

**LEFT TO
OUR FATHER**

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Left to Our Father by Anonymous

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ANONYMOUS

LEFT TO OUR FATHER



"Suppose I take you along of me, eh? I know the way."—P. 94.

LEFT TO OUR FATHER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"CLEVEDON CHIMES,"

"A TALE OF THE EVENING STAR," &c.



LONDON:
WILLIAM WELLS GARDNER,
2 PATERNOSTER BUILDINGS,
1875.

1489. f. 644



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CHAPTER I.

ON THE ROAD.

 BRIGHT warm morning early in March, the sky very bright and blue, and almost cloudless, the sunshine rich and golden, the birds on the yet leafless trees singing their sweet, wild songs. Away in the meadows the air was already filled with the scent of the sweet-violet, and the snowdrops drooped their gentle heads over the tiny streamlets, as though

they were listening to the fairy music of the silver ripples. White lambs were scampering about in the soft pastures; hedgerows were rapidly bursting into a vivid green; a few weeks more, and tender, graceful leaves would clothe the creaking branches of the great, swaying trees, and make them look young again.

Under the hedge that skirted one side of a broad highroad many miles south of London, there sat, this bright March morning, a woman and two children. The woman had a worn, weary look, as if she were always suffering, though there was a deep pink flush on each cheek, and her blue eyes were as brilliant and clear as the sunshine that fell around her. The elder of the two children, a girl about nine years old, with bronze-brown hair and eyes, and a pretty childish face, was sitting by her mother's side with an open Bible on her lap, waiting to read the morning text when her brother, the little boy who was kneeling close to her, lisping



"On the road."—P. 10.