

**AMY'S NEW HOME,  
AND OTHER STORIES  
FOR BOYS AND GIRLS**

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Amy's new home, and other stories for boys and girls by Various

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## AMY'S NEW HOME.

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### PART I.

THE cottage window was thrown wide open to let in the cooling breeze, for the day had been very hot, and Amy's mother wanted all the fresh air she could get. She sat, propped up by pillows, in a large arm-chair. Her face was very white and thin; but there was a bright colour in her cheeks, which made her look better than she really was. She had been ill for many weeks, and the doctor said that she would never be well again. She knew this—knew that she was dying; but

she was not afraid, for she had long trusted in Jesus, and served him, and now she could say, in the sweet words of the twenty-third Psalm, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me: thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

Amy stood by the side of her mother, looking out into the garden. She had finished the needlework she had to do, and was watching the sparrows pick up the few crumbs which she had thrown in the pathway for their supper. Her mother wanted her to run about in the garden, but Amy said she would rather stay where she was; she felt, although she hardly knew why, that she did not like to leave her

mother. Yet she had not the least idea that her mother was dangerously ill.

"Mother," she said presently, "how full our pear-tree is this year! What a many we shall have if they all ripen! Will you give me a little basketful for myself, when you gather them?"

Her mother sighed, and hesitated. Amy looked round for her answer. "I shall not gather the pears this autumn, dear," she said gently.

"Why not?" asked Amy in a tone of surprise.

"Because I shall not be here then, Amy."

"Not here, mother? Are we going away?"

"I am going away, Amy, going