market.

One day he had to take away a herd of pigs, but try as he would, he could not get them to walk on board the boat. So he set to work and carried them, one by one, from the quay to the boat.

Later he became a clerk in a large store. Here he was known as an honest and careful worker. One day by mistake he charged a man a little too much for his goods. So when the store was

closed at night, he walked several miles to give the man his money back again.

He spent much of his spare time in reading and writing. But he did not weaken himself by too close study. He was very strong and active, and at one time he took charge of a company of men who went to fight the Indians.

In time he became a post-master. Then he got some books about the law and studied them. Later he became a lawyer, and after a time the people chose him to go to the chief city in the land and help to make the laws.

He was always very kind-hearted. One day he was riding along the road when he saw a pig fast in a mud-hole. As he had on a new suit he did not want to touch the dirty pig. So he rode on.

But he could not get the thought of the pig out of his mind, and after a while he turned his horse back, and helped the pig out of the hole. He did this, he said, "to take a pain out of his mind."

After some years Lincoln was made President. He was now the chief man in the land. In his time there was a great war. The people in the north of the country fought with the people in the south, and it was a very sad time for everyone.

Lincoln was on the side of the north. One of the things they fought about was the freedom of the slaves. These black people used to work on the tobacco and cotton plantations, and very often they were badly treated. They were bought and sold like goods in a shop, and many of their masters thought they could do as they liked with them.

Lincoln and his friends wished to set them free. And when the war was over this was done. Many of the negroes still went on working in the cotton fields, but now they were paid wages like any other workers.

THE MINE-SWEEPERS.

MANY brave deeds were done in the Great War by heroes of all the nations which fought in it. But if we were to tell of them all, we should need many books much larger than this one.

Let us choose only one set of men who helped us to win that war; we shall, I think, be able to say that nobody could have been braver than they were.

Mines are big, round balls of iron, with little horns sticking out all round them, like the horns of a snail.

When one of these horns is touched, the mine bursts in pieces with a tremendous noise, and destroys anything which is near.

If a ship strikes a mine, a great hole is blown in its side; the water comes rushing in, and the ship sinks.

During the war many of these mines were put in the sea by the Germans, in the hope that some of our ships might strike them and go to the bottom. We also laid mines in places where the German ships wanted to go.

Now our war-ships had to range all over the sea in order to protect us, and merchant ships had to bring us food from other lands. So we were always trying to clear away the mines which the Germans had laid, so as to make the sea safe for our ships.

The men who cleared away the mines were nearly all fishermen, but when the war came they left their herrings and began to fish for mines instead. Very often they used the same little fishing-boats, and these were called "mine-sweepers" because of the way in which they fished for mines.

Two boats would go out together, with a rope or a net stretched between them, and would move up and down some part of the sea, where it was thought that the enemy had laid mines.

When the rope met a mine, sometimes the mine blew up,—only without damaging the boats, because they were too far away from it.

If the mine did not blow up at once, the men fired at it from a long way off with rifles, until they hit one of its horns and blew it up.

In this way a great many mines were blown up without doing harm, and a great many lives were saved by these brave men.

But it was very dangerous work. Often when the sea was rough they could not see the mines, and if a mine met one of the boats instead of the rope between them, the boat was blown to pieces.

Many brave men lost their lives in this way; but there were always others ready to take their places as long as they were needed.

