

**THE LAST SHILLING; OR,
THE
SELFISH CHILD. A STORY
FOUNDED ON FACT**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649625581

The Last Shilling; Or, the Selfish Child. A Story Founded on Fact by Philip Bennett Power

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

PHILIP BENNETT POWER

**THE LAST SHILLING; OR,
THE
SELFISH CHILD. A STORY
FOUNDED ON FACT**

THE
LAST SHILLING;
OR,
THE SELFISH CHILD.

A Story founded on fact.

BY
THE REV. PHILIP BENNETT POWER, M.A.



London:
CHARLES HASELDEN, 21, WIGMORE STREET
CAVENDISH SQUARE.

MDCCLXXXIV.

249. u. 550.

G. HASLDEN, PRINTER, 21 WIGMORE STREET,
CAVENDISH SQUARE.

THE LAST SHILLING,

ETC.

CHAPTER I.

IN a back room of one of the houses inhabited by the London poor, there lived a widow and her only child. The mother might have been forty-five or thereabouts, but poverty and sorrow made her look as though she were at least ten years older. She had seen better days, and her present home was very unlike that which she had been used to in former times. But her little back room, though very small, was much neater than the ordinary dwellings of the poor. There was no dirt on the floor, on the windows, or on the wall; her things were always in their place, and it could have been ascertained at a glance, that a respect-

able and cleanly woman managed every thing around. It is true that there was not very much to arrange, but what there was, was done so well, that every one must have seen, that had Mrs. Wright been the mistress of a large house, each thing in it would have been kept in order the most complete. Mrs. Wright knew that every thing should be well done, that nothing should be neglected because it was little, and she had learned in her Bible that the servant that had been faithful in a little was entrusted afterwards with a great deal more.

It was indeed cheering to go into this neat room; the little bed lay with the head toward the window, and a small white curtain hung over the top of it; a clock ticked on the wall above; at the end of the room was a chest of drawers; there was also a small table and two chairs, and on the table a large Bible, which the widow had bought after saving her pence for many weeks. You will think perhaps that as she was so poor a

smaller one might have done, but Mrs. Wright's eyes were now so much weaker than they used to be, that she could not read small print by candle light, and she often sat up in bed the greatest part of a sleepless night, looking out such passages as she knew would deepen her trust in God, and lighten her many cares.

But Mrs. Wright's great care and anxiety in life was not her poverty, but her daughter Annie, who was now twelve years old. She loved Annie (who was her only child) with all the tenderness and devotion of a mother's love, and Annie was a pretty child, and clever, and was often a great help. How many things Mrs. Wright suffered on her daughter's account, would take too much time to tell. She often did not know where to get her daily bread; meat they seldom tasted, except when the clergyman of the neighbouring church sent her some, and often the widow cried bitterly as she knew her little girl was coming home from school, and that

there was nothing but a morsel of dry bread for her dinner. At one time Annie wanted new shoes, and the doctor said that if she caught cold it might prove very dangerous, as she was a delicate child ; at another, she had outgrown her frock, and where to get these things when they were wanted the widow did not know. But though Annie's mother was often in this distress, Annie herself was not always unhappy. It is true, she used to cry when she saw the tears on her mother's cheek, and then she kissed them off, but her own sorrows were very few. Poor as she was, she enjoyed many pleasures, not the least of which was, that she had her mother to talk to, and that was as good as riches, or fine clothes, or anything else to her, and in the next room lived Mrs. Parker, who was very kind ; her school-fellows also were fond of her, and the clergyman's wife took great notice of her. All these things were very pleasant, and as far as real happiness went, Annie was as well off as many who

were much richer, and wore finer clothes, and had plenty of dainties at their table every day. Her mother often told her, that fine things did not make people happy, and then she used to read to her that verse in her large Bible, which says "a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth."

As Mrs. Parker was so kind to Annie and her mother, it may be well to tell you who she was. This good woman was also very poor. She lived in the front room, and there was only the landing between Mrs. Wright's apartment and her own. Indeed, in old times, when the street was inhabited by rich people, the two rooms were one, with a folding door in the middle, and now that they were separated, the place where the door stood, was bricked up and papered over, so that had it not been for the wood work at the top, one would have thought that they had always been two separate rooms. Mrs. Parker, like Annie's mother, was a pious woman.