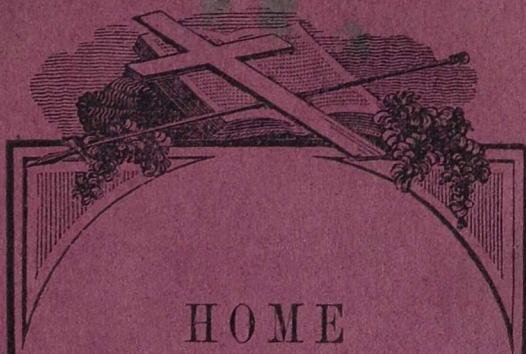




HOME

BY MRS. SHERWOOD

LONDON
HOULSTON AND WRIGHT
65, PATERNOSTER ROW.

PRICE ONE PENNY.



“This party came down to the gate which opened into the road; and there the young lady kissed the children, and said good-bye to the gentleman and the old lady, and the maid-servant gave the trunk to be put on the top of the coach.”

Page 6.

HOME

BY MRS. SHERWOOD

AUTHOR OF "LITTLE HENRY AND HIS BEARER,"
ETC. ETC.

NEW EDITION

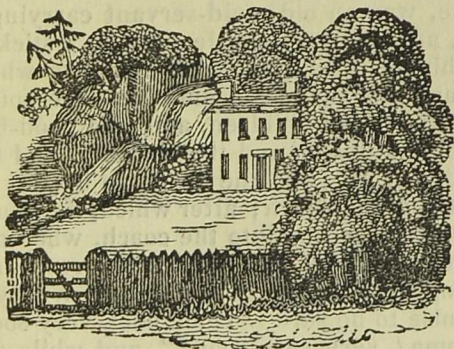
LONDON

HOULSTON AND WRIGHT

65, PATERNOSTER ROW.

37131 048 602 445

HOME.



I WAS travelling in a stage-coach, about two years since, in the pleasant month of June; when, arriving about midday in a very pleasant valley, I saw a white house situated on a green lawn, and half hid by trees. On one side of this house was a fall of water, which ran down the hill and across the road.

As we were going along very briskly, some one called to the coachman to stop,

and I saw several persons coming down to the road from the house over the lawn. I could perceive a young gentleman and a lady: the gentleman was carrying a little baby. A boy of about eight years of age, and three little girls, followed; and besides these, was an old maid-servant carrying a box, and an aged lady leaning on a stick.

This party came down to the gate which opened into the road; and there the young lady kissed the children, and said good-bye to the gentleman and the old lady, and the maid-servant gave the trunk to be put on the top of the coach; after which, the young lady was stepping into the coach, when one of the little girls came before the rest, and, taking hold of her gown, said, "Will you promise to be sure to come back very soon, mamma? very very soon?" and while she spoke, she sobbed very bitterly.

The young lady had time to turn to the little girl, which she did in a very kind way, saying, "Fanny, dear, don't be afraid; if God pleases, I shall be sure to come back in a fortnight."

"But perhaps God may not please," replied the little girl; "and you may never come back. Then what will become of grandmamma, and papa, and the baby, and Edward, and Mary, and Anne? They will

be very unhappy, and I shall be without a mamma again!" and as the child spoke these last words she put her arms round the lady, and pressed her head against her bosom, sobbing quite loud.

The lady was distressed, and tried to comfort the child, and we all endeavoured to do the same. At length, the coach was ready, and the young lady was obliged to get in: on which the little girl broke out into fresh cries, and was joined by the baby; while the rest of the party appeared as if disposed to cry with them.

There was no one within the coach but myself and this lady; and I conversed with her about her pleasant home and dear children. The young lady soon became familiar with me, and she told me the story which I am about to write down.

"I am very happy," said she, "and I have a pleasant home, and a kind husband, and four little children, and my dear mother lives with us. We are not very rich, but we have quite enough; and there is scarcely in all the world a more contented family, or one more blessed by God."

I observed, "You say that you have four children, and yet I counted five with you."

"Very true," she answered; "you did see five; and I might truly say that I have

five: but that little girl who was crying so sadly at the coach-door is an orphan, whom we took in, and made one of us."

I then begged the lady to tell me all about this orphan; and she did as I asked her.

"It is now three years ago," said she, "as we were sitting, one evening in winter, round the fire before tea, and my mother was telling a story to please the little ones, that we heard a gentle knocking at the outer door; and opening it, we saw a poor little girl, of about five years of age, standing shivering in the cold. She had no shoes or stockings, and had hardly rags to cover her. Her face and hands were blue with



cold, and her feet bleeding. She had nothing on her head, and the wind lifted her hair from her forehead.

“We asked her who she was, and where she came from. She told us that her name was Fanny, and that her mother had gone away and left her; but she could tell us no more, and we never could find out her relations. But, as there are gipsies in the country, we have sometimes thought that she might have been stolen and left by them. However, we were very sorry for her, and could not shut the door upon her. We took her in, and put her to sleep that night in a garret, on a bed which we made of straw; for she was so dirty we could not put her in a clean bed; and the next morning I had her thoroughly washed and neatly dressed. She was brought to me and my mother, as we were sitting in our parlour; and my mother proposed, that, if it were agreeable to my husband, we should never part with her again, but adopt her as one of our own children. That which my mother wished was soon decided, and the little wandering baby became one of us.

“But it seems that this little girl had always lived with hard and cruel people, and it was a very long time before we could make her place any thing like trust in us;

and her behaviour to me for some months always reminded me of what my own behaviour towards God too frequently is. When I gave her any thing which she liked, then she would be good-humoured; but if I were obliged to forbid her doing what she wished, then she was displeased, and would shew that she suspected me and did not love me; and it was very long before she understood that it was possible for any one to correct her in love.

“Children who have always lived in a kind father’s house, know very well, even when they are corrected, that the correction is designed in kindness; but those who are newly adopted, and have not as yet a child-like spirit, do not believe this truth. And so it is with us when admitted into the household of God: we do not rest assured that, when he sends affliction, he always does it in kindness.

“For several months, nothing could make Fanny believe that I had that love for her which I had for my own children; and when I found it necessary to correct or restrain her, even though I used exactly the same correction with my own children, she would always become gloomy and sullen.

“I became discouraged, and thought that I should never obtain her affection: but

another thought entered my mind, and I said to myself, 'This little child is not different from me. When all is prosperous with me, I am in a good humour, and pleased with God; but when troubles come, I doubt my heavenly Father's goodness, and go about secretly murmuring.— We have then both need of a humble, childlike spirit, such a spirit as may occasion us to trust and love, and be contented.'

"So I took the little orphan, one day, into my closet, and made her kneel by me while I prayed that we might both be made humble, and that she might have confidence in me, and that I might trust in God. We did this for many days; and I explained to the little girl how love leads those who are in authority over us to correct and restrain us, lest we should hurt ourselves by the indulgence of our evil tempers.

"Soon the orphan began to trust me, and to know that all I did was for her good; and then with trust came love. From that time, when I was forced to deny her any of her wishes, she would submit with patience, and even cheerfulness; and there is nothing that the poor little girl now dreads so much as my going from home. This was the cause of the tears and distress you saw to-day."

Thus the lady and I talked as the coach proceeded, and before we arrived at the town where we were going, we were well acquainted. We both staid at that town a fortnight in different houses; and as we were to leave the town the same day, the lady asked me to spend a fortnight with her at her happy home on my way back.

I accepted her invitation; and you will like, no doubt, to hear how we were received. We went back in the same coach in which we had travelled before; and it was just six o'clock when the coach stopped at the bottom of the lawn, and the family met us—the papa with the baby in his arms, and the old grandmother, and the little girls and boy. How did the little creatures crow and scream when they saw their mother! and how did the father and the grandmother smile! and how did the old servant courtesy! while they all seemed to love me too, because I was come with the dear mother of the family. The poor little orphan was one of the happiest of the party: she cried, and laughed, and jumped with joy.

I had brought with me a basket of books and toys, to render me acceptable to the little ones. There was in the basket a Robinson Crusoe for Edward, and also a



doll nicely dressed for each of the little girls, and a coral for the baby.

As soon as we came to the house, we unpacked the basket, and the baby rang his silver bells all the time we were at tea.

After tea, the gentleman made us all kneel down while he prayed; and his prayer was very suitable. It was about home. First, he thanked God for bringing the mother back to her happy home; and then he spoke of heaven, the home of all those who have been brought to love the Lord Jesus Christ—that happy home where children and parents will meet to part no more. And he repeated those delightful verses in St. John, where our Saviour invites

us all to come and live with him—*Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.* Then he prayed for the little adopted one that had been received into the family, and for the stranger who had come under their roof; and that all we, who were so happily met in this world, might so live, that, when the hour of death should come, we might all be prepared to go to our never-changing home.

We then rose from our knees, and we



(that is, the older people) sat down together round the open window, while the little ones played on the lawn in our sight. The sun was setting, and the moon had risen over the woods. The air was filled with the scent of flowers and the song of the nightingale; and while we sat talking, the little ones came under the window, and sang these words in such clear and pleasing tones as I shall never forget.

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we should roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home;
There's no place like home.

An exile from home, splendour dazzles in vain:
O give me my little thatch'd cottage again,
The birds singing gaily, that come at my call—
Give me them, with the peace of mind dearer than all.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home;
There's no place like home.

Such peace as that Saviour alone can supply,
Who has provided for us a home in the sky,
When the tempests of life shall have blighted our
flowers,

And the storms of mortality scatter'd our bowers
Home, home, sweet, sweet home;
There's no place like home.

REWARD BOOKS,

BY

MRS. SHERWOOD.

THREEPENCE EACH.

The Infirmary	Edward Mansfield
The Errand Boy	Julian Percival
The Two Sisters	The Mourning Queen
The May Bee	Sunday Entertainment

TWOPENCE EACH.

Little George and his Penny	The Two Dolls
Emily and her Brothers	A Series of Questions and Answers on the Church Catechism
The Rose	Soffrona and her Cat Muff
The Busy Bee	The Orange Grove
The Wishing Cap	Visit to Grandpapa
Easy Questions for a Little Child	Everything out of its Place
Little Robert and the Owl	

ONE PENNY EACH.

S. School Child's Reward	The Hills
Little Arthur	The Thunderstorm
Poor Burruff	The Rainbow
The Dry Ground	The Happy Family
Lady in the Arbour	The Mother's Duty
Home	The Hidden Treasure
The Fawns	The Bible
The Rosebuds	The Stolen Fruit
The Idiot Boy	The Little Negroes

HOULSTON AND WRIGHT

65, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.