





*Catherine Pelham*

**Little Lucy;**

OR,

**THE BIRTH-DAY PRESENTS.**

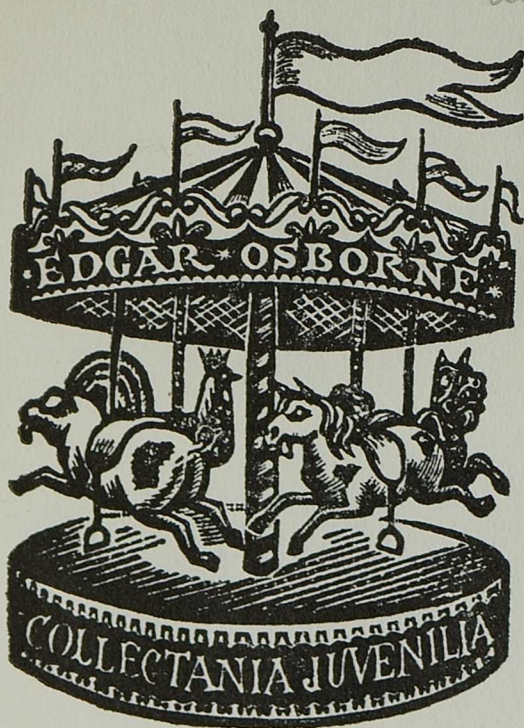
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"Pray take this money little Girl."

page 17.

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THE HISTORY  
OF  
**LITTLE LUCY;**

OR,  
**The Birth-Day Presents.**

EMBELLISHED WITH ENGRAVINGS.

**LONDON:**

PRINTED FOR J. HARRIS, CORNER OF  
ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

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1819.



THE HISTORY

OF THE

REIGN OF

CHARLES THE FIRST

BY

JOHN BURNET

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

IN TWO VOLUMES

LONDON

Printed by J. Streater, at the

Sign of the Sun, in St. Dunstons Church-yard

1679



## ADVERTISEMENT.

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*THE Writer of this little Work is well aware of the number of Books which are already written for Children. She may be blamed for having added to the list; but being in the habit of instructing Children of different ages, she has observed that few are exactly calculated for the earlier part of Education, though many able authors have bestowed their time and talents in that humble line.*

pains to teach Lucy to work; so that now as she could make the clothes for it, Mrs. Loveden thought that she might give her a nice wax doll, or a leathern one, which would be *still* better, as it would not break, should Lucy ever let it fall.

It was on the fourth of January when Mr. and Mrs. Loveden came to town; and on that day week was Lucy's birth-day. On this occasion she presented to her mamma a very pretty pin-cushion, and work-bag, which Nurse Jones had taught her to make, as a token of love and duty to so good a parent, for the trouble she had taken in teaching her; as it was from her mamma she had learned all she knew, except needle-work.

“ Well, my love,” said this good mother, kissing her little girl, “ I think that you have done these things very neatly ; and it is with much pleasure I receive from you this grateful little present : and *now* that I am sure you can work so well, I will give you a very large handsome doll, and you must dress it.—Jones will cut out the clothes for you ; but you shall choose it yourself.—There is a one pound note ; and as this is your birth-day, you may go with Jones and buy it.” This was a great deal of money to give to so young a child ; but Mrs. Loveden knew she was acting *right*, as Lucy had ever been taught by her parents to think of those who were kind to her, and who waited on her. It was her custom, therefore, on her birth-day,



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always to buy a present for Jones, Nancy, the under nursery-maid, and Simpson, the lady's maid and house-keeper; so that it was not at all too much for so many things; and she never laid out but a *small* part on herself of what her mamma gave her to spend. Lucy was in raptures to have so much money, as she could indulge her good nature, by making others happy. After kissing and thanking her kind mamma, she said, throwing her arms round her neck—"May I, *indeed*, mamma, lay out *all* that money—twenty shillings?"—"Yes, my love," replied her mamma, "you are a very good child—you oblige me in all I ask you; and Jones says you are as good a child as she can wish you to be; it is but *just*, therefore, that I



should reward you: so go, my love, and spend your money as you please."—Away skipped little Lucy to her dear Jones, quite over-joyed, and shewing her the money, told her all that her mamma had said. The good woman was nearly as pleased as Lucy; for it was ever with delight she heard her little darling praised.

The morning had been rather wet, so that they were obliged to put on *thick* shoes and warm coats; but they were soon ready, and out they went, Lucy talking all the way of what she should buy, and how large her doll should be. But when they were just come in sight of the toy-shop, a heavy shower obliged them to seek shelter in a butcher's shop. They had not stood there long, before

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a very poor, but clean little girl came into the shop, and asked for a pound of lean beef.

“What, to make your father some beef-tea, I suppose,” said the shop-man, who seemed a very kind-hearted man. “Yes, sir,” said the girl. “How is he to-day?” asked the man.—“Very bad indeed,” replied the child, sobbing so that she could scarcely speak—“and the doctor says that if he does not take wine, and things to strengthen him, that he will die; and you know, sir, that now father is ill, he cannot earn any money, and my mother cannot leave him and the babies, to go and try to get work to earn any, either; so that we have no money. The doctor is a very good

gentleman, and sends my father all the physic for nothing, and gave him this half-crown: but my mother did not tell him that we had not a farthing besides, to get us a bit of bread; and I came as soon as he was gone, to get the beef, for my poor father has had nothing all this day."

"This is all very bad, indeed," said the butcher.—"I know your father is an honest man, and a hard-working man, too, before he got this sad fever: I wish the beef was *mine*, I would give it to you without any money; but I must not give away my master's meat. However," added he, "though I am a poor man, and have a wife and children myself, I am in good health, and can better afford to pay for it than your poor sick



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father,—so take the beef my dear, and I will pay my master for it.”

“ Oh, dear! how good you are,” said the little girl. “ My mother will have *all this*, then, to buy food for the babies and herself; for she is almost starved: for when she has food, she gives it almost all to us, and scarcely touches it—she is quite ill: but wine is so dear, that my father says he will not touch it, if we get it, as he knows we are starving.”

The man had by this time cut off the beef, and given it to the girl, who, after many more thanks, was going away, when Lucy, who had not lost a word of what had passed, said in a low voice to her nurse—  
“ How much does wine cost? will my money



buy it? if it will, do give it to the poor little girl;" at the same time putting the one pound note into Jones's hand, adding, "Do, dear Jones, pray!"

The poor little girl could not get out of the shop, without begging either Lucy or Nurse Jones to move, as they stood in the door-way; and as she was a very well-behaved little girl, and seeing them whisper, as tho' they did not wish any one to hear what they said, did not push rudely by, although eager to get away; but in a very proper manner, waited a moment till they had done speaking, which gave Jones time to say to Lucy, "Why, my dear, would you give away the money which your mamma has given you to buy a doll with? you know

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that you will have no doll if you do! and did you not wish very much to have one?" "Yes, yes," said Lucy, quickly, "but I do not mind a doll now! pray give her the money, if it is enough, for mamma said that I might do as I liked with it: and I am well, and have plenty of nice things, but this poor man is ill, and has no money to get any wine to cure him, or bread for his little children. Oh, dear! what a sad thing—pray give it to her!" "Well, my love," said her nurse, "I highly approve of your wish to help this poor man, and it gives me great delight to find that you feel for the distress of others: I am sure that your papa and mamma will be happy to hear that you have laid out your money in so good a man-

ner; but take the money and give it to the little girl yourself." Lucy would much rather have seen Nurse Jones give it; but as she always did as she was bid, she took the money, and giving it to the child, said in a very pretty manner, " Pray take this money, little girl; I hope it will be enough to get your father some wine."

The poor child was some time before she took it, or even spoke; for she could scarcely believe it *true*, till Mrs. Jones told her to do so, and added a trifle to it from her own purse: she had also the prudence to inquire every thing she could about the poor man, both from the child and the butcher—where he lived, his name, and where he had worked before he was taken ill. But I must



not forget to mention what the butcher said to Lucy; for he had seen and heard all that passed. He called her a little angel—a sweet kind-hearted child, and said he was certain that she would be happy, for God would surely bless so good a little girl, who could thus deny herself what she had set her heart on, to relieve the sorrows of others. Lucy blushed very much, and was almost ashamed of being praised so; for she did not think she had done any thing so very great, and the pleasure she felt, quite re-paid her for the loss of a paltry doll: she only thought of the poor man, and his wife, and little children, and how happy they would be to have money to buy wine for their poor sick father, with food for themselves, and coals



to make a fire, for the weather was very bleak. In short, I cannot say who went home the happiest, the little girl or Lucy; but I think it was Lucy, as not only good boys and girls, but every one who does a good *act*, is sure to feel happy.



## LITTLE LUCY.

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### CHAPTER THE SECOND.

LUCY was soon at home, as she did not go to the toy-shop, for a very good reason—she had no money to buy any thing with; but she had as happy a heart as any good child ever had, which was *much* better. Her parents were expecting her in the drawing-room; and on their asking her what she had bought, she blushed, and looked at Jones, as much as to say—Do tell mamma for me.



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She flew to her mamma, and kissing her, said in a whisper, " Jones will tell you: I hope you will like what I have done with my money." " But where is your doll ?" asked her papa ; " I suppose the shop-man is to bring it home bye and bye, with a box full of presents for Jones, Simpson, and Nancy." Poor Lucy, in her joy to help the poor man, had never thought of Jones, or any one thing besides ; but now that her papa had spoken of it, a look of grief clouded her brow ; but it was but for a moment, for a happy thought struck her, which set her mind quite at ease : her dear grand-mamma always came to dinner on her birth-day, and had ever been so kind as to bring a present for her little Lucy,

to which was added some money. She left her mamma, therefore, and running to Jones, said, "Indeed, Jones, I am sorry I forgot you; but you shall have all that grand-mamma gives me."

Jones kissed her little *pet*; but she was not able to speak, her heart was so full of joy, to find her dear little Lucy so good and so kind.

"What is all this whisper-ing about?" asked Mr. Loveden, "have you *lost* your one-pound note?"—"No, sir," said Jones, "Miss Lucy has not *lost* her money.—Go, my dear Miss Lucy, and ask Nancy to take off your things, while I tell your papa and mamma what you have done with your riches." Away ran little Lucy, and then

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Nurse Jones told all about it—how *nobly* her little darling had acted, and where the poor man lived, what was his name, and how well the good butcher spoke of him: nor did she forget the kindness of the butcher, in giving the girl the beef, and paying for it himself. Tears of joy filled the eyes of both Mr. and Mrs. Loveden, at this account; and they thanked God for blessing them with such a good little girl. When Lucy returned into the room again, they kissed and blessed her; told her she had acted *quite* right, though she had done no more than she ought to have done: “for how could you, my dear Lucy,” added Mr. Loveden, “have come away from the butcher’s shop, and spent all that money on



a *toy*, which was only to amuse you, and then have returned home to every comfort, while that poor sick man was dying for want, and, what was worse, seeing his poor little children starving around him: how could you have sat down to dinner with any comfort, my love, though you had bought all the dolls in the shop? Do you think that God, who knows and sees all things, would have been pleased with you? No, my love, he would not: but now I am sure you feel happy, from a sense of having done your duty; and depend upon it, while you act thus you ever will; and you will not only be blessed in this life, but when you die, you will go to God, and be happy for ever. Now, my dear Lucy, again I tell you

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never forget to act as you have done to-day, and you will make your mamma and I always happy. But I must not forget the worthy *butcher*, who gave her the beef: and now I think of it, my dear," said Mr. Loveden, turning to his lady, "we are much in want of a butcher in the country, since old Price's death. 'Tis a long way to send four miles to have our meat cut up; if this honest man had no dislike to leave town, he might go down with us into the country this summer, and he might live in old Price's cottage." "That is a very good thought," answered Mrs. Loveden; "I wish he may be able to accept the offer, for there is not one of our servants who knows any thing about the business of a butcher.—But,"

added she, " Lucy shall not go without her *doll*." " Oh !" cried the little good girl, " I do not mind a doll at all now ; I had much rather have those poor children fed, and give them clothes and fire ; for how cold they must be, if they have no fire ; and as they had no money even for food, how could they buy coals ? Jones and I have been talking about that as we came home ; for it is very cold to-day, mamma ; I felt it with my warm coat, then how cold *they* must be." " You are a good girl," said her papa, " for thus thinking of the wants of others : and since you had rather see those poor children cloathed than buy a doll, there is another one pound note ; and after your dinner, you may go with Jones and buy some warm



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clothes for them: as I will venture to say, that you will have more pleasure in making them, than you would have had in dressing your doll."

"Thank you, thank you, dear, good papa," said the lively, happy Lucy. Nancy at that moment came in to say dinner was ready. Away flew Lucy, more intent upon what she was going to buy than upon what she was going to eat; though she knew she should have a very nice dinner, as it was her birthday.

Dinner was soon over; and once more Lucy and Jones were wrapt up in their warm furred coats, to keep out the cold. The weather had cleared up, and they soon reached the linen-draper's shop, and were

very busy *shopping*, when who should come in but Mrs. Saunders, Lucy's grand-mamma, who shewed not a little surprise at seeing her little Lucy in the act of choosing a pattern for the children's frocks; and she was so very eager about it, that she did not see her grand-mamma. Jones, in a low voice, and very few words, told Mrs. Saunders about the poor man, and what Lucy had done. Mrs. Saunders then spoke to her little granddaughter, and said she should see her again soon; "for I shall come early to dinner to-day," added she. She then left the shop, without taking any notice of the affair about the poor man to Lucy, who would have been hours about her bargains, had not Jones told her she had better have such and such

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things; for, as she did not know any thing of the matter, she would have bought what was not fit for poor children. But at last, with the advice of her good nurse, she got all she wanted; and taking the parcel with them, they hurried home; for Lucy longed to begin to make some of the things. Jones told her she could not cut out *all* the things, as she must take measure of the children first; but she gave her a flannel petticoat to make, which she could cut by guess.

Mrs. Loveden never suffered Lucy to come down to desert, thinking it much better for children to have their supper at that hour, than to come to the parlour and eat all manner of sweet things, when they had every thing nice at their own dinner, and when







A reward for a good Girl.

they had just eat their supper, perhaps. Lucy had therefore a good deal of time to work; so that when she was sent for into the drawing-room, she had nearly finished the petticoat. As soon as her grand-mamma had wished her joy on her birth-day, and given her the money she usually did on that day, she rung the bell, and told the servant to bring up the two parcels which she had brought with her in the carriage. The man returned a moment after, bringing in two large packages as much as he could well carry. Mrs. Saunders unpacked the largest; and with what delight did Lucy perceive that it was a most superb library; and on the top of it was written these words:—"A REWARD FOR A GOOD GIRL." "How very



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kind you are to me, my dear grand-mamma," said Lucy. "You deserve it, my love," replied Mrs. Saunders. I went to that famous shop for it where they sell such very nice books for children, in .....; and Mr. .... took the trouble of changing several of the books for others which I liked better. Do you observe how neatly they are bound? They are all very pretty books, I assure you." Lucy was quite charmed: she first took up one book, and then another, and really was puzzled which to look at first. "But you forget that there is another parcel," said her grand-mamma. "I had bought you this library before I met you and Jones in the shop this morning. She told me all about the little girl. I then went back again to the

toy-shop, and bought you this leathern doll," taking a very large one out of the paper, and giving it to Lucy, who thanked her in the prettiest manner for it; and said that she hoped she should always deserve her kindness. With the doll she found every thing she could wish for to dress it with—a white hat and feather, gloves, shoes; in short, every thing complete. Oh, what a happy girl was Lucy! Not because she had so many fine things, although she was very much pleased with them; but because she felt that she had done her duty; and the idea of having acted right, made her happy. When she eat her supper, she thought of the poor man and his family, who were starving in the morning, but who had now,

through her means, plenty to eat, and a good fire she hoped to warm them. The thought seemed to make her relish her own supper the better; and when she went to bed, and knelt down to say her prayers, she felt very happy; for she thought God would hear and bless her, as she had felt for others.



## LITTLE LUCY.

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### CHAPTER THE THIRD.

THE next morning Mr. Loveden went himself to inquire about the sick man, and found him much mended, the doctor said, owing to the good things he had taken the day before, which Lucy's money had been the means of getting for him. Mr. Loveden had sent to ask the person with whom he had worked whether he was an honest man, and had been told that he was, and a very

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hard-working one, too; so the butcher had spoken truth. Mr. Loveden went himself, to set the poor man's mind at ease, and to tell him that he would allow him a pound a week till he could go to work again, and would send him wine also. He had told the house-keeper to prepare some rich soup and jellies for him, which were to be sent a little every day, till he was well enough to eat meat. All this kindness wrought such a change in the poor man, that he was out of danger the next day, and he was able to go to work again that very day month on which Lucy had been so good to him. Mary, which was the name of the little girl to whom Lucy had given the one-pound note, Mrs. Loveden took into the nursery,

to run up and down stairs, and to wait on Lucy and Jones; and a very good girl she was, too, and soon learned to make herself very useful. Lucy had the pleasure of seeing the little children dressed in the clothes which she had helped to make for them, and which her money had partly bought; and though she sometimes played with her doll, yet it did not give her the tenth part so much pleasure as the thought did of having been the means of saving this poor man and his family from death and starving.

The latter end of June, this worthy family set off for their country seat, which was by the sea-side, in the county of Norfolk, one of the six counties which lie to the East of England, and a ma-ri-time county—so called



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on account of the sea bounding a part of it. Mary, who was now one of the servants, went with them, of course; and though she felt a great deal in leaving her parents and little brothers and sisters, yet the thought of going with her dear little mistress (for she was called Miss Lucy's maid), was very pleasing to her; and having every thing that she could wish for to make her happy, except being near her parents, she soon dried up her tears; and whenever she thought on her friends, she always wished that they were as well off as herself. She thought also what a comfort it was that she was in such a good place, where she was not only saving her friends the expense of keeping her at home, but also earning money, and she

would give it *all* to her parents. This thought made her feel quite happy; and she was so cheerful, kind, and ready to oblige, that every one loved her.

The good butcher had set off some time before. Mr. Loveden had engaged him to go down as shepherd and butcher; and he was very snugly settled in old Price's cottage, with his wife and children; and proved of *great* service to Mr. Loveden, by the great care he took of the sheep.

Mary had not been above a month in the family, before they left town; and as she had never been out of London, or even seen the river Thames, on which London is built, all was wonder with her: for Mary's friends were poor; and as her mother had five small

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children besides Mary, who was only ten years old herself, her friends had never been able to take her to see sights. Lucy, who travelled in the same carriage with Jones, Nancy, and Mary, was quite amused at Mary's cries of wonder and delight all the whole of the way, which made her good nurse Jones ask her if she did not think she ought to be very thankful to God, who had placed her in a way of having much more, and of being taught so much more than thousands of other children, who were as good, and had as much sense as herself, but owing to their friends being poor, they had not the means of being taught. Jones did not say this to Lucy because she thought her proud, for she was very humble; but







"Mary, this is what bread is made of"

*page 41.*

that good woman thought it her duty to give her all the good advice she could.

Mary was quite pleased; and she had something to ask about every thing they passed—the roads—the hedges—the turn-pikes—the fields—the corn—the barley—the oats. The first field of corn she saw, she cried out—“Look! look! Mrs. Jones, what pretty tall grass that is.” “That is not grass,” replied the good woman; “that is corn my dear.” They got out to walk up a hill, and Jones took the children into the corn field, and plucking an ear of corn, said—“Mary, this is what bread is made of.” “Indeed!” cried Mary; “I did not know that bread grew.” “No, child, it is not bread yet,” said Jones. “Do you see



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the inside of this grain of corn? it is green and sweet now, it is not ripe; but when the heat of the sun has ripened it, it will be hard, and of a brownish yellow. Then the reapers will come and cut it down with a thing called a sickle. They tie them in bundles, and pile them up into a sheaf; and then, when all the corn is reaped, carts carry it to the farm-yard, and this carrying away is called harvest home. It is then stacked, or made into a *rick*; and when the owner of it wishes to make bread of it, some of it is taken from the stack or rick, and sent to the thrashing floor, where it is beaten with a thing called a flail. The grain is thus loosened from the straw and chaff. It is then winnow-ed, that is blown upon, which

parts the chaff from the corn. The bran-tea you had for your cold is the husk of the corn. The corn is then put into sacks, and sent to the mill, where it is ground into flour. To make bread, flour is mixed with warm water and yeast. Yeast is what rises to the top of beer; it is the *froth* of new beer when it is *working*, as it is called. The flour thus mixed with water and yeast, is made into loaves, after having stood a good while to swell, and then put into an oven and baked; and then it is called bread." "Oh, what a deal you have taught me," said Mary; "I shall remember it all, except the names, and I fear I shall forget some of those." Jones said she would always teach her what she knew. "But I

have not told you all the uses to which this field of corn will be put yet.—Do you see this strong green stalk? this will be straw.’

“Straw!” cried Mary; “why that is green; and my bonnet, which is called a straw bonnet, is yellow; and this bends, but my bonnet will not bend in this manner.”

“Your bonnet, my dear, is made of ripe straw, dried and prepared in a manner on purpose for making bonnets. But straw is used for a great many useful things.—Straw is used in making bricks—for covering of houses in the country: those cottages you see yonder are thatched with straw;—the under mattress of your bed in town is made of straw.” She would have said a great deal more on the subject, but the chaise



coming up at that moment, they were obliged to get in; and Lucy being very hungry, begged of Jones to bring out the basket, for they did not stop on the road, except to change horses: thus hunger drove away all other thoughts for a time. What a sad thing it would have been, if Lucy had been hungry, and not had any thing to eat.— What a comfort not to know what want is! Simpson had stored the basket with all manner of nice things, and they all made a very hearty meal.

The journey proved so pleasant, with Mary's wonder, and Jones's kindness, in telling her what she wished to know, that they were almost sorry when it ended, and could scarcely believe that they had been so

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many hours shut up in a chaise, the time had appeared so short ;—so true it is, that when the mind is kept from being idle, by having proper objects given to it, to keep it in constant play—time passes in so pleasant a manner, that we are not aware it has gone by us.

Late on the evening of the second day's journey, they reached Loveden Lodge ; and Lucy was obliged to stay till the morning to shew Mary the sea. She had hoped to have arrived by day-light, as she longed to see Mary's surprise at the sight of it. But it happened to be a very *dark* night, so that it was, as it were, hid from them. The roaring of the waves was heard though, even in the nursery ; and Mary said—"How loud

the wind is here to what it is in London." Sleep, however, soon made them forget every thing; for they were very tired, though they did not feel it. The next morning they did not rise so early as usual, having gone to bed late, and off of a journey; and it was not till after breakfast that Lucy could go down to the beach. After paying her duty to her parents, she at length set out, and she was so eager to shew Mary the white foam, and the tossing of the waves, that nurse Jones could hardly keep her from running all the way; but she saw that Jones did not wish to go so fast, and very soon checked her eager desire to be there, and walked by the side of Jones. She took hold of her dear nurse's hand, and said, "I am sorry I ran



on, Jones; but I forgot you had said that your feet were swelled with travelling, and that it hurt you to walk;—will you forgive me? It was very selfish of me, only to think of my own whims.” Jones said, in reply, “I should not have made a complaint to you, had you run all the way; for I saw that you had forgotten my poor feet; and I have been so much in the habit of running with you, that I do not at all think it unkind of you; I should though, if you had still kept running after you saw that it gave me pain.” They had now reached the turn in the cliff, which brought them to the beach; and when at a sudden turning they came to a full and near view of the sea, Mary shrunk back, and felt rather timid: but seeing Lucy



"They came to a full and near view of the Sea:  
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run close to the white foam, she took courage; and Jones taking her by the hand, led her close to the waves, though it was rather a rough day: but as the tide had turned, she did not fear. Mary was for some time mute with wonder; but a vessel being on the point of putting off to sea, she was roused by the sight, it being the first she had ever seen. She asked Jones how ships could go on the water without sinking. "Oh, said Lucy, I can tell you that; for mamma told me last year;—it is because they are not so heavy as the water which is under them, and that keeps them up." And when they got home, Lucy took a stone and a cork, and put them into a bason of water. The stone sunk, because it was

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heavy, and the cork swam; and though Mary put it many times to the bottom, yet the moment she took her finger away, it rose again to the surface, and swam about.

“ Now, said Mary, I think I should not fear to go into a ship or a boat. But how do they go along so? What is it that makes them go so quickly?—Look!” said she, pointing to a sail at a little distance, “ how fast that ship goes.” “ Yes,” said Lucy; “ so it does;—that is because the wind is strong, and blows it along briskly. If the wind was not to blow the sails, and push it along, it would not go at all, unless it was rowed with oars. Mamma told me all this; and said that if we could walk on water, instead of land, and hold out our

cloak, so as to catch the wind, that it would blow us along too." They amused themselves all that day, at the play time, in making a little ship with half of a large walnut-shell; and having tied a string to it, took it with them when they took their evening walk, and Jones put it on one of the garden ponds, and the wind spread out the little sail, and blew it far out into the middle of the pond; and had they not have had the prudence to have tied a fine string to it, they would have lost it. Mary was always with Lucy when she walked, and at play time; for as Lucy had no other little girl to play with, Mrs. Loveden gave her leave to play with Mary. But this favour did not make Mary rude, or idle; she always treated



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her little mistress with respect, and was ever ready to oblige her; and after play time Mary went to her work with pleasure, as she felt more happy the more useful she could make herself. I shall not trouble my young readers with all that passed during the time the family stayed at Loveden Lodge; I shall only observe that Lucy grew very tall and very clever. Mary grew also: the air of the country, and good living, with the many comforts she enjoyed, had such an effect on her looks, that no one would have known her, had they been told that she was the poor half-starved, ragged, pale little girl that Lucy relieved in the butcher's shop some months before. Therefore let no little girls be proud of their good looks and rosy cheeks;

for a fit of illness would soon change their good looks for a pale, thin face, hollow eyes, and meagre form, even though they had every thing that money could procure to do them good. What would be their state, then, if they were *poor* and famished, as Mary was? How thankful, then, they ought to be to that *good* God who has not only given them every comfort wealth can buy, but health to enjoy it.

Lucy and Mary were never idle: Lucy minded her studies, and Mary also was taught to write and sum, by a person from the village, who was master for the school which Mr. Loveden had for all the poor little boys who were good, and wished to come to it. Mrs. Loveden had one also, for

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the little girls, and a very clever woman was the school-mistress. Lucy and Mary often went with Jones to call at the school, and sometimes with Mrs. Loveden, who always took them when she went to dis-tribute the prizes to those who had read, spelled, wrote, or worked the best. Days, weeks, and months passed cheerfully and quickly away, and Christmas came before they had any idea of its being so near. This was always a time of joy to all Mr. Loveden's tenants; for he never forgot the poor, and always made a point of spending his Christmas in the country, that he might see his poor cottagers happy and merry as well as himself; and ever on that day he was in the habit of giving them a large piece of *beef* for their



Christmas dinner, a large jug of ale to drink with it, and a sack of coals to warm themselves and dress their dinner with. All his tenants blessed him; for he was a *real* good man, and therefore a good landlord. Lucy, also, on that day was allowed to give away her savings, which had been laid out in warm clothes, to which Mrs. Loveden added more. This part of the bounty Lucy had the honour of bestowing with her own hands, assisted by the advice of her good nurse. Mary was almost out of her wits with joy; she had never seen so much happiness in her life. Oh, how she did wish for her friends to partake of the common joy. What she should have to tell them when she got back to town. How pleased

she was to know that in a very few days she should have the pleasure of seeing them again, and of telling them all about it.

## LITTLE LUCY.

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### CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

THE third of January brought this good family once more to town; and the next day Mary had leave given her to go home to see her friends. What a happy meeting! and what a surprise was it for her to find that her father had, by dint of hard work, frugal living, and kind friends, been able to buy a few things to open a little shop, which her mother took care of while he was at



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work; and thus she could look after her family, and be useful *too*. Mary's father was by trade a cabinet maker; and as he drew very neatly, he made screens, work-boxes, card-racks, and had painted some of them in a very pretty manner. He had met with great success—more than he could have hoped for; but this success was in a great measure owing to the kindness of Lucy's grand-mamma, Mrs. Saunders, who was a very good lady, and who had used all the means in her power of helping this poor man, though he did not know from whom the help came, as this lady never did a good action and talked of it;—she often helped poor people whom she thought deserved it, without their knowing who it was that had

helped them; and by this means she did not put the persons to whom she had been so kind, to the trouble of thanking her.

Mary was so happy to see her friends, and so well off, that she forgot all the little presents she had got for them, till they asked her what was in the box which the man had brought who had come with her. “Oh! that’s all for you,” said she.—“The house-keeper has sent you a cheese; and the butcher has sent you a nice turkey, of his own fattening and feeding; for he says that it is owing to your having been in distress, that he is so well off now. Jones sends you some very nice bacon. Miss Lucy has sent you a jar of mince-meat, and some apples, to make pies for the children,—her mamma

gave her leave to do it,—besides these nice warm stockings, which Miss Lucy, Jones, Nancy, and I have all had a share in making; and I have saved all the fruit I have had given me lately: and in this bag are some very pretty shells, and sea weed of all sorts: and in that little box are some good pebbles I picked up; Jones says that some are agate, and some are cornelians.” In short, she had brought every thing that had been given her, which she thought would give pleasure either to her parents or her brothers and sisters; with five shillings which had been given her at different times by ladies who had come into the nursery. “Oh! but I have forgot the best of all, now,” said Mary, taking a letter from her pocket,—“here is







"But when they opened the Letter"

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my half-year's wages: Mrs. Loveden gave it me herself this morning; and you know I was to have six pounds a-year; and she spoke so very kindly to me, and told me that she was much pleased with my conduct, and that I was to tell *you* so.

Mary's parents were so thankful to God, who had in so short a time changed their lot from such deep distress to such plenty, and all by the means of a little girl, too—that it was some moments before they could read the letter. But when they did open it, they found a five-pound note in it; and Mrs. Loveden said in her letter, that Mary was a very good girl, and wished to reward her, and she well knew nothing would give her so much pleasure as shewing kind-



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ness to her friends; she had therefore enclosed a five-pound note, and wished them success in their new shop. How did these grateful people bless their kind friends, and their dear Mary. But above all, they praised God, who had sent such friends to their relief, and who had blessed them with good children.

Lucy's birth-day came.—She was now nine years old. Nurse Jones came to her bedside and waked her with a kiss.—“Come, my love,” said the good woman, “get up;—this is your birth-day, you know; and may God bless you, and make you every year better and better.” Lucy kissed her dear Jones, and thanked her; saying, she hoped that she should be always a good child.

Mary then came and wished her joy on her birth-day. "Ah, Miss," said the grateful little girl, "I never shall forget the grief in which we were when you gave me the one-pound note. Oh, dear Miss Lucy, how I do love you for saving my poor father."—She could not go on, her heart was so full of grateful love to her little mistress, and the tears ran down her cheeks. Lucy loved Mary, and could not bear to see her cry. She threw her arms round Mary's neck, and said—"But why do you cry now, Mary?—Are you not happy?" We are all happy, my love," said Jones; "but Mary is a grateful little girl; and when she thinks how ill her father was, and how poor they all were, and now how well they are all off, and all

owing to *you*, she cannot help feeling.—Her tears are tears of joy now, or arise from gratitude to you; for she loves you very much.” Lucy kissed Mary again.—“ Well, then, if you love me, Mary, never look unhappy; for it grieves me.” At this moment in ran Nancy, crying out—“ Oh, Miss Lucy, do come directly—pray come and see what a sight of fine things Mary’s father has brought you, because it is your birth-day,—do come, Miss.” Away ran Lucy, Jones, and Mary: and how delighted was Lucy to see a most beautiful work-box, and on the lid was a very pretty drawing of a young lady, just dressed as Lucy was when she gave the one-pound note, giving money to a poor wretched looking girl, just the very



picture of Mary; and underneath was written these words :—" INNOCENCE RELIEVING MISERY." Around the sides were painted some roses and canvolvolus, as a border. Lucy could not look enough at it, it was so pretty, so very pretty. " And how kind of your father, to think of me," said Lucy; what a deal of time it must have taken him to paint this box."—" But let us look at the inside," said Jones." Lucy opened it; and the first thing she saw was a letter, written in very proper language, begging Lucy to do him the favour of accepting this little token of gratitude, for her generosity and humanity in having parted with her *all*, in order to relieve his wants. It concluded with wishing her every blessing

her goodness merited. Lucy was really sorry to read all this, as she feared the poor man thought too much of what she had done for him. "I ought to pay him for this handsome box; ought I not?" said she to Jones: for he cannot afford *yet* to give so much away." "Oh, Miss Lucy," said Mary, "my father will be so sorry, if you do not take it. He has made it on purpose for you." Lucy said she was delighted with it, and was so very much obliged to her father for it. "But I think it is more than I deserve; for if I were to buy this, I am sure that it would cost a great deal more than I gave you; and I ought not to take so much from him." Mr. and Mrs. Loveden entered at this moment. They had come to wish the







Mary's Father's present, to Lucy.

little girl many happy returns of the day, and to give her their blessing. Lucy shewed them the box and the letter, and told them all her scruples about taking so beautiful a present. Mr. and Mrs. Loveden agreed with Lucy, that it was more than she deserved, if she looked upon it as a recompense for having done no more than her duty. "But, my love," added Mr. Loveden, "you must not value the gift by your deserts, but according to the gratitude of this worthy man, which is indeed very great." They both admired the artist-like manner in which it was finished; and opening it, saw that it was fitted up with every thing fit for a lady's work,—needles, pins, cotton, silk, silver thimble, scissors, knife—in short, every

thing. “Your father is very kind, Mary,” said Mrs. Loveden, “to think of our Lucy: I hope she will live to make him amends. It gives both Mr. Loveden and myself *much* pleasure to find him so worthy a man, and you so good a girl. This mark of his gratitude to our child, shews he deserves all that we can do for him; and he shall never want a friend while we can serve him.” What a happy child was Mary. Her father had been able to give her dear Miss Lucy and her good parents pleasure; it was all she thought of;—her only wish was to be grateful.—“But you have not looked at this paper, Miss,” said Jones; “will you not see what it contains?”—“What, another present!” said Mr. Loveden. “And it is larger than



the box.—“What can it be?” “A writing-desk, I declare,” said Lucy, taking off the paper. “Why, your father is *too* good, Mary,” said Mr. Loveden.—“I hope Lucy will try to make him amends, by being always kind to you.”—“Oh, that I will, dear papa,” said Lucy; and Mary shall always be my friend.” “My dear child,” replied her papa, “you have just made a promise—remember that you always keep it. We must never pronounce rashly; but think first whether we shall be able to keep it; and when once our word is given, be sure to hold it *sacred*.”

Mrs. Saunders came to dinner, as usual, and brought her usual presents; and Lucy staid an hour later than she was in the habit of doing.

I shall not trouble my young readers with all the details of Lucy's life : it is enough to say, that by her means two poor families were made happy ;—Mary's father, in the first place, who would most likely have died for want of proper things to take, had not she relieved him ; and the good butcher was the second,—who, when I left Norfolk last year, still lived in peace and plenty in old Price's cottage ; and was much respected by every one, for his honest, upright conduct. And as to the cabinet-maker, and his family, they are all doing very well. The sons are grown up : the eldest works with his father ; the two others are placed out, with good masters, to good trades. The two youngest, being girls, are still at home with their

parents ; and are a very great help to them.—But as to Mary, she is still with her dear Miss Lucy ; and is grown such a well-behaved, modest, genteel young woman, that Lucy makes quite a companion of her, and loves her like a sister. Mr. and Mrs. Loveden still are as happy as riches joined to virtue can make them. And let every child who reads this book remember, that riches, without virtue, can never make any one happy.

Lucy is grown up a very lovely, clever young lady ; and is still as charitable, modest, good, and affable, as when she gave her one-pound note to Mary ; and is always doing all the kindness she can ;—so that she is the love and delight of all who know her.



I have only now to say to every child who reads the history of Little Lucy, what our blessed Lord said in speaking of the good Samaritan,—“ GO THOU AND DO LIKEWISE.”

THE END.



