

**MARION'S SUNDAYS,
OR, STORIES ON THE
TEN COMMANDMENTS**

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Marion's Sundays, or, Stories on the Ten Commandments by Marion

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MARION

**MARION'S SUNDAYS,
OR, STORIES ON THE
TEN COMMANDMENTS**



OR,

Stories on the Ten Commandments.

Fair

"And these words, which I command thee this day, shall be in thine heart: and thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up."—Deut. vi. 6, 7.



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FIRST COMMANDMENT.

Thou shalt have no other gods before me.





I

Self-Worship.

"Thou shalt have none other gods but me."

IT was a sultry Sunday afternoon in summer; the sky was dazzlingly bright and blue, and the air twinkled with heat; even the deep green of the pines which inclosed the broad fields and meadows belonging to Woodlawn, the pleasant Virginia homestead to which I am taking you this very warm day, dear reader, looked tarnished in the intense glare; the leaves of the shade trees on the lawn dropped motionless and dusty; and the waters of the creek, which flowed up to the foot of the garden behind the house, flashed and glittered in the hot sunshine like a great burnished mirror, which it made one's eyes ache to look upon.

The air was full of the drowsy murmurings of insects; the shrill-voiced locusts and the busy honey-bees did not seem to be disturbed by the heat; nor did the long-legged grasshoppers, which jumped about as merrily as ever in the dry, dusty grass; but little Marion Hunter, who was wont to skip about with them as friskily as they in the meadows, was decidedly tired out by the weather this warm afternoon, and could settle comfortably to nothing—least of all to the book that lay open on her lap.

Yet it looked very cool and inviting in the broad, open colonnade, which is always the central room in Southern houses. The branching walnut-trees, which bordered from the gate of the lawn quite up to the house, threw a refreshing shade across the uncarpeted floor of polished oak, and the great fire-place was filled with boughs of sweet-smelling myrtle and cedar. Marion's papa, who was an invalid, was taking a noon nap, lying stretched out upon a settee, with the "Church Journal" he had just been reading thrown over his face to protect it from the mosquitos which would stray in now and then. Mrs. Hunter looked very cool and comfortable in her white wrapper and smoothly