

**LITTLE ROBBIE**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649637614

Little Robbie by Nellie Grahame

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**NELLIE GRAHAME**

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BY NELLIE GRAHAME.



PUBLISHED BY THE  
AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY,  
150 NASSAU-STREET, NEW YORK.

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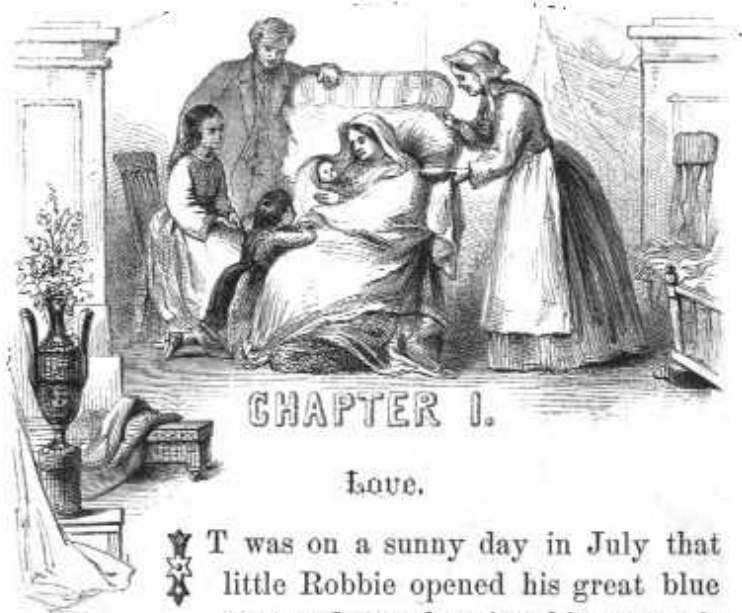
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# LITTLE ROBBIE.



## CHAPTER I.

Love.

✠ T was on a sunny day in July that little Robbie opened his great blue eyes and stared up into his mamma's face with all his might.



Robbie was a tiny baby then, only one week old. He did not even know his mamma.

Nurse said he was thinking he should like to know her then, but nurse did not know much about his thoughts after all. If that chubby, round-faced boy was thinking about any thing at all, only God knew, for he alone could look down into the baby's mind and see what was going on there.

Robbie did not look very pretty just then. His small face was quite red, and his features were twisted in such a droll way that I dare say it would have made you laugh just to look at him. His soft, speckled fists were doubled up and stretched above his head, and he had hardly any hair at all.

But when his mamma saw him looking right into her face almost as if he knew her, she bent down and kissed his rosy lips a great many times.

"You dear, darling little baby!" she said. "You rose-bud! You jewel! I don't think there ever was such a sweet pet in this whole world before!"

What made Robbie's mamma call him so many tender names, and give him so many kisses? Why was it that he seemed such a beauty in her eyes?

It was because she loved him so much. That was the secret. When little Robbie came into this world he brought with him a beautiful angel called Love, which made every one in the house do all they could to please him. So every body was kind to him, and all served and cared for him; his mamma and his papa most of all.

It was well for him that it was so, for he was so little and so weak that he could not do a single thing to help himself. If it had not been for Love, he would have been wretched enough.

He could not even tell any one what he wanted; and, no matter what the trouble was with him, all that he could do was to cry in a thin, shrill voice.

When he waked up in the dark night, and could not see any thing at all, and began this little pitiful wailing cry, it was Love who whispered close to his

mamma's ear, "Get up, and light the lamp! Your poor little baby is getting lonely and fretful."

And when the mother was just about to fall asleep again, Love would call still louder, "No, you must not sleep now! You surely would not neglect your dear, precious baby!"

Then Robbie's mamma would take him in her arms and hush him to sleep with the sweetest of



her songs, and lay him down to rest in the daintiest of little cribs, and cover him with the softest and warmest of blankets.