

**"YOU'RE ME, AND I'M
YOU." A SMALL
TALK WITH VERY
DEAR SMALL PEOPLE**

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"You're Me, and I'm You." A Small Talk with Very Dear Small People by Samuel Gillespie Prout

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SAMUEL GILLESPIE PROUT

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"YOU'RE ME, AND I'M YOU."

A SMALL TALK

WITH VERY DEAR SMALL PEOPLE.

BY

SAMUEL GILLESPIE PROUT,

AUTHOR OF "NEVER SAY DIE," "WHOSE LOCK?" "HURRAH!" ETC.



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"You're Me, and I'm You."

CHAPTER I.

MINNIE'S HUG.

YES, I know: that's not quite grammar—it won't parse; I'm afraid it wouldn't do for the schoolroom—but there's such a lot of love in it. Minnie really didn't care the least bit about the pronouns; neither did I. The dear little thing just wanted me to feel that she was—oh, *so* fond of her old friend; and a whole string of loving words ("old darling" among them) wouldn't empty out the little warm heart's fulness of love; and so, at last, with a half-despairing, half-triumphant effort—a sigh and a laugh in one—she came out with, "Oh, dear!—You're me, and I'm you;" which I felt like a hug in words, instead of the dear little clinging arms.

Now then, Dears, I'm going to let you into the secret of this "small talk" of ours, before

I get seated among you, and go fairly in for it. There's a race of "Peculiar People," who are found, very many of them, in a long, narrow, twisty street in the City of London; and other people, who write little books like this, stand rather in awe of them. Many of them, though, are really nice; and one of the nice ones asked me last year, to write something for you dear children, which rather frightened me; because, you see, you small people are so dreadfully sharp with those little eyes and brains of yours, that it wants some one a deal cleverer than I am, to write for you. However, I'll tell you what you must do: you mustn't think or care one tiny bit about cleverness; but must just let love make up for the want of it. *My* love? Well, that's what I meant as the words came; for though I can have seen, and may see, but few of those whom I am getting into a talk with, I'm sure I do love you all:—I only wish we were having a *real* talk—hearing through it, bird-voices and insect-whisperings, and smelling the lilac and sweet-briar, as we sat together. But it's other love I want to talk about—such sweet, deep, strong love!—and in the thought of it, I seem to see all

your dear listening faces really gathered round me—Maud, and Katie, and Frank, and wee Lily, and gossamer Effie, and ever so many more buds and birdies. And now, I shall get on famously with you, and we'll have a grand talk—all so cosy; it won't feel like writing a book at all. Stop a bit: we will begin, I think, by reading a few lines; I'm not sure about singing them, as, to tell you the truth, I don't know a "Sankey" or any other tune they would go to. I do wish someone would make up a tune for us, that the dear little shy, ragged things hiding away, down in cellars, and in alleys, who haven't the least idea what being loved means,—who never were cuddled in all their lives, might hear. We should so like them, shouldn't we, dearies, to know all about this grand, wonderful Love? Well, I suppose you must be little missionaries, and go and tell them of it; and we must now just *read* our bit of rhyme, anyhow: we'll call it

SOMEBODY KNOWS.

"OH, this cruel, hard, old lesson!
They don't know what it is to me:
Over and over, round and round,
Beating my head with a senseless sound: