

**CONTENTMENT
BETTER
THAN WEALTH**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649555536

Contentment Better than Wealth by Alice B. Neal

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

ALICE B. NEAL

**CONTENTMENT
BETTER
THAN WEALTH**

CONTENTMENT
is
Better Than
Wealth.



D. APPLETON & CO.
NEW YORK

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

CONTENTMENT

BETTER

THAN WEALTH.

BY

Havens

ALICE B. NEAL,

(COURT ALICE)

AUTHOR OF "NO SUCH WORD AS FAIL," ETC., ETC.

NEW-YORK:

D. APPLETON & CO., 846 & 848 BROADWAY.

MCMXXIV.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
937724A
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
B 1125 C

ENTERED according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868, by
D. APPLETON & CO.,
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of
New York.

MOYMAN
CLUB
1868

PREFACE.

My little cousins will perhaps remember that when the "Children's Journey" was written, I promised them there should be more Home Books, if they liked the first, "No Such Word As Fail"

That was at last Christmas; and when I saw it in the blue and silver cover Mr. Appleton had given it, among the gifts that some of you received, I was very curious to hear your opinions. Some wished to know if it was "a true story," others wished me to tell them more about Robert and Eddy, and how Miss Lily's lessons were learned at school, or if she always minded her mother at home. I saw the blue cover on one Christmas tree, that I think it would interest you to hear about.

It was a great many hundred miles from Philadelphia, where the story was written; and though

OPTUN 31 DEC '37

Christmas Eve, it was warm and bright, as it often is at the south in December. Some ladies came for me to visit the "Church Home," a large house where several little orphan girls were living, under their kind and pleasant care. I saw the clean little beds of the children, side by side, some of them, and then their gardens as neat as they could be kept, and by no means empty, though it was December. They seemed very happy, and chatted with us about Christmas, and the pleasant day it would be; but I thought "poor lonely little children, with no father or mother to make home bright for them."

But presently we were called into the house, and the parlor doors, which had till now been closed mysteriously, were opened, and there was a beautiful Christmas Tree! quite as beautiful as any you had, I dare say, though perhaps not as costly, all prepared by these kind ladies!

Several fine dolls were seated in its shade, having a nice sociable chat apparently, while fruit and flowers hung at a most convenient distance from the drooping boughs; and there was a tippet for every one, and work-boxes, and baskets, and books, all labelled with the owners' names. The little girls came in very cautiously, as if they did not quite understand how a tree could be on fire and not burn up. They

did not see the tapers at first. Then they began to point out the pretty gifts to each other, and after a time spied some of the names as they came nearer and nearer. Then they began to comprehend that it was all for them! and such bursts of surprise and delight as we heard!

"Oh, Annie, there's a doll with my name on, and a dear little box with yours!" "And a tippet that says 'Ellen,' and there is another, Annette, and another, and another! I do believe there's one for every one of us."

"A work-box! just what I wanted!" And so the little creatures ran on as we watched them in their enjoyment.

Just before this we had gone to the large Orphan Home, where there were many more children, boys as well as girls. There was no Christmas Tree for them, and you should have seen the delight of one of the little fellows when his visitors produced some new books that a kind friend had sent him. As I looked on such scenes, I wondered if my little cousins valued the homes which Our Heavenly Father had provided for them as much as they should do, and how they could ever be fretful and discontented with a dear mother, and father, and brothers, and sisters around them.