

RAB AND HIS FRIENDS

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649019175

Rab and His Friends by John Brown

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

JOHN BROWN

**RAB AND
HIS FRIENDS**

RAB AND HIS FRIENDS

The Goldenrod Library

Each one volume, small 12mo, illustrated, decorated cover, paper wrapper, \$0.35.

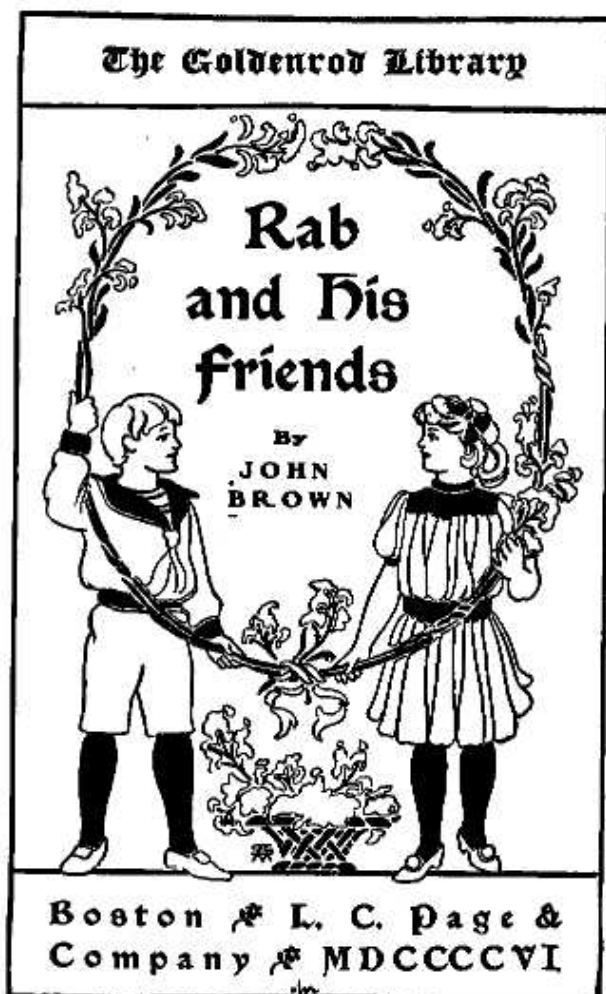
-
- Aunt Nabby's Children. By Frances Hodges White.
Child's Dream of a Star, The. By Charles Dickens.
Flight of Rosy Dawn, The. By Pauline Bradford Mackie.
Findelkind. By Ouida.
Fairy of the Rhone, The. By A. Comyns Carr.
Gatty and I. By Frances E. Crompton.
Great Emergency, A. By Juliana Horatia Ewing.
Helena's Wonderland. By Frances Hodges White.
Jackanapes. By Juliana Horatia Ewing.
Jerry's Reward. By Evelyn Sneed Barnett.
La Belle Nivernaise. By Alphonse Daudet.
Little King Davie. By Nellie Hellis.
Little Peterkin Vandike. By Charles Stuart Pratt.
Little Professor, The. By Ida Horton Cash.
Peggy's Trial. By Mary Knight Potter.
Prince Yellowtop. By Kate Whiting Patch.
Provence Rose, A. By Ouida.
Rab and His Friends. By Dr. John Brown.
Seventh Daughter, A. By Grace Wickham Curran.
Sleeping Beauty, The. By Martha Baker Dunn.
Small, Small Child, A. By E. Livingston Prescott.
Story of a Short Life, The. By Juliana Horatia Ewing.
Susanne. By Frances J. Delano.
Water People, The. By Charles Lee Sleight.
Young Archer, The. By Charles E. Brimblecom.

•

L. C. PAGE & COMPANY

New England Building . . . Boston, Mass.





NEW YORK
PUBLIC
LIBRARY

4

TO
MY TWO FRIENDS

At Busby, Kenfrewshire,

IN REMEMBRANCE OF A JOURNEY FROM CARSTAIRS JUNCTION
TO TOLEDO AND BACK,

This Story

OF

"RAB AND HIS FRIENDS"

IS INSCRIBED.

PREFACE.

FOUR years ago, my uncle, the Rev. Dr. Smith, of Biggar, asked me to give a lecture in my native village, the shrewd little capital of the Upper Ward. I never lectured before; I have no turn for it; but *Avunculus* was urgent, and I had an odd sort of desire to say something to these strong-brained, primitive people of my youth, who were boys and girls when I left them. I could think of nothing to give them. At last I said to myself, "I'll tell them Ailie's story." I had often told it to myself; indeed, it came on me at intervals almost painfully, as if demanding to be told, as if I heard Rab whining at the door to get in or out, —

"Whispering how meek and gentle he could be;"

or as if James was entreating me on his deathbed to tell all the world what his Ailie was. But it was easier said than done. I tried it over and over, in vain. At last, after a happy dinner at Hanley — why are the dinners always happy at Hanley? — and a drive home alone through

"The gleam, the shadow, and the peace supreme"

of a midsummer night, I sat down about twelve and rose at four, having finished it. I slunk off to bed, satisfied, and cold. I don't think I made almost any changes in it. I read it to the Biggar folk in the schoolhouse, very frightened, and felt I was reading it ill, and their honest faces intimated as much in their affectionate, puzzled looks. I gave it on my return home to some friends, who liked the story; and the first idea was to print it, as now, with illustrations, on the principle of Rogers's joke, "that it would be dished except for the plates."

But I got afraid of the public, and paused. Meanwhile some good friend said Rab might be thrown in among the other idle hours, and so he was; and it is a great pleasure to me to think how many new friends he got.

I was at Biggar the other day, and some of the good folks told me, with a grave smile peculiar to that region, that when Rab came to them in print he was so good that they would n't believe he was the same Rab I had delivered in the schoolroom,—a testimony to my vocal powers of impressing the multitude somewhat conclusive.

It has been objected to it, as a work of art, that there is too much pain; and many have said to me, with some bitterness, "Why did you make me suffer so?" But I think of my father's answer when I told him this, "And why should n't they suffer? *she* suffered; it will do them good; for pity, genuine pity,