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

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649643585

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

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

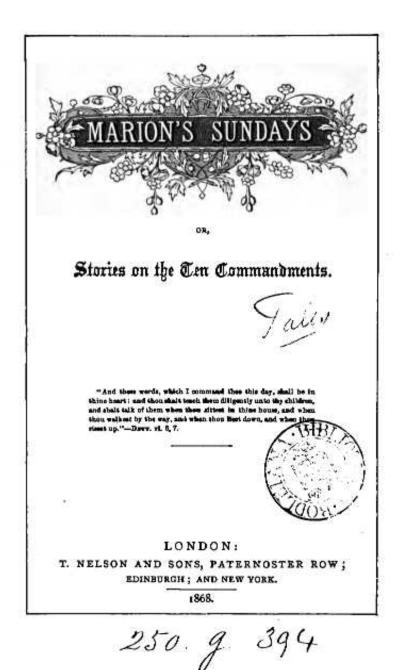
This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this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

www.triestepublishing.com

MARION

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

Trieste



e¹

jet. 19

-

.

.13*****

23



15

31

Contents.

L	SELP-WORSHIP,	(191 2)				Page 1
11.	IDOLATRY,			•••	•••	17
ш	ELEANOR'S LESSON,	2007		1222	1.12	29
	PROPARING THE LORD'S	DAT,		S64		89
۷.	AN UNBAPPY DAY,			***		53
¥1.	A NARROW MSCAPH,		•••	200		65
¥11.	4 VIII. MARION'S MIST.	E 8,			•••	77
11.	THE FALSE WITHERS,		1.5	0.00	0000	89
X.	A CURE FOR COVERCUSE	E9 3,				109



 T^{0}



•

٠

 \mathcal{X}^{*}

E DE LOS

1993

3370

33

٤.

FIRST CONNANDRENT. Shou shalt have no other gods before we.



(#3)

1



I.

Self-Monship.

"Thou shalt have none other gods but me."

T 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.

FIRST SUNDAY.

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

2

