

**STORIES**

FOR

**Summer Days and Winter Nights.**

SECOND SERIES.



**ANNA WEBSTER.**



LONDON:

GROOMBRIDGE AND SONS,  
PATERNOSTER ROW.

In a Pocket Volume, Price 2s. 6d.,

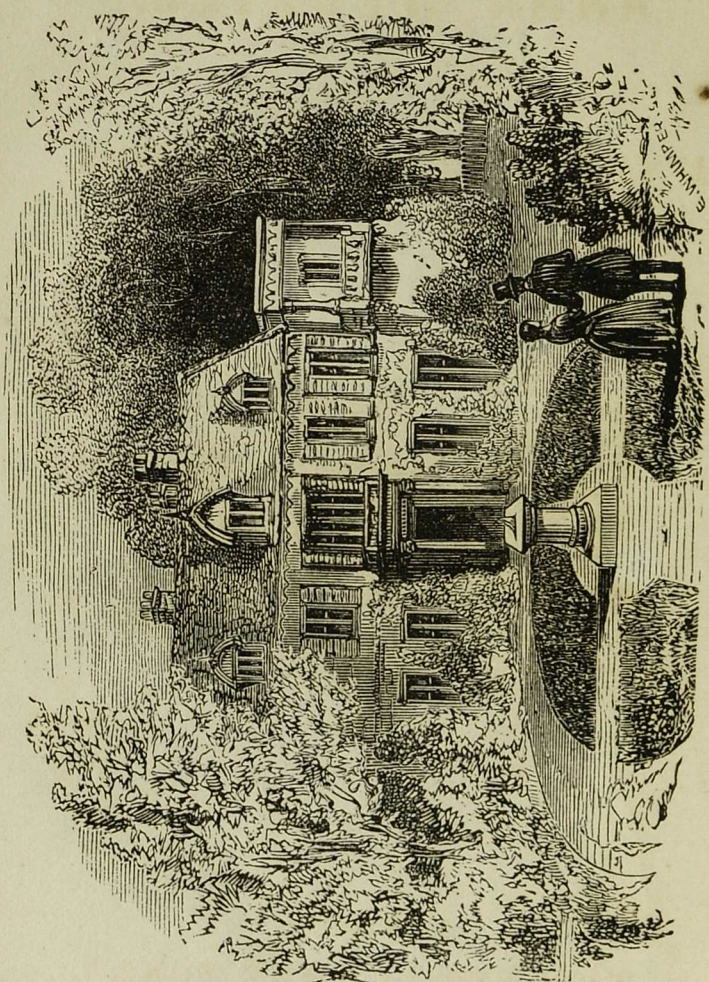
HOW TO SEE  
THE  
BRITISH MUSEUM.

CONTENTS :—

SOUTHERN ZOOLOGICAL ROOM.  
SOUTHERN ZOOLOGICAL GALLERY  
MAMMALIA SALOON.  
EASTERN ZOOLOGICAL GALLERY.  
NORTHERN ZOOLOGICAL GALLERY.  
BRITISH ZOOLOGICAL ROOM.  
NORTHERN MINERAL AND FOSSIL GALLERY.  
THE EGYPTIAN ROOM.  
THE BRONZE ROOM.  
ETRUSCAN ROOM.  
ETHNOGRAPHICAL ROOM.  
EGYPTIAN SALOON.  
THE LYCIAN ROOM.  
THE NIMROUD ROOM.  
TOWNLEY SCULPTURE.  
ANTIQUITIES OF BRITAIN.  
PHIGALEIAN SALOON  
ELGIN SALOON.  
LIBRARY.

LONDON  
GROOMBRIDGE AND SONS;  
AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.

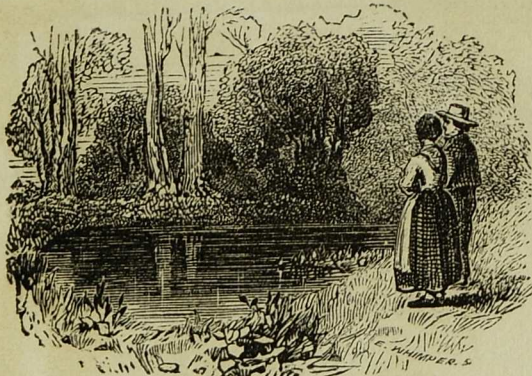
Алгебра Копен.



Witcherley Rectory.

ANNA WEBSTER.

A TALE OF GENTLEMAN'S SERVICE.



The Pool.

Page 12.

LONDON:  
GROOMBRIDGE AND SONS,  
PATERNOSTER ROW.

ANNA WEBSTER.

A PAIR OF GENTLEMAN'S SHOES.



LONDON:  
GEORGE BROWN AND SONS,  
PATERNOSTER ROW.

---

The following Tale, though not quite accordant, in some particulars, with the general character of the Stories in this Series, is yet considered sufficiently meritorious and interesting to entitle it to its present place. If not in all respects suited to the tastes of young people generally, a very large class in humble life will read this "Tale of Gentleman's Service," with interest and advantage.

---





## ANNA WEBSTER.

---

THE clock on the bracket in the rectory hall at Witcherley struck two, as Mrs. Halton, the young rector's bride, came down stairs to accompany her husband in his walk through his parish.

After some affectionate apologies for keeping her husband waiting, and some playful allusions on his part to her "more last words" to her maid, the happy pair walked through their pleasant garden, crossed some fields, and sauntered down a shady lane towards the principal village in the parish.

'Do you remember, Carry,' asked Mr. Halton, 'when you used to visit in this neighbourhood, that you often wondered how such poor people as you saw here could be happy? It delighted me to hear you desecant on the happiness of my people,'—there was something very touching in the young clergyman's application of the term "my people,"—You will be able to judge for yourself now, my love, and think how much happier and easier will be my task now that I have *you* to help me.'

He pressed his young wife's arm within his own, and they stopped to rest under a large elm which threw its branches from one hawthorn hedge to another. It was a glowing summer's day; nature was full of life.

'The country sounds strangely pleasant,' observed Caroline, after standing for some moments in thoughtful silence.

'Ah, how well I understand you, Carry!—the

country *sounds* pleasant. Hark at that saucy blackbird ! he is so accustomed to see me rest here, that I fancy he means to welcome me now. What a noise that young idler, William Lee, is making, frightening the birds in yonder corn-field ! the rogue is playing marbles, and shouts with all his might, that old John may fancy he is in the field, instead of on this side of the hedge. That boy makes me anxious ; he is a fine creature, but rather too *smart* for his age ; and his mother makes so much of him, and does him and herself harm among her neighbours by boasting of his abilities. All the time he is saying his catechism in church, she is looking at him with pride shining out of her eyes, because he is gabbling through it as fast as possible, and glancing round for admiration at his glibness of speech. I cannot persuade her that there is no merit in mere mechanical memory, and that the *matter*, not the *manner*, is of the chief importance. "A little learning" has been pronounced "a dangerous thing." Now I think a little learning among the poorer classes better than a great deal, unless there be talent to improve and principle to guide it. But, see, the shadow of the hedge is broader on the pathway, and the poor people must have long since finished their dinners and "right-sided" their rooms.'

They walked on. 'Ah ! there is old Margaret sitting at her window. I will show you what a pleasant thing is "a little learning" to this aged woman.'

'Well,' thought the young bride, as she ascended the broken but cleanly steps of old Margaret's doorway, and, turning round, saw a court overgrown with tall grass, and only enlivened by a staring hollyhock or two ; the view being bounded by a high dead wall ; 'one cannot help wondering what there is in the world to make this poor creature happy.'

She entered. The paralytic woman of eighty-nine,

sat at her window looking out upon the long grass and dead wall. Mr. Halton drew his chair beside her. 'See Margaret,' said he, 'I have brought my wife to visit you.'

She formed a strange contrast to the paralyzed old woman, did that blooming young wife, as she took Margaret's withered palm and closed her fair fingers on it.

'Please to sit down, lady: your good gentleman does not run away in a hurry, when he comes to see me.' A few well worn but tidy books were on the window-seat; Caroline took them up.

'Ah, ma'am, I am right thankful,' said Margaret, 'that though I am not able to move about myself, and keep my place as clean and comfortable as it used to be when I was young and strong, my sight is left me—I can see to read. The Lord is very good; for, though I am forced to spell many words, I can manage to read my Bible; I am so used to that, that it comes easy. I am not very knowledgeable; but perhaps I, that knows a little, am as well off as them that knows a good deal, unless God Almighty gives them the wit and the opportunity to use their learning well.'

'And who helps you in your house?' asked Caroline.

'Oh, a chance neighbour or two—yet not chance neither, for God sends me help through them.'

From what scanty materials had this poor creature gathered happiness, the happiness of content? Helpless, aged, poor, with no prospect of bettering herself on *earth*, she was happy in her dependence on God, "day by day for daily bread." Her secret of comfort lay in first looking beyond this world, and secondly in comparing with a thankful spirit her lot with that of those who were worse off than herself, rather than with the seemingly prosperous.

They were now going to Mrs. Lynch.

‘Poor Mrs. Lynch!’ said Margaret, ‘she is blind, she has bad children,—she has one worthless daughter at home who grumbles at waiting on her mother—God help her!’

Mrs. Lynch was, indeed, an unhappy woman. Always anxious to “better herself,” without thinking how; always envious of those above her, she forgot that to reach a higher grade than that in which Providence has placed us, we must *use* the talents that Providence has bestowed; and was ever striving to vie with the outward show her neighbours made. She was for gathering the fruit on the topmost bough without assisting in the culture of the tree; she was constantly alluding to this one’s “luck,” and that one’s “chance,” and fretting because the “luck” and the “chance” never *came in her way*. At her marriage, her husband was a rich farmer; she determined that *her* children should be ladies and gentlemen, but she did not see the necessity of educating them for the position she chose to point out.

In a word, the result of such a system may be easily guessed. The farmer was ruined by the extravagance of his sons, his home was made wretched by the idleness of his daughters—one son went to India in a dragoon regiment, and died in prison, where he had been confined for insubordination; another was transported for forgery; and the third spent his life between the gin-palaces and stables in London. The youngest daughter had taken to evil ways, and left her parents’ roof; but poor old Lynch took her home again; he had not, however, the courage to meet ruin in the face with no one to console or support him, and he ended his days miserably.

His daughter never thought of his last words, ‘Hannah, be kind to your mother.’ She had been

taken by surprise at his kissing her a few minutes before he fell lifeless on his kitchen floor; but it had made no real impression on her. Alas! here she was as usual, 'banging about,' as her mother said, and "wearing her to a thread with her ill-humours."

When peace by kindly interference was outwardly restored, Mrs. Lynch turning up her sightless eyes to Heaven, clasped her hands together and exclaimed bitterly, 'To-day, I have heard news to be thankful for, my miserable son John is dead! I shall lie down in peace now; for if I had left him behind me, I could not have rested in my grave for fear of his coming to the gallows.'

What could be said to a creature whose last drop of comfort on earth was the death of her once spoiled son. All she could say to Mr. Halton's attempts at consolation, were 'The Lord have mercy on me; I am a miserable woman!' Caroline, leaving her husband to read to these wretched people, proceeded to a cottage, where she proposed waiting for him.

The sun glanced through this cottage window on the pleasant face of an old woman who was knitting. It was a nice picture—the cheery countenance of the knitter, a bright array of roses and geraniums on the window-sill, the broad-backed, lazy brindled cat basking among the flowers, blinking her eyes at the glittering needles—all this was most agreeable to Caroline after Mrs. Lynch's noisy, dirty room.

'Bless you, ma'am! come in,' said Mrs. Bland, in her contented voice, as she opened the door—it is quite merry abroad to-day: the bees have been busy, and the birds and butterflies flitting about. What a blessing is this fine weather!'

Caroline admired the old woman's homely work, and did a few stitches, at which Mrs. Bland was

highly pleased—‘ You have got on famously,’ said Caroline.

‘ Oh deary me, yes, ma’am, we have had such rainy weather of late—well, so much the better if it was always sunshine, we might not be thankful for it—we care for the sun most when he has been longest away.’ So the old woman and the young bride chatted together till Mr. Halton came.

From Mrs. Bland’s they strolled past the pool where William Lee was lingering, on pretence of getting a drink, but in reality to play with Anna Webster, Mrs. Bland’s granddaughter.

A pretty, fair, shy creature was Anna ; but there was a certain grace about her as she curtsied to the Haltons, and, following them from the pool with a bunch of water-lilies in her hand, opened the gate leading to her father’s cottage.

Webster was a gardener : a comely pair he and his wife looked as they stood among their children, the youngest a baby, the eldest our little friend Anna, aged eleven.

‘ Well, Webster,’ said Mr. Halton, ‘ I am glad to find you at home to-day, for I have brought my wife to see you. Mr. Halton introduced Caroline with a satisfaction more heartfelt than if he had presented her to courtly people in a festal room.

‘ You are welcome ma’am,’ said Webster ; his wife curtsied a mute salutation.

‘ What a fine family,’ said Caroline,—‘ but how will you provide for all—seven boys !’

‘ Ah ma’am !’ replied the gardener, laughing, ‘ I am just the man as *should* have a lot of boys ; I have plenty of work for them, and when their mother wants rest the girls will help her ; Anna looks a delicate thing ; but we must live in hopes.’

Anna looked quite unfit for hard work, and, as homeward bound, Mr. and Mrs. Halton stood again under the elm tree to listen to the blackbird’s

whistle and the cuckoo's call, Caroline proposed having the gardener's daughter twice a week at the rectory to instruct her.

'Don't spoil her, Carry,—she is a delicate plant,' said Mr. Halton; 'don't teach her too much for her station.'

'But remember, William,' observed his wife, 'what credit John Robinson does you: you know you took him from the plough, and see what he is—the confidential man of a scientific tradesman. You look forward to his being one of the first men of the day.'

'My love, my taking Robinson from the plough was no sudden thought, nor did I act upon my own judgment entirely; he was well-known to possess great ability, to be persevering, modest, and well brought up by his father, a working farmer—it was clear to me, that he was fitted for a higher career than the one in which he was born. I took great pains in instructing him, and then placed him where he would be advanced according to his deserts. *My protégé* was an able, intelligent young man; *yours* is a fragile girl, whose aspirations hitherto have been confined within the boundary of a humble home. Had John Robinson remained here, his genius would have been lost to the world; your teaching *may*, unless you are cautious, make Anna dissatisfied with home, for which, to tell you the truth, she appears by nature to be most suited.'

Anna Webster proved so apt a pupil, that her preceptress took unusual pleasure in instructing her. She soon got beyond her companions.

As she stood reading one morning, Mr. Halton looked in to the drawing-room, and listened till the task was done. After Anna had gone home, he opened a little conversation with his wife respecting her *protégé*.

'She does you infinite credit, Carry:,' said he, 'Do you intend to make a governess of her?'

'She would be fit for a nursery governess by the time she was old enough to undertake such a situation,' answered Mrs. Halton. 'I think with you, that she is not suited to bodily exertion ; but I *should* like to make something better of her than a mere servant.'

'Your maid Emma is very happy,' replied Mr. Halton. 'I do not think that Anna would be as well cared for as a governess, as she would be in respectable service. Pray, my dear, think again of her capabilities, personal and mental. Emma is a great treasure to you, she is perfectly suited to her sphere. When you were ill in the summer, Emma, although she has not had all the advantages that Anna has, was as well able to read prayers to you as many others, nay, better ; for you have often remarked her musical voice. Indeed, my dear,' he continued, 'I must speak out—you had better think twice about teaching Anna unnecessary things. Why I found her the other morning with a French grammar in her hand !'

'She has a fancy for languages,' replied Mrs. Halton, 'and had, in fact, taught herself a good deal before I was aware of it ; she borrowed the grammar from my sister's French governess.'

'Well, poor thing, I cannot fancy that French will ever be useful to *her* ; and yesterday I imagined I heard you giving her a botanical lesson.'

'Oh no, William, only reading the Latin names of the plants to her ; as a gardener's daughter, she ought to know these things.'

But Mr. Halton was not quite satisfied, and he told his wife so.

'Let us, then,' said this charming young wife, 'send for Anna's mother and talk to her about it.'

'Now,' said Mr. Halton, 'you are, as your sailor brother would say, "on the right tack."'

Mrs. Webster came. She was by no means dazzled



at the idea of her daughter being educated for a governess, and the result of the consultation was, that on the day Anna was fifteen, she was placed under the guidance of the steady confidential Emma.

Quite unfitted for hard work, she was chiefly employed at her needle, occasionally helping in the pickling and preserving department; the poultry were her especial care, and she delighted in assisting Mrs. Halton in the green-house.

Never associating with vulgar minds—for her mother was one of nature's gentlewomen, and her father's occupation was one that refines a mind—Anna at seventeen was a well-mannered as well as a pretty girl; her taste for dress was regulated by her mistress, otherwise there might have been too great a display of lilac ribbons in her Sunday bonnet, and she was a little self-opinated about ringlets and smart aprons. Indeed, this pride in self-opinion was her chief fault, as we shall see.

William Lee, her old playmate, was in service at the Squire's, and professed himself her lover. His handsome, pleasant face, had its due weight with the village girls, and Anna felt a certain pride at her heart, when he joined her at the church-yard gate on Sundays to walk home with her through the meadows.

He was admitted occasionally at the rectory, but Mrs. Halton would not allow one of his fellow-servants to enter her house—indeed, she always rejoiced when the hall was vacated; for Anna had picked up very silly notions about “bettering herself,” from the flaunting maids at the Squire's. Men and maids in that fine house, were all intent upon grasping whatever could be got by way of perquisites, and seeking service wherever “more,” could be earned. Anna felt that these sentiments were erroneous, but the conversation of these would-be fine ladies, albeit discontented, pleased her more than the

homely talk of Emma. Among the former, she heard of her own good looks, and "great parts;" the latter was for ever trying to teach what Anna thought she could understand as well as Emma.

Often in summer walks by green hedgerows, in quiet paths in the woods, among the anemones and primroses, and violets, and in places where God's sun shone brightest, when Anna and William fell in with these idlers, their chief talk would be of getting on in the world—not getting on by their own industry or ability, or by God's help, but by any means that would *pay best*. All this had its influence on Anna: gratitude began to die away in her heart as the seeds of ambition took root.

Mrs. Halton hoped that William Lee would better himself by change of place before the next autumn, when Emma and John, the rectory gardener, were to marry and settle on one of Mr. Halton's farms.

Great was Anna's mortification on finding that Jane the housemaid was to succeed Emma. Heavy, homely Jane, who read so badly, and whose dairy accounts were hieroglyphics to every one but Jane herself!

Anna's pride—oh that pride!—was wounded; Mrs. Halton, who saw it, explained how unfair it would have been to have placed Anna at the head of the establishment in which Jane had done her duty under Emma for twelve years; and Anna was just beginning to feel that Jane was more suited to the work and responsibilities of upper servant than she was, when the smoke curled up the chimneys at the Hall, and the brilliant August sun shone upon the open windows.

Ere that Autumn passed away, Anna Webster told her mistress that she had some thoughts of 'bettering herself.'

'Bettering yourself!' exclaimed Mrs. Halton; 'and

where on earth, Anna, can you be better off than you are ?

Anna blushed, but tried to look confident, as she replied that she could get a lady's-maid's place in London, with Squire Stafford's mother.

'A lady's-maid's place in London ! Had she thought what a sorrow it would be to leave everybody she had been accustomed to all her life, and go among strange people and strange customs ? for no two nations could more differ in habits and hours than London and Witcherly.'

'Yes, she *had* thought of this ; but Mrs. Stafford was a nice lady, her maid's place was an easy one, she was not always in London ; sometimes she came to her son's—she was there now, Anna had seen her, the housekeeper had recommended her, the wages were twenty guineas a-year, and she believed the housekeeper had told Mrs. Stafford all about her and William ; she had asked her to do so,'—and Mrs. Halton felt relieved at this proof of honesty of heart.

She told Anna that, as her mind was set upon this, she had better make her arrangements, and speak at once to her father and mother.

Anna began to cry, when she begged to know if Mrs. Halton wished her to remain with her till the end of the quarter, or if she might go to Town with Mrs. Stafford next week—she was sure her parents would not object—and then there was a fresh burst of sobs. Caroline desired her to consult her parents. Anna left the room, and her kind mistress sat down and cried bitterly.

After all her trouble and anxiety, to be forsaken by one for whom she had felt such interest and affection. Perhaps Anna's father and mother might persuade her to give up her plan ; but then if her mind became unsettled on the matter, she had better go, perhaps—

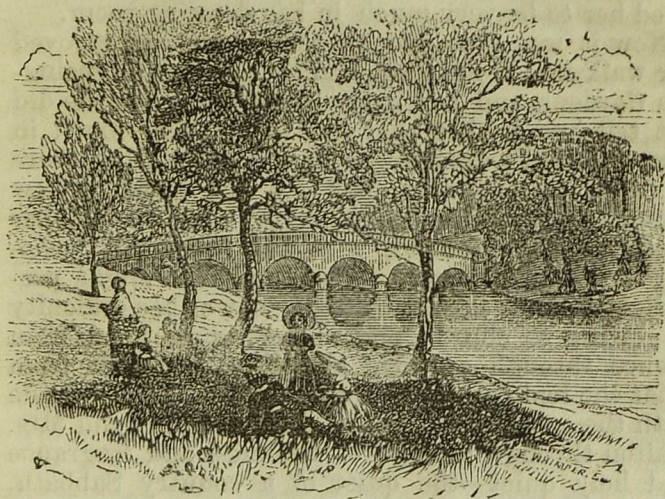
'She will come back some day,' said Mr. Halton, 'but not before she has learned a bitter lesson.'

How true his words were !

The gardener and his wife were sorely vexed ; but they were not people of resolution, though they quite agreed with old Mrs. Bland about Anna being ' unthankful.'

Anna could not define her own feelings on leaving Witcherley, the only home she had ever known. When her little sister ran after her with the last geranium from the garden, the tears *would* come, and the neighbours saw her walking up the lane with her handkerchief to her eyes.





View in Kensington Gardens.

## CHAPTER II.

ANNA WEBSTER'S first letter was gay, but it did not satisfy her anxious parents, who were often gently reproached by Mrs. Halton for not having resisted Anna's plan of going to London to "better herself." Anna had been to see a play with Mrs. Crawley the housekeeper, and Mr. Lennard the butler, and had walked in Hyde Park, and her lady had given her a silk bonnet, and she wished she could have sent her mother a shawl, but she could not afford it. Mrs. Crawley had told her she must be smart, and had persuaded her to buy two new dresses. William Lee had come to Town with his master, who was

staying in Grosvenor Place, and the house was full of servants. She did not mix much with the rest. Mrs. Crawley and Mr. Lennard were very kind in getting her out to walk sometimes, but her mistress liked her to be very much in her dressing-room.

Now it was true enough that Anna had enjoyed her walk into Hyde Park, and her peep into Kensington Gardens, and her party to the play ; but she did not tell her mother that her being 'very much in Mrs. Stafford's dressing-room,' meant sitting there all day long at work, nor did she mention how peevish and selfish her mistress was ; nor of her dread of a housemaid, who was frequently peeping over the balusters at her, and who might prejudice William Lee against her ; nor of her difficulty in getting to church, and of her return home from thence through crowded streets, so different from what she had been accustomed to, when, side by side with the good Emma, she had followed Mr. and Mrs. Halton through a world of freshness and fragrance and holy quiet—the quiet of a country Sabbath, which strikes town people so strangely. No sound of carts, or of implements of husbandry, or of noisy boys playing leap-frog or pitch-and-toss on the common, or of the ploughman's whistle, or his cheerful invocations to his horses, or of teams of bells winding slowly up the hills, or of noisy children in the lanes. No sound of carriage-wheels or of the gardener's spade and its accompanying whistle. All are at rest ; the unvarying tone of the solitary bell in the village church-tower, or the distant chimes from a neighbouring town, make the silence more apparent and hallow it. Sunshine is pleasant on the Sabbath ! Sunshine that the poor enjoy : but when the rain-drops patter against the window-panes, or the leaves flutter round the casement, the drops falling more distinct on this day from the silence all around, then blessed are those

who can lift their thoughts above the things of earth, and meditate cheerfully on Him that "hath his dwelling in the clouds and sendeth forth a gracious rain."

Neither did Anna tell how even her education served her an ill turn with her exacting mistress, who, finding she wrote a good hand, made her copy out recipes for cookery and cosmetics. Mrs. Stafford had a fancy, too, for being read to sleep. An indolent woman, yet anxious to pass for a well-informed one, she was delighted to profit by Anna's capabilities: so night after night the poor lady's-maid, whose playmates thought her so happy and so enviable, had to sit by her lady's bed-side and read pages and pages of poetry and reviews, and the lighter literature of the day.

At first Anna had thought it would be a great recreation to join the other servants below; but William Lee was beginning to be very attractive to a still-room maid, with a loud voice and a bold laugh; and the butler had begun admiring Anna herself, whereupon Mrs. Crawley became jealous and joined the housemaid in trying to annoy our poor country girl in many ways. 'Lady Ann!' they used to call her with a sneer.

Poor Anna! she hardly owned to herself how disappointed she was in her long-treasured hopes of "bettering herself," and sometimes as she looked at the dusty trees and dirty sparrows in the park, she could not help giving a sigh to the fresh fields and foliage and singing birds of Witcherley. Very irksome her life soon became to her, and very sad it made her to see her former playmate and once true lover given up to drinking with the under-footman or wasting time in other ways.

Mrs. Stafford was not unkind to her in her manner; but she seldom spoke to her unless she was obliged, and never sympathized with her if she looked

wan and tired. How she thought of Mrs. Halton coming to her when she was ill in bed at the rectory, and of Mr. Halton's kind inquiries touching her head-ache in the morning.

But she did not confess all this in her letters to her mother, and the latter noticed with pleasure that every time her daughter wrote, she dwelt more and more affectionately on all remembrances connected with the rectory, and spoke of her obligations to Mrs. Halton for having early taught her the value of good principles.

Within a year Anna wrote in better spirits, saying she had met with an opportunity for "bettering herself" still further : she had been so fortunate as to obtain a lady's-maid's place in Lord Castleton's family : she was to be "own maid" to his daughters, the Ladies Belmont. Mrs. Stafford was sorry to part with her, and Mrs. Crawley thought she was very ungrateful to go ; but the life she led in Grosvenor Place did not suit her, it was too sedentary. At Lord Castleton's, she should have little to do beyond dressing the young ladies ; she might take more exercise, and, above all, in the winter she should have an opportunity of seeing her family ; for my Lord Castleton was coming to his place near Witcherley at the end of the year. There were to be great doings at Belmont Court at Christmas.

There were a few "last words" about William Lee. Anna was "afraid he was not as steady as he used to be ; but London certainly was a dreadful place for young people : she hoped when he got back to the country, good Mr. Halton would speak seriously to him. William was kind-hearted, and sensible, and easily led ; all depended on the advice and example of those he was with."

'Twas a sorry letter. Anna's mother could hardly read it for fast rising-tears. Oh, that Anna would have come home again ! that she might have been



restored to her place at the rectory, that would indeed have been the real way of "bettering herself."

And William Lee, Mrs. Webster had known him from a baby: from the time he was two years old, he had been the playmate of her own boys, and afterwards Anna's true-hearted lover. So accustomed as she and her husband were to their cottage, their garden, their children and their neighbours, it was misery to think of Anna seeking her way among strangers in that great London, which seemed so vast and terrible. And the old playmates sundered in heart, though meeting at times in that bewildering, that distant chaos, was another sorrow to the affectionate heart of the simple-minded woman.

She put up her work for that day, and dressing herself and her two youngest children in their best, took them with her to the rectory.

She sighed as she passed through the plentiful garden, with its wealth of autumnal fruit which her husband and sons were gathering for market, but said nothing of her errand. The boys were laughing up in the apple trees, and Webster busy at a sunny wall, carefully piling a large basket with fine peaches and nectarines. It was a scene of peace and plenty, and vivid beauty withal; but, alas! the mother's heart was under the shadow of a cloud, and she hurried off from the merry call of her eldest son, shut the garden door, and did not stop till she reached the elm-tree, where the blackbirds still whistled.

She found Mr. Halton at home, and told her cause of sorrow; he called his wife to him, and she, taking some blame upon herself, inasmuch as, to use Mrs. Webster's own phrase, she had always rather "set up" Anna, determined on writing to her *protegé* herself; but Anna was already under Lord Castleton's roof, having quarrelled with Mrs. Crawley, rejected

Mr. Lennard as a suitor, and been hurried away by 'my lady's own woman,' who 'wondered how Anna could demean herself by shaking hands so cordially with Mr. Stafford's groom,' an idle young fellow, always drinking and playing dice with the underfootman, and not worth looking at by Anna, who she (the 'own woman') knew to have enough book-learning to be a lady.

And Anna felt self-satisfied as she called to mind Mrs. Halton's remark, that 'education had more to do in making people gentlemen and ladies, than mere birth.' She forgot how peculiar must be the position of those persons who are educated out of their sphere, ere they can turn their education to account in bettering themselves, and how especially women should consider this before they set themselves up above those who are born in the same station with themselves.

Mrs. Halton herself began to have many pangs about her *protégé*.

'I certainly should have been thrown away at Witcherley,' thought Anna, 'and yet—and yet it was pleasant, and (with a sigh) it was my *home*! Poor Witcherley! I wonder how father's garden gets on, and if little Mary can read yet.'

She was picturing "little Mary" running after her with the last geranium blossom—she had its dead leaves now in her Bible—and her mother following her weeping aloud; when Mrs. Green, my Lady Castleton's "own woman," gave a furious ring at the hall door of "my lord's" spacious mansion.

A supercilious looking footman opened it; but he smirked in Anna's face on her entrance, and whispered something to Mrs. Green, which might have alarmed Anna, had she not been initiated in the hyperbolical style of that lady, who declared she should go into fifty fits immediately.'

An introduction to the "first table at my lord's"

followed as soon as Anna had taken off her bonnet, and marvellously surprised was our country bred heroine, to find so much discontent amid what seemed to her so much splendour.

It was supper time. The gas shed a brilliant light on the well-filled table ; the dishes, as far as she could judge, were superior to what she had generally seen preparing for Mr. Halton's dinner, and then she recollected her mother's thankfulness for broth and jellies brought her by the rector's wife when she was sick. She could not understand what made the gay ladies and gentlemen she was now associated with so full of discontent, so active in drawing comparisons between themselves and those who were, what they termed, "better off." When she was shewn to her wretched attic, she sat down upon the crazy tent bed, wondering how such a piece of furniture could have found its way into my Lord Castleton's house : so different it was to the clean, dimity-curtained, comfortable little bed at the rectory.



## CHAPTER III.

ANNA'S duties at Lord Castleton's were not to commence till "Miss Badley" departed, and poor Anna remained very much secluded in her narrow attic in order to avoid Miss Badley's significant toss of the head, whenever she met her on the stairs, and her insolent hints at the "first table;" that 'some people set up for being mighty clever, but as for her, *she* was content with minding the business she was brought up to, *she* had no patience with them as set up for being 'much better nor they should be.' Poor Anna's tiresome reading hours to Mrs. Stafford, had not only been wearisome to herself, but had made others jealous of her.

When she fairly entered on her office at Lord Castleton's, she found her life much more toilsome than it had been at Mrs. Stafford's, there at least she had her rest at night after certain hours; but at my lord's, in the season, it was frequently four and five o'clock in the morning, before her young ladies came home. Then she had to put away their dresses, and there was coffee to get for them; for the cook was in bed, and, besides this, was very cross.

Many successive nights were spent by our poor lady's-maid in Lady Maria's dressing-room. Every hour was fully employed in altering finery to make it look fresh, new stringing bandeaux and

bracelets, wreathing flowers, making up knots of ribbon, in readiness for the young ladies' return at midnight from one party to dress for another, and so on. Often as she sat alone in the upper part of that great mansion, the silence only broken by the distant laughing or quarreling of the servants in the hall over their cards, fancy would lead her back to the peaceful home she had left, with a view to "bettering herself."

Had she done so? Ah, there was the question! What would Mr. and Mrs. Halton say to see her now—pale and haggard, and worn with late hours and excitement of no pleasant kind? What would her father and mother say to hear the language and see the conduct she was becoming more and more accustomed to among her fellow-servants? Accustomed to it?—she shuddered. William Lee she now seldom saw, unless he came in by chance at supper time, and then he was generally more than half tipsy, and so coarse in his remarks that he made her blush for him and for herself; still she could not forget him, *as he had been* her old playmate—her first, only love. They had shared each other's gifts as children,—they had been the darlings of mutual friends and relatives—they had, as an Irish soldier's wife once expressively remarked to me of her husband and herself, 'played together on the same door-step.'

William's conduct preyed on Anna's spirit, and thus with everything to make her dejected and no one by to comfort her; no wonder her cheek grew pale, and the light faded from her eye. One feeling of satisfaction was left her—she had never forfeited her self-respect. The love of truth and honesty, early instilled by her parents and her pastor and the pastor's wife, was strong as ever; all the sneers of the upper servants—all the jeers of the under ones, could not shake her principles, though she paused in expressing them. Mrs. Green was beginning to

hate her, and resolved on keeping Anna 'down,' as she termed it ; for, though Mrs. Green was quite one of the liberty and equality class, she was rigid in her ideas of rule, in relation to those whom she considered beneath her.

Anna had early been taught the laws of subordination, her father had often given his children a practical lesson on them by pointing out the bees in his garden, with their queen at their head, placed there by God's will, and the ants on the field, working under the direction of their rulers, like soldiers under authority ; and by numerous other instances in nature, proving that some should rule and some should serve, and descanting wisely, but simply, on the responsibilities attached to those who govern.

Anna used to ponder often on these remembered lessons, and longed—oh, how she began to long !—once more, to listen to the lips that used to utter them. Still, the idea of high wages, perquisites, her position in a nobleman's family, had taken possession of her, and she could not make up her mind to resign all these.

She would not quarrel with Mrs. Green. She was content to do her duty in her own calling : but her perquisites made Mrs. Green bitterly jealous, for she never benefited as Anna did by *her* lady's cast-off clothes. Lady Castleton liked to make a show at as small cost as possible, and was therefore more prudent than her daughters ; getting her mantua-maker to take her court-dresses off her hands, as a set off against her yearly account. The young ladies got into debt instead.

Mrs. Green grew a little mollified when she found that Anna from habit—a very good one—always treated her with a certain consideration, which she mistook for respect, but which Anna accorded to her as an elderly person and an upper servant—"my lady's own woman." She could not do battle against Anna's meek look, when the latter would pick up

Mrs. Green's bunch of keys in the midst of that lady's bitter inuendoes. She was gratified by our country girl's drawing back to let her pass first, and her deferential look to Mrs. Green, when "my lady" honoured her daughter's maid by a consultation on the turning of a silk, or renovating a satin. Anna never could forget her habits and teaching under Emma. It served her in good stead now.

At last, there was a prospect of visiting Witcherley. Lord Belmont, my lord's eldest son, intended going into that neighbourhood to shoot; his sisters were to accompany him. Lord and Lady Castleton were off to Baden, and Mrs. Green with them; the young people looked forward to a world of enjoyment in the autumn, for they were fond of one another, and no one shared their delight in the prospect as Anna did. Her looks began to improve, the season was drawing to a close, and she had more rest day and night.

Still she had at times very painful thoughts about William Lee; she could take down but a very sorry account of him to his friends. She wrote to her mother, naming the day and hour she should pass through Witcherley, and the thoughts of home sent darker ones into comparative shadow.

The day came. This time Anna thought little of the fine barouche, and Mr. Lewis, my lord's "own gentleman" beside her—a very fine gentleman indeed, who soon made her understand that he considered himself very condescending in conversing with her, though, to say truth, he admired her very much; but she did not encourage him; she doubted his principles, and she could not forget William.

Women do cling pertinaciously to old affections, however the objects of them may have forfeited their right to be beloved. Poor Anna was continually

going back ; she never dwelt upon what was unfavourable in her lover's late career.

'Look !' said she, as the carriage reached the top of a steep hill, and the postilions stopped to let the smoking, panting horses breathe. 'Look Mr. Lewis ! there is Witcherley church ; we are a long way from it yet, I should not have seen it if I had not known exactly where to look for it ; there are the two large poplars by the rectory gate, and I can see the strip of road that winds up behind the house. Well, I declare ! here is old Thomas, the carrier : the very last time I saw him, I think it was on this spot.' Anna nodded twice to old Thomas, somewhat to Mr. Lewis's disgust—although that "gentleman's" father had been a carrier in his day, only people in —shire did not know it ; but the poor man looked at her quite bewildered ; indeed, he stared so long, and was so overcome by surprise, that he was fain to hurry out of the way, lest his poor little cart should be driven into the ditch by the post-boys.

The day had promised sunshine, and Anna had pictured to herself, her father, mother, brothers and sisters and neighbours, all turning out of their garden gates to see her go by. If a little folly and vanity were mixed up with her affectionate anticipations they were excusable ; she had not been really scathed by the fiery ordeal through which she had passed in our Babylon ; but, although she was not aware of it, the wickedness she had seen, though not so outwardly offensive as among the degraded classes of mankind, sprang from worse motives, and was less excusable than if it had arisen from real misery.

A terrible shower came on, and before they reached the posting-house, Anna was drenched with rain. Mr. Lewis was safely wrapped up in a capacious mackintosh, and, with an affectation of gallantry, was holding an umbrella over his companion ; but as



in reality he had no intention of taking better care of her than of himself, indeed quite the contrary, she received no benefit from the umbrella but its drippings ; in this condition and with her head bent down to avoid the driving rain, she did not see till it was close to the carriage, her father's market-cart. It contained her father and mother, three of her brothers, and her little sister.

They drew up, but merely for the pleasure of looking at her, for only the youngest boy ventured to address her ; and he called out to tell Anna she had 'much better get down from the barouche-box when the carriage stopped to have the drag taken off, and take shelter in the snug covered cart.' Happy boy ! he had yet to learn that those who profess to know how to live, would rather get wet on a barouche-box or in an open carriage, than take shelter in a covered cart.

Anna really was delighted to see them, and would gladly have descended from her high position if she could ; but the postillions cracked their whips—the horses went off at full speed along the level road, leaving the good Websters, so far from being dazzled by the splendour and dash of their daughter's *entrée*, that they were very uneasy lest she should be laid up with severe cold after such a wetting.

One thing, however, did rejoice the parents' hearts, Anna's evident delight at seeing them ; and that very evening, as soon as she had dressed the young ladies, she set off with their leave to pay her long-anticipated visit to her home.

Bright calm sunshine—the sky had cast away its mantle of grey clouds. There was not a shadow on the hills, and the birds and insects were all making holiday in the clear atmosphere. It was a brilliant September evening—Summer was scarcely dead, she and Autumn were sharing the beauty of the year between them in robes of purple, and gold, and crimson,

and greens of manifold shades. She forgot, amid the gorgeous array of wood and valley, that ere long the year must die and change its present flower-broidered garment for a snowy shroud. No more singing birds, no children's voices at eventide upon the village-green, no laughing crowd upon the slopes, as now, loading great wains with abundance of yellow grain, no garlanded hop-yards, no breath of sweet perfume from thriving bean-fields, or pleasant saunterings by the river-side, and for Anna no seat beside the warmth and cheerful hearth of home.

So she thought as she stopped under the elm tree on the bank in the lane, to take a long look at the old familiar places of her childhood days. She felt tired, and her heart beat, as she sat down and rested. Day began to fade, and she did not distinguish two once well-known cows and their attendant milkmaid when they first turned a corner in the lane ; and the said milkmaid looked sadly perplexed as to how she was to behave, when the well-dressed Anna held out her hand to her old school-fellow, Mary King.

The villagers who were sitting at their thresholds after the labours of the day, sprang forward with double pleasure to greet Anna when they saw her side by side with the bonnetless farm dairy-maid ; and her father, quite unprepared for her appearance so soon after her arrival at Belmont Court, two miles off, stopped in front of the neighbour's house where he met her, and blessed her in the face of all who stood there, ere she proceeded homeward with him.

Mr. and Mrs. Halton, returning from one of their village tours, came suddenly among the group : they were touched with the earnest respectful greeting Anna gave them, and accompanied her and her father to the cottage, where a joyous welcome awaited her, and when after a happy hour had passed like a few minutes, and old Webster took down his oaken stick intending to escort his daughter homeward, the

mother followed her into the garden to scan her more closely than she could in the darkened house. But twilight was over the earth, and Mrs. Webster could not judge of her daughter's appearance till the following Sunday, when she came to church, and then all remarked the change in her once fresh face.

Anna's heart swelled when the rectory servants walked past her into the pew she had once occupied with them. How many reminiscences were recalled as she sat in the old church! The hymn she had been taught by Mrs. Halton was chorussed by young voices in the gallery; the responses, spoken reverently, not drawled, reminded her of Mr. Halton's careful teaching; the *Amen* chiming harmoniously in gallery and chancel, and above all the Rector's solemn utterance of God's commandments from the altar, smote her as if with sudden repentance for having exchanged her first home for one in which she had found no peace; and as she knelt with her face turned to the wall, hot tears coursed down her cheeks and made large blots upon her book.

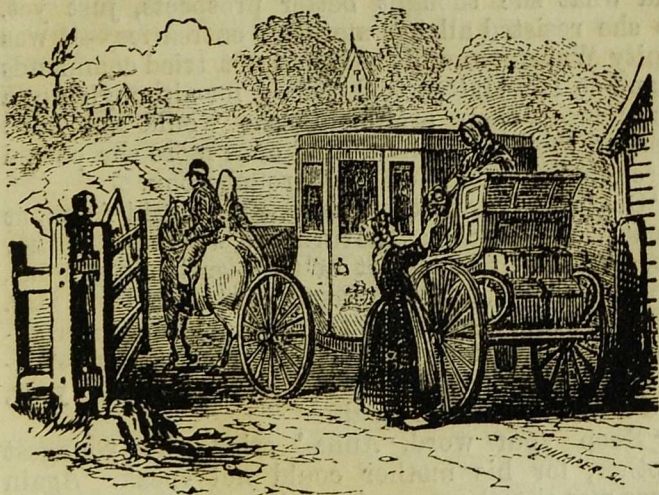
Two years had elapsed since her first departure from Witcherley. It seemed a longer space: yet there was the blind and aged Abraham Wells sitting in his accustomed place close to the porch: some senses had become more acute since the loss of his sight, and though he was at a distance from the pulpit, he could hear perfectly well: besides, where he sat he could listen to the wind rustling over the grass, and he had a conceit that he could distinguish the waving of the boughs of a particular tree that shaded his son's grave. It comforted him, he said, in his devotions and kept heaven in his mind; for he knew his boy was there!

Then her father's fine manly voice rose in leading the psalm at the close of the Communion Service. It was the very first.

"How blest is he who ne'er consents  
By ill advice to walk,  
Nor stands in sinners ways, nor sits  
Where men profanely talk."

And after the service was over, and she saw the village children gathering round their pastor to say their catechism, she fancied it old times again; William Lee and she standing side by side in the little circle, watched by her mother and his.





‘Only one year, Mother.’

#### CHAPTER IV.

A BITTER disappointment overtook Anna at the end of the shooting season ; for Lord Castleton had been sent for in a great hurry to take a place in the Ministry, and “there were such arrears of business and so many colleagues to talk over, and so many votes to secure against the coming session,” that he could not even leave town for the Christmas week.

Then came the bustle and excitement of packing,

and Lady Maria Belmont was to be married early in the season, and had expressed a wish to take Anna abroad—she should see those countries she had read of. So she determined on remaining ‘only a little longer,’ and though home had her affections, she could not make up her mind to give up her good wages, and what she thought better prospects, just yet. So she resisted all her mother’s entreaties,—it was a pity Webster and his wife had not tried commands—and so Mr. Halton told them ; for although Anna could meet their arguments she would not have resisted their opposition—and once more she passed through Witcherley on the barouche-box.

‘Only one year mother, just one year,’ said Anna, as the carriage stopped at the turnpike, where her mother stood with a little basket of fresh-gathered pippins, a cream-cheese, and a nosegay of flowers from Mrs. Bland’s window-sill ; for the grandmother after expressing her opinion decidedly, always sent a peace-offering in some shape or other.—‘Only one year, and I will come home again.’

‘Keep your word, Anna,’ cried the youngest brother, for his mother could not speak. Again there was the sharp crack of the postillion’s whip—the horses rattled down the hill, a cloud of dust hid the carriage from Mrs. Webster’s aching gaze, and as the gate swung back to its place, she turned away civilly refusing the kind toll-keeper’s request that she would walk in and rest herself, and silently pursuing her homeward way, permitted herself to dwell on presentiments which, alas, were realized too soon.

Spring brought round its usual routine of London dissipation. Lady Maria’s marriage was postponed, the lawyers were slow in arranging the preparatory settlements ; Lady Maria ‘wished there were no such things as settlements,’ but consoled herself by going out as much as ever. Anna began now

seriously to feel the want of rest, her health visibly declined, still she felt unwilling to give in to her sensations of debility and low spirits, unwilling to return to the cottage to be a burden to her parents ; for, in spite of trying to save from month to month, there was always something to swallow up her wages as soon as they were due ; indeed, as there was some difficulty in getting them, she was unavoidably in debt, and every one knows what heavy sums arise from items which one by one are lightly considered and incurred.

At length she was told by the young ladies that she was too delicate to be of use to them any longer, and that she had better seek a place which would suit her better : but it was too late ; she felt unequal to commencing a new career any where but at home ; so, after many tears and struggles, she wrote to her mother confessing that she was not quite so strong as she had been, and that she thought the change from London to her native air for a short time might be of use to her. She would be with them the following week, if they would have her.

Her father was inclined to quarrel with the words, "if you will have me : " but her mother soothed him, and began to prepare Anna's little room, when Mr. and Mrs. Halton hearing what was going on, proposed that she should occupy her pleasant chamber at the rectory. So when Anna drove up in the coach to the Black Swan at Witcherley, there was her kind pastor waiting for her in his phaeton, to take her to his own house.

Sad, indeed, her changed looks made him, and as they drove in at the rectory gates, he felt deeply sorry for her father and mother, who stood on the steps before the open door awaiting her arrival.

'Oh! my child, my child!' exclaimed the heart-stricken mother, unable to control her sobs at the sight of her child's white face and wasted form, 'I

might have known what would be the consequence of your going on with that London life. Ah! if you had only listened to ——'

'Mother, mother! don't reproach me. God knows how bitterly I repent not having listened to you, how I have wished I had never left Mrs. Halton; even the money I saved has been partly spent in doctor's bills.'

'Never mind the money, my poor girl,' said old Webster, 'we don't want it; and its no use talking now of *has beens*. You've come home and I am thankful'—he stopped for his heart too was full; Mrs. Webster grasped her girl's wasted hand in hers, and Mrs. Halton turned aside to conceal her tears; for she saw indications of decline in the thin cheeks, shining eyes, and damp hair of poor Anna.

She thanked them all again and again for forgiving her, as she termed their kind reception, and when Mrs. Halton and her mother accompanied her to the clean fresh-smelling room she was to occupy, she could not help telling them, how events had occurred to change her opinions since she had last seen them. Peaceful yet cheerful looked that room, with a green and clustering rose vine struggling for admittance in at the latticed window, and birds and butterflies flitting in and out fearless of harm. The sheep-bell tinkled in the paddock beyond the flower-garden, and down the road the hay wagons, crowned with laughing and singing children, were winding, filling the air with perfume.

That night Mrs. Halton would not let Mrs. Webster leave her daughter, and next day both mother and child, reading something ominous in the eyes of the village apothecary, a cleverer man than many who have risen to eminence, Anna felt a feverish wish to get home ere 'it was too late.' 'This time, she begged Mr. and Mrs. Halton not to think her ungrateful; she felt the value of all the comforts



they surrounded her with, but she was ill, very ill ; she might die ; she would like to be near her family, and to spend her last hours under her father's roof.'

The apothecary was not quite hopeless, but she was removed home, and some days afterwards when the neighbours found the garden gate locked, they knew Anna Webster must be too ill to see any one but her own people and Mr. and Mrs. Halton.

She rallied after this, and at times her looks deceived all but the good apothecary, who had traced back the source of her illness and its long continuance.



## CHAPTER V.

‘It is strange,’ said Anna, one bright August morning, ‘how well I feel ; I shall get up soon to-day and sit in Mrs. Halton’s nice arm-chair by the window. What a delicious day ! How gay the garden looks ! how pleasantly busy every living thing is !—not as in London, loaded with work, or care-worn with anxiety. Ah ! there are the wise bees that father used to shew us as good examples when we were little. Hark ! how that shot rings up the hollow, and spoils the quiet peaceful feeling the soft day brings. Who does mother say it is ?’ said Anna, turning quickly to her sister, as her mother leaned out of the window, and looked down the hollow at the back of the house.

‘William Lee no doubt it is,’ replied the child ; ‘for he came back last week with Squire Stafford, and when he has nothing else to do, he comes down to the Hollow, to have a shot at the sparrows.’

The name of her old lover stopped the cheerful current of Anna’s thoughts, and when her mother drew in from the window, she was not surprised to see the tears streaming down the poor girl’s face.

Poor fragile thing ! the nerves were touched on their tenderest chord—mournful memories vibrated through that delicate frame ; its pulses fluttered——! A violent fit of coughing came on, they closed the window, and laid the invalid on her bed ; but as evening returned she rallied again. The shrine had

trembled and the lamp turned pale; but there was light once more in the smile with which she welcomed Mr. and Mrs. Halton in the evening, as she again looked out upon the bright sun, its glow tinting her young sweet face.

There were hopes among them again; even Mr. Allen, the apothecary, did not anticipate immediate danger; but Mrs. Halton's heart misgave her, as turning back at the gate she saw Anna's eyes fixed wistfully upon her, while the slow unchecked tears of weakness continued to fall.

Now loud gay voices approached the gateway, people singing in chorus; they were Mr. Stafford's gamekeepers and grooms with dogs they had been training; and William Lee led the way, singing louder than the rest; but at Webster's garden he paused, and lingering behind his comrades looked up the walk at the open window, where Anna sat.

Without waiting to open the gate, he sprang over it into the garden.

Webster advanced towards him instantly to stop his approach, for he too well knew that William Lee was often in a state unfit for admission to his house; but the voice which had been unsteady was sobered.

He grasped Webster's hand, 'I am in my senses, Sir,' said he; 'I know I am not fit to stand among you; but let me, oh! let me this once speak to her!'

Anna had tried to rise; she held out her arms; she could not speak; but her eyes, her streaming eyes, her extended arms, said more than words could do—'father bring him hither.'

Those eloquent but silent looks and gestures bespoke his welcome; and when he drew nigh, he kneeled down at the feet of his dying love. Not one word could he utter, he could only silently kiss

the wan hands that held his own strong pangs between them ; he, the sinner, the reckless profligate, wept aloud, and oh, at that moment how dark seemed the interval between childhood and the present terrible hour !—time wasted—worse than wasted, hopes scattered like dust !— Ah ! that they could be gathered together again !— hours of sin and folly, irrecoverably gone ! and Anna fading fast away !— whither ?

Paler and paler, weaker and weaker, grew the dying girl. The sky was tinted like a rainbow ; the glory of the heavens seemed revealed, as the setting sun poured his red light upon the western hills, and Anna's youngest sister and a playfellow sat in frightened wonderment on the step of the door, and gazed up with an undefined feeling that she, round whom the elder ones were gathered, was waited for in those realms of wondrous beauty and illimitable space. Even the intellectual and the educated look up to heaven, when the dead first leave them, and suffer themselves to dwell on the idea of an invisible link between them and the blue depths they cannot fathom ; and children, good children at least, can never separate their notions of angels and lost friends, from the sky which they have learned to look upon as God's dwelling-place, and their own hereafter, if they are dutiful, and kindly, and of an earnest faith.

They revived her with essences—for a few moments she recovered the faculty of speech \* \* \* \*

' Thank God !' said she, lifting her eyes, which shone with unnatural light, as if already touched by heaven with its glory, ' thank God, I can see and feel to the last, and that among those who are with me at this closing hour, I am permitted to bless you, William, among them. Think not, dear mother and father, that I dwell more on the idea of William's

presence than yours ; but he has come back again : he has come back again'—she repeated with hands clasped thankfully, and then sank back weeping in her mother's arms.

There were low sobs from the children, who could not control their grief. Mrs. Bland took them to her bosom. The mother was tearless.

'I wish,' whispered Anna, 'good Mr. and Mrs. Halton had not left us ; they would have liked to see the last of me.'

It seemed as though her wishes had been anticipated, for the rector and his wife suddenly re-appeared at the gate with Mr. Allen. They had heard in the village of William Lee's having gone to Webster's cottage, and Mr. Allen, justly fearing the effects of such a visit, had returned immediately ; the Haltons, feeling anxious, accompanied him.

They were all round her when her pure spirit took wing on a gentle sigh as she lay in her mother's arms, with William kneeling at her side. Twilight shaded the pale face, but Mr. Allen told them they need not doubt the presence of death in the dim still chamber.

Voices in the road, the milkmaid singing on her homeward path, children laughing at play, and a gay party of equestrians sauntering from their evening ride and talking together, as they slowly walked their heated steeds through the village way and past Webster's beautiful garden. The pulses of the outer world were beating as usual, and Webster instinctively closed the window to shut out the sounds of life.

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*

'Mother, mother, don't let them take sister away !' said little Mary Webster on the morning of poor Anna's funeral ; 'she can't be dead.'

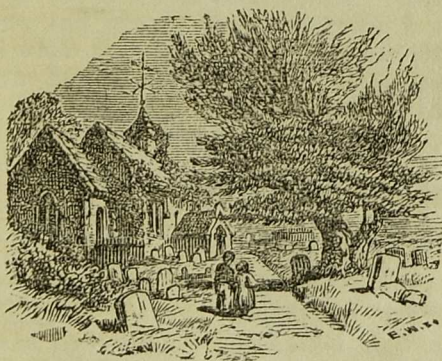
‘Come and see, my dear,’ said Mrs. Halton very quietly. She led the little girl to the coffin where the fair image of her pretty sister was stretched in all the rigidity of death. The little girl gazed at it for a few moments, and then, impressed with sudden terror, whispered, ‘Take me away, take me away ; that is only sister Anna’s outside.’

That evening, as the family of the Websters sat within the house grieving, and naturally, too, lamenting that Anna had not been persuaded to remain in her own village, instead of seeking change in another sphere ; Mr. Halton lifted the latch of the porch door and entered just as Webster uttered the words, ‘Let us thank God that this time she has left us for a happier and better home ; let us praise God for having brought her among us ere she departed.’

And when Mr. Halton had added such words of comfort as he knew well how to offer, he asked William Lee if he would like to serve him rather than live at Squire Stafford’s, with whom he knew he had had some late disagreements, and in whose service, though there was to be found much of what the world calls pleasure, there was little peace of mind or body. William thanked him, and profited at once by the good opportunity of reform thus offered him. Anna’s last moments had made their due impression on him ; he was never again tempted to renew his acquaintance with the evil associates he had met at the Squire’s, but clinging fondly to the memory of his childish and innocent days, he strove to blot out the intermediate space between them and a new career.

In the course of time he married Anna’s younger sister ; contented with their lot they strove to make the most of what they had, instead of wasting their

time and their peace by struggling for things beyond their reach. Their farm was one of the most thriving in the country, and when Webster and his wife grew old, it was a pleasant thing to leave the management of the market-garden to their industrious sons, and sit down in the porch of William Lee's old fashioned farm-house, or beside his hospitable winter-fire ; but sometimes in their happiest hours they would give a sigh to the memory of the lost Anna ; and her history was so often referred to among them, that the younger listeners grew familiar with the moral. Content and industry became their household words.



LONDON :

RICHARD BARRETT, PRINTER, MARK LANE.

(The title page is blank, but the text on the reverse side is visible through the paper.)

37131 053 617031



# ONE HUNDRED AND ONE STORIES

FOR

## CHILDREN,

KNOWN AS

### BUDS AND BLOSSOMS,

AND

### STORIES FOR SUMMER DAYS AND WINTER NIGHTS.

PRICE ONE PENNY, TWOPENCE, AND THREEPENCE;

OR,

*The Complete Series, POST FREE, for 16s. 6d.*

GROOMBRIDGE AND SONS, PUBLISHERS, 5, PATERNOSTER ROW.

These well-written and beautiful Stories are progressive in design, adapted to the comprehension of children from the ages of four to ten or twelve years. They are lively; instructive, and moral; their endeavour is to *teach*; to entertain while they improve—to inform the mind and educate the heart. Each story is illustrated with well-executed Engravings. They are among the best and cheapest books for young people published.

*STORIES, price ONE PENNY each.*

Story of a Daisy.  
Rover and his Friends.  
Little Frank.  
Little Fortune Seekers.  
Blackberry Gathering.  
Fir Tree's Story.  
Child's Search for Fairies.  
Fisherman's Children.  
Little Peepy.  
Rabbits and Peewits.  
Alice and her Bird.  
Little Charley.  
A Doll's Story.  
Faithful Dog.  
Spring and Summer.  
Hero without Courage.  
Children's Visit to the Sea.  
Busy Bees.

New Ascent of Mont Blanc.  
Much Ado about Nothing.  
Hushaby.  
Twelfth Night.  
Donald, the Shetland Pony.  
Briery Wood.  
Buttercups and Daisies.  
Visit to Queen Victoria.  
Katey's Voyage.  
How to Catch a Butterfly.  
Sandy, the Cat.  
Cousin Johnny.  
Happy Orchard.  
Tommy and his Baby Brother.  
The Christmas Party.  
Parrots and Nightingales.  
Light Wing and Bright Eye.  
Tottie May.

*STORIES, price TWOPENCE each.*

Coral Necklace.  
Visit to the Waterfowl.  
The Cherry Orchard.  
Midsummer Holidays.  
The Lost Letter.  
Walter and Mary.  
Lady Eva.  
Cottager's Christmas.  
More Haste, less Speed.  
Story of a Hyacinth.  
Primrose Gathering.  
Queen of the May.  
The Young Gardener.  
Mary's Visit to the Gold Fields.  
Little Black People.  
The Young Prince.  
Penfold Farm.

Ernest's Dream.  
Adventures in the Moss Hut.  
The Losses of a Day.  
The Smoke and the Kite.  
Carl Thorn's Revenge.  
Ally's Birth Day.  
Right is Right, Part 1.  
Right is Right, Part 2.  
William Tell.  
Wishing and Working.  
Elm Villa.  
Lost and Found.  
Little Tim.  
Peter Lawley.  
My Young Masters.  
David Allen.

*STORIES, price THREEPENCE each.*

Sea Kings.  
Madelaine Tube.  
Young Emigrants.  
Boy and the Book.  
Oscar.  
Crusaders.  
Ship and the Island.  
Fairy Craft of Nature.  
Widow's Son.  
Children and the Sage.  
Halcyon Days.  
Home at the Haven.  
Seeker and Finder.  
Poacher and his Family.  
King and the Bondmen.  
Rising and Thriving.

Rewards of Industry.  
Vacant Throne  
Uncle Tom's Cabin for Children.  
Story of Wellington.  
Prophet and the Lost City.  
The Sisters.  
Story of Moffat.  
Louis Duval  
Foundling of the Wreck.  
In School and Out of School.  
Young Artist.  
Alfred the Great.  
Anna Webster.  
Round the World.  
Irish Emigrants.  
Self-helpers.

BUDS AND BLOSSOMS may be had in elegant Packets, price Sixpence each.

STORIES FOR SUMMER DAYS AND WINTER NIGHTS, in Volumes, price One Shilling each; or, in Double Volumes, elegantly bound, price Two Shillings each—forming very acceptable Presents, Birthday, and Christmas Gifts.

The entire Series, comprising ONE HUNDRED AND ONE Instructive and Entertaining Stories, supplied,

POST FREE, for *Sixteen Shillings and Sixpence*, forming A FAMILY PACKET OF BOOKS FOR HOME, SEASIDE, AND HOLIDAY READING.

LONDON: GROOMBRIDGE AND SONS, PUBLISHERS,  
5, PATERNOSTER ROW