

OUR LADDIE

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Our Laddie by Lizzie Joyce Tomlinson

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LIZZIE JOYCE TOMLINSON

OUR LADDIE



OUR LADDIE'S PERILOUS JOURNEY — p. 8.

OUR ADDIE.

BY

LIZZIE JOYCE TOMLINSON.

"Be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted."—EPM. IV. 22.

"By the lights and clouds through which our pathway lies,
By the beauty and the grief alike, we are training for the skies!"

MRS. HEWANS.

LONDON:

JAMES NISBET & CO., 21 BERNERS STREET.

1880.

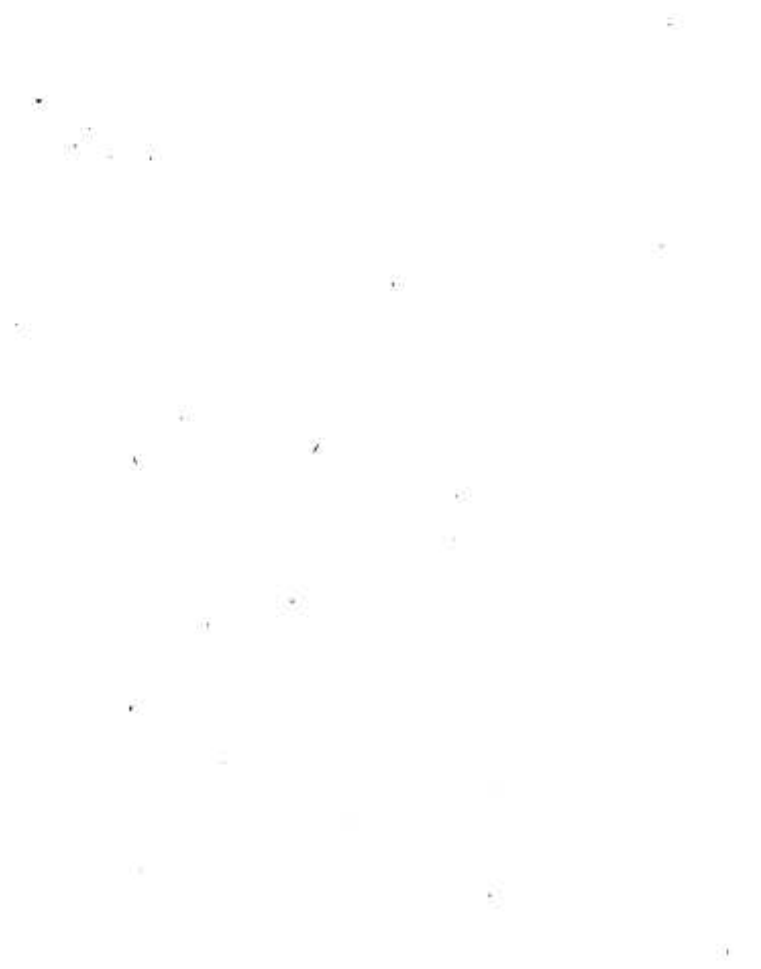
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OUR LADDIE.



CHAPTER I.

In the Stir.

"His light and fragile form is graced
With a girdle of silvered blue."

ELIZA COOK.

"**H**, don't keep me, please; please
don't keep me."

How, almost piteously those words fell from the lips of little Jack. There he was, trying to hurry on amidst the number of people who looked upon his pretty, yet sad young face, with such varying interest.

Yes, poor little Jack! Many a young eager face has gazed after you as you walked along your perilous journey across that long rope suspended high in that vaulted space. But did they realise how vast the difference between your path of life and theirs? Though the number of years they may have known may be nearly the same, yet what opposite feelings have they caused to arise.

Again, that fine summer evening, the visitors to that bright resort had drawn together. They had come to view Jack as he underwent his usual, monotonous, weary round of work.

To that large pavilion in the centre of the vast Winter Gardens he came daily to his post.

Across the great high ceiling the narrow rope was firmly fixed; and there, along that length, the little lad walked. Often as not, with covered eyes, every vestige of