

**THE LANCASTERS AND  
THEIR FRIENDS: A TALE OF  
METHODIST LIFE, PP. 1-264**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649624423

The Lancasters and Their Friends: A Tale of Methodist Life, pp. 1-264 by S. J. F.

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**S. J. F.**

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*THE LANCASTERS AND THEIR  
FRIENDS.*

# THE LANCASTERS

AND THEIR FRIENDS.

*A TALE OF METHODIST LIFE.*

By S. J. F.



"Those whom love cements in holy faith,  
And equal transport, free as Nature live  
Disdaining fear. What is the world to them—  
Its pomp, its pleasure, and its nonsense all?"

THOMSON.

LONDON:  
ELLIOT STOCK, 62, PATERNOSTER ROW.  
1876.

251. c. 581.

THIS LITTLE BOOK IS RESPECTFULLY  
DEDICATED  
TO THE YOUNG LADIES OF METHODISM,

For whom, more especially, it has been written ;—to stimulate all such who work for Christ, to work on, and do more ; and to arouse those who are listless to see what they MAY do for Him who has done so much for them.

In Southey's lines I send forth my work—

“Go, little book, from this my solitude ;  
I cast thee on the waters ; go thy ways ;  
And if, as I believe, thy vein be good,  
The world will find thee after many days :  
Be it with thee according to thy worth ;  
Go, little book, in faith I send thee forth.”

S. J. F.





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## CHAPTER I.

### Introductory.

THE family is like a book,  
The children are the leaves,  
The parents are the covers that  
Protective beauty gives.

All the pages of the book  
Are blank, and smooth, and fair ;  
But time soon writeth memories,  
And painteth pictures there.

Love is the little golden clasp,  
That bindeth up the trust ;  
O break it not, lest all the leaves  
Shall scatter and be lost.

ON the outskirts of the ancient town of Ribcaster, in the North of England, stood a pretty villa residence, with large bay windows, commanding a good prospect of the distant sea, and the hills beyond. The verandah was covered with honeysuckle and roses, and bright creepers ran completely up its supporting pillars, over its shelving roof, and peeped in at the bedroom windows. Under its friendly cover were placed two large wire cages ; in one ran a pair of tame squirrels, who came to their pet names of Tony and Tiny ; in the other was a pair of doves, whose soft cooings were heard, sweet and low, through the open windows of the rooms. Ferns, rare and graceful, hung from their mossy beds in baskets of