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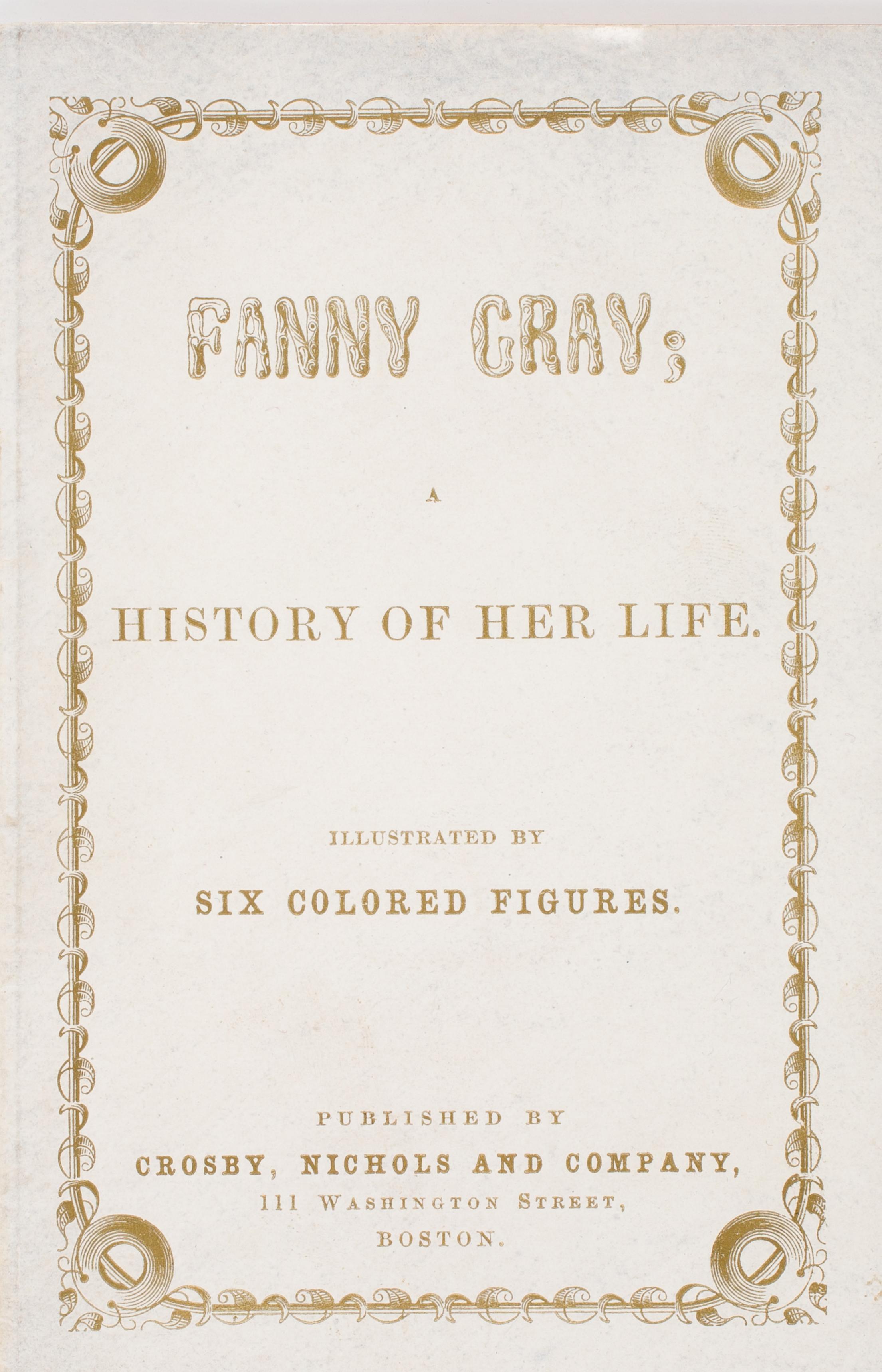












FANNY GRAY;

A

HISTORY OF HER LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF
"Cousin Matty's Mymns and Twilight Stories."

ILLUSTRATED BY
SIX COLORED FIGURES.

PUBLISHED BY
CROSBY, NICHOLS & COMPANY,
111 WASHINGTON STREET,
BOSTON.

FIGURE 1. THE COTTAGE WHERE FANNY LIVED.

- 2. FANNY WITH HER KITTEN.
- 3. FANNY SELLING MATCHES.
- 4. FANNY FEEDING HER CHICKENS.
- 5. FANNY A FLOWER GIRL.
- 6. FANNY HER UNCLE'S PET.

This little representation of Fanny Gray, with the accompanying story, in verse, is intended as an amusement for children, and will, it is hoped, be an acceptable present for the Holidays.

If exhibited by one person, while another reads the verses describing the figure shown, it can be made a pleasing entertainment for a party of children.

The beautiful designs, by a talented lady of this vicinity, have been drawn and printed by our best artists, in the most finished style; and the publishers have spared no expense upon any part of the work, being desirous to present a beautiful specimen of the art of printing in colors.

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FANNY GRAY.

Far from the noisy village street,

Where but the small brook's tinkling sound

Was heard the listening ear to greet,

A little cottage once was found.

A stately oak-tree threw its shade

Just where the well-kept garden smiled;

And there, from spring to autumn, played

A happy, loving, gentle child.

Her widowed mother toiled within,

Throughout the pleasant summer day;

And strove the daily bread to win

For pretty, gladsome Fanny Gray.

She once on silken couch had slept,
Once servants sprung to do her will;
But now, at night she often wept,
Yet smiled by day for Fanny still.

Her hands grew feebler week by week,

And, worn by want and pain, she died,

And left her orphan child to seek

A shelter in the world so wide.

A hut upon the common bare,—
Where lived a woman bent with years,
Who oft had shared their scanty fare,—
Poor Fanny sought, with bitter tears.

With old red cloak and shoeless feet,

Our Fanny now was forced to roam,

And matches sell for food to eat,

Or sticks to warm her cheerless home.

Beside the hovel on the moor

A kindly farmer passed one day,

And noticed, at the open door,

The pale, sad face of Fanny Gray.

No children frolicked at his knee,—

His barns with yellow grain were stored;

And soon, a grateful child, sat she

At Farmer Weston's well-filled board.

In neat brown dress, and apron blue,
She fed the hens that cackled loud;
Then with fresh eggs she hastened, too,
To sell them 'mong the city's crowd.

There came a sad and heavy year,—
No more the barns with plenty burst;
The farmer, full of doubt and fear,
Lay parching with a fever thirst.

And while the dame beside his bed
Wept o'er the ills that might betide,
The lonely child she'd watched and fed
Did for their present needs provide.

She gathered, 'mid the early dew,

The lovely flowers from hill and moor,

And plucked the sweetest buds that grew

The latticed windows just before.

Then, ere the sun was shining high,
She, with a native, untaught grace,
And smile that won the passer's eye,
Stood waiting in the market-place.

And soon she saw her fragrant load

To welcome coins of silver turned,

And danced along the homeward road,

So glad, it seemed the ground she spurned.

A stranger dark, with hasty tread,

Passed by her side one summer morn,

And from the basket on her head

A nosegay fair was quickly drawn.

But when her face to his she raised,
With eyes and lips that gaily smiled,
One moment he in wonder gazed,
Then knew his only sister's child.

He came from foreign lands with gold;
His home was desolate and lone;
And, with a joy and love untold,
He claimed sweet Fanny for his own.

With every longing gratified,
With friends around her sunny way,
With heart yet free from worldly pride,
Lives lovely, petted Fanny Gray.

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