

**PATER NOSTER; OR,  
AN ORPHAN BOY. A  
STORY FOR CHILDREN**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649420889

Pater noster; Or, An Orphan Boy. A Story for Children by F. B. Bickerstaffe-Drew

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Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.

Cover @ 2017

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**F. B. BICKERSTAFFE-DREW**

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STORY FOR CHILDREN**



# PATER NOSTER;

OR,

An Orphan Boy.

*A STORY FOR CHILDREN.*

BY

F. B. DREW BICKERSTAFFE DREW.



R. WASHBOURNE,  
18 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.  
1881.

251. g. 373.

AT THE FEET OF  
SAINT FRANCIS OF ASSISIUM,  
I LAY THIS LITTLE BOOK,  
ASKING HIS  
PRAYERS FOR ME AND ALL  
HIS CHILDREN.

*BY THE SAME AUTHOR.*

---

1. OREMUS.
  2. DOMINUS VOBISCUM.
  3. PATER NOSTER.
  4. PER JESUM CHRISTUM.
  5. VENI CREATOR.
  6. CREDO.
  7. AVE MARIA.
  8. ORA PRO NOBIS.
  9. CORPUS CHRISTI.
  10. DEI GENITRIX.
  11. REQUIEM.
  12. MISERERE.
  13. DEO GRATIAS.
  14. GUARDIAN ANGEL.
- 

R. WASHBOURNE, 18 PATERNOSTER ROW,  
LONDON.



# Pater Foster;

OR,

AN ORPHAN BOY.



## CHAPTER I.

It was a very wet and cheerless night.

Far out at sea the wild March winds were torturing the angry deep, so that in the anguish of its fury it leaped and writhed, casting up its chill, grey arms, ever striving, always failing, to catch the wanton tempest blasts and drag them down to its icy depths. And failing, the great waters moaned in their

lonely caverns, thinking there were none to hear, and bit angrily at the foundations of their towering cliffs.

So all along the coast the ships stood still in terror, never daring to tempt the frightful deep; naked they stood, with skeleton arms thrown upward to the black sky, and shuddering on the bosom of their wily foe.

Nor was there any light of moon or star, save when the rude winds now and then tore away for an instant the black curtain drawn across the sky.

It was a wild and fearful night at sea, and on the land it was a fearful night.

On gaunt mountain-tops the clouds cowered down, and in their gorges the sheep were huddled cheerlessly; the fierce torrents in frantic haste rushed downward, downward towards the haunts of men, away from the awful loneliness of those gloomy heights, away from the unearthly voices of those

rocky channels, and the weird moanings of the shivering pines.

Down they rushed, the torrents, into the mist-wrapped meadow-lands, where the rushes waved and nodded mysteriously, and the moor-fowl slept in their oozy beds; here new voices greeted them, for all night long the waters sobbed in the long dank grasses, creeping upward, creeping stealthily, as aiming to drag down the windy flats.

And round the homestead stood the cattle, fetlock-deep in the chill and spongy field, patient and silent, making no complaint at all or murmur, but bearing what God had sent them. All drenched and draggled sat the turkeys on the unsheltering walnut-trees, sleeping, and trying not to feel the chill discomfort in their dreams.

In his kennel the surly watch-dog kept half vigil, and the owls fluffed out their feathers in the hollow oaks, deeming hunger

less an evil than to swoop out into the night and be buffeted by uncourteous blasts.

The hare lay shivering in her form with fur all clinging to her panting sides beneath the briery hedgerows, and the fox stole on her or ever she had heart to scud away across the ridges of the raw and sticky plough-lands.

In their black lake-depths the starven fishes lay numb upon the stones, or cowered down into the foul mud where the snaky eels live out their ugly lives; the cushat and the ring-dove were all too cold to mean of love, and the waggish daws and pies had forgotten all their pranks.

But come with me away from all these dreary country places, and leave the widowed land to her wild tears of desolation; come here into the streets where night's blackness is driven back into corners, and flies up narrow lanes and beneath deep archways. Here in London it is a wild night too, but the wind's