

THE TERRIBLE RED DWARF AND THE CAVE HE LIVED IN.

(CONCLUDED)



HE Dwarf broke the seal and read the letter.

"His Majesty's will and pleasure is that the Dwarf and his retainers of every rank and degree shall do nothing, unless they can be doing good. The arrows must be flung away.

The spears are to be broken. The torches and firebrands are to be destroyed. These weapons will be wanted no more. His Majesty hath also sent a detachment of his Body Guard to render such assistance as may be needed to carry out this his royal desire and command."

Whether the Dwarf sent an answer to this letter or not, is not known. It is probable that he was too busy to do so. For he and all his band set to work in such downright earnest, that within a very few minutes every arrow was flung away, so that nobody could find one afterwards. Not a spear but was broken in pieces. Every torch and firebrand was buried. So that before the King's messenger left he had seen enough to take back a very good answer to his Royal Master.

By this time, too, the detachment of the *Body Guard* was stationed at the gates of the cave, and kept careful watch there, day and night. They were to challenge all who passed the outer gates, to enquire as to their errand—whither they were going, and for what purpose. Especially were they to search for arms that might be concealed, and for any forbidden and contraband goods. And, further, their orders were to put down, by force if needful, any offence against the King's good pleasure in this matter.

And wasn't the old shoemaker right, after that! The people *did* see. The terrible Dwarf was terrible no more. True, he was terribly busy, but not in the old way. He and all his band set to work to do all the good they could. Day and night his messengers went laden with good-will, and shining so brightly in their joy that you could almost see them, in spite of their invisible coats. Little wonder that the roses flourished again in Harry's garden and on Bessie's cheeks. Little wonder that Farmer Hasty kept his servants as long as—well, not so very long either, for they got married so soon. And nobody wondered even when Jack came home to live with his widowed

mother, and the Squire took him by the hand again.

Harry often sat with the wise old shoemaker after that, and many a talk they had together. It was on a summer evening, as he sat in the little cobbler's shop, that Harry found it all out.

"You promised that you would tell me some day how you knew all about the King and the Dwarf, old friend. I'm very curious to hear how it was."

"Well," said the old shoemaker, "it's soon told." And he got up from his stool and took down the wonderful Book with its great brass clasp. "I found it in my Book of Magic."

The old man loosened the clasp, and Harry saw in a moment that it was a Bible.

"Why, I might have found it there!" cried Harry, wondering.

"Of course you might, and many another wonderful thing besides that." And as the old shoemaker spoke, he turned over the pages, until he came to the third chapter of James's Epistle, and pointing at the fifth verse, he said—"There it is; read that, Harry."

And Harry read these words:—"Even so THE TONGUE is a little member, and boasteth great things. . . . The tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity. . . . For every kind of beasts, and of birds, and of serpents, and of things in the sea, is tamed, and hath been tamed of mankind: but THE TONGUE can no man tame."

"But you see, Harry, there is one who is stronger than this terrible Red Dwarf," said the old man, as he took the book again. He turned to the fifteenth chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel, and the eighteenth verse: "*But those things which proceed out of the mouth come forth from the HEART.*" "There it is, Harry; the HEART is the King. And nothing but a good HEART can make a good TONGUE."

"But however could you think about the King sending down a company of His Body Guard?" asked Harry.

"Found it here," said the old man, laying his hand on the Book—"tis all here. I'll show you that too. Look in the one hundred and forty-first Psalm, and the third verse. Those are the words of the King."

Again Harry turned over the pages, and then read these words: "*Set a Watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips.*"

"So that's the secret, Harry. You see how it is—a good heart and then a good tongue. "*Create in me a clean heart, O God!*" said the old shoemaker reverently as he closed the Book.