

**CATHERINE
HAMILTON, A TALE
FOR LITTLE GIRLS**

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Catherine Hamilton, a Tale for Little Girls by M. F. Seymour

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M. F. SEYMOUR

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CATHERINE HAMILTON.

CATHERINE HAMILTON :

A Tale for Little Girls.

BY

M. F. S.

AUTHOR OF "TOM'S CRUCIFIX, AND OTHER TALES."



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1874.



Dedicated

to

NELLY AND DAISY.



CATHERINE HAMILTON:

A TALE FOR LITTLE GIRLS.



CHAPTER I.

WES, it's quite true what they say! I'm naughty and tiresome, and disagreeable too; but I can't help it. If there was no one to tease me and no one to quarrel with me, I am quite sure I should be as good as possible. Mamma tells nice tales about the saints, and she says we must try to be like them; but I don't believe any saints ever had a boy like Frank to put them out of temper"—and then Catherine Hamilton gave another shake to her little self as she lay in the tall, long grass which grew

under the big trees down at the very end of their garden.

A strange figure she was—her sun-bonnet bent awry, her face all tear-stained, her muslin frock creased and crumpled. But this was a trifle compared to the state of things inside—the rage and passion which had been making such a storm in her heart when she rushed away from everybody and hid behind the shady trees, where there was no one to listen to her angry sobbing—except God; and Catherine wasn't thinking or caring much about *Him* just then! Presently she heard a voice calling, "Catherine, Catty; Kate, Kitty—here; where are you?" But she lay all the quieter amongst the long grass, so that no movement or rustle might betray her.

"Yes, he may call as long as he likes, but I sha'n't answer. He wants me for something, and so he thinks it's easy to make it up; but I *won't*. And I'll not go in either! I'll lie here till it's quite evening and dusk, and they'll be looking for me, and fancy I'm lost;
