

ceived from this source. Did I deserve more? Wait and see.

CHAPTER III.

WE lived in a pretty dwelling, situated in a quiet, retired village. Our house was neither small nor large, but very comfortable. A latticed porch, extending from its front, was entirely covered with beautiful roses and honeysuckle. How often I sat here, secure from the scorching rays of a summer's sun, listening to the words of instruction that fell from my mother's lips! The gravelled paths, leading to a rural wicket-gate, were bordered with daisies, and within the borders were patches of violets, mignonette, sweet-pea, roses, and many other lovely flowers; for although we were poor, yet we could afford to have beautiful bright flowers, which the goodness of a bountiful Father showers alike upon the rich and the poor.

We were poor, yet I never heard my parents complain of their lot. They were Christians; therefore they believed that God ordered all things for the best. I said they never *complained*; yet I often heard my mother say, we could not afford to have everything we wanted, like some of our neighbours. I very seldom had