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 One little thing after another had been sold, to buy food and clothing for the family. At last nothing was left that could be sold but the pet lamb.

But the mother's heart felt sad at the thought of parting with Daisy; for the children loved it very much.

At last she had to make up her mind to sell the lamb.

She could not ask one of the children to go for the butcher.

So she went herself, with a heavy heart, and bargained for the sale of Daisy.

While the children were all playing with the lamb, the butcher and his boy came to the door. "Good morning, Mrs. Grant!" he said, in a loud voice.

"You see I am here for the lamb."

"For what, mother?" asked one of the children, running to her side, and looking up into her face in alarm.

"Go away, dear," said Mrs. Grant, gently pushing the child aside.

"That's my lamb now, Charlie!" said the butcher's boy, in a playful tone, going up to Daisy with a rope in his hand.

"No, it is not your lamb. It is our lamb!" said the little boy, placing himself in front of it.

But the lad, pushing him aside, threw a rope round Daisy's neck, and began to drag the little creature away.

The poor lamb bleated very sadly. The cry of grief which fell upon the mother's ears was too much for her, and her heart sank within her.

In a moment after, the children were all around her, pleading with tearful eyes, and voices choked with sobs, for their little pet.

"Pray tell your boy to stop a moment," she said in husky tones to the butcher.

The boy, at a word from his master, stopped dragging the lamb, and the little creature ceased its bleating.

"My dear children," began the mother, in a voice that shook, "I am very poor now, and cannot earn money as your father did when he was alive.

The kind butcher has given me money for Daisy; and with this money I will buy you bread to eat."

"No!no!no!" the children cried; "we don't want you to sell Daisy! We won't have our dear little lamb sold! It is our lamb, and you must not sell it, mother. We will rather go without bread than have the lamb sold!"

It was in vain that Mrs. Grant tried to make her children see that she could not help selling the lamb. The more she talked, the stronger did they plead for Daisy.

At last she handed back the silver, saying, "I cannot sell it just now, sir. Wait until another time. I must try to keep up a little longer."

The butcher, who had been watching all that went on, was touched in his heart; and when Mrs. Grant offered to return the money, he said, "I'll take neither the lamb nor the money, Mrs. Grant."

Though I am a butcher, I have no harder heart than other men.

I'll not rob the children of their pet.

I'll buy Daisy from you, and give it back to the children.

"Come, Joe, you must not take that lamb. It shall never be killed by me."

And as he spoke, his voice shook, and he dashed his hand quickly across his eyes.

Daisy was at once set free; and as the children gathered round and stroked the pet, their little hearts were filled with joy.

By the kind help of some friends, the poor mother never again found herself so hard pressed as when she tried to sell the children's pet lamb.