

**TWO LITTLE WANDERERS;
OR, LEAD US NOT INTO
TEMPTATION**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649412310

Two Little Wanderers; Or, Lead Us Not into Temptation by Robina F. Hardy

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ROBINA F. HARDY

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TOWN'S ENCAMPMENT.—P. 29.

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BY

ROBINA F. HARDY,

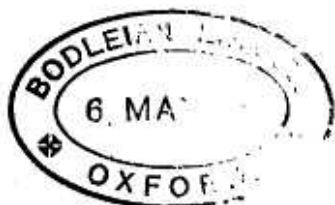
AUTHOR OF 'THE CHILDREN OF THE BIBLE,' 'JOCK HALLIDAY,' ETC.

EDINBURGH

CRAWFORD & M'CABE, 15 QUEEN STREET

1884

1489. ÷ 570



Was not our Lord a little child
Taught by degrees to pray;
By father dear and mother mild,
Instructed day by day?

And lov'd He not of Heaven to talk
With children in His sight;
To meet them in His daily walk,
And to His arms invite?

What thought around His throne of fire
The everlasting chant
Be wafted from the seraph choir
In glory jubilant?

Yet stoops He, ever pleased to mark
Our rude essays of love,
Faint as the pipe of wakening lark
Heard by some twilight grove.

And if some tones be false or low,
What are all prayers beneath,
But cries of babes, that cannot know
Half the deep thoughts they breathe.

—KEEL.



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CHAPTER I.

'FAIRYKNOWE.'

T was the latter end of July, but the full glory of summer-tide had been suddenly overshadowed by a change of weather, and even Fairyknowe, the brightest and pleasantest of Highland farmhouses, looked somewhat dismal. It missed the heathery brows of the great hills just behind it, that only yesterday had been smiling to the blue skies overhead, and it missed the pretty windings of Glen Rora just in front, and the clear sparkling waters of the Rora burn laughing and tumbling about their grey boulders.

The change was a special disappointment to a family who had that week taken possession of the upper floor of the farmhouse. There were six boys and girls between

the ages of fourteen and four, just escaped with all the enthusiastic glee of their natures from the noise and turmoil of a great city to enjoy the long vacation in this sweet Highland glen, among the purpling heather and the splendid air, not to mention the 'peat rock,' and the hundred other country delights so dear to the hearts of children. Specially jubilant were they over the fact, that school and school-thralldom were over, at least for the present, and that they had turned their backs on reading, writing, and arithmetic, and as they expressed it, 'all the other ills of life!'

Their father, Major Grahame, was in India with his regiment, and their mother, who had only come home that year with the two younger children, had set her heart on spending a summer once more among her own Highland hills, rejoicing to find in Fairyknowe a residence so suitable in every way.

It was evident, however, that even in this terrestrial paradise they were not exempt from an occasional wet day. Accordingly, after due lamentation, the four elder children, Jack and Charlie, Madge and Sophy, set off for the barn, there to hold what revels they might—a prospect by no means devoid of charms after all. But as for Willie and Katey, who had so lately returned from a hot country, and were still considered mere babies, maternal law was inflexible, and they remained close prisoners in the parlour. The two had managed to play together in harmony for an hour and half—which was the very utmost that could be expected from their respective dispositions—and then the usual little scimmages began. Willie had taken Katey's bricks; Katey had overturned his temple. Then a one-armed doll, a box of dishes, and