

**TEN BOYS WHO LIVED ON
THE ROAD FROM LONG AGO
TO NOW**



*“Among these boys was Roger Barker,
the merchant’s son.”*

**TEN BOYS WHO
LIVED ON THE ROAD
FROM LONG AGO TO
NOW**

BY

JANE ANDREWS

YESTERDAY'S CLASSICS

CHAPEL HILL, NORTH CAROLINA

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JANE ANDREWS' SCHOOL

So many children and their teachers all over the country have become friends of my sister, Jane Andrews, through their interest in her books, that I thought it might give them pleasure to hear some account of the school which she taught for over twenty-five years—the pupils of which she had in mind in all her writing. This school was begun in an upper chamber in our old home in Newburyport, Massachusetts, where a distant glimpse of the ocean could be seen through a side window, and the roar of the breakers could be heard in the winter storms. The front windows of this room look out on a broad, quiet street, running along the ridge of a hill that slopes to the Merrimac river. High above the windows tower two great trees that shade the front of the house, an English linden and a horse-chestnut, each about eighty years old. Down the whole length of the side yard is a long row of purple lilacs; under their shade the school-children played in summer, and in winter built snow forts beneath their bare branches. Here they had fierce snowball battles, which Miss Andrews enjoyed from the school-room window. When the warm sun of the winter afternoon broke down the walls of the fort and destroyed the ammunition, she wove it into a play lesson. The sun with his lances of heat conquered the frost giants, and, in the disguise of invisible vapor, carried them as prisoners to his realm of the sky. These

prisoners escape some day and return to earth as rain or snow.

The children who heard these lessons, so full of joyous play, never forgot the round of atmospheric changes. This is but one of the many ways in which everyday life was woven into a lesson. The wonderful workings of nature became vital truths to these children, and their eyes opened to the world around them. As the school increased in size, my sister, who had first started it as an experiment, realized what a delight it was becoming to her to enter into the lives of children, and that it meant for her years of teaching. She decided to fit up the upper chamber of our barn, a large airy room, for a school-room. And here she taught for many years, though she moved her school back into the house during the later years of her life. This barn opened into the same lilac-shaded yard that I have described, and the back and side windows overlooked an old-fashioned, terraced garden, shaded by peach and apple trees. Desks were built all round this room and chairs of all sizes and shapes put before them. At one side was a square soapstone stove, which could be used as an open fire, and overhead were the heavy beams bracing the roof, with the holes near their center, where our swing used to hang when we were children, and where the school-children, as I remember, at times had a swing which they used at recess. Near the middle of the room was Miss Andrews' table, and behind her a long blackboard, which almost always

contained the illustration of some lesson. Over the west window, in the most prominent place in the room, was the guiding motto, "Self-Control," the gospel that Miss Andrews cared most to teach, the truth that no outside help is of any use to us, unless the forces within are held with a strong hand, and that we ourselves are the shapers of our own lives.

Each day, on the board, she wrote some motto of helpfulness, many of them pointed to this end; sometimes a verse of poetry, sometimes a quotation from the Bible, all having reference to everyday life. "He that ruleth his spirit is greater than he that taketh a city" was one of her favorites. Other mottoes were: "Whatever is brought upon thee, take cheerfully." "The bee is little among such as fly, but her fruit is first among sweet things." "First deserve and then desire." "Wisdom is better than weapons of war." "Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth." "Weigh thy words in a balance and make a door and a bar for thy mouth." These mottoes and many more were brought into practical working every day. They were indelibly imprinted on the children's memories, not by study and repetition, but by talks of their meaning and interest in their application. Many a child has come joyously to her to tell of success in using one of these precepts, thus saving herself from doing wrong, and this joy was not one of self-glorification, but the deep satisfaction of living in the spirit of Miss Andrews' teaching.

Helpfulness was one of the lessons which this school taught, both in theory and practice.

And in this connection let me tell you of a little Christmas celebration which the children and their teacher held—I think it was the Christmas of 1863. My sister had talked with the children of the significance of Christmas, the message of “Peace on earth, good will to men,” and the happiness of making this a season in which we bring joy to others. She planned with them a Christmas tree, to which they should each bring a guest, some poor child who needed help and was not likely otherwise to have presents. They planned that the responsibility of each child for her guest should include a cordial personal invitation, an escort to the school, and two presents, one for use and one for pleasure. To add to this, my sister provided bountiful refreshments for all. The children entered into the plan with enthusiasm, and about two o’clock the day before Christmas the quaint little procession, straggling along by twos and twos, came into the yard. Each pupil was dressed in her school attire, not to widen the division between her and her poorer guest. Up they streamed into the school-room, each pupil full of responsibility. I can see them now, as I recall it, some tiny girl leading by the hand a great, clumsy guest, perhaps twice her size, whom she cared for like a baby, seeing to her hood and mittens, and being very anxious for fear her feet were wet. All this the guests received in a sort of dazed wonder, which

changed to smiles and satisfaction when the curtain across the room was withdrawn and the tree revealed. Then each child's name was called, accompanied by that of her guest, and she received from the tree the presents which she herself had provided for her protégé, and decked "her child," as she called her, in new hood, or shawl, or cloak, with perhaps an extra pair of mittens for the little brother at home, or a soft ball for the baby sister too small to come. Then the books and pictures and work-boxes and baskets showered down from the tree, helped by willing hands, and it was hard to tell which were the more joyous faces, those of giver or receiver; but that day was long bright in both their memories, and the lesson that the best charity not only included alms but a friend, was practically learned.

But, in attending to outside charities and philanthropies, my sister never forgot the home-life of her little school. The relation was that of a harmonious family, in which the daily pleasures and toils of each member are of vital interest to all. Through all those years of teaching, Miss Andrews laid great stress on interesting the children in good stories, as a line of reading which a child is sure to follow and in which she needs direction. (I have used "she" for my pronoun throughout, but my sister had both boys and girls in her school.) Kingsley's "Westward Ho!" Mrs. Shaw's "Castle Blair" and "Hector," and Mrs. Ewing's "Great Emergency," are some of the books which I remember her reading to the school. And

each of these books was not merely read, but made to serve a purpose through the talks which she encouraged the children to have with her about them, and the lessons drawn from them. She set great value on the acquisition of a store of good poetry.

From our earliest childhood our father had loved to repeat poems to us, as we sat on his knee by the open fire. His interest lay mostly in the Scotch and English ballads, and Scott's poems; and many a canto of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," besides scores of old ballads, were stored in our memories. This power of remembering poetry has always been such a source of pleasure to us, and we traced it back so directly to our early training, that my sister placed a high value on such training for her pupils; and many of them in after-life have traced their facility for memorizing, as well as their store of delightful poetry, back to that barn chamber and Miss Andrews' school.

Although in her own school days, mathematics had been her chief interest, yet the teaching of geography was her specialty. Many and various were the devices by which she made this study fascinating to the children. A lifeless skeleton of descriptions was not her idea of the necessary knowledge of a country. The dry facts were nothing without the breath of life poured into them. And this she did by tracing each fact into its intricate relations. The rice of the South Carolina swamps, the cotton of the Sea Islands, the exports of Bombay and Calcutta, the

coffee from Mocha and Java, all had their story, their connections with lands and peoples—and the interweaving of the great commercial interests of the world. Pictures, books of travel, biographies, and scientific investigations all lent their aid as materials in her hands, brought forward in such a form that they appealed to the children. The little girl whose aunt was in Florida presented the school with a pet alligator; the children of an India merchant, sent back to his native town for an education, brought stories of life in India and summer in the Himalayas; the little girl who had taken voyages with her sea-captain father brought tales of the ocean and life in foreign ports as her contribution to this very real geography; and so the whole world poured its treasures into this little barn chamber, and kept the children in sympathy with the daily life of the world and the bond of mutual helpfulness in which we all live.

Nor were the physical phenomena forgotten. Those were endowed with living interest, as all those will know who have read “Sea-Life” (Stories Mother Nature Told), in which my sister makes the gulf stream and the formation of coral islands real to the children. She often vivified the lessons of their physical geography by connecting them with events in which the children had an interest, and thus the association aided the memory and encouraged further investigation when similar events came to their notice in the news from various parts of the world. For this reason the daily papers ceased, in a measure,

to demoralize by their fund of unwhole-some gossip, and the children's interest was drawn to the marine column, with the arrival of the swift fruit steamer, *Jehu*, from the West Indies, or the *Victoria*, from Bombay, laden with saltpeter, telling the story of the commercial interests of the world. The grumblings of Vesuvius and the drifting of the Arctic explorers on their ice island, after the loss of the *Polaris*, were eagerly related by the children, and the forces of nature which governed all this recognized and enthusiastically appreciated by them.

But the great lesson which Miss Andrews taught was a moral one, the lesson that brings more "sweetness and light" and brotherly love and helpfulness into the world. She sent out from that school, boys and girls who felt their moral responsibility and their relation to their fellow-beings. Her children, as she called them, are now scattered all over the length and breadth of the United States, glad to lend a helping hand, acknowledging in this way their bond to their teacher.

MARGARET ANDREWS ALLEN.

MADISON, WISCONSIN.

PREFACE

IN preparing this little book my purpose has been threefold.

First, To show my boy readers that the boys of long ago are not to be looked upon as strangers, but were just as much boys as themselves.

Second, In this age of self-complacency, to exhibit, for their contemplation and imitation, some of those manly virtues that stern necessity bred in her children.

Third, To awaken by my simple stories an interest in the lives and deeds of our ancestors, that shall stimulate the young reader to a study of those peoples from whom he has descended, and to whom he owes a debt of gratitude for the inheritance they have handed down to him.

As it has been my intention to trace our own race from its Aryan source to its present type I have not turned aside to consider other races, perhaps not less interesting, with the single exception of the incidental introduction of the Hebrews in connection with the Persians.

It is scarcely possible for me to make a list of all the authorities I have consulted in preparing this little book; but I wish to say that without the assistance of the valuable work by Eugene Viollet Le Duc on the "Habitations of Man in all Ages," I could not have written the Aryan chapter.

JANE ANDREWS.

NEWBURYPORT, Sept. 29, 1885.

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THE ROAD TO LONG AGO

IS there anything pleasanter than going back to the time when your fathers and mothers were children, and hearing all about how they lived, and what they did, and what stories their fathers and mothers used to tell them?

How you would like to take a journey to the old house where your grandfather lived when he was a boy, and spend a day among the old rooms, from attic to cellar, and in the garden and barn and yard, and through the streets of the town (if he lived in a town), or through the woods and fields of the country (if his home was there); see the brook where he used to fish, and the pond where he used to skate, or swim, or row his boat! And then, when you had lived his childhood all over with him for a few days, wouldn't it be a fine thing to go on to your great-grandfather's old home, and do the same thing there, and then to your great-great-grandfather's?

But you will stop me, and say, "That isn't possible. The house isn't standing now in which my great-great-grandfather lived." Perhaps he didn't even live in this country; and it is possible that no one has ever told you where he did live, and you

THE ROAD FROM LONG AGO TO NOW

could n't find your way to his old home, even if it were still standing; and so your journey back to long ago would have to end just where it was growing most curious and interesting.

Now I have been making a journey very much like this, and I want to tell you about it; or rather, I am going to let the boys I met on the way tell you about it, for they knew more than I did, and indeed I got all my information from them.

I will just tell you first where the road lies, and then I will let the boys speak for themselves. In this year, 1885, journeys can be very quickly made. We can go to England in a week, and to Calcutta in thirty-five days or less. But as my journey was to Long Ago as well as to Far Away, it was not quick, but slow, and I shall have to give you a strange list of way stations that will hardly compare with that of any railroad in the world.

Here it is:—

From Now to the old Revolutionary Days.
From the Revolution to the time of the Puritans,
 both in England and America.
From Puritans to the Reign of Queen Elizabeth.
From Queen Elizabeth to the Age of Chivalry.
From the Age of Chivalry to the early Saxons.
From Saxons to Romans.
From Romans to Greeks.
From Greeks to Persians.
From Persians to Hindus and Aryans.

THE ROAD TO LONG AGO

If we could count up the time from station to station along our way, we should find that we had needed between three and four thousand years to make our journey to Long Ago.

We have stopped at ten stations on the way, and at each one there lived a boy with a story to tell.

There was Jonathan Dawson, the Yankee boy, who told us about New England ways of living one hundred and twenty-five years ago; and Ezekiel Fuller, the Puritan lad, who had lived through persecutions and troubles in England, and had come at last to begin a new life in a new land; and Roger, who longed to sail the Spanish main; and Gilbert, the page, who would one day become a knight; and Wulf, who came with the fierce Saxon bands to conquer Britain; and little Horatius, whose home was on the Palatine Hill in Rome; and Cleon, who told me wonderful tales of the Greek games and the old heroes; and Darius, whose brother was in the Persian army, and who had seen the great King Cyrus with his own eyes; and, last of all, Kablu, who, when a little child, came down with a great troop of his people from the high mountain land to the fertile plain of Hindustan, where the great river Indus waters all the broad valley, and the people live in ease and happiness because the sun-god has blessed their land.

And now we have gone back, far back, and long, long ago, until we can no longer find the path, and no friendly child stands at the roadside to welcome us or point out our way.

THE ROAD FROM LONG AGO TO NOW

We have gone as far as the oldest of our great, great grandfathers can take us; and it is away back there, in the land of Long Ago, that we will first stop to listen to the story of Kablu, the Aryan boy, who came down to the plains of the Indus.



THE STORY OF KABLU, THE ARYAN BOY WHO CAME DOWN TO THE PLAINS OF THE INDUS

“Man is he who thinks.”

ARE you ready to take a long journey, first across the Atlantic to Europe, then across Europe, through Italy, and Greece, and Turkey, past the Black Sea, and into Persia? Look at your map and see where you are going, for this is a true story, and you will like to know where Kablu really lived. We have passed the Persian boundary and are in Afghanistan, and now we must climb the steep slopes of the Hindoo Koosh mountains, and in a sheltered nook we shall find a house. It is built of logs laid one

THE ROAD FROM LONG AGO TO NOW

upon another, and the chinks are filled with moss and clay. It leans against a great rock, which forms, as you see, one whole side of the house. The roof slopes from the rock down to the top of the front door (the only door indeed), which faces the sunrise.

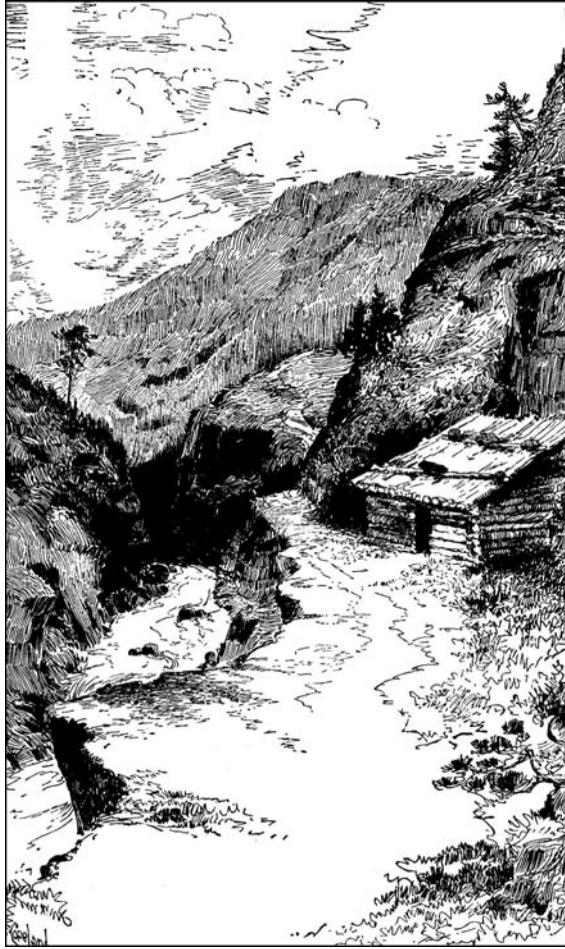
Here lived Kablu, far away in distance, and far away in time too, for it was four thousand years, or more, ago.

It is very early in the morning: you can still see a few stars shining in the gray light of dawn. Kablu is waked by his father, and he knows he must not linger a moment, for the first duty of an Aryan is to offer a prayer to the great god of light and fire, who will soon shed warmth and beauty over the whole mountain land. He never fails to rise and bless them, and certainly the least they can do is to rise to receive him and offer thanks to him.

So in the soft morning light you can see the whole family standing around a broad, flat stone, in front of their house, on which are laid ready materials for a fire.

Kablu's two sisters stand beside their father; he rubs dry sticks rapidly together, and, just as the sun rises, a light flame springs up. The little girls and their mother pour upon it the juice of the soma plant, and it burns brighter and brighter; then they add butter, and the fire shines with a clear yellow light, while the father stands with the morning sunshine on his face and says,—

THE STORY OF KABLU



*“Here lived Kablu, far away in distance,
and far away in time, too.”*

THE ROAD FROM LONG AGO TO NOW

“O Agni! great benefactor, shine upon us today, gladden our hearts to do thy will!”

This is Kablu’s church, his Sunday, his everyday, his prayer, his Bible, his minister. He has no other, and, if his father should die, it would be his right and duty to kindle every morning the sacred fire, and worship before the great sun-god.

And now the sun shines upon this family while they eat their breakfast of cakes made from crushed grain, and baked in the ashes, eaten with curds and the flesh of the mountain goat.

Breakfast over, the mother combs out wool for her spinning and weaving, for the father has torn his tunic, and a new one must be made. The little girls will help her, but Kablu must go with his father. Can you guess what he is to do?

Do you remember that butter was poured upon the sacred fire? Doesn’t that tell you that there were cows to be looked after. And where did the mother get wool for spinning and wearing. Of course there were sheep and goats. And didn’t they have cakes for breakfast? So somebody must have planted grain on the slopes of those high mountains.

Now you know that Kablu is a farmer’s son, for although you might have woollen dresses without keeping sheep, and butter and cakes without getting them from your own cows and your own fields of grain, it is not so with these Aryas; they must do for themselves all that is done.

THE STORY OF KABLU

In the field is a clumsy wooden plough, not even an iron point to it, for in those days iron was unknown.

Then what did they do for knives?

Oh, they had copper and bronze. Copper, you know, is found in the earth all ready to be cut out and used without being melted, but iron is so mixed with earth that it must be melted in a very hot fire to separate it, and although Kablu's father had often found pieces of iron ore, he did not know what they were, and had not tried to do anything with them.

When you know Kablu well, however, you will be sure that he will try some day, if his father does not before him, and the great gift of iron will become known.

See what they are going to do to-day, after the cattle have been cared for and the grain ground between heavy stones (they have a mill, you see, even if it is a poor one). Why, the mother comes to say that her earthen jars are broken, and the father goes with Kablu to the clay-bed, and shows the boy how to moisten and mould the clay, and shape jars, and cups, and pots, while the clay is soft and easily worked.

Before night they have shaped ten of them, and now they will leave them to dry, and in a few days they will build a great fire in which they will bake them, until they are hard and smooth, and capable of holding water.

THE ROAD FROM LONG AGO TO NOW

But before this baking day comes—indeed, the very night after the jars are made—something important happens in the mountain home of these Aryas.

The sun set among great, dark, stormy-looking clouds; and as the father stood before the little altar, performing the sunset service, he said,—“Oh, Agni, great and beneficent spirit, shine still on thy children, though the veil of cloud tries to shut thee away from us!”

Then they all went into the house, and drew together and fastened the mats that hung in the doorway, and, stretching themselves on their beds of sheep and goat skins, they were soon asleep.

Do you know what a storm is among the mountains? How wild it is; how the thunder echoes among the peaks, and how the little streams swell into torrents and rush down the steep mountain-sides!

Well, they had not slept long before a great storm broke upon them. Awakening, they heard the thunder and they saw the keen flashes of lightning, the glances of Agni piercing the darkness, and then they heard the rush of the rain, coming down like a mountain torrent.

Through the cracks between the logs of the roof it poured into the house. The little Nema clung to her mother and cried; a blast of wind tore the mats from the doorway, and now they felt the force of the storm sweeping in upon them.

THE STORY OF KABLU

“What is that, father,” cried Kablu, as through the darkness he listens to a great, rushing, rumbling sound, heavy as thunder, but more lasting, and coming every instant nearer.

The father listens a moment, then he answers, “It is the swollen brook, and it tears away stones in its course down the hill-side.”

But he had hardly spoken, when a falling avalanche struck the house and tore away one side, leaving the rest tottering.

If it had not been for the blessing of the morning light that just then began to gleam faintly in the east, I think this whole family might have been killed by the logs falling upon them in the darkness. But the dawn had come, and with it help.

In the shelter of the cattle-shed they find a dry spot where they can light the sacred fire, and then the father goes to the next settlement to see if his brothers have escaped the perils of the storm, and if they will come and help him.

It would be bad enough for you or me to have our houses torn to pieces by a storm, but you know very well that there is timber ready in the lumber-yard, and tools in the carpenter’s shop, and men to be hired for money who know how to build it up again. But with Kablu’s family, how different!

The timber is still in the form of living trees in the forest, and there is no axe of steel, or even of iron, with which to cut them down.

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They have a copper or bronze tool, aided, perhaps, by fire, but fire can't do much with green, growing wood.

No carpenters to be hired? Certainly not; but the brothers will come and work for the one who is in need, knowing well that like help will be freely given to them in time of trouble.

And while his father is gone, our little boy sits on the great rock against which the house was built, and watches the sun driving the clouds before it away through the long valleys, and he looks down upon the ruined house, and then he begins to think.

It was only yesterday that he had said to his father, "Tell me, father, what does *man* mean?"

And his father had answered, "Man means one who thinks. The cows and the sheep and the dogs breathe and eat and sleep and wake as we do, but when calamity overtakes them, they have no new way to meet it; but man, the thinker, can bring good out of disaster, wisdom out of misfortune, because he can think."

So, as I told you, Kablu sat on the great rock and began to think. "Wisdom out of misfortune, what does it mean? Perhaps a new way to save ourselves from the like misfortune again." But beyond this no new thought came to the child, and saying to himself, with a laugh, "I'm not a man yet," he jumped from the rock and ran down to the clay-bed to see if all the new jars had been broken or swept away by the storm.

THE STORY OF KABLU

The clay-bed was in a sheltered place. The jars stood safely as he had placed them yesterday. The lowest parts of the clay-bed were flooded but the higher part was just moist enough for working, and Kablu began to pat smooth cakes of it and shape them with his hands.

Then he wondered whether his father would bake the jars to-morrow, or whether they must wait until the new house was finished; but he answered his own question when he remembered that after last night's havoc only one jar remained for his mother to bring water in at breakfast-time. Yes, the baking of the jars must come first; it would not take long to prepare the fire, and he himself could tend it while his father and the others worked on the house.

Now Kablu is beginning to be a man—a thinker,—though he hardly knows it himself; for, as he pats his little flat cakes of clay, the thought comes to him, “The water floods the clay-bed, it doesn't run through it, and our jars, which are made of clay, hold water. If our roof was like them, we should never be troubled with the rain again.”

“But how could we make and bake a sheet of clay big enough for a roof?” and, as he thinks, he flattens out his cake and shapes it like a square tile.

“This would do for a roof to a play-house,” he says, half aloud, “I will slip it into the ashes to-morrow, and see how it comes out.”

So, when the next day's fire is kindled for the jars, Kablu's tile is slipped in under them, and baked until it is dark brown and almost as hard as stone,

THE ROAD FROM LONG AGO TO NOW

and when he takes it out he carries it to his father, who is more of a thinker than he is, and finishes the thought for him, saying, "My boy, we will make many of these little squares of clay, and, putting them together, cover our roof and keep out the rain."

So, you see, Thought has brought wisdom out of misfortune.

But you will want to hear about the new house. One of the brothers, as they worked slowly and laboriously cutting down the trees to build it, said, "It would be easier to pile up stones than to cut down these trees, and stones would not be so easily washed away by a torrent; or, if a few did go, that would not be so bad as losing the whole side of your house."

So the lower part of the house was built of stone, and the logs laid on top, and when it was finished, enough tiles had been made to cover the roof; and what a nice house it was!

Almost a pity, you will think, that it had been built so well, when you hear what happened the next year.

It was a year of great trouble, for the sun-god hid his face; great snows and frosts came, and the winter was so long and the summer so short that the flocks could find no pasture. Kablu drove the sheep from one hill-side to another, where the grass always used to be fresh and sweet, but everywhere it was scanty and poor; and the little lambs lay down and

THE STORY OF KABLU

died by the road-side, and the boy could find no help for them.

Then he said to his father, "What shall we do?" and the father answered, "I will think."

It took the thought of many men to learn how to bring wisdom out of this misfortune; but they found the way at last; and before the time for the autumn rains, down the long slope of the Hindoo Koosh mountains, troops of men, women, and children, flocks of sheep, and herds of cattle, were making their way, slowly but steadily, to the plains of the great river Indus.

Some had said, "Why do you go now, when the autumn rains are just coming to make everything green again?"

But the wiser answered, "The autumn rains will bring relief for this one year. How do we know what the next will be? Let us go where the great river, the Indus, will supply us always with water; where we, who are ploughers, tillers of the ground, shall have soft, level fields instead of rough mountain sides, and where we and our children can make a new home."

But still others objected, "Why do you go down into the country of the wild Dasyus, your enemies, men like beasts, who live in hollow trees and cannot plough, nor spin, nor make houses; who have no cows nor sheep, but are like savage creatures, speaking only by wild cries, and ready to tear us in pieces if we oppose them?"

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But again the wise men answered, "Our God has decreed that we shall conquer the Dasyus. Agni will give their land to the Aryas, and the wild Dasyus shall serve them."

So Kablu, the Aryan boy, came down to the plains of the Indus.

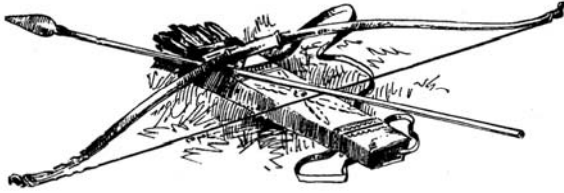
In the Aryan language, river was "Sindhu," and by this name the Aryas called it, and by and by the neighboring people called them "Sindhus," or "Hindus," meaning river men. But the ancient name, Aryas, was cherished especially among the old people, and by the time our little Kablu grew to be a man, this name had grown to mean noble, or belonging to the old families.

But we have nothing to do with Kablu as a man. When he came down from the mountains he was about twelve years old, only he didn't count his twelve years as you would. If you had asked him his age, he would have told you that one hundred moons and half a hundred more had measured his life; for the very word *moon* means the measurer, and the moon was to the Aryas in place of almanacs and calendars, and it told not only their ages, but their planting times and harvests, their festivals and the times of other important events.

When they could say, "Two thousand moons ago our fathers came down from their home among the mountains," it happened that Kablu's great-great-grandson was sitting by the river mourning for the loss of his little playmate, Darius, who had that day started on a long journey with his father, mother,

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brothers and sisters, and a host of their friends. They had set their faces westward, and they travelled towards the setting sun until they reached the land we now call Persia; but what they did there, and how they lived, I must leave you to learn from another Darius, the Persian boy, who was a great-grandson of this one who had journeyed away from the Indus towards the setting sun.



THE STORY OF DARIUS, THE PERSIAN BOY, WHO KNEW ABOUT ZOROASTER

“Truth, Courage, Obedience.”

YOU know, when you come to the Z copy in your writing-books, there is nothing to write but “Zimmerman,” and “Zoroaster.”

What a strange word Zoroaster seems to you. If one of my boys looks up from his book to ask me what it means, I say, “Oh, he was an ancient Persian, and he wrote the Zendavesta. You might have had Zendavesta for your copy.”

But after I have told that, neither you nor I know much about him, do we? And here is this boy, Darius, who has heard of Zoroaster as often as you

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have heard of George Washington, and who almost every day during his boyhood learns some of the words of this great teacher.

Before I can introduce you to this Persian boy's home, I must explain that at the time Kablu came down to the Indus it seemed as if all the mountain tribes were moved by one great impulse to leave their homes and journey westward, down the mountains.

Down the mountains and into the plain poured the long line of travellers. For many moons you might have watched them coming, and you would say, "The mountain land must have been full of men."

But you may readily believe that these thoughtful people knew better than to stay all together when they reached the plain. Southward to the Indus went Kablu with his father and many others; but westward over the grand table-land of Iran went others, and some still more enterprising, young people and strong, and longing for a sight of the great world, pushed still farther until they reached the shores of the Black Sea.

"What shall we do now?" said Deradetta, the leader of the band.

"We will divide," cried the young men. "Half of us will skirt the shores to the north, half to the south; so shall we find larger lands and make greater conquests."

THE ROAD FROM LONG AGO TO NOW

So Deradetta led his band to the south, and Kalanta to the north, and before they parted, Deradetta called them all together, and said, "Perhaps we are parting forever. Do not let us forget the traditions of our fathers. Give us, O, Agni, brave comrades, happy abundance, noble children, and great wealth."

Then, at the dawn of the next day, Kalanta and his party turned away to the northward, and Deradetta turned southward, but perhaps, by and by, their great-great-grandchildren may find each other again.

And we shall not be surprised to hear that when the family of Darius reached the land of Persia, they found people who had built towns and even cities, and the new comers naturally feared that they might be enemies.

As they approached the first village, a man in a long robe woven of wool, and with loose, flowing sleeves, came out to meet them. Pointing to the horses that the leaders rode, he said Aspa, their own name for horse, and then, noticing the sacred fire which they carried always with them, he bent his head reverently.

"Do you also," asked they, "serve the Father of Light and Life, and, if so, who has taught you to worship thus?"

And the man understood their words, if not perfectly, at least well enough to comprehend their meaning, and he answered,—

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“Our fathers, many, many moons ago, came down from the distant mountains, bringing with them the sacred fire. They taught us the worship of the Father of Light and Life.”

And the travellers, overjoyed, replied:—

“Our fathers too came from the mountain land, and we are your brothers; we will live together in peace in this new land.”

Now I must tell you that the earliest settlers had given themselves the name of Medes, and the new-comers were called Persians.

And I leave you to imagine how they lived together many years. At first the Medes were rulers and the Persians subjects, but, by and by, a great and wise Persian named Cyrus became king, and it was at that time that Darius, the boy of our story, lived.

And Darius had for his friend Zadok, a dark-eyed Hebrew boy whom he found by the river side one day and took for his companion, until they were forever parted by—but I must not tell that now, I must begin at the beginning, that you may understand what Darius was doing when he found Zadok.

I shall have to take you to the great city of Babylon,—a wonderful city, with high walls and gates, palaces and gardens and temples. There were golden shrines and images adorned with gems. There were tables and chairs with feet of gold and silver; and indeed I can hardly tell you how magnificent the city was, as it stood, like a great gorgeous jewel, on the plain. The broad river Euphrates flowed through

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it, and the date-trees grew upon its borders, and wild pears and peaches ripened in its sunny valley. Shouldn't you like to live where peaches grow wild? But you will wonder what this city of Babylon had to do with Darius.

Why, he went to live there with his father and mother, and many other Persian families, because his great king, Cyrus, had conquered Babylon and taken it for his own.

And now I want you to wake very early, before dawn, and get up quickly, as Kablu did when he lived among the mountains, and come with Darius to an open field just outside the city gates.

In the dim light you will see many other boys, all hastening towards the same place. Their dresses are of leather,—a sort of tunic and trousers; they do not easily wear out, and the fashion never changes.

Each boy carries a bow and a quiver of arrows, excepting the little boys of five or six years, who have only slings and stones.

See, they are all together now in the field, ranged in ranks before an officer. This is their school. Do you want to know what they learn?

You may look about in vain for a programme of studies, for not one of them—scholars or even teachers—can write, but their programme is so simple that when once Darius tells it to us we cannot forget it. Here it is—

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“TO SHOOT WITH THE BOW.”

“TO RIDE.”

“TO SPEAK THE TRUTH.”

That was all. Shall we stay awhile and see how well the lessons are learned? Here is the youngest class—little boys only five years old. I think we should teach the little fellows that it is wrong to throw stones; but, see, they are standing in a row, each with a smooth pebble in his sling, and one after another they throw as far and as straight as they can. Then, while they go for more stones, the next class has a lesson in shooting with the bow and throwing the javelin.

After the little boys have come back and practised with their slings, and you have seen their running class, I want you to wait for the class to which Darius belongs.

He has learned the use of the sling, and the bow and the javelin; and ever since he was seven years old he has been on horseback every day: but that is not enough, he doesn't know how to ride yet,—at least so thinks his master.

The boys take their javelins and stand in a row; a gate is opened, and horses, with loose bridles and flowing manes, gallop into the field. Each boy must spring upon the back of one of these galloping horses. Many the falls and many the failures, but success at last, and presently you see Darius coursing swiftly over the field, and one by one the others fol-

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low him. A target is fastened to the old oak there at the right. As they pass it at full gallop, each one throws his javelin at the mark, and day by day they practise until there are no failures; sometimes with the javelin, sometimes with the bow and arrows, but always at full speed and with unerring aim. And do you notice that some of the arrow-heads are of iron, while others are of bronze? I told you it wouldn't be long before these people would find out iron.

After the riding is ended, see the boys again before their master. He stands in front of them with a quiet, reverend look on his face, and says,—

“Listen to the teachings of Zoroaster. It is written in the holy Zendavesta, ‘There are two spirits, the Good and the Base. Choose one of these spirits in thought, in word, and deed.

“*Be good, not base.* The good is holy, true; to be honored through truth, through holy deeds.

“*You cannot serve both.*’”

And the boys repeated after him,—

“Be good, not base. The good is holy, true, to be honored through truth, through holy deeds. You cannot serve both.”

Isn't that a good lesson for them? A good lesson for you and me too.

After this the young children go to their homes, but Darius and others of his age are also to hunt to-day. The plains away to the north are the home of the antelopes, and the boys will ride miles and miles in pursuit of them.

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Did you notice that Darius didn't have his breakfast before going to school, and he hasn't had it yet, but that doesn't trouble him. One meal a day is all he ever thinks of taking, and if he is very much occupied with hunting, or has a long march to make, it is often one meal in two days instead of one.

To-night the boys will sleep in the field, to be ready for an early start in the morning; and before the stars are dimmed by the first light of dawn you will find them at the ford of the river, preparing to cross.

Their bows and arrows are at their backs, but their captain has given the order, "Cross this stream without allowing your weapons to get wet," and see how the boys have placed both bows and quivers on their heads, stepped fearlessly into the water, taken each other's hands in mid-stream, where the current is swiftest, to save themselves from being swept off their feet, and reached the opposite shore safely and well.

To-day they are in a wild woody place, far from the city, and the captain orders that they find food for themselves, for, if they would be Persian soldiers, they must learn to live on the enemy's country if necessary. Thanks to the peaches, the wild pears and the acorns, they make a good dinner, or breakfast, whichever you choose to call it, and then this day's lessons are over, and they may explore the fields as they please.

And now, at last, we are coming to Zadok.

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Darius was straying along the river-bank when he saw a black-eyed boy, perhaps a year younger than himself, who turned and half hid himself among the bushes, when he saw the merry troop of Persian boys.

“See the Hebrew boy,” cries one of the Persian lads. “He can neither ride nor shoot.”

“What of that,” says Darius. “I know him. He can tell wonderful stories, and he knows about dreams and about wars too. They came from the west, these Hebrews, and perhaps he has seen the great salt sea. Let us bid him come and sit with us on the rocks, and tell us about the sea.”

And Darius, who was a swift runner, sprang down the path, and, overtaking the black-eyed boy, said, “Come and tell us about the sea, and we will give you peaches and nuts.”

Now Zadok had no need to be afraid of the Persian boys, for their great king Cyrus had been very kind to his people. He was a storyteller by nature; so he scrambled up the rocks beside Darius, and, sitting there with the afternoon sun shining upon his face, he told the Persian boys his story.

“Tell us about the sea,” cried they.

“I have never seen it,” answered Zadok, “but my grandfather used to live near it, and he tells me about the ships of Tyre that come with their great white sails and long oars, swiftly over the desert of waters, swifter than camels or horses, for it is the wind, the breath of the Lord, that drives them. They

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bring cedar-wood and gold, and purple cloth and scarlet. My grandfather came away from the sea when he was a boy like me, but he never forgets. And now we are going back, back to our old home. I shall see Jerusalem, and I shall know it well, though I never saw it before.”

“But why did your father come away?”

“You see this great city of Babylon, and the golden image of its god Bel? The people of Babylon were worshippers of idols, but our God is no graven image, he is the Most High, the maker of heaven and earth.”

“Yes,” said the Persian boys, “so is ours.”

“And do you have prophets to teach you?” asked Zadok with surprise.

“No,” answered Darius, “it is the holy Zoroaster, the golden star who sheds light on the way we must go.”

“But tell us about the Babylonians.”

“When my father was a boy,” continued Zadok, “they came to this country, broke down the walls of the beautiful city, Jerusalem; entered the holy temple where we worship Jehovah, and carried away the gold and silver vessels from the altar. Then they took the people, men, women, and children, and carried them away captive. My father had not lived in Jerusalem, but in that time of danger all the country people crowded into the city, and so he and all his family were marched away across the desert, leaving behind them only the ruins of their homes.”

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“Why didn’t they fight,” cried the Persian boys.

“They did fight, but the Lord delivered them into the hands of the enemy.”

“Then this God of yours is not so strong as the golden image of Bel, nor as our God, who makes us conquerors,” said Darius.

“Yes he is,” protested Zadok; “ask my father, he will tell you. He is a king above all gods. He made us captives, and he promised to bring us safely again out of our captivity, and that is why he sent your king, Cyrus, to set us free from the people of Babylon.”

The Persian boys nodded to each other. “That is true,” they said, “for we all heard the proclamation. ‘Thus saith Cyrus, king of Persia. The Lord God of heaven hath given me all the kingdoms of the earth, and he hath charged me to build him a house at Jerusalem, who is there among you of all his people? The Lord his God be with him, and let him go up and build it.’”

But the sun is setting and the boys must go home. You know they have to be up very early in the morning.

Do you think their mothers have been anxious about them, that they have saved a good supper, or at least a bowl of bread and milk for the tired child who has been away ever since yesterday evening?

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No, indeed; Darius is twelve years old. He is supposed to be able to take care of himself, and his brother, who is fifteen, enters to-morrow the army of the king.

The mothers take care of the little boys under five years of age,—that is all.

Darius sees no more of Zadok for some months, for he leaves the great city and goes to the farm of his uncle, where he helps to take care of the flocks of pretty black sheep and goats, and learns to guide the plough, and is taught from the Zendavesta that one of man's chief duties is to till the soil which the Father of Life and Light has given to him, and to plant trees, that the fruitful earth may blossom and be glad.

One morning, while he is at the farm, his uncle seems anxious and troubled. He looks often towards the southeast and turns away only to cast a sorrowful eye upon his peach-trees, just blossoming, and his apples and pears forming their tiny fruit while their snowy petals cover the ground.

We might think that this Persian farmer ought to be very happy, looking over his promising fields and orchards; but no, the wind has been southeast for two days, and "Unless it changes before night," he says mournfully to himself, "the locusts will be upon us. We can fight against men, but not against insects; rather the whole Babylonian army than a swarm of locusts."

Before the morning star has set, the boys are roused from sleep by the shouts of the farm laborers

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as they run this way and that, trying to drive the swarm of locusts that darken the air in their flight. When they have passed, not a green leaf remains upon any tree, and it is useless to hope for a new crop this year.

Now his uncle must drive the sheep and goats up into the hill country, looking for pasture; and Darius will go home to Babylon, taking his cousin Baryta with him.

Baryta has never seen the great city, and as the two boys, dressed in their little leather suits, trudge along over the fields together, Darius begins to talk of the wonders he will show him.

“You never saw the winged bulls, with their great bearded faces. I shouldn’t wonder if you would be afraid of them.”

“Afraid; not I,” said Baryta “aren’t they made of stone? who cares for them! I shouldn’t be afraid if they were alive. You never saw a Persian boy that was a coward.”

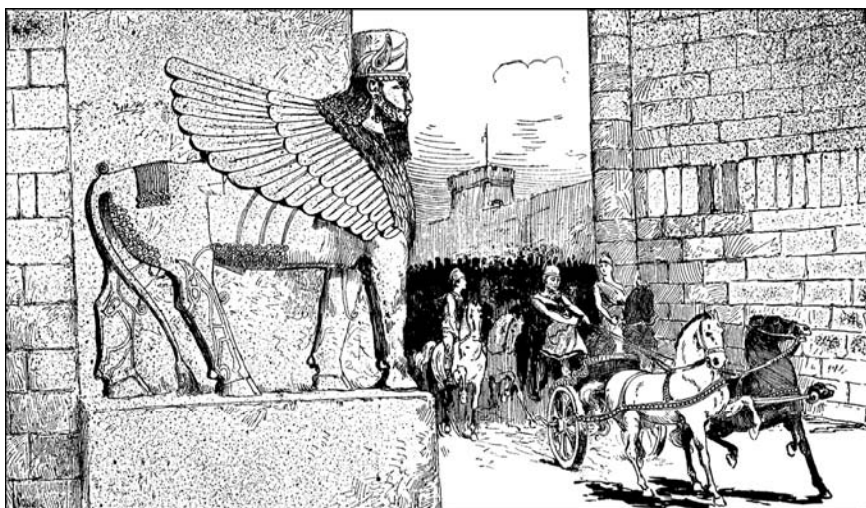
“But perhaps they are gods,” suggested Darius, “like the golden Bel that stands within the gates.”

“And if they are, what then? I should think we had learned from the Zendavesta that Ormuzd is the maker and ruler of all. I am not afraid of their gods that are only images. Who ever saw an image of Ormuzd? Nobody could make one, he is so great.”

“Yes, I know Ormuzd is the greatest, for haven’t we Persians conquered Babylon and all its

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gods. I know a boy in Babylon, his name is Rab-Mag, and he doesn't dare go by the shrine of the golden Bel without bowing himself to the ground. He is afraid of the winged bulls and the horned lions; but then, you see, they are his gods, not ours."



"You never saw the winged bulls, with their great bearded faces."

"There is one good thing in our going back to Babylon just now. I think we shall be in time for Zadok's people. That will be grand; you will like that."

"But what do you mean by Zadok's people?" asked Baryta.

"Don't you know the Hebrews? Wasn't there an old Hebrew man that lived near the farm? Can't you remember last year, when we first came here,

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how we used to see them sitting by the river-side and crying over their troubles, because they couldn't go home to their own country? Well, Zadok is a Hebrew boy that I knew in Babylon. He lives close by the great brazen gate."

"And what is he going to do that we shall like to see?"

"Why, King Cyrus has set the Hebrews free, and they are going home to build up their own city again. The king says their God is the same as ours,—the maker of heaven and earth. Zadok says his name is Jehovah, and I know that his name is Ormuzd; but I suppose the king understands how they are the same. Now we are just in time to see them go. I think it is to-morrow that the caravan starts. If we can only get a place upon the city wall, we shall see it grandly."

And, full of the idea of being in time for the procession, the boys ran races with each other, until they were close up to the great brazen gates, which shone in the sunlight like gold.

"Hurrah; here we are!" cried Darius! "Look, Baryta, can you read? See, the stone-cutters have been making a new inscription, and we might find out what it is if we could read."

But Baryta shook his head; reading had, as yet, formed no part of his education. He couldn't read the inscription, and I don't believe you could, either, if you had been there. It was only a strange collection of arrow-heads, or wedges, beautifully cut into

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the stone. We should find them now, if we should go to see, for that is a kind of writing that lasts.

Early the next morning the whole city is astir. It is the festival of the new year; not our first of January, but the twenty-first of March, when the sun passes the equator, and begins to move northward.

I don't believe Darius had any New Year's presents, and Christmas Day had passed like any common day, for this was long before the Christian era, and there was no Christmas Day. But come out with Darius to the banks of the Euphrates early on this New Year's morning, and see the silver altar placed on the highest hill, and the priests, in their pure white robes, standing around it to feed the sacred flame with pieces of sandal-wood. The chief priest pours the juice of some plant upon the fire, and then, as the flame curls up, he casts fresh butter upon it, and, while it burns clear and bright, all the people join in a prayer or song asking blessings on their nation.

No Persian ever thought it right to ask blessings for himself, but only what was good for all, and for him through the blessing of the whole.

Do you remember the little altar among the Hindoo Koosh mountains, where Kablu's family worshipped without a priest?

Isn't there something in this service to remind you of it? These far-away Persians have brought the worship of the hills with them; and Zoroaster (their golden star) has taught them that Ormuzd, the spirit of purity and light, whose temple is the earth and the

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heavens, needs neither image nor church for his worship.

As the service ends, the prostrate Persians rise and lift their faces to the light, singing all together, "Purity and glory will grow and bloom forever for those who are pure and upright in their own hearts."

And now is the chance for you to see the king, in his purple robe and yellow shoes, with his fan-bearer and his parasol-bearer behind him, and the bearer of the royal footstool to stand ready beside the chariot the moment the beautiful black horses stop.

The chariots are out upon the walls; two chariots abreast on top of the walls, and yet the boys have found room to squeeze themselves in, and see the grand procession start. Men, women, and children on horses, mules, and camels, hands of musicians and singers, and in their midst, carried aloft with all reverence, the vessels of gold and silver that belong to the Hebrew temple. Out through the brazen gates, under the waving banner of the Persian eagle they go; and, as they pass the chariot of Cyrus, there is a great and prolonged shout, "Long live the king!"

The boys join in the shout, and indeed everybody joins. It is a great act of justice and kindness from one nation to another. They may well shout and be glad.

"Zadok, Zadok," calls Darius, as he sees his friend below in the long procession.

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The little dark face is lifted, the eyes light up with a friendly smile, and then Zadok is gone.

Just then the drum beats for the boys' evening exercise or drill. Down from the wall in an instant, and away to the field outside the gates; for is not obedience the third of Persian virtues?

TRUTH, COURAGE, OBEDIENCE.