

**NEIGHBORLY LOVE:  
EXEMPLIFIED IN TWO  
JUVENILE TALES**

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Neighborly Love: Exemplified In Two Juvenile Tales by Emily Pepys

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**EMILY PEPYS**

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# NEIGHBOURLY LOVE;

EXEMPLIFIED IN

TWO JUVENILE TALES.

EDITED BY

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# NEIGHBOURLY LOVE.

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## CHAPTER I.

### HEADS ON FIRE.

THERE were two little girls sitting at work one evening with their mother. They all three looked busy and cheerful. The room was poor, but very neat. A bright fire, and a tea-table all ready spread, looked very comfortable.

"Tryphie," said the mother, "I think I hear the boys coming in."

Up started both little girls.

"Tryphie dear, don't be in a hurry. Open the door quietly, and tell them to make haste and wash their hands, for tea is waiting."

"Yes, mother," replied both little girls.

The door was opened, the boys came in hot and breathless, went to wash their hands, and then every one sat down to tea.

There was but just room for the five chairs round the table, and if all were not careful, a little elbowing might take place.



"Nesie," said Andy, "do sit still!"

"Andy," said Nesie, "leave me alone!"

"Hush!" said their mother, "I do not like to hear you speak so to each other. If Nesie presses you, my boy, come nearer to me." And she made way for him as she spoke, giving his arm such a loving little squeeze as might drive away any ill-humour.

"No, no, mother dear, I do very well. Don't let me crowd *you*, of all people."

"How did you get on at school, to-day?"

"Well, mother, I got all good marks, and was sent up."

"What does being 'sent up' mean?" asked one of his sisters.

"Sent up to the head-master, and have it marked in a book that I had done a lesson very well for my age, Tryphie."

"And what was that lesson?" asked the other.

"Writing out by heart yesterday's reading in History, Tryphie dear."

"How inconvenient it is," said Nesie, "that they are both Tryphies."

"I suppose you are used to it," laughed the two together. "You cannot call us Phena and Phosa."

"*You* always call one of us 'Tryphie dear,' Andy, and that makes a difference," said one little girl, thoughtfully.

"Do I?" said he. "I did not know it."

They were twins these Tryphies; and their father, who was very fond of Scripture names, having induced his wife to consent to her eldest son being Andrew, and the second Onesimus, thought himself fortunate indeed to have twin daughters—"Tryphena and Tryphosa would suit so well!"

He did not live to see them six years old, but he had so insisted upon their both being always called "Tryphie," that no one thought of trying "Phenie" or "Phosie" as an improvement. They were very much alike, excepting that whereas Tryphena was slight and pale, seldom ailing, yet always looking delicate, Tryphosa was much stouter and more robust-looking, though much more liable to illness, and a greater anxiety to her mother.

The boys were slight, but strong and active, lively, and full of fun; Nesie especially sometimes letting fun run on to mischief.

Tea was over; the little girls "cleared away," "washed up," and "put away" very quickly and quietly, took their books, and sat down to learn their lessons, while the boys went to fetch theirs.

Tryphosa's nose was almost *in* her books, and her hair very near the candle, when her brothers entered. Nesie, seeing this, pushed Andrew

(who was passing next to her) against her chair. The shock made her bob her head *into* the flame. Fizz! went the hair with a violence that startled every one, and Tryphosa screamed. Tryphena put it out with her hands. Her mother, having ascertained that the child was only frightened, soothed and consoled her, and reproved Nesie for his cruel frolic.

"I did not mean to set her on fire," cried he.

"But you meant to give her a very unpleasant start and surprise. You might have burnt her face and clothes. Shall I tell you what it reminds me of?"

"Oh, yes, mother!" cried Tryphosa, looking up.

"Did it happen when you were very young, mother?" said Tryphena, whose hands were smarting a great deal, though she said nothing.

"And do you remember all about it?" asked Nesie.

"I remember all I was told about it, Nesie; but I was not able to see it all myself, for I was not there. I was about your age—ten years old."

"Where were you, mother?" asked Tryphosa, who was lying back in her mother's arms, pleased to be made much of, and very comfortable.

"I was ill of some kind of fever. My father's