

**HAPPY DAYS
OF CHILDHOOD**

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Happy days of childhood by Amy Meadows

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AMY MEADOWS

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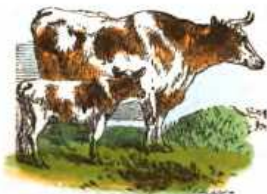


SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

H A P P Y D A Y S
OF CHILDHOOD,

BY
AMY MEADOWS.

ILLUSTRATED WITH TWENTY-FOUR PICTURES BY HARRISON WEIR,
AND A FRONTISPIECE BY BIRKET FOSTER.



LONDON:
SAMPSON LOW, SON, AND CO., LUDGATE HILL.

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UP IN THE MORNING EARLY.

“SEE how the sun shines! Get up, Master Johnny, get up and come and take a walk with me in the green fields.”

That is what Betty the maid said to a little boy, who was snug and warm in his bed

“Yes, Betty, yes; I will get up in a minute,” said Johnny, rubbing his eyes, and trying to look at the bright sun which was peeping in at one corner of his window.

Betty gave Johnny his white mug, and away they went, first through the garden, then through the orchard, then through the paddock; and then they came to the meadow, where a gentle stream of water rippled over a bed of bright, clean-looking little stones; and in that meadow stood Dolly the Cow, under a willow tree, and farther on were Brindle and Sukey.

Betty went to Dolly first, and as soon as she had filled the pail, she gave Johnny some nice warm milk in his mug; and as he drank it, Johnny thought it was the best breakfast he had ever had. Then Betty went to Brindle and Sukey for more milk, and while she was milking Sukey, Johnny saw his papa ride into the meadow on his big horse. Johnny ran to him as fast as he could, and his papa was so pleased to see Johnny up so early, that he took him up on his saddle before him, and gave him a famous ride home

