IVO AND VERENA, OR THE SNOWDROP

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Ivo and Verena, or the Snowdrop by Mary Ann Dyson

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MARY ANN DYSON

IVO AND VERENA, OR THE SNOWDROP



IVO AND VERENA.



Snowdrop.



LONDON: JAMES BURNS, 17 PORTMAN STREET.

M.DCCO.XLIV.

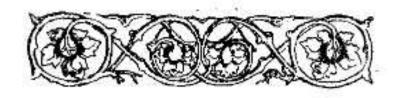
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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE ideas in this little Tale were chiefly collected from books; but from books which are out of the reach of children generally, and especially of that class of children for whom the Tale was written.

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IVO AND VERENA;

OR,

>

The Snowbrop.

THE countries of the North are much colder than ours: the sun does not come in sight all through the winter months; the snow covers the ground, and does not melt; the lakes and rivers are frozen; every thing looks dead and dreary.

In one of these countries there lived once a youth whose name was Ivo. He was a heathen, for he had never been taught the Gospel: he had never been baptised, so that he was not a member of Christ, nor a child of God, nor an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven. Yet, though he had been born in sin, a child of wrath, and had never been born again of water and of the Spirit, yet he did

not love sin,—he wished to be good. He did not know the creed, nor the commandments, nor the Lord's prayer; he knew nothing of our Saviour having come down from heaven to redeem men; and he did not know all the things that he ought to do, nor how to pray for help that he might do them.

His father and his brothers were great warriors, and Ivo went to battle with them; he was brave, and feared no dangers; he could climb like a young goat upon the steep rocks; he could fight valiantly, and bear cold, and hunger, and fatigue. The people of that country believed that if they were brave, and killed many enemies, and died in battle, they should go after their death to a happy land, where they should drink strong liquors, and feast, and enjoy themselves. But these tales did not satisfy young Ivo: he wanted something better,—he thought his soul must have been given him for something more than that.

I will tell you how it happened that Ivo could not feel satisfied; that he wanted to know more, and to do more; that he could not think it enough to hunt, and drink, and feast, as his brothers did. But to do that, I must go back to his childhood.

Ivo had a twin-sister; they were the youngest of their family, and their mother