

# **ADVENTURES OF TWO BROTHERS**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649038633

Adventures of Two Brothers by G. Hewlett Sargent

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](http://www.triestepublishing.com)

**G. HEWLETT SARGENT**

**ADVENTURES OF  
TWO BROTHERS**





"WHERE IS BEN!"

Page 20.



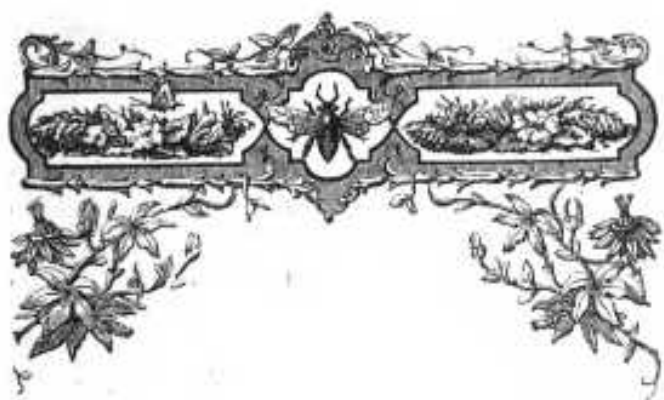
ADVENTURES  
OF  
TWO BROTHERS.

By G. HEWLETT SARGENT.



LONDON:  
THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY,  
56, PATERNOSTER ROW; 65, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD;  
AND 164, PICCADILLY.

251 2 500



## ADVENTURES OF TWO BROTHERS.

### CHAPTER I.

#### PRIORY FARM AND ITS OCCUPANTS.



IT was a fine calm evening in early spring; the setting sun brightened up the mossy banks and budding hedge-rows of the Priory Farm. Outside the old-fashioned house all nature breathed an air of peaceful tranquillity; but within was sadness and sorrow, for Matthew Clare, the owner of Priory Farm, lay dying.

In a visit of Christian sympathy to the sick room of a poor cottager he had taken the infection of a virulent disease, and had rapidly sunk under its influence.

"Is there no hope—none?" ejaculated Matthew Clare's old housekeeper, as the village surgeon left the house and slowly mounted his horse, which for upwards of an hour had been standing at the door.

The doctor shook his head. "It will soon be over," he said. "I shall return presently, but—"

The woman burst into loud sobs, and inquired whether nothing could be done to avert the threatened calamity.

"Nothing," replied the doctor; "we have done all that it was possible to do, and now I can hold out no hope."

The ploughman and the shepherd were lingering near, and again, as he rode away, had the surgeon to announce his conviction that the ownership of the Priory Farm would, ere morning, pass away from Matthew Clare. As they heard it the rough labourers drew their hard brown hands across their eyes, and turning away to hide their emotion, went slowly back to their work.

Again and again, as he hastened homewards



through the village, was the doctor's course arrested ; and after each repetition of his unwelcome verdict, the heavy looks and moistened cheeks he left behind him told how Matthew Clare was beloved.

And now we will explain who Matthew Clare was, and what had caused him to be so universally respected that the anticipation of his decease should cause dismay and sorrow to all who heard of the critical position in which he lay.

For many years Mr. Clare had been the owner of the Priory Farm ; it was only a small freehold, but it was large enough, and well worked and remunerative enough, to satisfy the requirements of its possessor, who, being a man of frugal habits, and one who managed his affairs with strict economy, was able to make a tolerable living where some of his more improvident neighbours would have fallen into poverty.

Although Matthew Clare was thrifty and frugal, he could not be accused of meanness, and many of his poorer neighbours could have told of acts of charity and deeds of kindness that redounded greatly to his honour. Besides this, in all his transactions he was remarkable for his integrity and uprightness, and so ex-

cellent was his character as a man of business, that his word had the weight of an affirmation, and his promise was reckoned as good as another man's bond.

But though so generally respected, Matthew's lot was not all sunshine. To say nothing of petty vexations, of which, doubtless, he had his share, one deep sorrow had befallen him during his residence at the Priory. His wife, the partner of his happiness and cares, and the object of his intense affection, was taken away by a sudden stroke.

Later on, another source of anxious care had been added to his abiding grief. The same day that had deprived him of his loving wife had entailed upon him the charge of an infant son. "His name shall be Ichabod," said Matthew, in the first transport of his grief, "for my glory is departed." But calmer thoughts succeeded, and, in token of his resignation, he called his child Benjamin—the child of my right hand.

But Benjamin had grown up to boyhood and youth to awaken the anxieties of his father; he was wild and wilful, and ready at any time to set at nought the authority of those whom he ought to have loved and respected. In a certain impulsive manner he

loved his father and his elder brother Luke ; but, perhaps through having been indulged and petted as a child, he grew self-willed and rebellious, and thus became a source of sorrow and trouble to his parent, who loved him perhaps too fondly.

*Now*, when Benjamin realised the fact that ere long his father would be taken from him, he thought with regret of the trouble he had caused him, and in the transport of his grief would willingly have given his own life to save his father's.

Abandoning himself to the wildness of his uncontrolled passions, he had cast himself upon his father's couch, and was by turns entreating his parent in piteous tones *not to die*, and then uttering reproaches against the God of heaven for visiting him with this overwhelming sorrow.

In vain did his brother Luke strive to check him ; he was unreasoning in his grief.

"Leave me alone," he exclaimed. "If you loved him as I do you would feel as I do, but you—"

A feeble sigh from the father interrupted the reproaches of the younger and the remonstrances of the elder brother. For some time he had been heavily dozing, but now he