




CHAPTER I.

What a Day may bring forth.

*"How few, who from their youthful day
Look on to what their life may be,
Painting the vision of the way
In colours soft, and bright, and free ;—
How few, who to such paths have brought
The hopes and dreams of early thought !
For God, through ways they have not known,
Will lead His own !"*



HE half-golden, half-rosy glow of the early winter morning was just beginning to brighten up the village of Lynford, and show against the clear frosty sky the wreathing plumes of smoke that ascended from the heterogeneous cluster of houses which lay straggled along the river-bank, and^d back to the quiet country fields. In one of the houses, of rather superior pretensions, standing a little way back from one of the quieter streets, with a garden space in front of it, the morning brightness was lighting up a plain, unluxurious sleeping apartment, in which a little girl of some thirteen or fourteen years was performing her toilet as fast.