# THE CHILDHOOD OF MARY LEESON

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649546428

The Childhood of Mary Leeson by Mary Howitt

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## **MARY HOWITT**

# THE CHILDHOOD OF MARY LEESON





MARY LEBSON AS A TEACHER -- Page 68.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."—Mavr. xxv. 40.

#### THE

## CHILDHOOD

OF

## MARY LEESON.

Br MARY HOWITT.



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EDINBURGH:

GALL & INGLIS, 6 GEORGE STREET.

250. C 373.

### PREFACE.

THE following little story, written many years ago, has been, in degree, re-written by me.

As regards the two principles of education, love and severity, my views remain unchanged.

I have endeavoured, in the sketch of two youthful characters, to show the influence of the two
principles. If in that of Mary, the stimulus of
mind was too great for the delicate frame, the
tender, affectionate, but somewhat indiscreet
mother had to suffer long anxiety; in that of
Arthur, the want of love and sympathy well-nigh
destroyed a noble nature, and that was transformed into the ugliness of sin, which the Creator
had made beautiful.

In the second part of this story, which I am now preparing for the press, I have endeavoured to show that, when the balance is even, and love—
that love which is not easily provoked, which
thinketh no evil, and which casteth out all fear—
becomes the guiding principle of education and of
life, the youthful character can develop itself into
true harmonious proportions, and the angel in the
human being be revealed even on earth.

August 15, 1870.

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#### THE

### CHILDHOOD OF MARY LEESON.

#### CHAPTER L

#### MARY'S HOME.

As I wish to make you perfectly acquainted with Mary Leeson, I must first introduce you to her when she was four years old.

At four years old Mary Leeson could read, I am very sorry to say so; but as it is a fact, I must tell you. She was an only child, and her mother, who loved her intensely, and who was very proud of her quickness and early ability to learn, and who had little to do but to attend to her and to teach her, had taught her to read by that time; and as Mary loved books better than anything else, and had been used to have them read to her ever since she could remember anything, it is no wonder that, when she could read herself, there was hardly any getting her away from them. She would sit poring over a great volume nearly as big as herself for hours.