

Zante.

There was once a little African boy, who lived a happy life with his father and mother and little sister. He had a little dog that used to roll on the grass beside him, or scamper away as he bade it, and the boy was as happy as a king. One morning as he woke up from sleep, his father told him it was his birth-day, he was eleven years old. So the little fellow jumped up and thought he would have more fun than ever that day. He called his dog, and they set off running together. They wandered further and further from home. The boy took off his hat and filled it with the bright beautiful flowers that he gathered by the wayside; and the dog wagged his tail and jumped upon him with delight. The sky was blue overhead, and the sun was scorching, so that they were glad at last to turn down a shady lane. There they sat down on a sweet bank, the boy and the dog, and they both fell asleep. All at once a noise woke up the boy, it was the barking of his dog; and when he turned his head he saw a tall white man standing by his side. The boy had never seen a man with a white face before, and he trembled with fear.

The man spoke in a harsh, rough voice, and putting a rope round the boy's waist, he kicked him, and told him to be gone.

"O moder," cried the little negro, "moder, moder! come to me."

"You will never see your mother again," said the cruel man, "make haste sir, be off with you;" and he beat him with a knotted stick which he had in his hand. The faithful little dog ran after his master, but the man gave him many hard kicks to keep him back, and at last, losing all patience with the dog, he took his gun from his side and shot him. The poor boy saw his faithful dog lying on the ground, covered with blood and moaning piteously; but he could not stay even to give him one loving coax; the slave dealer hurried him along to the sea-shore. Here he

was thrown into a boat and taken to a ship which lay at anchor opposite, and then crowded with hundreds of other slaves into a dark hole, where they could not stir and could scarcely breathe. Meanwhile, a crowd of frantic parents were standing on the shore, weeping over their lost children. "Zante! Zante!" cried out a well-known voice, which the little boy in the dark hold could distinguish as his mother's; but alas! the ship sailed on, the cries became fainter and fainter, and at last died quite away, and little Zante's heart was ready to burst. Many of the slaves died on this dreadful voyage, and every now and then the door was opened into the wretched hole in which Zante and his fellow-sufferers were confined, and some dead bodies taken out of it. But Zante lived, and when the voyage was over he was sold for a slave. Day after day the little negro worked beneath a burning sun, and wished he were in his grave. Tears rolled down his cheeks as he thought of his mother, and he said to himself, "If I could be by the side of mother I would not mind working so hard;" but when the cruel task-master saw his tears, he only brought down the whip with double force upon his back.

One day Zante became so ill from his hard work and his master's cruelty, that he thought he must have died before his task was over. As soon as it was done he crept away to a tree where he might sit and weep alone. There he set himself down upon the grass and called upon his father's god. He called on his mother to come and comfort him. But no voice answered him, no comforter came; and worn out with fatigue he dropt asleep. In his sleep he dreamed that he saw his mother, that he felt her kiss, and heard her loving words once more. On awaking, and finding himself alone and miserable, he sobbed aloud.

"Don't cry, my little man," said a kind voice near him; "I know what can make you happy." Turning round, the little negro saw an English