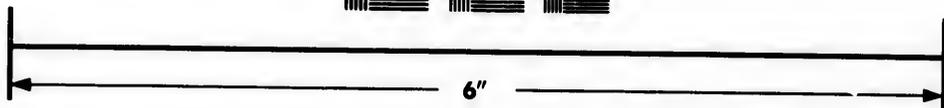
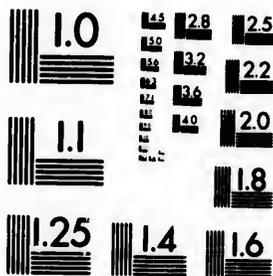


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CHARLES AND \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* HIS LAMB

Written for the "Lamb" and  
a full description

BY MARYLENE SUNDERS  
Author of "Lamb's Life"



Philadelphia  
CHARLES H. DANEN  
1893



CHARLES AND \* \* \*  
\* \* \* HIS LAMB

Written for the Little Ones  
of the Household

BY MARSHALL SAUNDERS  
Author of "Beautiful Joe"



Philadelphia  
CHARLES H BANES  
1895

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## Prefatory Note

George T. Angell, when requested to define the object of the Bands of Mercy, replied, "To teach and lead every child and older person to seize every opportunity to say a kind word, or do a kind act that will make some other human being or some dumb creature happier."

The engaging, interesting life of a little child, its infantile reasonings, its imaginative world filled with tiny but wonderful mental pictures, are too soon obscured by the coming years of the maturing life. Truly the Apostle said: *When I was a child I spake as a child, I felt as a child, I thought as a child: now that I am become a man, I have put away childish things.*

The utterance of the Apostle is especially intended to illustrate and contrast human knowledge in its infancy with the wider range and enlarged development of after years. There are influences of childhood that never grow less. The kingly law of love can manifest its benign sway over the life of the little prattler and enlarge its control through the gentle leading of the mother, thus continuing its dominion in the mind until habits are formed that inspire the life in its contact with humanity. This is manifest to every thoughtful observer of child-life.

In the biography of "Beautiful Joe," Miss Saunders has emphasized this truth, and demonstrated in her happy way, that children may be trained by home influence to be gentle and tender to others, and merciful to dumb creatures.

In "Charles and his Lamb," Miss Saunders has presented for little folks, sketches and scenes in the real life of a baby boy, and the story of the influences of a little child whose kindness of heart and love for animals is prettily shown. His innocent, artless life, so full of love, imparts its healthy influence to his childish associates and playmates, becoming a living spring of perennial beauty.

It is to be hoped that this glimpse of child-life, with its setting of love, may awaken in the hearts of the children for whom it has been written a desire to manifest those

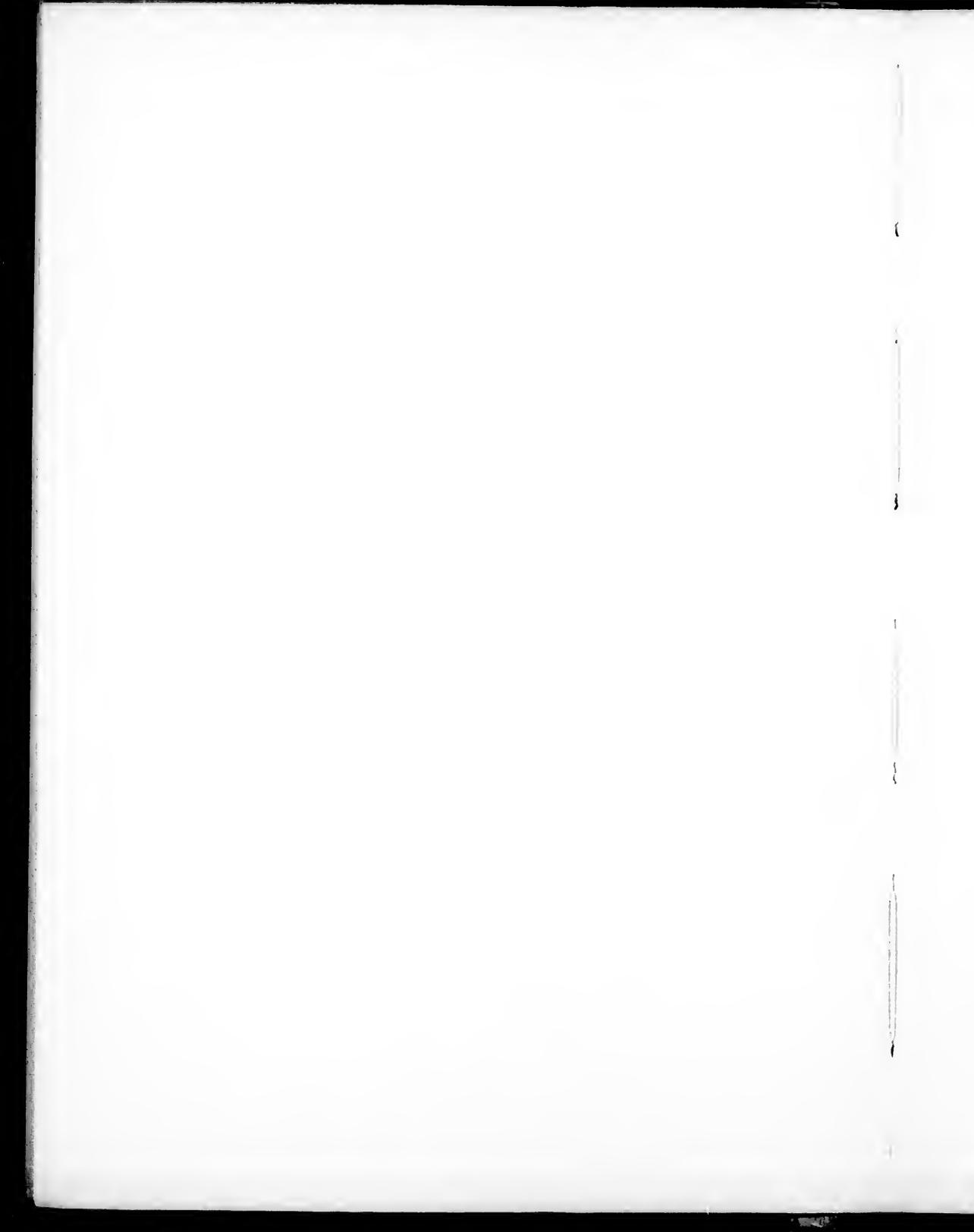
"Little deeds of kindness, little words of love"  
that

"Make our earth an Eden like the heaven above."

CHARLES H. BANES

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CHAPTER I

**Introducing the Lamb**



### Introducing the Lamb



IN the centre of a wide, green lawn at the back of a pretty country house stood a tiny white-frosted child talking to a lamb

“Lamb,” he said, holding a bit of cake an inch from the snowy creature’s nose, “Charles is glad to see you.”

The lamb looked into the charming baby face so near his own and murmured an appreciative “Ma-a-a.”

“Lamb,” the child went on slowly, “Charles loves you,” and with his little heart overflowing with affection toward his new playfellow, he threw both arms round its neck.

The lamb was considerably taken aback, yet in the midst of his surprise he recovered himself enough to secure the piece of cake, which he ate with great satisfaction.

“Come,” said the child, at the conclusion of

a somewhat prolonged caress ; " Charles has something to show you."

He seized the rope hanging to the lamb's neck, and, toddling over the grass, led him behind a small and beautifully green arbor.

There, under the shade of a tree, lay a big grey cat fast asleep, his head resting confidently on the fluffy body of a terrier who was snoring loudly.

A shepherd dog sat near by, his watchful eyes going from the dog and cat to a pair of white rabbits who were munching lettuce leaves and gazing placidly from between the bars of their hutch.

" This is Charles' menag'ric," said the child in his sweet clear accents ; " Charles loves dogs, and mouses and bunnies and pussy cats."

The lamb lowered his head and pressed closer against his new master ; he did not like the way in which the shepherd dog was sniffing at his woolly sides.

" Collie won't hurt you, lambie," said the child

gently, and he passed the rope from his hands into the mouth of the dog.

The intelligent animal understood what his young master meant—the lamb was to be his especial care. He gave a joyful muffled bark, frisked about on the grass, and finally lay down beside his new companion.

The cat was not so ready to enlarge the circle of his friends. He sprang up, elevated his back, and, spitting furiously, made terrifying faces at the newcomer.

Jennie, the child's nurse, who had been following him drew near, but she was waved back.

"Charles will manage," said her small charge, and then he turned loving eyes toward the cat's angry visage.

"Don't be cross, Jerry," he said remonstratingly, "you promised to be a good cat; Charles will have to say verses to you," and sitting on the grass he repeated a childish rhyme which had the effect of drawing the penitent cat to his arms, where he nestled in a pleased and purring reverie.

"Now Charles is happy," said the tiny boy and he tried to rise, still holding the cat firmly to him. He could not keep his balance, his little feet caught in the embroidery of his white skirts, and he rolled over on the grass and lay with his laughing face upturned to the sky, his hands brushing aside the eager noses of the dogs who pressed forward to see if he were hurt.

In the midst of his frolic with them he heard a distant whistle.

"It is the train," he cried, "Charles' grandfather has come," and, scrambling to his feet, he trotted rapidly across the lawn, followed tumultuously by the dogs, the cat and the lamb.

CHAPTER II  
**The Baby and His Pets**



## The Baby and His Pets



H, grandfather, I'm just cwazy about you—are you cwazy about me?" and little Charles flung himself into the arms of a tall gentleman who was opening the gate.

What a delightful welcome for a tired man who had just come from the hot city! Colonel Vaughan smiled, and, lifting the child, he carried him up the veranda steps.

Everybody on the veranda was laughing at the baby, and, hearing the sound of merry voices, he raised his happy face from his grandfather's breast.

"What you laughing at?" he asked uneasily.

Colonel Vaughan looked anxiously at the little, sensitive face, then shook his head at the baby's two youthful aunts, who immediately concealed their roguish glances behind palm leaf fans.

"Is it 'cause I said *cwazy*?" whispered the child against Colonel Vaughan's cheek.

"I suppose so, darling."

Charles straightened his small figure and turned to his aunts with so curious an expression on his face that his grandfather, wishing to know what was passing in his mind, said, "Of what is my baby thinking?"

"Charles does not wish to be a baby," said the child distinctly; "he wish to be a man."

His Aunt Margaret ran across the veranda and caught him to her. "You sweet thing, I wish I could keep you like this forever, and always hear your precious baby talk."

The child's gaze wandered from her up to the blue sky above them. Over his exquisite rose-leaf face passed one strange expression after another. He was struggling with thoughts too deep for utterance. Of the two faces, his for a few minutes wore the more mature look, and his grandfather watched him keenly.

Then he became a baby again. "Charles is tired," he said, with a pretty gesture, and he held

out his arms to the strong ones so often a shield and a covert to him in his baby perplexities.

"What has my boy been doing to-day?" asked Colonel Vaughan, looking fondly down at the little, thoughtful face

"Charles has played with his animals," said the child slowly. "Uncle Robert is going to give him three guinea pigs."

"Three guinea pigs," echoed his grandfather, "they will be a great addition to your happy family."

"Yes, a great 'ddition," said Charles, sleepily.

There was a young man—a second cousin of Charles' mother—sitting reading in a shady corner of the veranda. At the child's last sentence he left his seat and sauntered nearer the group in the doorway.

"Going to sleep, isn't he?" he said, surveying the white lids drooping over Charles' eyes. "He's tired himself out romping with his play-mates. It's an odd thing that he should be so extravagantly fond of animals."

"He has been brought up with them,"

returned Colonel Vaughan, "having neither brothers nor sisters, we feared that he might become selfish if he played alone."

"But do you not think it is a mistake to allow children to become so devoted to dumb animals?" said the young man, "do they not champion the dumb and oppress the human?"

"On the contrary," said Colonel Vaughan, "we find that Charles' passion for dumb animals, and his interest in them, make him more tender toward his fellow-beings, and also more patient with them. His pets often provoke him, and oblige him to learn self-restraint."

The second cousin laughed. "I had a proof of his self-control last evening. He climbed on the sofa beside me and begged for a story. I invented a tale of an Indian, who went on foot through the forest, and, having nothing to eat, shot a deer. Charles interrupted me, and, with flashing eyes and clinched fists, exclaimed, "I will shoot that Indian." Then he seemed to reflect and added, "God will punish that Indian, but Charles must forgive him."

"I saw him," returned Colonel Vaughan; "your tale caused him a pang almost as acute as the one that would pierce a dying animal. It is almost impossible for us beings, of a coarser mould, to understand the keenness and sharpness of sympathy that exists between animals and those who love them deeply. I have seen Charles' flesh twitch violently when a horse is whipped. Mere baby that he is, he seems to feel the lash himself."

It is strange," said the young man, "I think I am rather glad I don't feel the sufferings of the lower orders of creatures as intensely as this small boy."

"The precious pet!" said the baby's younger aunt, Miss Maude, as she fanned herself and watched the sleeping child. "Do you remember the day that he laid aside the chicken bone he was eating and said, 'little bone, I will not take the meat off you, for you will be so cold'?"

Here Aunt Margaret got up to brush a fly from the baby's face. "He is just the best and sweetest child that ever lived. Nurse says that

she can hardly get along the street when she goes to the village with him. He sits up in his perambulator with that fascinating gleam in his eye, and every woman he meets wants to kiss him. What is it that makes him so different from other children? I can't tell what it is. You ought to know, Eleanor," and she turned to the baby's mother, who sat quietly smiling, as she listened to her.

"I think that people love him because he is such a high-principled and whole-souled baby," was the soft reply. "They see in him the foreshadowings of a great and noble character. What is your opinion?" and she looked at her father-in-law. "I believe that you understand him better than anyone."

"I think that our baby possesses a share of the greatest gift that God can bestow," he said, "and that is love; his little heart is running over with it. That is the secret of his drawing power, both for animals and human beings."

"If he only lives to grow up," sighed the

mother. I sometimes fear that we shall lose him ; he is so near perfection."

Colonel Vaughan smiled. " Do not speak of perfection in connection with our darling. He is very human with all his sweetness of character. What of his self-will or determination, as you call it ? "

" Oh, but he has such a small amount of it " said the mother, " not enough to cause anxiety."

Colonel Vaughan shook his head. " I think that there is too much for the development of a perfect character. Remember his assertion when he was crossed for the first time as he was learning to talk, ' me knows what me wants and me *doos* it.' However, we shall see. I suppose you have remarked how earnestly he is trying to give up his babyish methods of expression."

" Yes, I have."

" I am very sorry for it," said Aunt Margaret ; " his broken language was so sweet."

" You would not hinder the growth of his little body," said her father, with an amused glance at her—" why hinder the growth of the

mind? Please steady that hammock till I put him in it. He will be cooler there than in my arms ;” and he placed the child in a dainty pink-and-gold nest swinging under a grapevine.

“ You all idolize the child,” said the second cousin, with interest. “ No wonder that he is good when there is so little to cross him. What are you going to do when Wilfred comes ?”

Ah! that was a hard question to answer, and every member of the family circle looked grave.

“ He is the most disagreeable child that I ever saw,” went on the young man, “ and positively cruel. I once saw him drop a cat from a third-story window.”

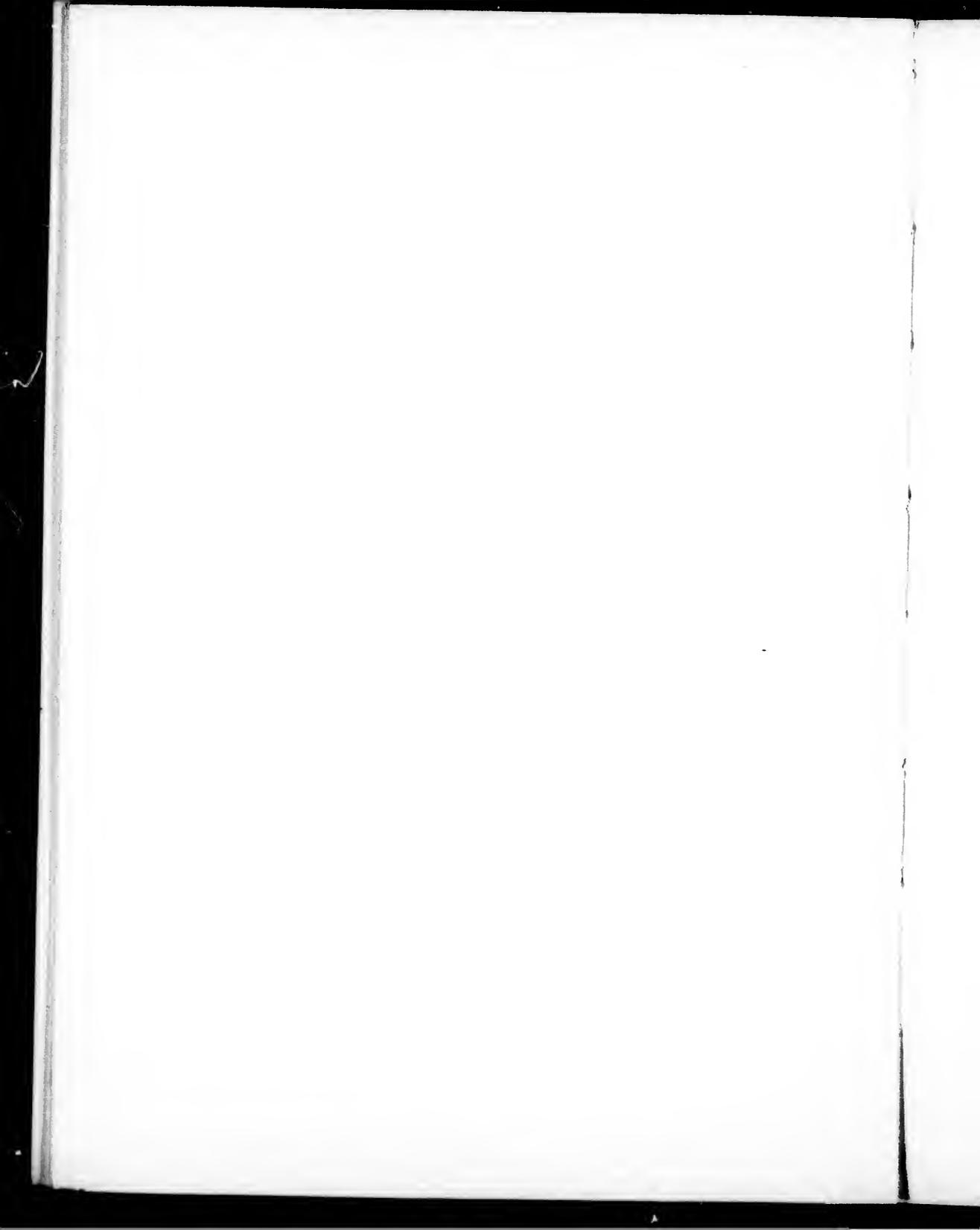
“ I am just as sorry as I can be that he is coming,” said Aunt Margaret, impulsively ; “ but when we asked his mother to visit us, we never dreamed that she would bring Wilfred.”

“ It will be a chance to see if our theory holds good, that Charles’ intercourse with animals teaches him self-control,” said Colonel Vaughan.

"I believe," chimed in Aunt Maude, "that Charles will do Wilfred good."

"If he doesn't—if Wilfred worries him, he will have to leave," said Aunt Margaret, firmly.

Colonel Vaughan gave utterance to his favorite exclamation, "We shall see, we shall see!" and, spreading out his evening paper, he divided his attention between it and the sleeping child.



CHAPTER III

**The Quarrelsome Guest**



## The Quarrelsome Guest



It was a very hot day, and the baby's grandmother, leaving the house, walked slowly across the lawn, and entering the arbor, sank into a rustic arm-chair

For a long time there was entire stillness about her, then the sound of voices made her turn her head.

Charles was to have his tea on the lawn, and the nurse was bringing out his table and chair.

The little child came toddling behind her, and after she had put his bread and milk before him, she went back to the house.

Mrs. Vaughan parted the wistaria leaves and looked out. What a charming sight! The baby—alone, save for his dumb friends, who sat in a semi-circle on the grass before him—had clasped his pink finger tips and closed his eyes, and was murmuring reverently his grace before meat :

"God is great and God is good,  
And we thank Him for our food ;  
By His hand let all be fed :  
Give us, Lord, our daily bread. Amen."

The verse being said he tied his bib about his neck, and, looking graciously on the dogs, the cat and the lamb, who were respectfully watching him, he offered them in turn bits of bread dipped in milk, which they came forward politely to receive.

A slight breeze stirred the warm atmosphere and lifted rings of the child's curly auburn hair. At intervals he raised his beautiful black eyes and gazed in placid satisfaction on his surroundings. He was, indeed, a lovely child, and the woman hidden behind the green leaves felt her heart stirred with thankfulness as she looked at him.

Suddenly the harmony of the scene was disturbed. A child two or three years older than Charles, and having a flushed face, disordered hair and a restless manner, came toward the small table, listlessly kicking his toes in the grass as he did so.

"Baby, baby," he said, teasingly, when he caught sight of Charles; "having your tea by yourself; I eat with the grown folks."

This accusation of being a baby touched Charles in a very tender spot.

He stopped eating, blushed violently, and struck the table with his spoon, "Charles is a big, big boy," he said, angrily.

"A big, big baby," said Wilfred, mocking him.

Charles' cheeks grew redder still—he was inclined to fly into a passion—then his attention was suddenly distracted, and he stared so intently at Wilfred that the elder boy broke out with a sudden "What are you looking at?"

"You are like the dog-faced baboon in Charles' picture-book," said the little one, wistfully; "can't you ask God to give you a new face?"

It was now Wilfred's turn to be angry, and, running rudely against the table, he pushed it to the ground.

Charles sat with his spoon uplifted and

philosophically surveyed the wreck before him.

Curious to see what he would do, Mrs. Vaughan did not come forward to assist him.

"Wilfred," he said, rebukingly, "you are always upsetting Charles' little derangements, but nurse says you can't help it," then, slipping from his chair, he hastened to restore the table to its four legs.

Wilfred stood by pouting and clasping his hands behind his back.

"Nurse says your heart is quite black," went on Charles, in an awe-struck whisper. "Does it feel funny, Wilfred, to have a black heart?"

"My heart isn't black," exclaimed Wilfred. "Get out of my way, you beast!" and, stretching out his foot, he kicked at the unoffending lamb, who was standing near him.

Charles looked desperately about him. He could pardon an injury to himself, one to his sweet-tempered pets never passed unavenged, yet Wilfred was his guest. Baby that he was,

this matter had been carefully explained to him, and he fully understood it.

"Wilfred," he said, "you hurt the lamb."

"I didn't," remarked the other child.

Charles, without saying a word, quietly approached his companion and gave him a sudden, well-directed blow between the eyes.

"Oh, you hurt," cried Wilfred, springing backward.

"No, Charles didn't," observed the small child, seating himself on the grass beside the lamb; "if Wilfred didn't hurt the lamb, Charles didn't hurt Wilfred."

This logic was unanswerable, and the larger boy was about to appeal to brute force, when the collie, who was a dog of a serious disposition, and who thought that the rough play had gone far enough, seized him by the legs of his little white trousers and pulled him to the ground.

Wilfred slapped the dog in the face, but at this he was saluted by so warning a growl that

he soon controlled himself, and, calmly accepting the situation, was soon engaged in a conversation with Charles.

"I had ten dogs once," he said looking disdainfully at his little friend who had never had more than three.

Charles was lost in admiring wonder.

"They were blue dogs," continued Wilfred, "and they had six tails apiece."

Charles had never been told what was untrue and had never himself felt the necessity of telling a lie, but at this extraordinary statement he knew that there was something wrong.

"In Charles' books are no blue dogs," he said mildly.

"Mine were just as blue—as blue as that grass," said Wilfred.

"Where are now these dogs?" asked Charles.

"They ran away."

"I wish one would come to Charles," said the little boy, to whom the notion of ten six-tailed dogs running ownerless about the world was a fascinating one.

"Give me one of your dogs," said Wilfred, suddenly.

"Charles couldn't, and you would beat them," said the child after a short struggle with himself.

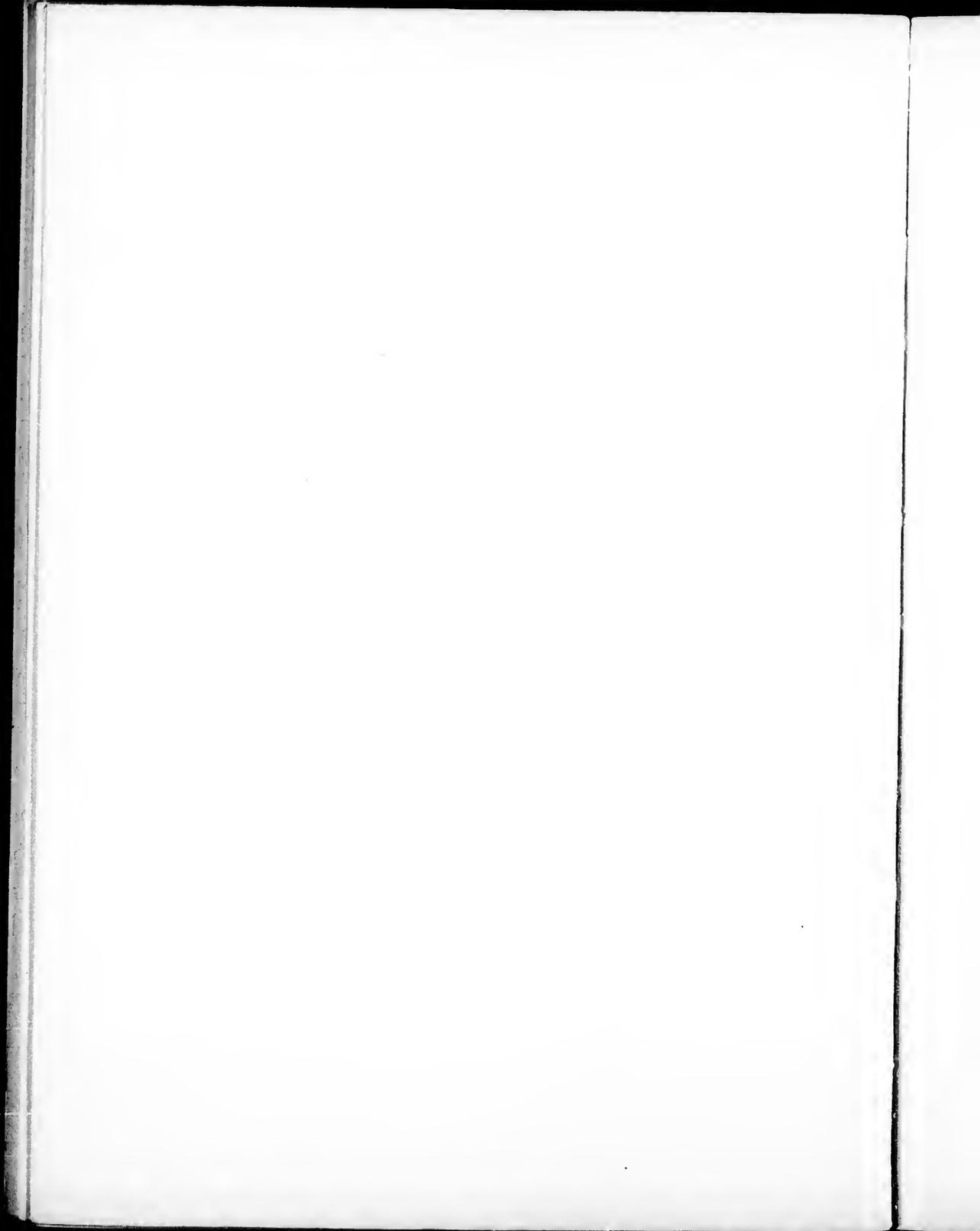
"No I wouldn't," and Wilfred fondled not unkindly the silky ears of the collie who was forgivingly licking his hands.

The little terrier, fearful of being overlooked, ran up at this instant with a ball which he dropped at Charles' feet.

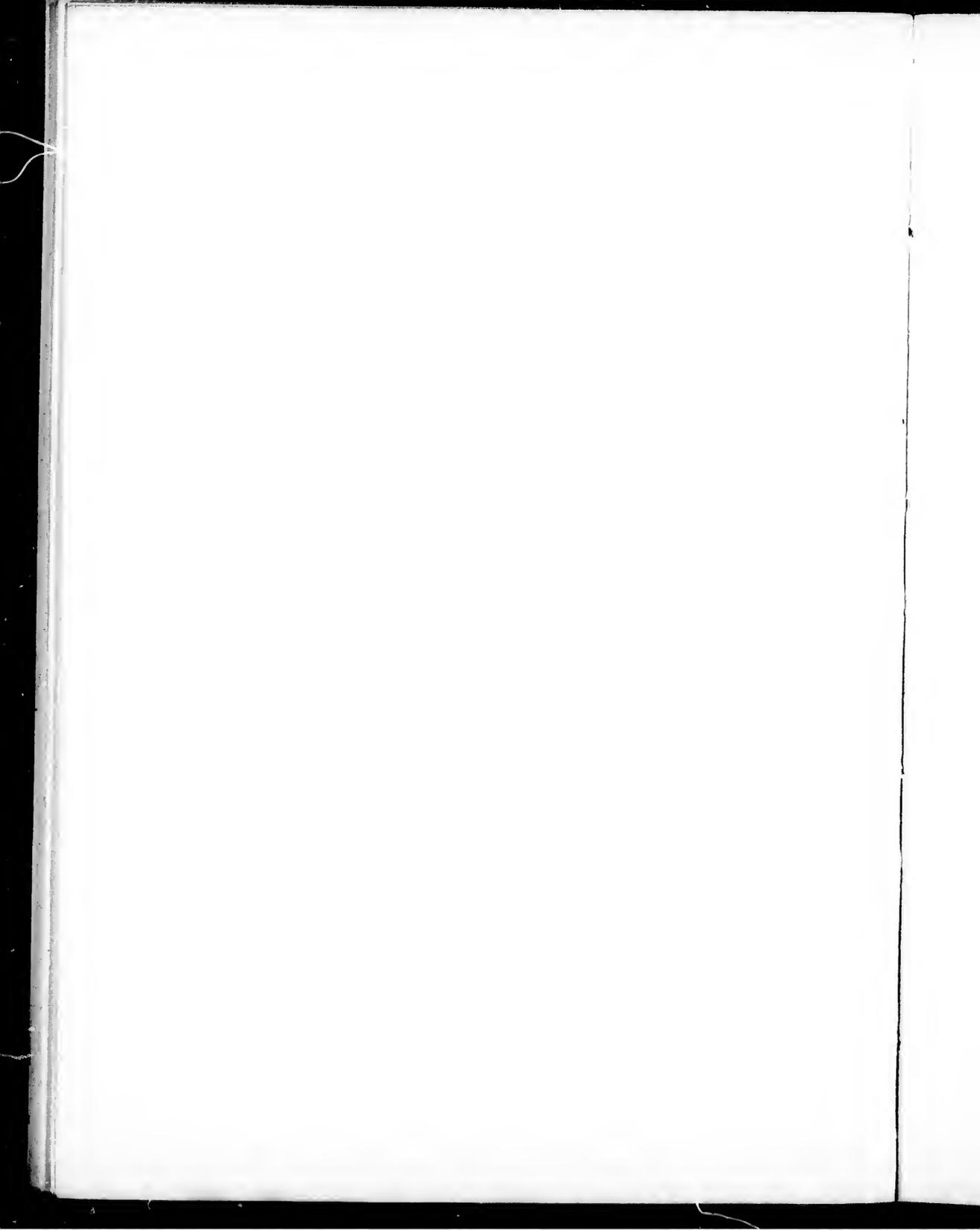
"We will play ball," said the child, and he rolled it over the grass.

For half an hour the dogs ran to and fro in wild sport and the children's merry peals of laughter reached the house.

"How happily they get on together," said Wilfred's mother. "My boy is not half as fretful as usual since we came here. Your baby's sweet ways are influencing him for good."



CHAPTER IV  
**A Visit to the Zoo**



## A Visit to the Zoo



COLONEL VAUGHAN had taken Charles and Wilfred into the city to an exhibition of wild animals.

From cage to cage the little party went in a leisurely manner, followed by an ever-increasing number of people whom Colonel Vaughan affected not to notice, though he was several times obliged to put up his hand to stroke his moustache in order to conceal a smile.

These people were fairly hanging on the description of the various animals falling in sweet broken sentences from Charles' lips. He had never before seen wild beasts except in his books on natural history, and his delight at finding in bodily presence the animals whose pictures he dearly loved, was so unbounded that he would have entered their cages, could he have done so.

"See, Wilfred," he cried; "there is Mr. Lion

from Africa, and this is Mr. Lion from Asia, 'cause he has a smaller mane. Charles is glad to see the King of the Cats."

"He isn't a cat," said Wilfred, positively.

"Yes he is," said the child; "and here is a moose deer and a white-tailed deer. *D* is for deer that runs like the wind—don't you 'member, Wilfred?"

"Yes," said Wilfred, who was only a trifle less excited than Charles.

"And here is a camel," cried Charles, "and he has long, long lashes and strong, strong teeth. Reach me up, grandfather, to pat his nose."

The ugly-looking animal graciously allowed the child to stroke him and even turned his head to look after him as he passed on his way.

"*Z* is for zebra, so strong and so wild," said Charles, pausing in front of a handsome striped animal. "Grandfather, will you buy Charles a zebra?"

Some of the people in their train laughed aloud, and Colonel Vaughan, suppressing a smile,

drew his grandchild to the next enclosure, where a pink-faced sacred baboon sat huddling himself miserably under his grey fur tippet.

"Poor baboon, so far from home," said Charles with his face close against the bars; "here is an apple for you."

The baboon for an instant abandoned his listless attitude, and, stretching out his hand, took the fruit from the child with a caressing murmur

In the cage next to him were a cock, a goat, and a kangaroo.

Charles presented the cock and the kangaroo with bits of biscuit, and then tried to feed the goat, but the latter was slow and clumsy, and the little cock flying over and above and around him snapped up everything that was thrown into the cage.

Charles clapped his hands in glee and could hardly tear himself away till Wilfred cried, "Look here, look here!"

A trained seal was by turns firing off a toy cannon, playing a tambourine, and kissing his

master whom he surveyed affectionately with velvety brown eyes.

With a keen and scrutinizing glance, Charles looked from the animal to its keeper. "The seal is happy," he said at last, "and Charles is happy."

A terrible growling made them retrace their steps. A tamer had gone into the cage with the lions, and was snapping a long whip to make them do tricks.

"Bad, bad man, come out," cried Charles, stamping his foot; "lions do not love such things, they will eat you."

The tamer laughed and went on with his dangerous sport, and Charles, with his little breast heaving, was hurried away to a less exciting part of the exhibition.

With the birds and the monkeys he was enraptured, but turned in silent dismay from an evil-faced laughing hyena, whispering to his grandfather an incredulous, "Did God make it?"

"What animal is this, little one?" asked an old gentleman in spectacles, who had paused

before a plump animal that looked somewhat like a kangaroo.

"Tell me," said Charles; "I never saw one like it."

"It is the brush-tailed bettong," said the old gentleman, "who builds nests of leaves and grass that he rolls up and carries with his tail."

"Please tell him to carry that hay across his cage."

The bettong would not do as he was asked, and, curling up his tiny forepaws, settled back on his long hind ones and sleepily scanned the people before him.

"May be he jumps only at night,—and sleeps in the day," said Charles, turning away in disappointment.

"You have guessed rightly, my small lad," said the old gentleman, patting his head; "you put some of us older ones to shame."

The little boy did not know what he meant; he thought that everyone knew about animals, and he ran after Wilfred to look at the ostriches.

"Oh! oh! what elegant birds," cried Wilfred, as two dilapidated-looking ostriches, harnessed to a small cart, were brought into the ring. "Let us have a ride."

"Would you like to?" and Colonel Vaughan bent over his little grandson.

Charles critically viewed the enormous birds. "Ostriches like to go fast," he said; "I do not think they like to draw little boys."

"Will you go on the elephant?" inquired Colonel Vaughan.

"Yes," said Charles; "I will."

The two children had a long ride, then, fearing lest they might fatigue themselves too much, Colonel Vaughan took them home.

CHAPTER V

**The Stray Lamb**



## The Stray Lamb



FEW days later Wilfred's mother was talking to Charles' grandmother.

"I know that I have spoiled Wilfred," said Mrs. Moore, with tears in her eyes; "but I have always said that if he could come under the influence of a good child he himself would become good."

"And you think that Charles has effected this change?" asked Mrs. Vaughan.

"Indeed, I do. Your beautiful boy, with his intensely sympathetic nature, understands my child and has made another being of him. I shall never cease to be thankful that I came here."

"Charles will miss Wilfred," said Mrs. Vaughan.

"This morning," continued Mrs. Moore, "I had the deep pleasure of hearing my boy say of his own free will what he has never said before."

“ And what was that ?”

“ ‘ I am sorry ’—they had quarrelled about a toy, and Charles was showing a sweetness and a restraint far beyond his years. Wilfred suddenly repented, and throwing his arms around Charles’ neck, said, ‘ I am sorry. ’ ”

“ It must have been a pretty scene.”

“ It was more than pretty—it was angelic. Next to my own boy I love yours. What do you think he said to comfort Wilfred ?”

“ I am sure I do not know.”

“ Such a quaint thing. ‘ Everybody does bad,’ he remarked sagely, ‘ then they ask God to forgive them, ’cept animals. I guess they don’t pray. Little doves steal food and hides it under their wings, and bees get drunk and big monkeys knock little monkeys’ heads ’gainst trees when they get tired carrying them,’ and he went on with a long list of animals’ failings.”

“ Just look at them now,” said Mrs. Vaughan, and she pointed to the lawn where the two boys lay face downwards on the grass. What do you suppose they are doing ?”

"Let us go and see."

Together the two ladies went out, and arrived on the spot in time to hear an interesting conversation about ants that the two small boys were carrying on, as they watched some busy black creatures who were capturing garden-lice to shut up in cells in their houses.

All day the boys played happily together, but toward evening a terrible thing happened.

Wilfred, unduly set up by his mother's praise, became so overbearing with Charles that Mrs. Vaughan, who never allowed her grandchild to be imposed upon, took him to her own room.

The little visitor had got to love Charles as if he had been his brother. In a furious temper, to think that he should see him no more that evening, he rushed from the house into the garden.

It was fast growing dark. "What could he do to appease his rage—to annoy Charles and his loving grandmother?"

The bleating of the lamb fell upon his ear—the gentle creature that of all the pets was dearest

to the heart of the young master. He would let it out of the stable where it had been put for the night, into the road. What a fright it would give Charles to have his dear lamb lost!

He went into the stable and the dogs ran to meet him. He must fasten them up—it would never do to let Collie and Patty see him. They would immediately drive the lamb home. So he called them into the harness-room, then ran out and shut the door.

Carefully looking about to see that the coachman and the stable boy were not near, he put a rope round the neck of the lamb and led it through the gate into the road.

There it stood, the faithful creature, its eyes fixed on him. It would not run away.

He gave it a little push, then a kick, but still it remained.

What was he to do? The wicked passion that he was in blinded his judgment. He walked along the road leading the lamb till he heard the noise of an approaching cart. Then he lifted up his eyes and saw a rough looking man pulling up

his horse to say, "Hullo, what are you doing with that lamb?"

"I want to sell it," said Wilfred blushing vividly.

"How much do you want for it?"

"Twenty-five cents."

"Will you sell it to me, my little man?"

"Yes," said Wilfred.

The man, without uttering a word more, sprang down from his seat, and after putting a piece of money in Wilfred's hand, he tied the lamb's legs together and put it in his cart.

The pretty animal lifted his head and fixed his eyes piteously on Wilfred, who stood silently in the road. The man threw a piece of canvas over the back of the cart and drove away.

"Come back, come back," said Wilfred feebly, for he could not forget the look in the lamb's eyes.

The man pretended not to hear him, and, whipping his horse smartly, was soon out of sight.

Wilfred frowned at the twenty-five cent piece in his hand, then, casting it over the hedge, he ran into the house.

A very quiet boy, he took his tea and begged to be put to bed. He did not sleep well, but all night long had ugly dreams. The next morning he dreaded to get up, but at last he did so, hoping to find that by some means or other the lamb had been brought back. Perhaps the man had repented.

Alas, the man had not, and as soon as Wilfred entered the breakfast-room he saw by the grave faces of the older people that they knew what had happened.

No one took much notice of him—they were watching Charles.

“The lamb has been stolen,” whispered his mother, as she handed his porridge to him. “Is it not sad? Say nothing about it.”

Charles, laughing and prattling happily, ate his breakfast, then, waiting politely till the grown people had finished and his grandmother had placed her serviette on the table, he said, “Come,

Wilfred, let us take his piece of peach to Charles' dear lamb."

"My darling," said his grandfather, detaining him, "you cannot see the lamb this morning."

"Why not, grandfather?" asked the child in astonishment.

"Because some one has taken him away."

"No one would take the lamb," said the child, shaking his head; "it would make him sad to leave Charles."

"Some one has done it, I fear," said Colonel Vaughan; "but I have sent men to look for him, who will, I hope, bring him back to you."

In incredulous wonder Charles ran out to view the stall. Then, accompanied by his grandfather, he searched the grounds about the house.

The distress of his childish mind, when he at last comprehended the extent of the misfortune that had befallen him, was pitiful to see. The lamb that had eaten from his plate and drunk from his cup, that a dozen times a day laid its snowy head on his shoulder, was really gone;

the most defenseless of his pets had been taken from him.

Jerry and the terrier crouched close beside him. They knew well what had happened. The collie had gone with the coachman to seek the lamb.

The lessons of the last few weeks were to take effect in Wilfred. He watched Charles with a swelling heart, and at last burst into tears and threw himself upon him.

“Charles, Charles, I sent your lamb away.”

The little boy looked at him aghast. “You sent Charles’ lamb away!” he repeated.

“What does this mean?” asked Colonel Vaughan, and Mrs. Moore, with a cry of dismay, drew her son to her.

“I—I was cross and I sold him to a man,” sobbed Wilfred. “I will give you all my toys and my new Noah’s ark.”

All the wooden animals in the world could not fill the place of the departed living one. Charles made a gesture of unutterable distress and turned his back on the weeping boy.

He was struggling to repress his emotion. They all saw that. The rosy cheeks became pale; an expression of anguish filled his dark eyes.

At last he rose to his tiny feet. He would not strike Wilfred, but he would reprimand him.

With a mixture of dread, admiration and surprise, the child's relatives saw him, in his intensity of grief, doing his best to control himself.

He raised his hands, clasped his fingers, except the index ones, which he pointed straight at the guilty boy, and by turns asked him questions with regard to the abduction of the lamb and overwhelmed him with a flood of eloquent reproof.

There was something so unchildish, so mature in this exhibition of his reasoning powers, that his mother at last drew him to her.

"My baby—you must stop, I cannot bear to hear you."

The child hid his head in her neck. He was not thinking of himself. "The lamb's heart will

break," he said, brokenly; "he is gentle, like Mary's lamb, and he loves Charles so."

"You dear, dear child," exclaimed Mrs. Moore, "will you not say that you forgive Wilfred?"

Charles looked intently at the penitent boy and shook his head.

"Charles," said Colonel Vaughan quietly, "did you ever see the lamb angry?"

"Oh, no, no, grandfather," and the little one caught and pressed his hand convulsively; "the lamb is always good."

"Have you ever seen him frown, or stamp his foot, or bite when anyone annoyed him?"

"Charles' lamb doesn't do that," said the little boy, drawing himself up, his black eyes flashing, his hands outstretched toward his grandfather.

"What would the lamb think if he saw Charles now?"

The child was cut to the quick. He cast a glance round the little circle, took in the grieved faces of his grandparents and Mrs. Moore, and

the shamed one of Wilfred, then his better nature triumphed. "Charles will be like the lamb," he cried, and he threw himself into Wilfred's arms.

The two children mingled their tears together, and the grown people, as they watched them, felt their own eyes growing moist.

After a time the little boys became calm. "Oh Wilfred, lambs are not bold like dogs," said Charles, with a final sob; "let us go to look for him."

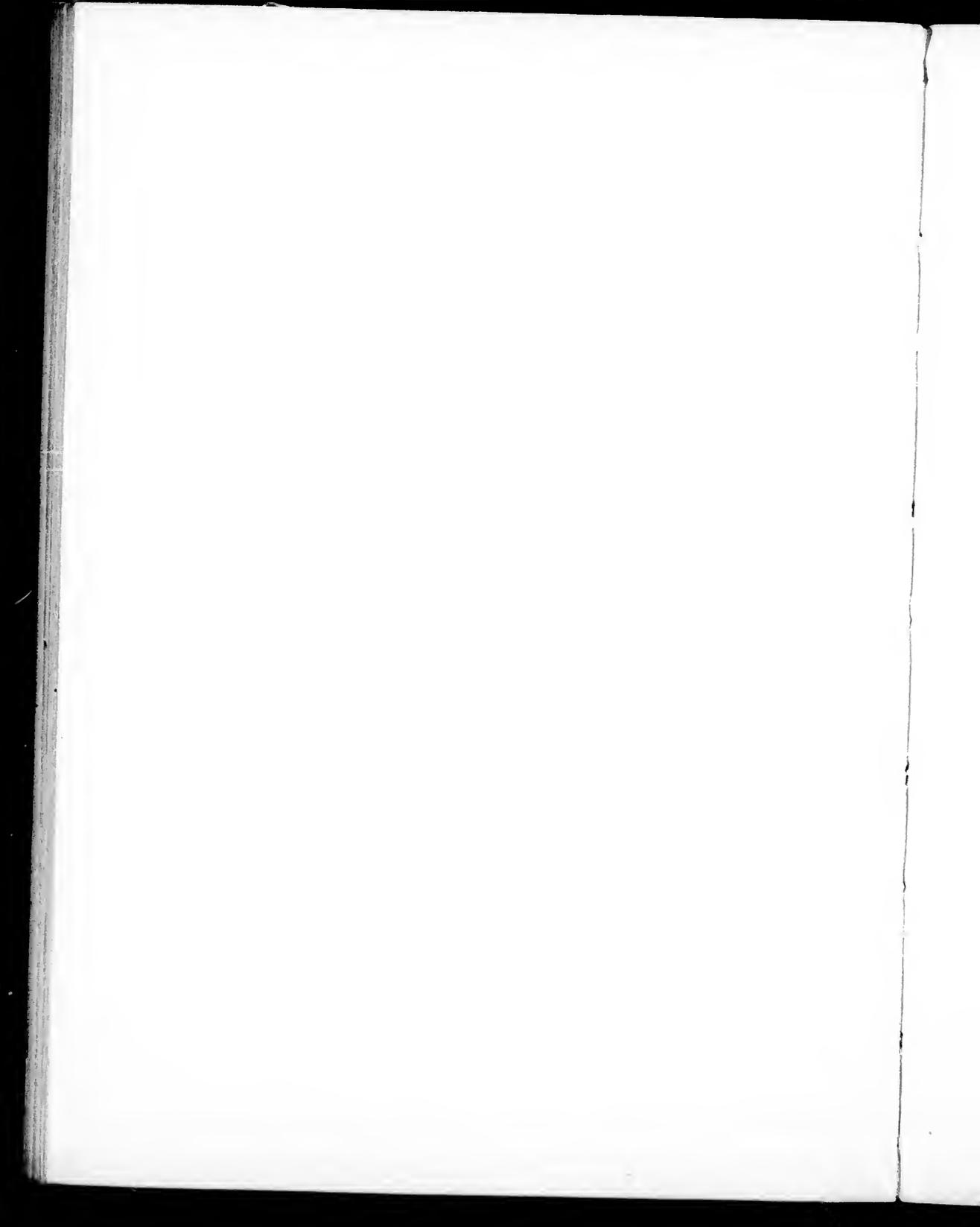
Hand in hand they went toward the gate and out into the road.

Colonel Vaughan gave directions to a servant to follow them while he went to the city to direct the inquiries made for the missing pet.



CHAPTER VI

**Searching for the Lost One**



### "Searching for the Lost One"



THE day wore on. There was no news from the city, and Charles' mother and grandmother watched him anxiously as in silent uncomplaining grief he wandered about the garden and the road, never willing to go far away from home, lest the lamb might be brought back during his absence.

With keen, sympathetic insight he was following his pet in imaginary wanderings. None knew as well as he what it was suffering. Fortunately it did not occur to him that it might have been sold to some butcher, who would kill it, and every member of the household was careful not to mention this possibility to him.

"Mamma," he said after lunch, "please give Charles a pencil and some paper; I will write a letter."

They were given to him, and after audibly uttering a few broken sentences, he did not seem able to write, and sat abstractedly tapping his pen on the paper and gazing at the blank page before him.

"What are you trying to do, darling?" said his mother.

"Charles wishes to write to the angels to ask them to find his dear lamb, but—it won't come down."

"My dearest boy—the ideas are not in your pencil. They are in your head."

"Charles does not understand," said the child languidly; "perhaps he'd better telephone," and climbing slowly from his chair he made his way to a corner of the room and stood on tiptoe on a hassock there.

"Hullo, hullo!" he called, steadily; "please give me heaven."

A young woman in the central office started considerably on hearing this request.

"Who is speaking?" she inquired.

"Charles is—his little lamb is lost and he wants

the angels to know 'cause grandfather's men haven't found it—" here his voice broke with a sob—"and the lamb will be lonely when night comes."

"Who is your grandfather, little one?" came back the inquiry.

"Don't you know Charles' grandfather?" and "Central" smiled at the astonished little voice.

Here Charles' mother interfered, and going to the telephone explained that her baby had lost his pet, and wanted the angels to assist in finding it.

"This sounds interesting," said "Central" to herself, and she asked the mother to tell her the story.

To please the listening child, Mrs. Vaughan did so, then putting the receiver in its place, she rang off and turned away.

"Take Charles in your arms, mamma, and let him go to sleep," said the child, "while he is waiting for the angels to bring back the lamb."

Mrs. Vaughan seated herself in a rocking-

chair and sang her boy into a sweet and trusting slumber.

In the meantime "Central" was standing in the office of the manager. The baby voice had reminded her of a little brother who had gone to heaven some years before, and her long lashes were moist as she gravely related what had happened and said, "Can't you do something for him?"

"Yes, certainly—a grandchild of Colonel Vaughan you say? I know him well. He is one of the well-known men in the city. What time is it?—one-thirty, and the evening papers go to press at two. I'll call up some of them. The Colonel is probably advertising, but a few paragraphs will help," and he wheeled round on his chair to his private telephone.

Five minutes later the sub-editor of the *Evening News*—the paper with the largest circulation in the city—was smiling over Charles' appeal to the angels. "Poor child," he muttered, pityingly, "just like my own boy." Then he called aloud "Mr. Birdell!"

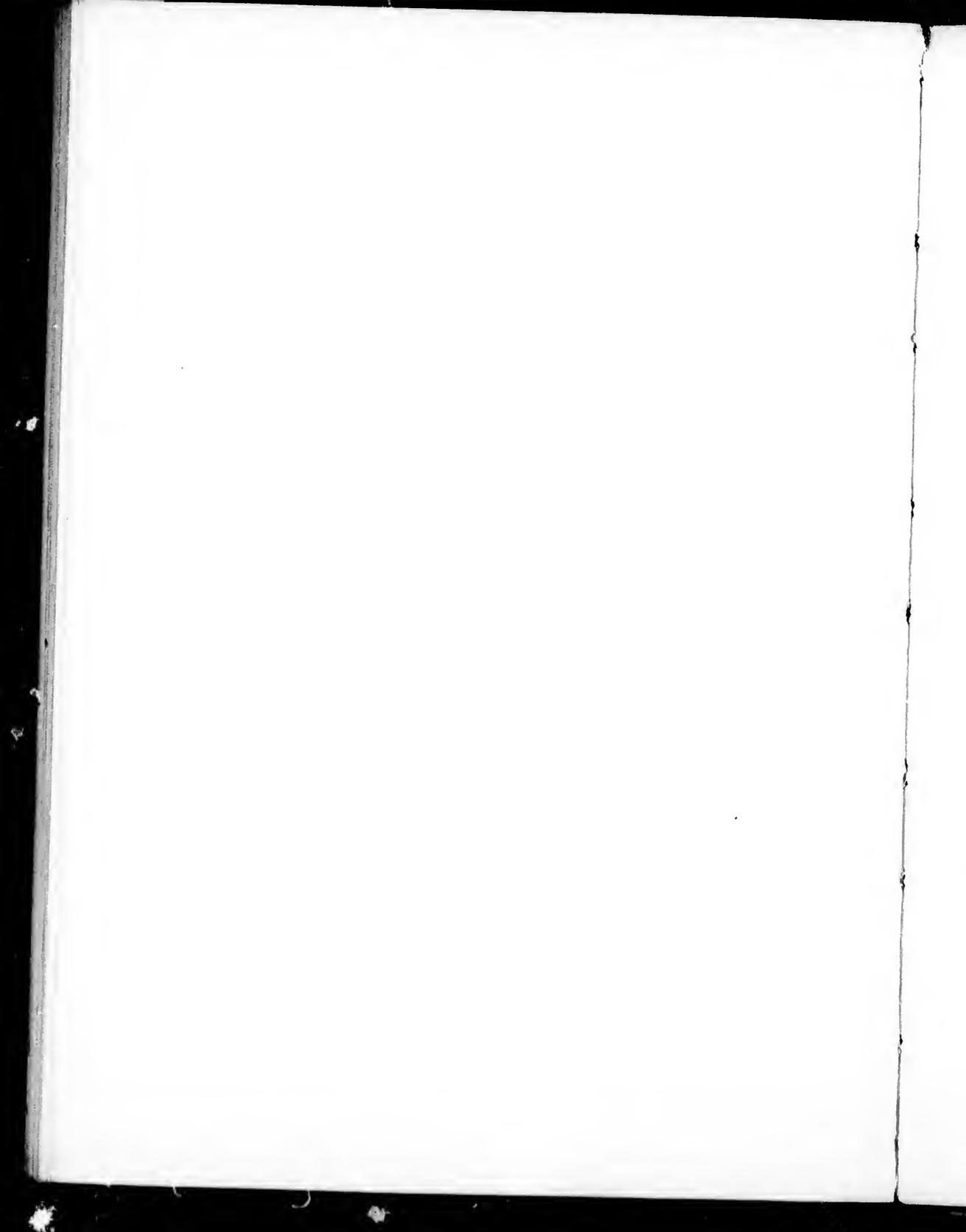
A tall young man with wavy black hair and quick grey eyes came in from an outer office.

"Insert this in current issue," said the sub-editor, handing him a paper on which were jotted some notes, "and find that lamb if he's above ground."

"When?"

"Now."

The young man left the room, and that night he had no sleep.



CHAPTER VII  
**Joyful Return**



## Joyful Return



**A**FTER a long, long afternoon and evening, during which Charles had sat in a patient listening attitude, he at last had been persuaded to go to bed.

His mother took him from his nurse into her own room, and at his slightest movement she was roused from her uneasy rest.

Just before daylight she heard him sigh heavily, then he rolled further from her and gave way to suppressed sobbing.

The vehemence of his grief, in which there was ever present an effort of self-control, made her clasp her child to her and smother him with caresses.

"Oh, mamma," he wailed, "Charles is getting tired of waiting and the lamb will die."

Mrs. Vaughan slipped from her bed and went to the window, "Oh, God, have mercy on my

child," she murmured, looking out at the streaks of dawn in the sky.

Then her glance dropped to the earth. There was a light in the stable, and, straining her eyes as it flashed to and fro, she fancied that its beams fell on a small white animal.

Slipping on her dressing-gown she was just about to hurry from the room when there was a low tap at the door.

"Eleanor, please speak to me."

"What is it?" and she eagerly confronted her father-in-law.

"The lamb has been found—is Charles awake?"

There was no need for an answer to that question. Colonel Vaughan heard a joyful cry of "Grandfather!" and then there was a pattering of bare feet over the carpet, and a white-gowned baby was clasping him round the knees and exclaiming in a delirium of delight, "Take Charles to the lamb—take him to the lamb."

Charles did not go to the lamb—the lamb came to him.

Walking daintily up the staircase and nodding its pretty head at every step came the recovered pet, followed by a dark young man whose face was pleased and smiling.

Mrs. Vaughan drew back in the doorway. She will never forget that scene—the rapturous joy of her child as he sprang toward the happy creature whose fleece was torn and dirty, and who nosed and pushed and bleated round his young master in all the happiness of a terrified and distressed wanderer restored to a peaceful fold—the grandfather whose face was like sunshine, and the young man who stood with his hat in his hand, his keen eyes taking in every detail of the picture.

After some time Charles was persuaded to allow the lamb to be put to bed, but he insisted on being carried to the stable in his grandfather's arms to make sure that it had food and water and a soft couch.

Mr. Birdell went with them, and a few minutes later took his leave, turning back to wave his hand at the beautiful child clinging to his grandfather's neck.

"What shall we do for him?" said Colonel Vaughan thoughtfully; "he has had a vast deal of trouble—he had to go over half the city and then out into the country in his search."

"Charles will give him a picture of the lamb," said the little one.

"And Charles' grandfather will invest him with the order of the golden fleece," said Colonel Vaughan to himself. "What shall it be—a breast-pin or a watch—we shall see," and he carried his small grandchild into the house.

"Hasn't my baby forgotten something?" asked the mother as her ecstatic child was about to clamber into bed.

He knew what she meant, and in an instant he was on his knees by the bedside, his curly head buried in the counterpane, his tiny hands outstretched.

While listening to the broken accents and the fervent outpourings of his grateful little heart to its Maker, his mother was again reminded of the tender loving heart of her little one.

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"I can wish no fairer lot for my boy," she murmured, "than to live in an atmosphere of love—beloved and honored in the companionship of worthy men and women, and adored by children and his dumb companions. Then, ah then, best of all, at the end of his earthly journey to have a happy entrance into that kingdom where no troubles will ever vex his gentle breast."

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