HENRY LANGDON. A TALE

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Henry Langdon. A Tale by Mrs. Louisa Payson Hopkins

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MRS. LOUISA PAYSON HOPKINS

HENRY LANGDON. A TALE





"It seemed very plain that I was made for something—what is it mamma ?" p. 12.



HENRY. LANGDON.

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A TALE.

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MRS. LOUISA PAYSON HOPKINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE PARTOR'S DAUGHTER;" "YOUNG CHRISTIAN BROOURAGED," BTC., BTC.

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HENRY LANGDON.

CHAPTER I.

boy about eight years old. He had no brother, but he had a little sister, still a baby, whom he loved very much. He was never more delighted than when he could make her crow, and laugh, and jump in his mother's arms, or when he was allowed to take her himself, and amuse her with his playthings. Henry was

not as fond of boisterous plays as many boys are. Perhaps it was because he was not very well, and play soon wearied him. You would have known from his looks that he was a delicate child. His skin was so transparent that you could see the blue veins in his forehead quite distinctly.

He would often leave his play, complaining that his head ached; and then creeping off to the corner where he kept his little trunk of books, would take out one to read. He had read them all many times; but no matter, he loved to read them again. Or if his mother was at work, he would sit by her and lay his head in her lap, sometimes in silence, but oftener asking her questions. He was a thoughtful little boy, and liked to talk about some things in which most children would not be interested.

He was also an obedient boy. I do not know that Henry ever wilfully disobeyed his mother. He would forget what she told him, and was sometimes impatient for a moment, when he met with a difficulty in his lessons; but a look and a smile from his mother, generally called forth a pleasant smile in return. I am sorry I cannot tell you that Henry loved God. But I fear he did not. He prayed every night and morning, because he had been taught to do so from his infancy. But it is very easy to know if a person loves another.