

with gold. The night after Dick heard this, he dreamt that he was walking in a golden city, that his pockets were filled with money, and that he had a beautiful palace with rooms full of sweets, jam taarts, and cake. In the morning when he awoke he was grieved to find that it was all a dream.

Dick would often ask the wagoners who stopped at the Inn, if they were going to London, and at last he found one who was going there with a load of corn. Dick climbed up among the sheaves and hid himself. The wagoner did not discover him until they were a long way from the village; and he was very angry at first. Dick cried and told the man that he wanted to go and see London, until at last the wagoner consented to take Dick along with him. After walking and driving for many days they came to the top of a hill, from which they could see a great city, which the wagoner told Dick was London. Although the sun was shining very brightly upon the church spires and roofs of the houses, Dick could not see any gold. At the bottom of the hill the kind wagoner had to say good-bye to Dick who now made his way to London alone. He had no money to pay for a lodging, so he



had to sleep in the streets all night. A merchant coming out of his house in the morning found him eating the last piece of bread that the wagoner had given him, and looking very sad indeed. The merchant, who was a kind man, asked him where he was going. In reply Dick told his story. The merchant said that although he was a naughty boy to have left his friends, he would try and find him a place in his house: which he did. An hour or two afterwards