

UNDER GRAY WALLS

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649727179

Under Gray Walls by Sarah Doudney

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SARAH DOUDNEY

**UNDER
GRAY WALLS**

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The Old Cathedral.



UNDER GRAY WALLS.

BY

SARAH DOUDNEY,

AUTHOR OF "FAITH HARROWBY," "THE BEAUTIFUL ISLAND," ETC.

"But while I dreamed of God's eternal home
Watching the shadows as they flitted by,
Voices all dear and earnest seemed to come
From out the grave and sky.

bidding me work while it is called To-day:
To suffer if He will, and so be strong;
To use His blessed gifts as best I may,
For so true life is long."

Autumn Memorials.



LONDON:
SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION,
56, OLD BAILEY, E.C.
NEW YORK: THOMAS NELSON AND SONS,
49, BLEEKER STREET.

1871.

250.9.257.

LONDON:
R. K. BURT AND CO., PRINTERS,
FINE OFFICE COURT, CITY.



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UNDER GRAY WALLS.

CHAPTER I.

POOR JACK.

WHAT a keen wind! I can hear it whistle sharply through the boughs of the old elms; and looking up I descry the great untidy nests of the rooks among those naked branches. The rooks! how they wheel and circle and caw; now coming near, and now drifting so far away that their black bodies look like splashes of ink upon the clear blue sky! To me there is something homely in their strange, harsh clamour. And if I were ever to be miles and miles away from Priorsbury, the caw of a rook would call back my thoughts to these old elm-tops, and the tall cathedral spire.

Thus I muse (only in a more disjointed fashion), basking in a broad patch of sunshine close to the cathedral wall. The fresh morning light shows all the dinginess of my coarse brown linsey frock, and