

**LEON; OR, OLD PAUL'S
TREASURE. A GUIDE TO
YOUNG MERCHANT-MEN
SEEKING GOODLY PEARIS**

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Leon; Or, Old Paul's Treasure. A Guide to Young Merchant-Men Seeking Goodly Pearis by
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A GUIDE TO YOUNG MERCHANT-MEN
SEEKING GOODLY PEARLS.

Tales

BY ONESIMUS,

AN ELDER BROTHER.

LONDON:
DARTON & CO., HOLBORN HILL.

1854.

249. u. 15.

TO

MASTER FRANCIS HAROLD —

MY LITTLE BROTHER,

You remember that day when I was playing in the garden with you, and Wallace, and Julius? What work I had to catch Wallace! not only because he runs very well, but having placed that large flower-bed between himself and me, as soon as I went towards one end, he skipped to the other, so that I had nothing for it, but to run a great risk of losing him, by chasing-him all round. Now, I want to catch both you, and Julius, and Wallace, and ever so many more if I can, with this little book of mine. But if you say, what so many do in their hearts, "O, we can't mind God and play too,"—why, you will just be setting your play like a flower-bank between you and me, so that, very likely I shall lose you altogether.

One day, I was walking up with my little friend here, Willie, and his sisters, talking somewhat after the manner of old Paul, about a certain Treasure, when their desire to know what it was rose to such a height, that Willie declared, "he would throw his cap right up into that tree—he would, indeed," if I did not tell him. After awhile, I asked them, would they be sure to look for it, if I told them. "O yes, they would." I did tell them, and one directly asked me for something else to find out; yet I think, when once we know what this treasure is, we may go on finding more and more its worth, and never find it all.

Your affectionate brother,

ONESIMUS.

May 9th, 1854.

LEON ;
OR,
OLD PAUL'S TREASURE.

PRELUDE.

CHILDREN, do you love churchyards ? I do. For I love to see all things at peace, from the wide sloping fields, to the gentle violet on its bed. So, I love to see a child asleep. So, I love to hear the yew tree lulling the quiet graves.

I was tired, for I had walked long ; and now, as I paced the road down the gentle vale from fiercer mountains, the river sang me its song, "Peace, peace," and the trees murmured, "peace, peace." I paused ; I wanted to be one with the fields and air around ; I almost longed to grow quietly

like a tree, and murmur "peace, peace to him that was nigh, and to those who were afar off." On the other side of the river and the vale, high up among the trees, but below the towering crags of the mountain, there were the cold walls and gleaming windows of a hall or castle, with its single square tower and turret, and as the sun sank downward—downward, those windows gleamed over brighter from the grey and fading stone walls, like the eyes of a good man piercing the night of death, till I loved the building with its grey walls, I loved the dying sun and his chariot clouds, I loved the singing river, the murmuring trees, I loved the children whose silver echoes rang athwart the evening glory, I loved all hoary men who seemed so like this golden eve, I loved all men, women and children far off on land and sea, I loved myself, I loved my God, and gave to Him the glory. Glory to God! I was not alone; for the sun, the trees, the

river sang with me, and from topmost heaven angels answered, "Glory to God in the highest!"

But I was not a tree; so I could not stand rooted all night. I moved on round a hill that projected into the vale, and came upon the little village of Moring, with its lowly church, its three ancient yews, its graveyard bordering on the stream, its neat inn, its substantial cottages and farm-houses. But, as I said before, I love churchyards; and not even the neat inn could draw me past the ivy-covered porch that shades the gate. The road ran between the church and the hill, so wandering from it, I trod slowly by the church windows, looking in upon its stone-roofed aisle and solemn wood-work; I stood beneath the shadow of the monarch yew tree, and thought. Presently, three children came in and walked down on the side of the church opposite to that on which I stood. I also walked downward toward