

**ANGEL'S
WICKEDNESS:
A TRUE STORY**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649318162

Angel's Wickedness: A True Story by Marie Corelli

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

MARIE CORELLI

**ANGEL'S
WICKEDNESS:
A TRUE STORY**

Angel's Wickedness



Angel's Wickedness

HATE God!" said
Angel.

And having made this un-angel-like statement, she folded her short arms across her breast and surveyed her horrified audience defiantly.

It was a cold December Sunday afternoon, and the Reverend Josiah Snawley was superintending a Bible-class in a small, white-washed, damp and comfortless schoolroom in

Angel's Wickedness

one of the worst quarters of the East End. He was assisted in his pious task by the virginal Miss Powser, a lady of uncertain age, tall and lanky of limb, with sandy locks much frizzled, and a simpering smile. The children ranged in a forlorn row before these two charitable persons were the miserable offspring of fathers and mothers whose chief business it was in life to starve uncomplainingly. And Angel—such was the odd name given her by her godfathers and godmothers in her baptism—was one of the thinnest and most ragged

Angel's Wickedness

among all the small recipients of the Reverend Josiah's instructions, which had that day consisted of well-worn, mild platitudes respecting the love of God towards His wretched, selfish, and for ever undeserving creation. She had usually figured as rather a dull, quiet child, more noticeable perhaps, than others of her condition, by reason of her very big dark eyes, small sensitive mouth, and untidy mass of chestnut-golden hair ; but she had never come prominently to the front, either for cleverness or right-down naughtiness, till now,

Angel's 'Dickiness'

when she boldly uttered the amazing, blood-curdling declaration above recorded.

"Was that Angel Middleton who spoke?" inquired the Reverend Josiah, with bland austerity. "Say it again, Angel! but no, no!" Here he shook his head solemnly. "You will not *dare* to say it again!"

"Yes I will!" retorted Angel, stubbornly. "I hate God! There!"

A terrible pause ensued. The other children stared at their refractory companion in stupefied amazement; they did not

Angel's Wickedness

quite understand who "God" was, themselves being but poor little weak, physically incapable creatures, who were nearly always too hungry to think much about Infinite and Unreachable splendors; but they had a dim idea that whoever the "Unknown Quantity" in Creation's plan might be, it was very wrong to hate Him! Dreadfully wrong! Frightfully wicked, and alarming from all points of view. After staring at Angel till they could stare no more, some of them put their fingers to their mouths and stared at Miss Powser.

Angel's Wickedness

What did *she* think of it? Oh, *she* was limp with horror!—her eyes had grown paler, greener, and more watery than ever. She had clasped her hands, and was looking plaintively at the Reverend Josiah, as indeed it was her frequent custom to do. He meanwhile laid down the Testament he held, and surveyed the whole class with a glance of righteous indignation.

“I am shocked!” he said, slowly, “shocked, and pained, and grieved! Here is a child—one who has been taught Bible-lessons Sunday after Sun-

