

A LITTLE DISCIPLE

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A Little Disciple by T. D.

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T. D.

**A LITTLE
DISCIPLE**



'Waiting just a moment, as much as to say, "Don't hurry me,"
Fussy went over like a greyhound.'—Page 24.

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'If ye continue in My word, then are ye My disciples indeed.'—JOHN viii. 31.

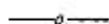
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P R E F A C E.



THE only departure from the literalness of the assertion on page 7—'This story is quite true, every word of it'—is, that it has been thought best to change surnames and local names. With this brief explanation it is placed in the hands of the young friends for whom it is written.

T. D.

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CHAPTER. I.

THE NEW BROTHER.

THIS story is for little boys and girls. Of course, if big ones like to read it, there can be no objection; only they mustn't say, 'I don't believe it;' for it is quite true, every word of it. It is not a story about a 'wonderful pig,' or a 'performing

canary,' or a 'little dog with two tails.' Neither is it a tale of the fairies, or of giants, or of dwarfs. Perhaps if I told you about these things, you would laugh till the house rang again. Now it is a fine thing for little folks to jump and laugh and be merry. But where do you think I would like you to be to read this story? Well, I do not mind very much. All alone in the summer-house, if you please. Or on the grass under the apple-tree. Or, if you are a very tiny little trot indeed, on mother's lap, or on father's knee, or on the hassock by the side of sister, or in some nice snug little corner with a kind friend.

I am going to tell you as much as I can remember about a little boy, who grew to be a little higher than the table, and then his Father in heaven—'our Father'—called his spirit—'*the think*,' as he used to call it—from his body to go to be with Him in heaven. But more about that by and by.

He was born at Branton in the month of July 1846. Can you tell how many years that was before you were born? Try. I recollect, one fine summer's morning, a messenger brought a note to my uncle's house, where I was then visit-

ing. It was one of my father's workmen, so I knew there was news from home. When uncle opened the letter he smiled, but did not tell me what it was about. 'Well,' thought I, 'I'm not such a very big boy, and perhaps it's something that I've no business with.' Of course I popped about to help aunt, and very likely seemed as if I didn't care to know, though I did want to know very badly all the while.

In a little time Uncle William sat down and wrote a note, folded it, put it into an envelope, and addressed it. It was to another uncle, who lived a couple of miles away at a farm-house, where we were delighted at any time to go. You will not wonder at this when I tell you that we rode on Jack, the black pony, and romped to our heart's content with the fine large Newfoundland dog, Fry, and gathered mushrooms, and fed the hens, and looked about among the straw for the eggs, and set traps to catch the sparrows, which you will perhaps say was not very good. And then, after going with uncle to see the lambs race each other, and trotting with our thick boots over the newly turned-up soil by the side of the ploughman, our good aunt always had a tax *ex*