

**LOVE THY NEIGHBOUR AS
THYSELF; OR, THE STORY
OF MIKE, THE IRISH BOY**

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Love thy neighbour as thyself; or, The story of Mike, the Irish boy by Cousin Kate

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COUSIN KATE

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AS

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T. NELSON AND SONS

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OR,

The Story of Mike, the Irish Boy.

BY

COUSIN KATE

(THE LATE MISS C. D. BELL).



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LOVE THY NEIGHBOUR AS
THYSELF.

“I’VE done it, mother! I’ve done it!” cried Mike, as he dashed into his mother’s cottage and threw himself upon a chair, flushed and panting for breath.

“What have you done, my son?” she asked, looking up a little anxiously.

“Got away from them! got home without saying a word, without striking one of them! And oh, mother, they’ve been teasing me awful bad.

They made me mad angry with what they said."

"What did they say so bad, dear?" She asked the question soothingly, as the readiest way of showing her sympathy in her boy's troubles. The quick, fiery flash of his eye, the bright colour of anger mounting to his cheek, showed her instantly that she had better not have asked it.

"What did they say!" he cried, passionately—"what did they not say? They said that father was an Irish blackguard, and was hanged for murdering a man with his shillelagh. They said that you were a dirty Irish beggar, that decent folk were ashamed to speak to. Think of that, mother! think of that!" and the little fellow's whole frame trembled with passion.

"Well, well, never mind about it now," she said, soothingly; "it's over now. Little use going back to what's