

SUSAN

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649526857

Susan by Anonymous

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Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

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ANONYMOUS

SUSAN



S U S A N .

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"OCEANUS," "BLACK SAM AND HIS MASTER,"

Etc., Etc.



LONDON:
DARTON & HODGE, 58, HOLBORN HILL.

MDCCCLXII.



SUN rose in majestic beauty over the pleasant village, and gilded with its glowing beams the roofs of the various little cottages, which, surrounded by their picturesque hedges and pretty gardens, so gaily adorned with flowers and carefully and economically cultivated, to supply their owners with fruits, herbs, and substantial vegetables, presented a delightful

picture of neatness and comfort, in every respect suitable for the abodes of the peaceful inhabitants.

The congregation of Mr. Selwyn's church, who, for the most part, occupied these neat dwellings, were known for many miles round to be as remarkable for their steadiness and sobriety, as they were for their cleanliness and love of order. They were regular in their attendance at church; angry words were never heard amongst them; the children were always tidy, civil to strangers, and eager to learn. The voice of scandal or detraction was never encouraged in their little community; for all knew that they had many failings of their own to bewail, and they made due allowance for the failings of others; and, although they

were ignorant of much book learning, yet, having a "knowledge of God," they added to their "godliness brotherly kindness, and to brotherly kindness charity;" thus endeavouring "every one to please his neighbour for good to edification," according to the "light that was in him," missing no opportunity of assisting each other by the "word in season"—the Christian sympathy so precious among the poor, and the many daily sacrifices of time and substance when needed for the solace of the sick or the nursing of the young and infirm.

But although these pretty cottages were, generally speaking, the abodes of happiness and industry, yet, alas! there was one little blot on the fair picture—there was one home where

there was *no peace* ; one family where there was *no love* ; one house where there was NO GOD ! and, as our story principally relates to that family, it is necessary to know who and what they were.

John Murray was a navigator, or labourer on a railway. His wife was a laundress, and his little daughter Susan was expected to do anything and everything which either father or mother might require to be done, without any trouble being taken to teach her, or any kind words to encourage her in the many hard tasks she had to perform, and the many severe trials of temper to which she was daily, nay hourly, subjected. They were not natives of the village : John Murray's work had brought him

there; but, as they could show very fair testimonials of character for sobriety, honesty, and industry, the wife soon procured sufficient employment from some few respectable families in the neighbourhood, which, added to John's earnings, afforded abundant means for them to live comfortably and be clothed tidily.

But without godliness there is no contentment. They were not contented, consequently they were not happy. They never looked beyond the present life. They toiled incessantly, spending their money without thought or consideration. One day was the same to them as another; no rest—no quiet—no enjoyment. They regarded with scorn all the *church-goers*; ridiculing them on every occa-