

THE GIANT- SLAYERS (1875)

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**THE GIANT-
SLAYERS (1875)**





THE

Giant-Slayers.

By the Author of

"CLEVEDON CHIMES;" "A TALE OF THE
EVENING STAR;" "LEFT TO OUR
FATHER;" "JIMMY'S LIE," &c.

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THE GIANT-SLAYERS.

CHAPTER I.

THE LOAVES AND FISHES.

“ I HAVE come to say good-bye to you, little children, before I go away to that far country of which you have so often heard me tell.”

The speaker was a young clergyman, and his hearers the members of a Sunday school attached to one of our great London churches.

It was a hot June evening, and every door and window of the pleasant room was open to admit what little air there was. The boys' faces became blank at this announcement, some of the very little girls began to cry, and a young man, (one of the teachers,) walked hastily to an open doorway, ostensibly to repulse a wretched

street child standing in the midst of the golden glow, but really to hide the feeling he knew his face was showing.

"I won't do no harm, if you let me stand here," said the child, "I won't go nigh nobody, I want to hear what he's a-goin' to say."

"Well," replied the young man kindly, "you may come just inside the door and sit here," (he pointed to a bench against the wall as he spoke, with full three yards space between it and the youthful congregation,) "but you must behave very well, and keep quiet, or I shall have to send you away."

The child nodded, then took a seat on the bench as much in the shade as possible.

"I want you to tell me," began the young clergyman, looking earnestly at the eager little faces before him, "if you have been asking God to bless the poor black people and children to whom I am going, and to make them ready to listen to the story I have to tell them about His SON."

From all parts of the schoolroom there came an intelligible murmur, "Yes, yes, we have."

"God loves to listen to the prayers of little children," he continued; "He loves to listen to prayer always; when you have grown to be

men and women, you must pray to Him just the same,—ask Him for all you want, food, and clothes, and help, or whatever it may be, and He will send what is needful, and take care of you always, just as He will take care of me among the poor savage black people to whom I am going."

A murmur, this time most unintelligible, rose and fell in the room, while all eyes were turned on a dingy-looking little boy who had made some observation and was ashamed of it.

"What is it?" asked the clergyman kindly; "What does Jimmy Smith say?"

"Please, sir,"—a rosy-faced boy with very short light hair and wide open china-blue eyes rose from one of the back rows of seats to answer the inquiry,—“Please, sir, Jimmy Smith says his father says as how the blacks most like 'll eat you up.”

A cry of dismay from some of the little girls, and a sob from poor Jimmy concluded this remark. The rosy-faced boy sat down, feeling (if he could have defined his feelings) not at all popular.

"And if they do," said the clergyman gently, "it will be because the poor creatures will not know any better. When they have heard the