

pride. Clive was to be an artist and to study in Rome.

At last, after nine long years, Colonel Newcome got a furlough to visit his son in London. It was the play hour when he arrived at the school, but Clive was at the gate waiting for him. It was a wonderful thing for a boy to have Colonel Thomas Newcome of the Bengal Cavalry for a father, and for Colonel Thomas Newcome to come all the way from India to see him. So the little boys crowded round, the big boys looked down from the dormitory windows, and the masters came from their stroll in the garden to see their old pupil.

And there he was, shabbily dressed, but a very straight, soldierly gentleman, with a lean brown face and black moustache. With the kindest smile and finest manners, he greeted them all. Then he tucked Clive's arm under his own and led him away to the house where he and his friend, James Binnie, lived together.

"Isn't my lad a fine fellow, James?" His face fairly shone with joy and pride. "My Clive grown up so healthy and handsome, and unspoiled, too!"

Honest, Frank, and Modest

And Clive really was a fine fellow with his light wavy hair, laughing mouth, and blue eyes so full of good humour and good sense. And he was as honest, frank, and modest as his father. The two of them were the best of friends at once, and their pleasure in each other's society is a beautiful thing to read about. The Colonel went everywhere with Clive, met his friends, learned his tastes and habits, and corrected his faults of character. Once, after seeing a play, he went to supper with Clive in "The Cave," a restaurant where some of Clive's student-friends were gathered.

Never had those young men seen such manners as Colonel Newcome's. He was so kind and friendly and simple that he put them all at their ease. When he told of his own school days his voice was soft and pleasant. He enjoyed the harmless rough play and the rollicking songs, and sang an old ballad himself in the best style.

The evening went well until a drunken, quarrelsome fellow sang a coarse song. Then the brave soldier and clean-minded gentleman rose to his feet and rebuked the landlord for allowing such behaviour. Simply and firmly he spoke his mind about the duty of elders to

protect the manners and morals of the young. Then he took Clive home. In the morning he talked with his son of the dangers of loose habits, low tastes, and evil, untrustworthy companions.

"The truest honour," he said, "is the manly confession of wrong, and the highest courage the courage to avoid temptation."

When his furlough came to an end, Colonel Newcome went back to India. To make the money that Clive needed for his art studies, he put all his small fortune into a banking business. It was managed by dishonest men, but the Colonel did not know that, and he was

so happy when they began to make money very fast. In a few years he was a director of the bank and had a large income. So he resigned from the Army and came home to represent the bank in London. He travelled with Clive; and when Clive married he bought a fine house in London, and they all lived there together. Then the banking company failed. The dishonest managers ran away with all the money, and left Colonel Newcome ruined and dishonoured.

There were some dreadful scenes. Many of Colonel Newcome's friends, trusting him, had put their money in his bank, and lost their all. Clive's mother-in-law abused him, and Clive's young wife became ill. The Colonel was seventy years old when all these misfortunes came upon him, but he bore them like a gallant soldier and a brave, tender, unselfish gentleman. In order that he might not add to Clive's troubles, he found refuge

as a pensioner of his old school, which used part of its funds to support a few poverty-stricken old men who had long years before been scholars at the school.

The Pensioner's Garb

There he wore the black gown of a pensioner. Although living on charity, broken hearted, and failing in mind and body, he kept his pride and his sweetness of spirit. He had been too innocent and trustful, but he had done no wrong, and so he could bear his undeserved disgrace with noble patience. He had the great joy of living to see happier days dawning for Clive.

When he lay in his last illness, and Clive brought his little son along to see him, his kind old eyes lighted up with happiness, and with eager, trembling fingers he sought under the bedclothes and in the pockets of his dressing-

COLONEL NEWCOME



A soldierly gentleman, with the kindest smile and the finest manners.