

INTRODUCTION.

IN winter afternoons, before the lamps are lighted, and when the red flames make many a flickering shadow upon the curtained windows, the children gather round me, and ask me to tell them stories of the time when I was a little girl.

That time is far off now, but I remember it very well. Nay, sometimes I think the farther it slips away into the past, the more entirely is its memory given into my keeping, the more freshly and clearly do those early days stand out beyond the already dimmed and fading pictures of later years.

Perhaps other little girls besides these who gather round me on winter afternoons,—little girls whose faces I shall never see, whose hands I shall never hold in mine, whose names I shall never know,—may like to hear of a childhood made bright by the same simple pleasures which delight their own, watched over and cared for by the same quiet love. So I have gathered these stories together and made them into