He drove the French out of that land. But there were many cruel battles before the work was done. Many poor brave men lost their lives, and the heart of the Iron Duke was sad to see the great loss of life.

After one hard fight they told him how many men were lost, and when he heard the number he burst into tears. He was brave in war and knew no fear, but he was sorry that men should go to war at all.

The French then left Spain and went back to their own land. The people of Spain were very proud of the great captain who had helped them so much.

He took his men to their chief city, and the people ran out to cheer him. They came in great crowds round his horse; and they prayed God to bless him for what he had done for them.

Some years later he met the French in a great fight. This took place at Waterloo; and it was one of the hardest fights that have ever been fought.

The French said they were coming to England. They would take London, they said, and make the English people their servants. Some people were afraid that they might do this, so the Iron Duke was sent over the sea to fight them.

The great battle took place on a Sunday. The



THE IRON DUKE ON HIS WAY INTO THE ROCKY LAND OF SPAIN TO DRIVE OUT THE FRENCH.

fight went on from early in the day to five o'clock. Across the sea in England the people were going to church and resting from their work.

The troops of the Iron Duke stood in a great square on a low hill. Over and over again the French rode at them; but they could not move them.

Late in the day guns were heard far away. It was the Germans coming to help the Iron Duke. Before long they came in sight, and our men gave a loud cheer when they saw them.

The Duke now gave the word for his men to move forward. A loud cheer rang out as he led the way. "No cheering, my lads," he cried; "forward, and do your work."

On went the men, though they were tired with the day's work. In a short time the French gave way before them, and the great fight was won. Then our men lay down to rest.

Early next day a doctor went to the Duke's tent, and found him in bed. He had taken off his clothes, but his face was still very dirty.

As the doctor came in, he sat up in bed and held out his hand. The doctor took it, and then told him how many brave men had fallen in the fight.

Once more the great captain felt how sad a thing is war. Tears rose to his eyes and ran

down his dusty cheeks. It was a great fight, but many brave hearts were still in death.

When the Duke came home the people were very proud of him. A great crowd met him in London, and they took the horses from his coach and drew it through the streets to his home.

THE GOOD QUEEN.

Not many years ago we had a good Queen, whose name was Victoria. She was only a girl when she came to the throne, and she was Queen for sixty-four years.

One day, when she was a little child, she was learning her lessons. Then her teacher told her that in time she would be Queen of our land.

This did not make her proud. She did not even show that she was pleased at the news. She put her hand into that of her teacher and said: "I will be good."

She kept this promise all her life, and now we often speak of her as "the good Queen."

Before she was made Queen her Uncle William was King of the land. Then the time came when he died at his home not far from London.

As soon as this took place, two gentlemen set out for London. They were going to tell the Princess Victoria that she was now Queen.

It was early in the morning when they set out. They had to ride on horses, for there were no trains. In three hours they came to the great house where the Princess lived with her mother.

They gave a loud knock at the gate, and rang the bell. After some time a man came to let them in.

For a time they had to wait in the yard before the house. No one was moving, for it was very early. Then they rang the bell at the door, and after a while a servant came to open it.

They told the servant that they had come to see the Princess. They had news for her which she must hear at once. The servant was very sleepy, and went slowly away.

Again they were kept waiting. At last they rang the bell once more, and a servant came. The Princess was in a sweet sleep, she said, and it would be wrong to wake her.

"We have come with news for THE QUEEN," said one of the gentlemen; "even her sleep must give way to that."

Then the servant knew that the old King must be dead. She went away at once with the great news. In a short time the young Queen came into the room.

She still wore her night-gown, and a shawl was thrown round her. Her hair fell round her neck;



THE PRINCESS VICTORIA LEARNS THAT SHE IS NOW QUEEN.

her face was sad, and her eyes were full of tears.

But she was quite calm and quiet. Each of the gentlemen knelt and kissed her hand, for she was now Queen, and one of the greatest ladies in the world.

This did not make her proud. In later years she had little ones of her own, and she taught them to be good and kind.

One day she was going for a sail with her little daughter. A kind sailor lifted the girl into the boat. He put her down on the seat and said: "There you are, my little lady."

The Princess was not pleased at this. "I am not a little lady," she said, "I am a Princess."

The Queen heard her, and said gently: "Tell the kind sailor that you are not a little lady yet, but that you will be one some day."

GENERAL GORDON.

Among our soldier heroes one of the bravest was General Gordon.

His father was a soldier, and he was born in a soldier's town near London. As soon as he was old enough he was sent to a school for soldiers.

Then, not long after, he was sent across the sea to fight in a far away land. Our troops were

ying to take a town from the Russians, but ey found it a very hard task.

It was winter, and the troops felt the cold very ich. Many were frozen to death. There was ttle food for them, and their work was very hard. ordon did all he could to help them, for he was ry sad when he saw what the men had to bear.

When this war was over he went out to China. here he took part in many great fights, and his en always won. He had no fear in battle. He ould go where there was most danger with only small staff in his hand.

He was given many rich presents when his ork was over. But he did not care much for ese. He was quite happy if he had done his ork well.

For a short time he now lived near London. e was the friend of all the poor boys who lived ear his home. Many of them he taught to read nd write. He also paid visits to the sick, and e spent all his money on the poor.

Then he was sent out to Africa, and for a long ime he lived among the Arabs. He found that ome of these men caught poor black men and ade slaves of them. So he did all he could to top this and to set the poor slaves free.

It was hard work, but, like all other heroes, ordon would not give in. "I have set my face

to this work," he said, "and I will give my life to it."

He rode about from place to place on a swift camel. The slave dealers never knew when he would be upon them. If he caught them with slaves he made them set the poor people free.

After some years the Arabs got a great army and came against him. They shut him up in a city in the desert, and they would not let anyone come out or go in.

Gordon sent away some men in a boat down the river near the city. They were to go and bring help. But the Arab leader caught them and sent men to tell Gordon.

"Tell your leader," he said to the men, "it is all the same to me. I am here like iron. I will not give in."

The time went on, and the food in the town ran short. Gordon thought that our soldiers were coming to help him. So he waited quietly.

But they did not come, and at last the Arabs broke into the city and killed the brave general. A book was found in which he had written these words:

"I am quite happy, thank God. I have tried to do my duty."

THE BRAVE SIX HUNDRED.

A good many years ago we were at war with Russia. As in all wars, numbers of lives were lost, but many brave deeds were done also.

One of the bravest was the Ride of the Six Hundred. These were horse-soldiers, and I will tell you what they did.

In a great fight they were told to ride up to the guns of the Russians. Then they were to drive the gunners away and make the guns useless.

They would have to ride right up to the mouths of the guns, and as they rode there would be guns to the right and guns to the left of them.

The order was a mistake, and ought not to have been given. But the men did not care for that. It was their duty to obey, and not to ask the reason why they were sent.

So they set their teeth and rode forward, and as they rode the shot and shell fell among them like hail. Man after man fell to the ground, but the rest rode on without a stop.

At last they came up to the guns. The men who worked them were killed or driven away. Then the guns were made useless.

Now the brave men turned to ride back to

their own lines. Once more they rode through a storm of shot and shell.

But when they got back there were no longer six hundred of them. Nearly half of them had fallen. But their work was done.

"When can their glory fade?
O the wild charge they made!
All the world wonder'd.
Honour the charge they made,
Honour the Light Brigade,
Noble Six Hundred!"

THE SOLDIERS' NURSE.

On page 101 is a picture of some of our men at a battle. The officer near the great gun is giving orders to the man who fires it. To the left we can see some of the enemy.

One of the men near the gun has been hurt in his head, which is tied up with a cloth. A tall soldier in a kilt is helping another poor fellow out of danger.

These men are fighting the Russians, with whom we were at war at the time. There were many cruel fights in this war, and many brave deeds were done. One of the bravest we read about in our last lesson.

War is a very cruel thing, as we know. But



THE BRAVE SIX HUNDRED RIDING FOR THE RUSSIAN GUNS.
(From the picture by R. Caton Woodville, R.I., by kind permission of Messrs. H. Graves and Co., Ltd.)

even war is not quite so bad as it used to be. For the men who are hurt are now well cared for.

At one time this was not so. Many men died because there were no nurses or doctors to look after them.

But now when an army goes out to fight, many doctors and nurses go with it. Their duty is to look after the poor fellows who are hurt. They set up tents to which the poor men are brought and laid on beds. Then they do all they can to make them well again.

The first soldiers' nurse was a brave lady called Miss Nightingale. She began this work at the time when we were at war with Russia.

The place where the fighting went on was far away from our own land. Our men had to go many miles by sea to get to this place. When they got there they had to face a winter much colder than ours.

They had to bear a great deal from the cold. Many of those who were hurt died for want of comfort. At last a letter came home asking our people to do what they could for the brave fellows at the war.

Ladies were wanted to go out and nurse the sick. They would need to be very brave to do work like this. But there were some who were quite ready to go.

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OUR SOLDIERS FIGHTING THE RUSSIANS.
(*From the painting by R. Caton Woodville, R.I., by kind permission of Messrs. H. Graves & Co., Ltd.*)

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The first to send in her name was Miss Nightingale. She had learnt all about the work of a nurse, and she said she would go if other ladies would go with her. A great many wished to go. Thirty-seven were chosen, and they set out at once. In less than a month they were all hard at work near the place where the war was going on.

A great fight had taken place; and there were large numbers of men waiting for the help and care of the kind nurses.

The poor men did not know what to think about the change. They had seen many of their friends die for lack of help. But now all were well looked after. They had clean beds and good food. All that could be done was done to make them better.

Miss Nightingale was the head nurse, and she never seemed to grow tired. Even at night she was on duty. It is no wonder that the men loved her, and watched for her coming.

At one time she caught the fever herself, and for nearly three weeks she was very ill. As soon as she was able to rise she went back to her work. She spent two years in this noble task.

Then she came home again. A number of her friends wished to give her a large sum of money. But she would not have it. She had worked for love, and not for gain.

FRIENDS OF THE SLAVES.

We have seen what Gordon did to set the slaves free. But he was not the only man who took part in this great work.

Some time ago there were many slaves in lands across the sea which belong to us. They were blacks who had been caught in Africa, and sent across the sea in slave ships.

Not long before Victoria became Queen all these slaves were set free. Most of them were workers on the lands across the sea where sugar and tobacco come from.

They had to work very hard in the burning sun, and some of the masters were very cruel to them. They were whipped if they did not do as much as their masters wished.

Some of them ran away. Those who were caught were treated in a very harsh way, and set to work once more. They were given their food, and lived in small huts. But they were not paid wages like white workers.

Other masters were good to their slaves. They fed them well and gave them good homes; and they did many other things to make the lives of these black people happy.

But still they were slaves, and if their masters

liked they could sell them just as we sell a horse or a cow.

A number of men in England began to say that no man had any right to make a slave of another. Everyone, they said, ought to be free to go where he liked, and everyone ought to be paid wages for his work.

Other men said that this was wrong, and that black men might be made slaves by white men. There was a great deal of talk about this, which went on for a long time.

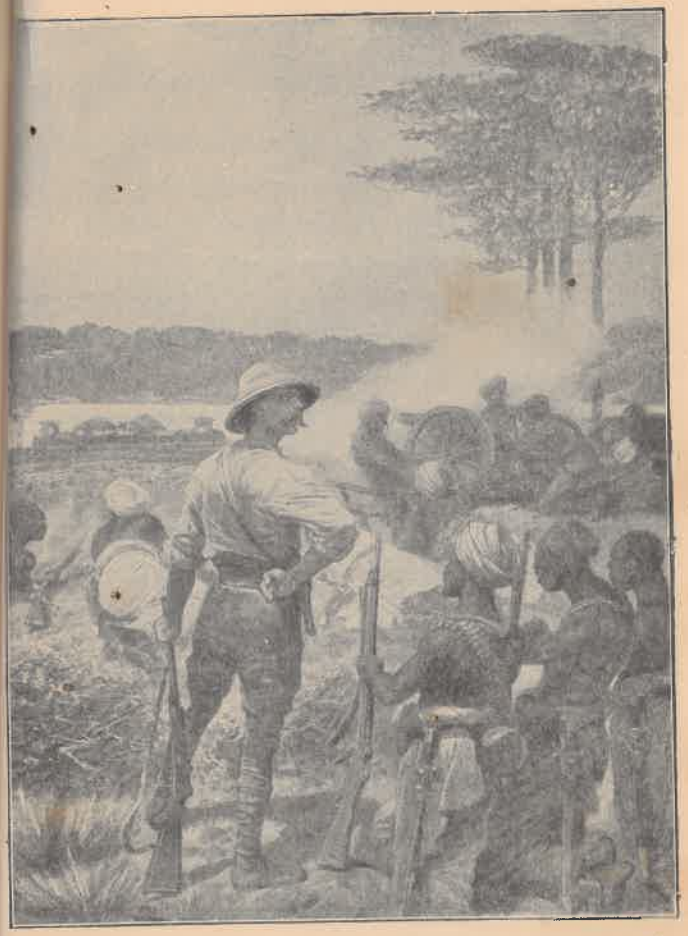
At last all the slaves in our lands over the sea were set free. A great sum of money was paid to their masters.

The slaves were now free to go where they wished. Some of them chose to go on working for their old masters. But now they were paid wages just as if they were white workers.

Not only did we set our own slaves free. If a slave from another land came to one of our lands he at once became free. No one could take him away and make him a slave again.

In many parts of the world our soldiers and sailors fought to set free the black slaves. In the picture we see two of our men helping some blacks to fight the slave dealers.

This is taking place in Africa, not very far from the town where Gordon died. Two of our officers



FIGHTING THE SLAVE DEALERS.

(From a drawing by R. Caton Woodville, R.I.)

are showing the black soldiers how to fight. The huts of the slave dealers can be seen to the left of the picture.

Many of our warships were sent to do work of the same kind. They chased slave ships and set the poor people free. If the slave dealers showed fight, the guns would begin to shoot.

There are still slaves in some parts of the world. But there are none in the lands where the Union Jack flies.

"V.C."

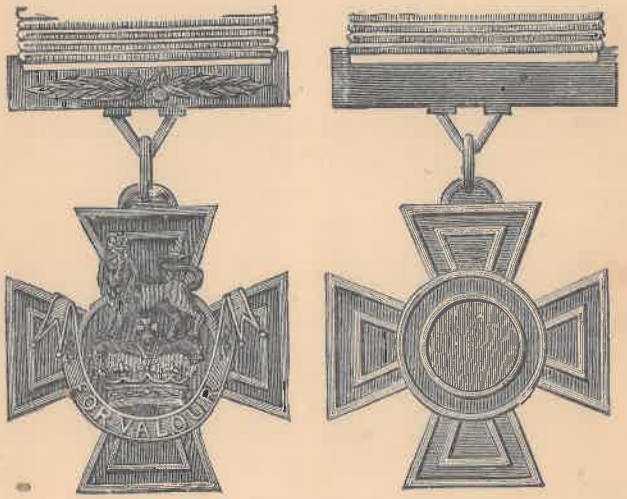
Some of our soldiers and sailors have the right to put the letters V.C. after their names. This means that they have won the Victoria Cross.

The Cross is a medal which was first given by Queen Victoria. The first of these medals were made from the metal of guns taken from the Russians.

There is a picture which shows each side of the Cross on page 107. In the middle is a crown with a lion above it. Under the crown is a scroll, or ribbon, on which are the words "FOR VALOUR."

This means that the medal is given only to a man who has done something very brave. The man who wins it thinks a great deal of it.

The first of these medals were given to the men who had won them by Queen Victoria herself. She rode to Hyde Park in London on a very fine white horse. She wore a scarlet coat and a hat with feathers like a soldier.



THE VICTORIA CROSS.

The men were drawn up in a line, and were brought one by one before the Queen. Then she stooped and pinned the medal upon each man's left breast.

Since that time a number of soldiers and sailors have won the Cross; Lord Roberts was one of them. He won it when he was a young soldier in India.

At that time there was fighting going on with some of the Indian soldiers. One day Roberts saw two of them running away with a British flag.

He at once rode after them as fast as he could. With his sword in his right hand he rushed at the man who had the flag.

Then he let the reins fall upon his horse's neck. With his left hand he caught hold of the flag and tore it from the man's grasp. At the same time he struck at him and knocked him to the ground.

The other man who had a gun now ran up. He placed the end of the gun close to Roberts' body, and pulled the trigger. The brave officer thought that his last hour had come.

But the gun did not go off. Roberts struck at the man with his sword, but he jumped to one side, and was able to get away unhurt.

Now let us see how another brave soldier won the Cross. His name was Marshall, and he went out to fight the Arabs in Egypt. These men are very wild and fierce, and it takes brave soldiers to face them. They have no fear of shot or shell.

Marshall was a horse-soldier, and one day his troop came face to face with a large body of Arabs. The officers gave the order to halt and get ready for the fight. "Sit firm in your

saddles," cried one. "Be ready to move all at once. Keep a firm hand on your horses."

Then the word was given, and the troop moved forward to meet the foe. They met, and the fight was fierce. The Arab spears came like hail among the British horsemen. Twenty of them fell from their horses to the ground, and among these was the leader of the troop, an officer named Barrow.

Marshall saw his leader fall to the ground. Something must be done to help him. But all around the fallen man the spears fell fast. To leave the troop and go near him meant to run great risk of death.

But he did not stop to think of this. Not far away was a horse without a rider. Marshall rode up to it and caught hold of its bridle. Then he led it to the place where his leader was lying.

He jumped down to the ground and helped him upon the other horse. And all the time the spears fell thick about them. Strange to say, they were not hit. In a short time both men had joined their comrades.

For this brave deed Marshall was given the Victoria Cross.

VICTORIA THE GOOD.

QUEEN VICTORIA was one of the best Queens who ever lived. She had a very kind heart; and she was always glad to do what she could for the good of her people.

She often gave sums of money to those who were very poor. And she would write kind letters to those who were sick or in trouble.

Now and again she paid visits to the poor people who lived near her castle in Scotland; and she would bring dainty things for those who were sick.

One day she was walking along a road when she met a boy with some sheep. She was quite plainly dressed; and the boy did not know who she was.

"Get out of the way," he cried; and the lady stepped to one side to let the sheep pass. The boy was afterwards told who it was that he had met.

"Was that the Queen?" he cried, "then why does she not dress so that folks will know her?"

In one cottage the Queen once found an old sick woman left quite alone. The rest of her family, she said, had gone out to see the Queen. But she did not know who her visitor was.

The Queen talked kindly to the poor woman



QUEEN VICTORIA AT HER SEASIDE HOME.

for some time. Then she stood up to go, ar
said, "When your people come back, tell the
that while they have been to see the Queen, th
Queen has been to see you."

One of Queen Victoria's homes was in the Isl
of Wight, and near the sea. The picture show
her on her pony in the grounds of this house
Two of her daughters are on a seat not far away.

She spent the last days of her life at thi
home. At the time a war was going on in Sout
Africa with the Boers. And the thought of th
fighting made the Queen feel very sad.

The war was still going on when she diec
The hearts of all her people were filled wit
sorrow when they heard of her death. She wa
buried near Windsor Castle not far from London
And her eldest son was made King as Edwar
the Seventh.

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