

## CHAPTER V.

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**N**INE years have rolled by the with their various changes since we first introduced Earnest Harwood to the reader, a child of five years of age, weeping at the grave of his mother.

Let us again glance at him when he has nearly attained to the age of fourteen years. We find him grown a strong healthy youth, still retaining that wondrous beauty which had rendered him so remarkable in the days of his childhood.

The reader will doubtless be ready to enquire if his mind and character are equally lovely with his person. Would that it were in my power to give a favourable answer to the question. But the truth must be told, and, at the age of fourteen, Ernest Harwood was decidedly a bad boy. When of suitable age he had been put to school, and for a time made rapid progress in his studies. From the first he was rather averse to study, but as he learned readily and had a most retentive memory he managed to keep pace in his studies with most boys of his age.