



# ONE QUIET LIFE.

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## CHAPTER I.

### CHILDHOOD.

**I** CAN just dimly recollect the country village we lived in before my father removed to N. I know the cottage used as a parsonage was a pleasant one. It was situated on the slope of a hill, surrounded by a strip of meadow, where I used to pick the yellow buttercups and dandelions, and hunt low down in the grass for the little purple flowers of which no one seemed to know the name; I loved their modest faces so well I could think of nothing