

burst forth with exclamations of amazement and horror. "To separate!" he cried. "Never!" He declared that it would be ruin to all of them, and that his anxiety would be the death of him. Clive and David were prepared for this refusal; so they waited patiently till the first storm had passed, and then returned to the charge. They teased and coaxed, and tried to show their timid relative that his fears were groundless. Frank and Bob thought it a good idea, and magnanimously joined the others in their efforts to persuade. Before this combined attack Uncle Moses grew more yielding, and at length, in a moment of weakness, was rash enough to give something like an assent.

But in assenting to their proposal he made some stipulations. One was, that they should not go farther than Bologna. Another was, that they should all join one another in two or three days. These terms were agreed to, and Clive and David in great glee began to prepare for their departure.

But in the mind of Uncle Moses there was something very different from glee. No sooner had his reluctant assent been wrung from him than heavy clouds of anxiety began to roll over that good man's gentle heart. He repented greatly, and tried to dissuade them. He told them that they were too young, and that they could not be trusted alone on such a journey. To this Clive and David replied with a laugh, and informed