OLD ROBIN AND HIS PROYERB

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Old Robin and His Proverb by Mrs. Henry F. Brock

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MRS. HENRY F. BROCK

OLD ROBIN AND HIS PROYERB





OLD ROBIN AND THE CHILDREN.

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OLD ROBIN

AND HIS PROVERB.

BY

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MRS. HENRY F. BROCK,

ACTROR OF " BEAUTY OF TRUTH," ETC.

"When peide conteth, then cometh shame:
Sut with the levily is wisdom."—Face, at. 2.

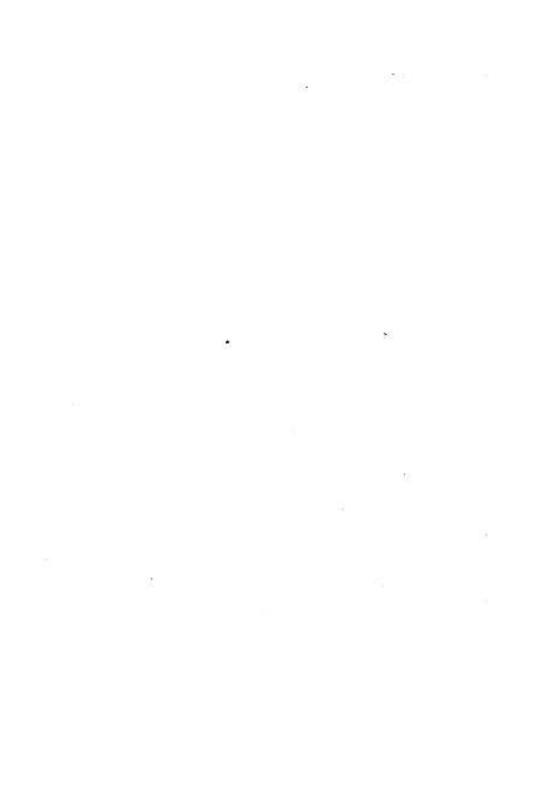
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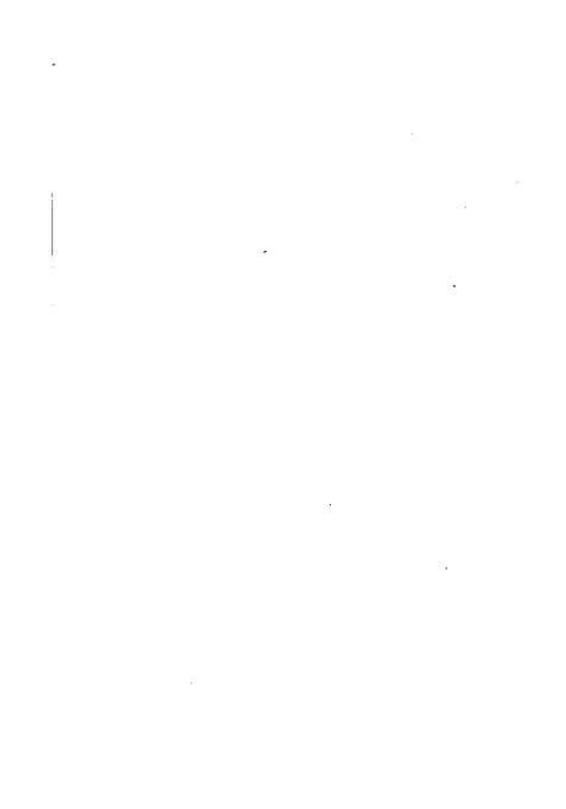
- *Still downward goes Christ's way:
 Wilt then, with fend endeavour
 To scale beaven's lefty towers,
 Be vainly teiling ever?
 The Savingr stoopath low;
 He who with him would rise,
 With him must downward go.
- Down, therefore, O my mindt
 Unicarn thy lofty thinking;
 The light chaff mounts alone,
 While solid grain is sinking.
 Into the small, deep spring,
 The waters treely flow,
 Till it breaks forth a stream,
 So thou, my soul, its low."

From the German.

(RECAP)

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OLD ROBIN AND HIS PROVERB.

CHAPTER L

'In returning and rest shall ye be saved; in quietness and in confidence shall be your strength."—Jaz. xxx. 15.

"I wouldn't give a fig for a cup of tea without cream, Alice."

"That's the Eton fashion of talking," the sister replied, smiling as she spoke, "but not the Eton fashion of tea-drinking, I imagine."

"Do not speak of matters of which you are ignorant, Miss Alice. Do you mean to insinuate that we Etonians, brought up on the ancient royal foundation of Henry VI., ever condescend to potations of skimmed milk? And what's more," added Frank, "you can't say as much down here, in the old hall of the Davennes. Can she, mother? I appeal to you. Has not Alice a pious horror of touching anything better than skimmed milk, as long as

there are Goody Luffs and old Robins in the parish, who can appreciate the cream?"

"Fie upon you, Frank! said his sister. "It would be well for you if old Robin's proverb were yours."

"Well, so it would," said Frank; "and so it will be, I daresay, one of these fine days, when I am old, and wise, and gouty."

Alice shook her head at the merry boy. "I shall get old Robin to lecture you."

"And may I ask who this old Robin is?" said a voice from the opposite side of the breakfast-table.

"Alice will give you the necessary information, uncle," said Frank; "old Robin is her beau-ideal of human octogenarian excellence, in spite, wonderful to relate, of his having neither wig, spectacles, nor gold-headed cane."

Alice placed her hand upon her brother's lips. "You are a sad boy, Frank. I will tell you who old Robin is, dear uncle. He is one of papa's tenants, who has lived the greater part of his life in this parish. He is the very model of peace and contentment: Moreover, he is a wonderfully clever old man. He has read a great deal, thought a great deal, and