

"Yes," said Pierre, who was beginning to think he would never get out.

The boy got a rope and pulled him up. Of course, Pierre thought it very kind of him, and thanked him warmly, and then each continued on his way. And now the path grew still more rugged, so that he had to pick his way carefully along.

Passing a lofty rock, he was suddenly assailed by a shower of stones, but could see no one. One hit him with such force that he fell stunned by the blow, and as often as he tried to get up, the stones fell upon him. Just then the same boy appeared who had helped him before. Pierre wondered how it was he had got there so quickly, but then he remembered he was in fairyland.

"So ho! my friend, you are in difficulties again? But come; I will help you." Taking Pierre by the hand he helped him up. "And now, I think, you had better come with me. I will conduct you safely to Comus' palace, for that is where you are going, is it not?"

"Oh! thank you," said Pierre. "Surely," he thought to himself, "there can be no harm in this one. He certainly is very kind to me."