

**A SUMMER IN THE
LIFE OF TWO LITTLE
CHILDREN**

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A Summer in the Life of Two Little Children by Anonymous

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ANONYMOUS

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SUCH A PRETTY PICTURE SHE WAS.

A SUMMER
IN THE
LIFE OF TWO LITTLE CHILDREN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF
"THE LILIES OF THE VALLEY AND OTHER STORIES,"
"THE STORY OF A DROP OF WATER," &c.



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Dedicated

TO

RUTH, JOAN, AUBREY, ALGAR,

AND

BERNARD.

A SUMMER
IN THE
LIFE OF TWO LITTLE CHILDREN.

CHAPTER I.

BOBBY FRASER lived with his father and mother and his little sister Rosie in an old grey house, called Fellside, built on the sloping side of a mountain. Round about it grew great trees, beech and sycamore and lime, and beautiful old silver firs; and not far below you could see a lovely lake spreading out its shining waters to the foot of the steep rocky mountain on the other side.

Bobby and Rosie had a German nurse whose name was "Catharina," but she was called "Trina" for short. She always talked German

to the children, and they talked German to her; they could talk it quite as well as English, as she had been with them ever since they were born; but I shall always write what they said in English, because perhaps some little boys and girls who read this story, may not understand German. Rosie talked baby German, which I must put into baby English.

Now it happened one beautiful day in the month of June, when Bobby had done his lessons very well, and was very merry and happy (for little children, and big people too, are much happier when they do their lessons and their business well), he jumped off his mother's lap, and ran to the window, and there he saw the sun shining brightly and heard the birds singing sweetly, and he begged his mother to let him run out in the garden by himself to play. Rosie was asleep,—she always had a sleep in the middle of the day,—and Trina was obliged to stay with her; and Mrs. Fraser was busy, so that nobody could go out with him; but the garden was a very safe place, and his mother said that if he would promise not to go

out of the gates, she would let him go and play there alone.

Bobby was so delighted that he jumped and clapped his hands, and kissed his dear mother, and then hopped and skipped all the way to the nursery to ask Trina to give him his hat, and his little spade and hoe, and a picture-book to look at if he got tired, and then off he ran as happy as a king. He thought himself a very great man, because he was going all by himself for the first time in his life.

He began by running round all the walks in the garden till he was tired and out of breath, and then he went to his own little garden under the lime-trees, and dug up some of the naughty weeds that would grow there, though he did not want them, and he made it look very tidy for such a little boy. Sometimes when he hoed up a weed he left a hole, and near the hole there was sometimes a little hill of the earth which he had hoed out of it, but that did not matter much, and the gardener helped him afterwards to make it all straight; so Bobby was very pleased, and thought himself a very good gardener.