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THE SAVOYARD BOY AND HIS SISTER.  
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PRINCESS NARINA, AND HER SILVER SHOES.  
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WHO HELP THEMSELVES.

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CURIOSITIES OF ART.  
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# PERSEVERANCE:

OR

GOD HELPS THEM WHO HELP THEMSELVES.

A Tale.

BY CHARLES COWDEN CLARK,

Author of "ADAM THE GARDENER," "RICHES OF CHAUCER," &c.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN ABSOLON.



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DAME BARTON was an honest, hard-working woman, who lived with her husband and son in a small hut under Dover cliffs. Her husband was a fisherman, and as industrious as herself; for he laboured night and day at his trade to support his wife and child, till one dreadful day he was drowned in endeavouring to save the crew of a ship that was wrecked in sight of the cottage.

About three months after his death, as little John Barton was sitting one evening mending a net for a neighbour opposite to his mother, he suddenly exclaimed, "O mother! how tired you must be of spinning! you have sat at your wheel ever since four o'clock this morning, and now it is seven o'clock, yet you have hardly stirred from your work."

"It is the only means I have of getting you a bit of bread, Johnny, since your poor father left us."

"Don't cry, mother," said little John, running towards her; "but I do so wish that I could do something myself to earn money enough to keep you from sticking so close to that bur—bur—burring wheel. I mean, something of real

use to you," continued he, as his mother looked at the net which he had been mending; "I wish I could do something better than mending the meshes of old nets."

"You do enough for your age, dear," said his mother; "and we shall manage to go on quite well while the summer lasts: all I dread to think of is the winter."

"O mother! if you should have your rheumatism come on then, what would you do? I wish I were older, to work for you."

"I cannot bear to think of it," answered his mother, weeping; "if I should have my old complaint come back, I should not be able to work any longer; and then who is to take care of my poor Johnny? I have not a friend in the world that I could send to for help, if I were ill."

"Don't you recollect, mother, the French gentleman you have often told me about? Perhaps he would help you, if he could know you are so poor."

"But he lives in Paris, and I can't write; so how is he to know the state I am in?" answered his mother; "or else I am sure he would never suffer any one belonging to the deliverer of his child to die of want. Besides, I well remember (for many's the time I have made my dear husband tell me the tale) when the child fell over the side of the vessel which was just ready to sail, and your dear father, plunging into the waves, brought him back his infant safe and sound, and smiling up in his face; the gentleman, after bending his head for a minute over the dear dripping babe, to hide his streaming eyes (for, let a gentleman be never so manly, it is more than he can do to keep from crying like one of us, when he sees his own flesh and blood saved from death), he

turned to your poor father, and said, in a fluttering-like, yet grand kind of voice, too—‘Barton,’ says he, ‘you have done more for me than if you had saved my own life; I can never hope to repay you for the happiness you have given me at this moment, yet——’ Before the gentleman could finish what he was going to say, your good father turned away, saying, ‘Lord bless your honour, don’t thank me; it’s no more than what you’d have done for my Johnny, I’ll swear, if you’d seen him drop overboard, like your young thing there.’ Your father was proud enough, then, Johnny, and he told me he guessed that the gentleman was going to give him money, so he jumped into his boat which lay alongside, and the vessel sailed away immediately, and he never heard anything more of the gentleman: but though your father didn’t want anything at that time from anybody, being able to gain his own living comfortably and honestly, much less to have a reward for having saved an innocent fellow-creature’s life; yet I can’t help wishing that he’d made a friend of the gentleman, who could n’t but be grateful.”

“How long ago was this, mother?” said John, after thinking a little while.

“It was eight years since, come Midsummer Day; I should surely remember it,” continued Dame Barton, “for when my good John Barton came home with an honest flush on his brow, and first told me the story, I looked on you, and thanked God that it was not my own dear Johnny who had run the chance of being drowned, instead of the little stranger. You were then a little more than two years old, for to-morrow’s the 3rd of June, you know, your birth-day, Johnny; and then you will be exactly ten years old.”

“Do you think the gentleman has forgotten what my father did for him, mother?” asked Johnny, after another and a longer pause.

“I don’t think he has, but I can’t say, for gentlefolk are apt to be forgetful. Perhaps, however, he has never been to England since then.”

Little John said no more, but went on very busily with his work, so busily, indeed, that when his mother looked at him again, she saw that he had finished his job.

“Why, how quickly you have worked, Johnny,” said she; “you didn’t think to have done that net till to-morrow morning, did you?”

“No, mother,” answered John; “but when I am talking to you, and thinking hard, it’s surprising how the work gets on; I’m glad I’ve done it, though,” continued he, rising to put by his mesh and twine; “because I shall be able to take it to Bill Haul to-night, instead of to-morrow, as I promised.”

“But it’s getting dark, dear, I am going to put away my wheel,” said his mother.

“O, it’s not too late, mother, I shall be there and back before you have put by your spinning-wheel, and got the haddocks out ready for supper; so good bye, good bye, mother,” added he, seeing that she did not prevent his going, and off he ran.

“He’s a dear, good little soul, and that’s the truth on’t,” said Dame Barton to herself, as she listened to the eager foot-steps of the boy, which crashed among the shingles, growing fainter and fainter every minute, till at last their sound could no longer be distinguished from the restless washing of the

waves on the beach. "I'm sure I oughtn't to be the one to check him when he's doing a goodnatured turn for a neighbour."

It was a beautiful evening; and as little John Barton ran along the beach, he took off his hat, and unbuttoned his shirt collar that he might enjoy the cool breeze, for the day had been very sultry.

"This air blows towards France," said he, half aloud, "for I know that France lies over there across the blue waters, and Paris is in France, and he lives in Paris. O, how I do wish," exclaimed he, passionately, and suddenly stopping short, and straining his eyes over the wide sea, "how I do wish I could go to Paris—I would find him out—I would see him—I would tell him—I will, I must go," said he, interrupting himself, and again running forward. When he arrived at the cottage where his friend Bill Haul lived, he found a strange man there, speaking with Bill's father, whom he did not at first take any notice of, but kept on talking with Bill about the net; however, presently he noticed that the man talked in a different tone from what he usually heard, and used his arms very violently while he spoke, and, at last, John thought he heard him say the word France, though in the same curious voice he had before noticed.

"Isn't that man a Frenchman, Bill, that's talking to your father?" asked John.

"Yes, he's wanting father to buy a cargo of apples and eggs he has brought from France, and he's in a hurry to strike his bargain, because he wants to be aboard again by four o'clock to-morrow morning; but never mind him, Jack, he speaks such gibberish, that—"

“Did you say he was going to France at four to-morrow morning, Bill?” interrupted little John.

“Yes, the tide serves them to make the harbour of Boulogne, I heard him say, so he wants to be off—do but hear what a chattering the French Mounseer makes,” said Bill, who was about fourteen years of age, and thought it looked manly to ridicule a Frenchman. By this time the bargain was concluded between the fisherman and the apple-merchant; and as the latter left the cottage, John Barton took rather a hasty leave of his friend, and ran after the stranger, whom he overtook just as he reached the beach.

“Sir, Mr. Frenchman,” said John, as he approached him, somewhat out of breath, “Sir, I want to speak to you, if you please.”

“Heh, what you say, littel boy?” said the man, turning round.

“A’n’t you going to France, sir?” said John.

“Yes, I am, at to-morrow morning; but what den, my littel shild?”

“Why, sir, I want very much to go to France, and if you’d be so good as to take me in your boat—”

“Take you in my boat! what for should I do that?” answered the Frenchman.

“Why, I can give you nothing for taking me, to be sure,” said John; “I have neither money nor anything else of my own, to give away, but I will work as well and hard as ever I can; I can mend nets, and I can tar boats, and I can splice ropes, and I can—”

“Stop, stop! stay!” interrupted the Frenchman; “I was not tinking of what you could give me, or what you could

do for me; but I was tinking what should be the use if I was to take you in my *bateau*—in my boat.”

“O, then you will take me, sir! O thank you, sir,” said John, eagerly, “what use, did you say, sir? O, I want very much to go to France, to find a gentleman, who I hope will be a friend to my poor mother.”

“Your moder, did you say, my littel friend—if you want to go to France to do good to your moder, you must be de *bon fils*—de good son, so you shall go wid me in my *bateau*.”

“O, thank you, kind Frenchman,” said John, taking his hand and shaking it, and pressing it to his bosom, so overjoyed that he scarcely knew what he did or what he said; “then I will come to the harbour, by four to-morrow, and you will be there and take me, I shall be sure to find you.”

“*Oui*, yes,” returned the Frenchman; “you may come, but be sure you do not be too late after—you must be quite *positivement* a littel before four, because I would not lose de *marais*, dat is to say de what you call de tide, for de universe.” So saying, he walked away in the direction of Dover town, leaving John to pursue his way home to the hut under the cliffs.

By this time the twilight had gradually given way to the coming on of night; and John Barton had been so earnestly engaged in talking and arranging his plan of going to France, that he had not perceived the increasing darkness. The sea that lay calmly before him, and the wide heavens that were above him, were both so exactly the same deep blue colour, that they seemed to touch and be one vast space, excepting that the waters beneath now and then broke into little white sparkles on the tops of the waves, and the sky over his head

was bright with many stars. The cliffs around, with their white fronts stretching down towards the beach, looked cold and ghastly, and there was scarcely a sound to be heard but the flapping wings of a solitary sea-gull, and the distant cry of the sailors, keeping time to their pulling altogether, as they hauled in their cables.

Little John could not help stopping for a moment to look round upon a scene, which, although seen by him every day, yet seemed now to look particularly beautiful, and at the same time of a kind of awful loveliness. Now that he stood quite alone, and had time to think, he felt that he had just done a very bold thing in undertaking to make so long a voyage of his own accord, and without having asked the advice of any one, no not even the advice of his own mother. And then came the thought of what she would say when she found what he had done. "I know," thought he, "I am doing right, for I am trying to do good to my mother, and perhaps if I were to have asked her leave first, she would have been afraid to let such a little boy as I am go all alone, and with strangers, too—but then no one would hurt such a little fellow as I am; and then she would think, that I should never be able to travel in France, because I have no money, and I can't speak French, which I have heard everybody speaks in France, even the little boys and girls, and she would be afraid I should have no bed, and be obliged to lie in the fields, and then she would perhaps forbid me to go, which I should be very sorry for, because I should not like to disobey her, yet all the time I should know I ought to go, for though there will be a great many difficulties, yet I feel that if I try hard and do my best to get through them and help myself, that God will be so good and

kind as to take care of me." Little John, as he thought of all this, looked over the blue waters, and felt the tears come in his eyes, and a kind of swelling sensation come over his breast, and it seemed to him as if he had never prayed so earnestly in all his life, though he could not say a word. Just then he recollected that it must be very late, and that he had stayed away from home so long that his mother would be uneasy; so he ran as quickly as he could towards the hut, determining that he had better not mention his intention of going to his mother at all.

"Why, Johnny dear," said she, as he bounced into the cottage quite out of breath, "what a long time you have been away. I suppose neighbour Haul kept you.

John felt inclined to say, "yes, mother," but he knew it would not be quite the truth, so he said "I stayed a little while talking with Bill Haul, mother, and I stayed the rest of the time on the beach, but, if you please, mother, I would rather you would n't ask me what I stayed there for."

"Very well, dear," said his mother; "no harm, I dare say."

"No indeed, mother," answered John; and they sat down to their supper of dried fish, onions, and brown bread.

"What ails you, child, a'n't you hungry?" said his mother, observing that he cut off his usual portion of bread and fish, but that, instead of eating it at once, he took only a small piece of each, and put by the rest.

"Thank'ee mother, I do n't wish the whole of it to-night," said John, for he thought that he should want something to take with him the next morning, and he did not like to deprive his mother of any more than he could help, as she could so ill afford to spare it. And then he was still more glad that he had not told his mother of his intended voyage, for even if

she had allowed him to go, she would have given him everything she had in the house, and left herself entirely without food.

When the time came for going to bed, and little John wished his mother "good night," as she placed her hand as usual on his head, and said, "God bless you, my comfort," he again felt the swelling sensation at his breast, and was very much inclined to throw himself into her arms, and tell her all he intended to do for her; but he checked himself, and saying, "May God be a friend to us, mother," kissed her fervently and tenderly, and ran hastily into his own little room, where he threw himself on his straw mattress, and was soon sound asleep.

When he awoke, he was alarmed to see that it was already daylight, and feared that the sun must be risen. He jumped up, put on his clothes as quickly as he could, put up his two remaining checked shirts in a bundle together, with two more pair of grey stockings, and tying his best handkerchief (which his mother had given him for a keepsake) round her spinning-wheel, as a sort of farewell remembrance, for he could not write, he left the cottage, and ran as fast as he could along the sea-beach, eating part of the remainder of his supper as he went. It was not until he had reached the harbour, that he found the sun was already up, for the cliffs hindered him from seeing it while he was on the beach underneath them; he was afraid it was very late, and asked a man, who was standing with his hands in his pockets, looking at a crab that lay kicking on its back among some sea-weed, what o'clock it was. The man carelessly answered, without looking up, "past four."

"O, dear, I shall be too late; what shall I do?" exclaimed little John. "Master," continued he, turning again to the man, who was now scraping some sand with his foot over the sprawling

crab, "I say, Master, have you seen a Frenchman about here this morning?"

The man stared for a moment full in little John's face, and said, "Lord, how should I know;" and then returned again to his stupid cruel amusement.

"O dear me, what shall I do—but I had better not stay here," thought little John; "I must do as well as I can, and try to find him out for myself." He went towards a few men whom he saw at a little distance, who seemed to be watching some fishing-boats going out. As he pushed into the midst of them, he felt himself touched on the shoulder, and, on looking round, he saw his friend the Frenchman.

"Ah, my littel *ami*, my littel friend," said he, "you are very good time here, I see."

"O, I am glad I have found you, I was afraid I should be too late, for a man told me just now that it was past four o' clock."

"No, no such ting," answered the Frenchman; "it is half an hour past tree only."

"O, I am so glad," replied John, "for then there will be time for me to run and leave a message with Bill Haul for my mother, who, I am afraid, will be frightened when she finds I have gone away."

The Frenchman agreed, telling him to mind and be back in time, and so John went to Bill Haul, and told him all about his intended journey to France, begging him to go every day and see his mother, and be kind to her, for his sake, while he was away. Bill Haul promised all this, for he loved little John Barton for his goodnature and obliging disposition, and when John returned to the harbour, he felt much happier

than he did before, now that he knew his mother would know where he was, and that she would have some one to go and help her in his absence. At first, John Barton was very happy on board the Frenchman's boat, helping him and two other men, who were aboard, to work the vessel; but when he had been there about an hour and a half, he began to feel very sick at the stomach, and his head ached so much, that he had a great mind to ask Jacques Bontemps (which was the Frenchman's name) if he might go into the cabin and lie down for a little while; but as he saw that he and the men were busy, he thought he would manage as well as he could for himself; so seeing a large boat-cloak in a corner, he threw himself upon it, and had not lain long there before he felt quite recovered, which, perhaps, would not have been the case if he had gone below, as the warm air of a confined cabin is more likely to bring on sea-sickness than to relieve it. The fresh air of the deck, and his being constantly at work, soon made him quite well; and when the Frenchman came to him to see if he wanted any breakfast, he found that he was very hungry. He produced a small bit of dried fish and some crust, which was all that was left of his provision, and began to eat it.

“Ah, my poor littel *ami*! What, is dat all what you have for your *dejeuné*—for your breakfast? Stop, stop! Stay, let me see if I cannot give you something better.”

The kind Jacques went and fetched him some boiled eggs, wine, and some bread. John thanked him, and eat it very heartily; but he mixed some water with the wine. Jacques Bontemps, who was watching him, said, “Ah, ha! it is all very well dat you put de water to de wine now, but you

will like it quite by itself when you have been a littel time in France. What for are you going to France?" continued he, "and for how long time?"

John answered that he did not know how long he should be there, but he was going to try and find out a gentleman who lived in Paris.

"And what name is de gentleman? and what street in Paris does he live in?" asked Jacques.

But when little John told him he knew neither, and that he had no money, nor could he speak a word of French, the goodnatured Frenchman lifted up his hands and eyes in astonishment: "My poor littel friend," he exclaimed, "how will you do to travel all dat way if you have no got money? I would myself go wid you and shew you de way, but I must not leave my *métier*—my trade; and I have very little money to give away, but what I can give I will." So saying the good man took out a half-franc piece\* and fifteen sous,† and gave them to little John Barton, who had never possessed so large a sum in all his life.

The vessel just then requiring the captain's attention, he left the little boy, bidding him rest himself, as he would have a long way to walk soon. So John threw himself again upon the boat-cloak, where he slept soundly some hours.

He was awakened by a loud confused noise, and starting upon his feet, he found that the vessel was alongside the quay in the port of Boulogne, where a great number of people were assembled to witness the arrival of a steam-packet from London.

\* A small silver coin, worth five-pence English.

† A sous is worth about an English halfpenny.

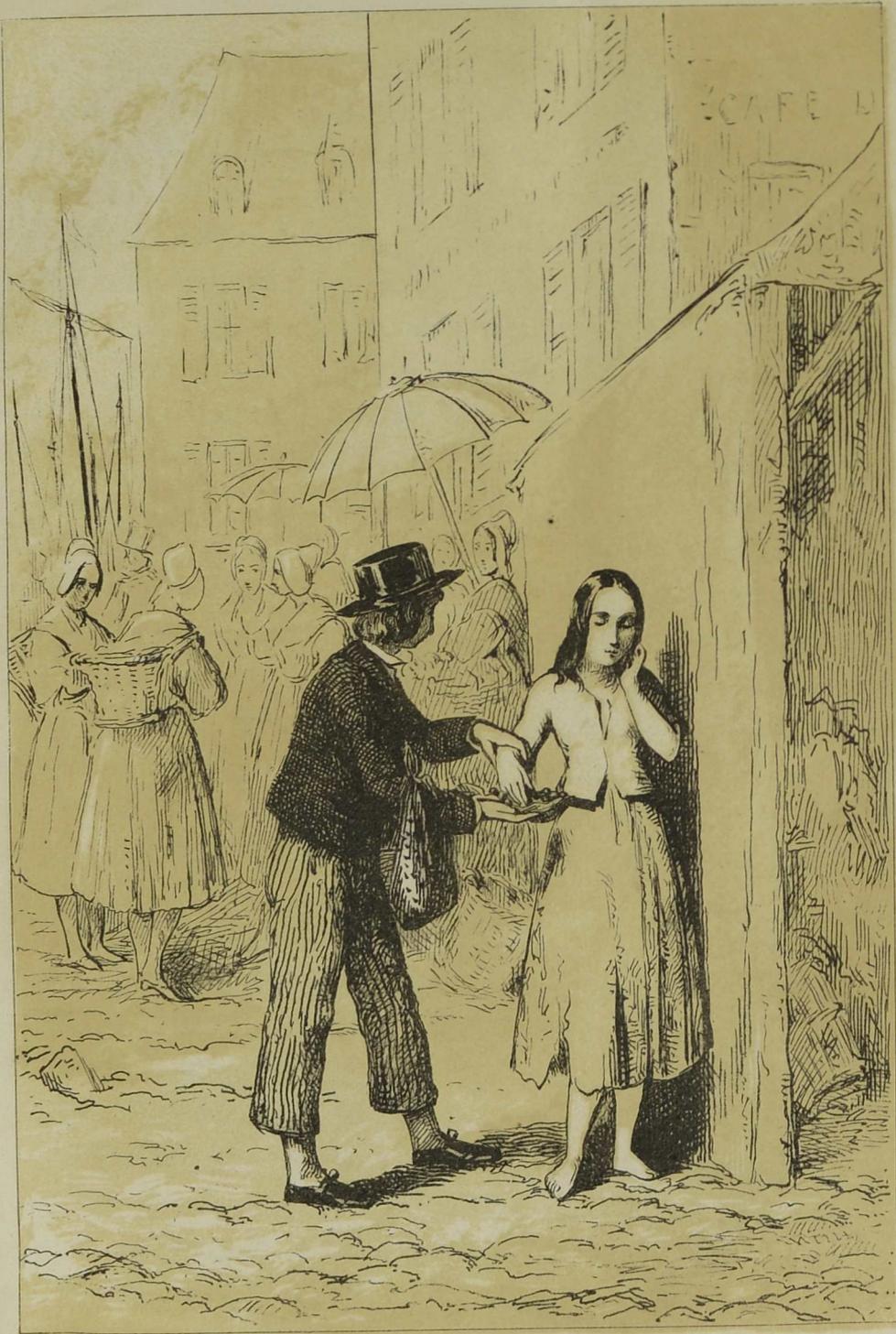
All these people seemed to be talking at once, and at the very top of their voices. He saw some men dressed in green coats adorned with silver, with canes in their hands, who seemed to be ordering every one about, and now and then some of them conducted the people who left the packet-boat to a small house at a little distance, surrounded with white pillars. There were also some strange-looking women, with very short dark blue woollen petticoats on, curious little figured cotton caps on their heads, very long gold ear-rings, round baskets strapped to their backs, and heavy wooden-soled slippers on, which went clicket-i-clack, clicket-i-clack, every time they moved a step, and added to the noise they made by screaming and bawling to each other. Then he noticed a number of young men and boys who held little cards in their hands, which they seemed to be endeavouring to force upon every one who landed, talking, like all the rest, as loud as they possibly could. Even some fishermen and sailors, who were assisting Bontemps to moor his boat, all shouted in the same high tone of voice as every one else. John Barton could not help remarking how different they were to the English sailors at Dover, who seemed to do double the work, though they spoke not a word, perhaps, the whole time, much less made such a bustle and a hubbub as these strange sailors did. What made all this noise seem still more confusing to little John was, that not one word of what he heard around did he understand. No; nothing was spoken everywhere about him but French;—he was now in France! He felt still more helpless and desolate when he had taken leave of his kind friend, Jacques Bontemps, and was wandering along one of the streets of Boulogne, uncertain which way to go; however, he was determined to keep

up his spirits, and not to give way to fear and anxiety till there should be real occasion for them. He now began to feel extremely thirsty, and therefore looked about for some place where he might get a draught of water or milk, but it was in vain; there was not a single shop which seemed at all likely to sell anything of the kind. At last he determined to ask, as well as he could, for some at the first shop he should come to of any kind. It happened to be a baker's; he went in, and tried hard to make the woman he found there understand what he wanted, but in vain.

John, disappointed, left the shop, fearing he should never be able to make any one understand him in France; he walked on, and at the end of the street came to a square open place that looked like a market. To his great joy he saw on one of the stalls some fine ripe cherries and strawberries, and upon producing a sous the woman placed in his hand a large cabbage-leaf full of fruit. As he was eating it, and thinking how much better his bargain was here, than the little paper pottles with, perhaps, half a dozen strawberries in them, given for the same money in England, he saw standing opposite to him, at a small distance, a little beggar-girl, whose eyes were fixed longingly on the juicy fruit he held in his hand, but directly she perceived he noticed her, she hastily withdrew them. Her face was extremely pale and thin; her eyes, though of a beautiful dark brown, looked hollow and sickly; her clothes hung in rags about her; and her little tender feet were bare. John Barton went towards her, and held his leaf of fruit before her. She hesitated, and looked up in his face; he took her hand, which was hot and parched, and placing it among the tempting red berries, he said, "Do eat some, little dear!"

The little child, again fixing her large dark eyes on his, and smiling, took some of the strawberries, and began to eat very eagerly, as if she were extremely hungry. When she had finished all the fruit that remained in the leaf, John thought she still seemed to be hungry, and asked her if she would not like some more. The child shook her head, and smiled again. "I cannot make her understand me," thought he; "but I will buy some bread, which will be better for her, for I am sure she looks still hungry." He was accordingly going towards a shop, but directly he attempted to move, the little girl shrieked out "*Restez donc, restez donc!*"\* and caught hold of his jacket lest he should escape. He took hold of her hand, and pointing to the shop, he led her towards it, and gave her a little loaf, which she eat as hungrily as she had before done the fruit. As John Barton stood watching his young acquaintance enjoy his present, he was delighted to see the colour come into her cheeks, and he felt very happy to think he had been able to help a poor little creature who was still more helpless than himself. He now began to think of continuing his journey; shook hands with the little girl, and kissed her, and then made her understand that he must leave her. This, however, he was not suffered to do, for she placed herself before him, and, putting her arm in his, led him on a little way, then stopped and pointed quickly from him to herself two or three times, and clapping her little hands together, and looking up in his face, she nodded and smiled, as if she had arranged that they should go together. John Barton could not help feeling pleased that this little stranger had taken such a fancy to him, especially as he thought he should not be likely to take her

\* "O, do stay, do stay!"





from home, as, from her wandering about the streets alone and hungry, he did not think it probable that she lived there; he found also, that he could make this little creature understand his meaning, better than any one else he had spoken to since he had been in France. Well, they were just trotting off together, when suddenly John recollected that he did not know which way he ought to turn to go towards Paris. He turned to his little companion and said, "Paris, Paris," two or three times; then pointed to himself, and then all around. The child only shook her head and smiled.

John Barton did not know how to make her comprehend his meaning, when just at that moment a stage-coach came by, and stopped just where the two children were standing. On it were some words in French, and among them was one which John made out to be Paris; he pointed to it, and when the little girl saw what he meant she screamed out with joy, and exclaiming, "*A Paris! à Paris! O, quel bonheur! nous allons à Paris!*"\* she skipped about like a little mad thing.

John thus found out that the word Paris was written the same way in France as in England—but that the French people sounded it differently. The little girl now took his hand, and led him straight up the hilly street they were then in, and when they came to the top, she turned round and pointed across the town. John looked round and saw the wide sea, over which he had so lately passed, dancing and sparkling in the sunbeams, at a little distance off. The day was so clear, that he could distinctly see the cliffs of England; and

\* "To Paris! to Paris! O what happiness! let us go to Paris!"

as he looked upon them, he thought of his own dear mother, and prayed that he might soon return to her with good news. They then entered a gate under some huge walls, on the top of which the trees were growing; and after they had walked through some more streets, they came out at another gate like the former, and they found themselves on a straight road, upon which, at some distance off, John again saw the stage-coach travelling slowly along. They trudged on, keeping it in sight for some time, but it went much faster than they could possibly walk, and so it was not long before they lost it altogether; but still they kept walking on, John every now and then looking at his little companion, to see if she seemed tired. But, on the contrary, she appeared to be gay and brisk, and as if she had been well accustomed to walking; she now and then ran to the side of the road, to gather the weeds which she would stick into John's hat, and then smile in his face, as if trying to shew how happy she was. Once or twice she endeavoured to get his bundle from him, but when he found that she only wanted to carry it for him, that she might save him the trouble, he would not let her have it, though she continually put her hand on it. However, when she found nothing could make him give it up, she ran and gathered some very large dock-leaves out of the hedge, and held them over John's and her own head to keep the heat of the sun off, all the time smiling and playing several little graceful tricks, as if she mocked a fine lady with her parasol, to the great delight of our friend John, who, as he watched her sweet cheerful countenance and winning actions, thought he had never beheld such a pretty creature in all his life. Suddenly she stopped, and pointing to herself, she said, "Julie, Julie;"

then pointing to him, she looked up in his face with an asking look, to which he replied, "John," for he could not but directly understand that she meant to tell him her name and inquire his.

"*Tchon! Tchon! Ah, que c'est drole!*"\* exclaimed the child, laughing, and again she frisked about; then she came back to him, and stroking his face, said, in a half-laughing, half-soothing tone, "*Ah, mon pauvre Tchon!*"†

Little John could not help laughing too, so he patted her on the cheek, saying, "O, you dear little Julie!" which made her laugh and skip about ten times more; so these two merry little travellers went on and on, for many a long mile, without feeling tired, so happy they were with each other.

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon, when they began to feel both hungry and tired, so John began to look about for some house where they might rest and get something to eat; and as he spied a cottage at a little distance, he went towards it, and, upon looking in, he saw a woman standing at a table, cutting some slices off an immensely large brown loaf, and giving a piece to each of her children, six of whom were sitting round the table, with a large bowl of milk before them. Julie, who had likewise peeped in, went towards the woman, and said something to her, when immediately the good woman came to where John was standing, and led him to the table, where she made him sit down, and placed a bowl of milk and two large slices of bread before him and Julie, all the time encouraging them to eat by her kind looks and tone of voice. They were soon quite at home with this good

\* "*Tchon! Tchon! O, how droll!*"

† "*Ah, my poor Tchon!*"

family, for though they could not make out a single word that John said, yet his goodnatured face, and, to them, curious language, soon won the children to take a fancy to him; and as for Julie, no one could look at her beautiful face and winning manners, without loving her directly. When they had finished their pleasant meal, John took out two of his sous, and offered them timidly to the woman, who put back his hand, with some remarks, which John could not understand, but he saw by her action that she refused his money; he thanked her very heartily several times, hoping, by the tone of his voice, to make himself understood; and he took hold of her hand, and drew her face towards him, and kissed her very affectionately. The woman returned his caresses with a very gentle manner, and then went towards a door at the other end of the apartment. She opened it, and pointing to a small bed which stood in the next room, looked at him, and then spoke some words to Julie. John shook his head, in token that they had no place to sleep in, and the good woman seemed to settle that they should remain with her that night. Our two little travellers, after a good game of romps with the children of the cottage, on some hay which was lying in a field behind the house, went to bed, and slept soundly till six o'clock on the following morning. The good woman having given them some bread and milk for breakfast, our two little travellers took an affectionate leave of her, and proceeded on their journey. We will not follow them, day by day, in all their adventures: it will be sufficient to say, that what with John's goodnatured face, and frank active manners, together with Julie's pretty voice, and sweet engaging looks when she spoke to strangers, our two little wanderers were

never in want of a supper or a bed. Once, indeed, they met with a very cross man, who would have nothing to say to them; so that they were forced to endure the pain of hunger, and lie all night in the open air; but even then they were not down-hearted, for John luckily found some wild strawberries, which he gathered for Julie; and when night came, he made up a nice bed for her on some hay, which he piled up in the corner of a meadow, under a thick hedge, and covered her up with his coarse, but warm, blue sea-jacket. It was, fortunately, a fine warm night in July, so that, instead of feeling sorry they had no bed, John could not help being very grateful and happy, as he looked up at the deep blue sky over his head, which was sparkling with thousands of bright stars. As he was silently thanking God for his protection, and for being able to help himself, he suddenly heard voices on the other side of the hedge. He listened, but could not make out a word, as the voices talked in French. He rose softly from his bed of hay, and crept to that of Julie, who was at a little distance. He awakened her very gently, and placed his fingers on his lips, in token that she should listen in silence. Julie, who saw his signs by the star-light, after having hearkened to the voices with great attention, suddenly started up, and drew John quietly, but quickly from the spot. He saw that her face was much agitated, and she looked pale and frightened. He had distinguished in the midst of the conversation he had just overheard, the name of the cross man, who had refused them a supper and bed that evening. He particularly recollected it, because it was written over the man's door, "Lion;" and Julie had laughed when she read it, as if she had meant to say that it was a good name for such a cross person. Well, he now

noticed that Julie was leading him back to the village where Mr. Lion lived, and that she at last stopped at his door. She knocked loudly, and at last the man came to the window, and asked, in a gruff tone, what they wanted. Julie only spoke a few words in a loud whisper, when he hastened down stairs, muttering all the way, and opened the door for them. After bringing the children in, he immediately called up some workmen who slept in the house, and placing them at the doors and windows, with sticks in their hands, he gave them some directions in a frightened tone of voice, and seemed to be expecting something in great alarm. They did not wait long before they heard a voice at one of the window shutters. All the workmen immediately sallied out, and, after a short scuffle, they came in again, bringing with them two men, bound hand and foot, who no sooner uttered a word, than John discovered them to be the same men whose voices he had heard in the meadow. He now found that Julie had overheard them plotting an attack on Mr. Lion's house; and had, in fact, returned good for evil, by coming and warning him of his danger, although he had been so unkind as to refuse them a little food and a night's lodging. The man himself seemed now to be ashamed of his behaviour, for he pulled out a golden coin, and offered it to Julie, but she shook her head, and John stepped forward and put back his hand, for he would not be paid for doing a good action, especially by a man whom he did not respect, even though he felt that that piece of money would be of very great use to him and Julie on their journey: so he took her hand, and without wishing him good-bye, they both left the house, and went to their pleasant beds in the meadow, where they both slept soundly till morning,

when they jumped up betimes, and continued their journey as merrily and happily as usual.

Often and often did John Barton thank God for having brought him and his dear little friend Julie together. Had he unkindly eaten all his fruit, instead of sharing it with the poor little stranger, he never could have managed his journey half so well, so that he felt how true the proverb was that he had heard his mother repeat—"a good deed always meets its reward."

By being constantly together, and helping and loving each other, John and Julie at last came to understand each other's signs almost as well as by talking; and, by degrees, John learnt to understand a few words of French, and Julie of English.

At length, after about fifteen days' travelling, by the help of Julie's inquiring the way in all the towns they passed through, and by noticing all the stage coaches that passed them on the road, the two little wanderers entered the city of Paris.

Here then, at last, was our hero in Paris; at which place he had, for the last fortnight, been so anxious to arrive. But how was he to proceed in order to find out the French gentleman, who, he hoped, would be a friend to his mother? He did not even know his name, and as he looked at the rows and rows of houses that surrounded him on all sides of this immense town, his heart almost failed him, when he recollected that he did not even know the name of the street in which the gentleman lived.

However, he tried to keep up his spirits, for he recollected that he had never found grieving or crying do him any good, or help him forward in anything; so he began to think what

he had better first do, in order to set about looking for the French gentleman.

At this moment, a rude boy, passing quickly and unconcernedly, happened to knock down a basket of fine peaches belonging to a fruit-woman, whose stall was just opposite to the spot where our two little friends were standing.

John immediately, with his usual active goodnature, ran to assist the woman in picking up her fruit, and replacing it in the basket; and she, after having bestowed a few hard words on the awkward boy, turned and thanked our hero, and then gave him a fine peach for his pains. John, although he felt rather hungry, yet (as he always did, when anything nice was given to him) instantly gave it to Julie, because he thought that she, being a little girl, and weaker than himself, must want it still more than he.

The fruit-woman, who observed this action of his, was very much pleased, and immediately placed another peach in his hands for himself.

While the children were eating their peaches, and still standing by the stall, a lady bought some fruit of the woman, and then wished to have it sent home to her house.

The fruit-woman, who liked John's honest face, and his kindness to the little girl, desired him to carry it to the lady's house; and when Julie had made him understand what he was to do, he took the basket, and, accompanied by his little friend (who would never leave him for an instant), he followed the lady home. Upon his arriving there, he delivered the basket of fruit to a servant, and the lady, who was pleased with the two children, gave them each a *cinque-sous* piece.\*

\* A small coin, worth two-pence halfpenny, English.



VENDEUR DE FRUIT



John, thinking this to be the price of the fruit, immediately returned with it to the fruit-woman, who was still more pleased with him, from this fresh proof of his honesty and goodness. He now made his usual signs to Julie that she should inquire about a sleeping place. He soon saw by the smiling looks of the good woman, that their petition for a night's lodging was granted, and he felt very grateful that they had so soon found a home in that great busy city, where every one seemed to be so much occupied with their own thoughts and business, that John had felt much more solitary and neglected since he had come amongst them, than he had ever felt whilst he was travelling along through country roads and meadows, and had only come now and then to a cottage, where the people seemed to have more leisure and inclination to attend to him. In fact, the good fruit-woman had quite taken a fancy to the two strange children, from their honesty, good behaviour, and fondness for each other, and she felt scarcely less pleased than they did, when they were both happily settled in her nice little lodgings.

In return for all the kindness to them, John endeavoured to make himself as useful as possible to her; and he really was a great assistance to his kind friend, by carrying the baskets of fruit to the houses of the people who purchased them at the stall, and by going on all kinds of errands for her, when out of doors, and when at home, by rubbing the fruit, arranging it in the baskets for the next day's sale, picking out the best leaves and placing them among the fruit so as to make it look more tempting, besides various other little jobs in the household, which made him quite a valuable helpmate.

As for little Julie, she was not able to do much to assist, but her sweet merry face, happy voice, and playful gaiety, made her a most charming companion to their kind friend; and as for her young protector, John, he doted upon her more and more every day, while she, on her part, was so fondly attached to him that she would never, upon any account, be prevailed upon to quit him. In all his walks she accompanied him; during his work she would constantly sit by him, and either sing him some songs, of which she seemed to know an immense number, or merely smile, pat his face, chatter French to him, dance about, and, in short, use every means in her power to amuse and please him; or if he were sent on any message, she was sure to be trotting beside him, helping him to carry the basket or parcel, and trying, by all kinds of little winning ways, to make the way seem short and pleasant.

In the meantime, John Barton never for a moment lost sight of the main object which had induced him to come to Paris, so far from his own dear mother, and his own home in the little cottage under the cliffs. Whenever he was out, in all his long ramblings through the large city, he never failed to look at all the faces he met, in the hope of seeing one like that which he had often heard his mother describe as belonging to the French gentleman, who had been so much benefited by his father. Every name that he saw written up, he took pains to spell out as well as he could, for he thought he had heard his mother mention it, though he could not recollect the exact sound, and he thought that, if he were to see it, it might be recalled to his mind; these were very slender chances, and the poor little boy began at last to despair of ever suc-

ceeding, when an event occurred which proved that God never deserts those that are really persevering, cheerful, and hearty in their efforts to *help themselves*.

One fine morning John was sent with a message from the fruit-woman to one of her customers who lived in a distant part of the city, and, as he was returning, he stopped for an instant to look at a handsome cabriolet which stood opposite the door of a fine large house. Just at that moment a piercing scream from Julie made him turn his head abruptly round, and, to his horror, he beheld her stretched upon the pavement apparently dead! whilst a gentleman was bending over her, and raising her from the ground.

John ran towards his darling little friend, and lifting her head gently in his arms, beheld her face perfectly pale and motionless. He burst into tears at this dreadful sight, and broke forth into reproaches against the gentleman (who, in passing quickly to his cabriolet, appeared to have knocked the little girl down), forgetting that he was speaking English, and would therefore most probably not be understood.

However, the gentleman mildly replied, in the same language, though with a foreign accent, "My little friend, I am exceedingly sorry to have hurt your sister; but I cannot imagine how it was she fell, for I scarcely seemed to touch her. I think it must have been something else which frightened her, for the poor little thing is in a swoon. Baptiste," added he, calling to a servant who stood by, "lift this little one carefully in your arms, and lay her on the sofa in the parlour."

The servant obeyed: and John, seeing they were carrying away his dear little Julie, loudly protested against it.

“My dear little friend,” said the gentleman, leading John into the house, “be patient; we are only going to try to recover your sister from her fainting fit.”

John followed the gentleman into a superbly furnished apartment, where he saw his beloved little friend placed carefully on a soft sofa, where she continued to lie for some time, perfectly still and pale. As John hung over her, sobbing, and endeavouring as well as he could to assist in the efforts made by the gentleman and his servants to restore her, he at last beheld her colour come a little into her cheeks, and he had the pleasure of feeling her breath come upon his face as she sighed and turned a little round.

“*Où est mon cher papa? J'ai cru l'avoir vu. Est ce un songe?*” \* said she, in a faint voice.

“Great God! it is my child! it is my little Julie! it is my dear daughter!” exclaimed the gentleman, and rushing to the sofa, he caught the little girl in his arms and covered her with kisses, while she, in her turn, flung her arms round his neck and stifled him with weeping and joyful caresses.

John in astonishment beheld this scene, and wondered what could be its meaning, when the gentleman, after indulging in a long embrace of his dear little girl, at last turned to where he was standing, and said:—“And how came you, my little Englishman, to be with my dear child?” “Is Julie your daughter, Sir?” asked John, in amazement.

“Yes, my long-lost child, for whom I have grieved these last two years; and whom I feared I should never see again; but come, tell me how you came to be with her; come tell me the whole story.”

\* “Where is my dear papa? I thought I had seen him. Is it a dream?”



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