

**CORDS OF LOVE;
OR, WHO IS MY
NEIGHBOUR?**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649556182

Cords of Love; Or, Who Is My Neighbour? by M. E. Clements

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

M. E. CLEMENTS

**CORDS OF LOVE;
OR, WHO IS MY
NEIGHBOUR?**



A GOOD SAMARITAN.

C O R D S O F L O V E .



IN PERPLEXITY.

Page 25.

Thomas Nelson and Sons,
LONDON, EDINBURGH, AND NEW YORK.

2535.7.244.

CORDS OF LOVE;

OR,

Who is My Neighbour?

By

M. E. CLEMENTS,

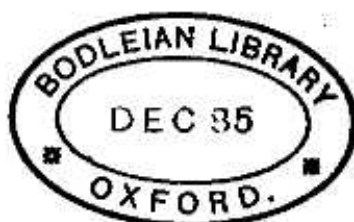
Author of "The Story of the Beacon Fire," "Bible Stories,"
&c. &c.

London:

T. NELSON AND SONS, PATERNOSTER ROW.
EDINBURGH; AND NEW YORK.

1885.

Handwritten signatures and scribbles at the bottom of the page.



Contents.

I. A MORNING'S WORK, AND A BLUNDER,	7
II. UNDER THE RAILWAY BRIDGE,	18
III. A BAD NIGHT,	31
IV. CHARLIE'S PERPLEXITY,	40
V. MR. GOODBODY VISITS TOM,	54
VI. ARTHUR ME. GEORGE,	62
VII. WINTER DAYS,	77
VIII. THE FREE BREAKFAST,	84
IX. TOM'S STORY,	101
X. CONSULTATIONS,	107
XI. THE FALL OF THE ELM,	114
XII. THE SHEEP THAT WAS LOST,	123
XIII. WHY ARTHUR BECAME A GARDENER,	129
XIV. CONCLUSION,	140

CORDS OF LOVE.

CHAPTER I.

A MORNING'S WORK, AND A BLUNDER.

ONE bright October morning Charlie Bright was raking the gravel under the window of his master's study.

The window opened door-fashion on some steps which led down to the garden, and on the upper step Mr. Goodbody presently appeared. The morning sun was shining upon the old gentleman's silver hair, while with newspaper in hand and spectacles pushed up to the top of his head he stood enjoying the morning breezes.

"Charlie," said he, "I should like you to inquire how old Mrs. Fair is to-day. Go there as soon as you have done your work."

"Yes, sir," said Charlie, touching his cap, and taking a mental note of the order, as he always did of his master's wishes; for he strove to carry them

out faithfully, though it turned out that on this occasion he slightly misunderstood what was required of him.

"I am going some distance to-day," said Mr. Goodbody, "and I must take Thomas with me. I know his mother generally expects to see him on a Saturday, and I don't like the old woman to be disappointed. You can explain to her why he doesn't go to-day."

"Yes, sir," said Charlie again, and he was about to resume his raking, but just at that moment Thomas Fair drove round to the front door, and called Charlie to come and stand by the horse.

He laid by his rake at once and went. He patted Robin Gray's neck and spoke soothingly to him. Horse and boy were evidently on the best terms.

Charlie was "odd boy" at Mr. Goodbody's, and a sturdy, honest-hearted, four-square British brick of an odd boy he was. His first place had been in a small inn, where the work was harder and less to his taste than what he was now employed in, and the master was by no means so considerate or so love-worthy as was Mr. Goodbody; but there, too, he had done his boyish best, and would no doubt have risen before long to a position of trust, but being too honest for some people's taste, he had made for himself an enemy. An idle, ill-conditioned boy, some years older than himself, had determined to work him mischief; and by putting hindrances