

buy a cask of rum of some white men, but he had no money, and he did not know how to get any. At last, a thought came into his mind—a wicked and shocking thought it was!—that he would seize upon little Yabba, which he could do very easily, as she was so much with his Mandarin, and sell her to the white men for the cask of rum. He did so. Yabba's father and mother missed her, and were distracted with grief. They sought her in every orange grove, and under every mango tree. They looked for her in the long grass, and put down their hands to feel for her in every heap of withered leaves. They cried aloud, "Yabba!" but no answer came. At last the father suspected that the cruel chief had stolen and sold his child. He was filled with indignation; and he resolved that he would watch and steal Mandarin, and sell her out of revenge. "He sold my little Yabba," he said, "I will sell his Mandarin." Was this right? Perhaps, my little readers will say, it was just what the cruel chief deserved. Yes—but we are not to treat each other as we deserve. We are to forgive and love our enemies. What! forgive such a cruel man! Yes; our Saviour has set us the example; he forgave and loved those who hated him, and nailed him to the cross.

Yabba's father did what he wished to do. One afternoon, as Mandarin was sitting beside the river playing with some flowers, he crept up behind, and pounced upon her, and putting his hand upon her mouth to keep her from screaming, ran off with her to the white men. They gave him in exchange for her, two pieces of white cloth, three red and yellow cotton handkerchiefs, and a bottle of rum.

The poor child was taken into a room full of black people who had been caught in the same manner, but she did not know any of them, and she sat down on the ground, and cried aloud. When she raised her eyes, she saw a long row of men and women chained together, and all looking very wretched. There were children, too, like herself;

some standing quite still, as if stupefied; some wringing their hands, and calling for their father and mother, their brothers and their sisters, whom they were never to see again; and some lying with their faces on the ground, as though they had died with sorrow. When the little Mandarin looked round on this sad sight, she wept again, and her grief was louder than ever.

Suddenly she heard the voice of some people talking on the outside. It was the voice of her father that she heard; yes, she was sure that it was her father's voice. "He will get me out of this horrid place," the child thought to herself: "I am sure he will." She listened again; and she heard him say, "What will you take for her? I will give you four young men in exchange." "No," said another gruff voice; "you can never see her again. In fact, she is dead; she died soon after I bought her, and I wish she had never come my way, for she has proved a dead loss to me." Mandarin heard her father sob to think that his darling child was dead; she heard him questioning the men further as though he did not believe them; then she heard another burst of grief, and then the sound of footsteps dying in the distance as he went home. But she could not show herself to her father; a thick wall was between them; and she durst not speak; if she had spoken, she would have been killed in a moment.

Poor Mandarin! what will she do now? she is doubly unhappy. She cries more bitterly than ever. She looks round her in despair; but stop! her eye falls upon a child lying asleep in the corner. Who can it be? It is—yes, it is Yabba. The God of heaven, who loves little children, had pitied these disconsolate ones, and led them to each other that they might be comforters to one another among hard-hearted strangers. Mandarin ran up to Yabba, and awoke her. When Yabba opened her eyes, and saw her little friend again, they fell on each other's neck and wept for joy.

Next came the horrors of the slave