



LUCY MORLEY.

—  
RELIGIOUS  
TRACT SOCIETY,  
36, PATERNOSTER ROW.

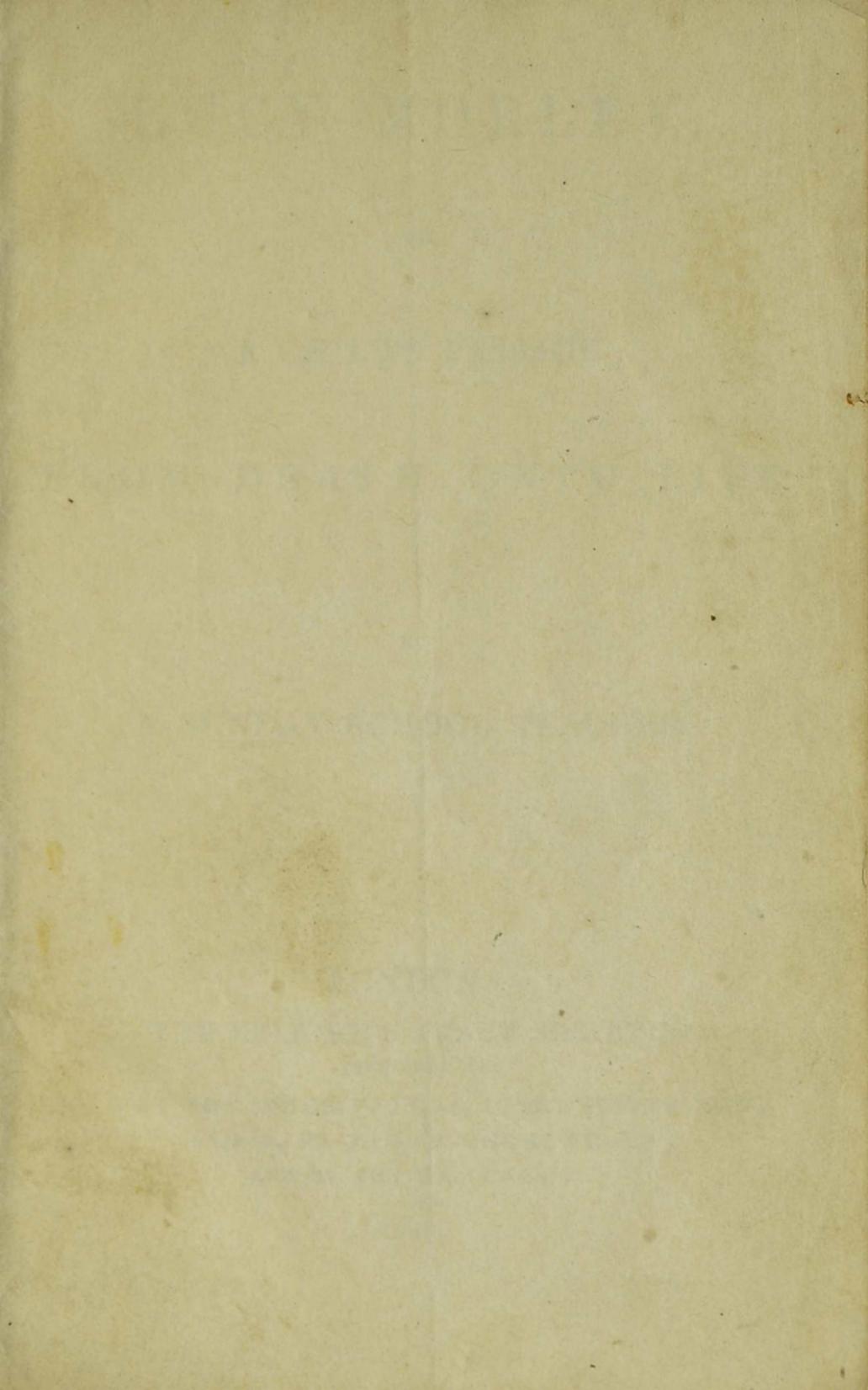
Levinia Beswetherick  
March 6<sup>th</sup> 1842

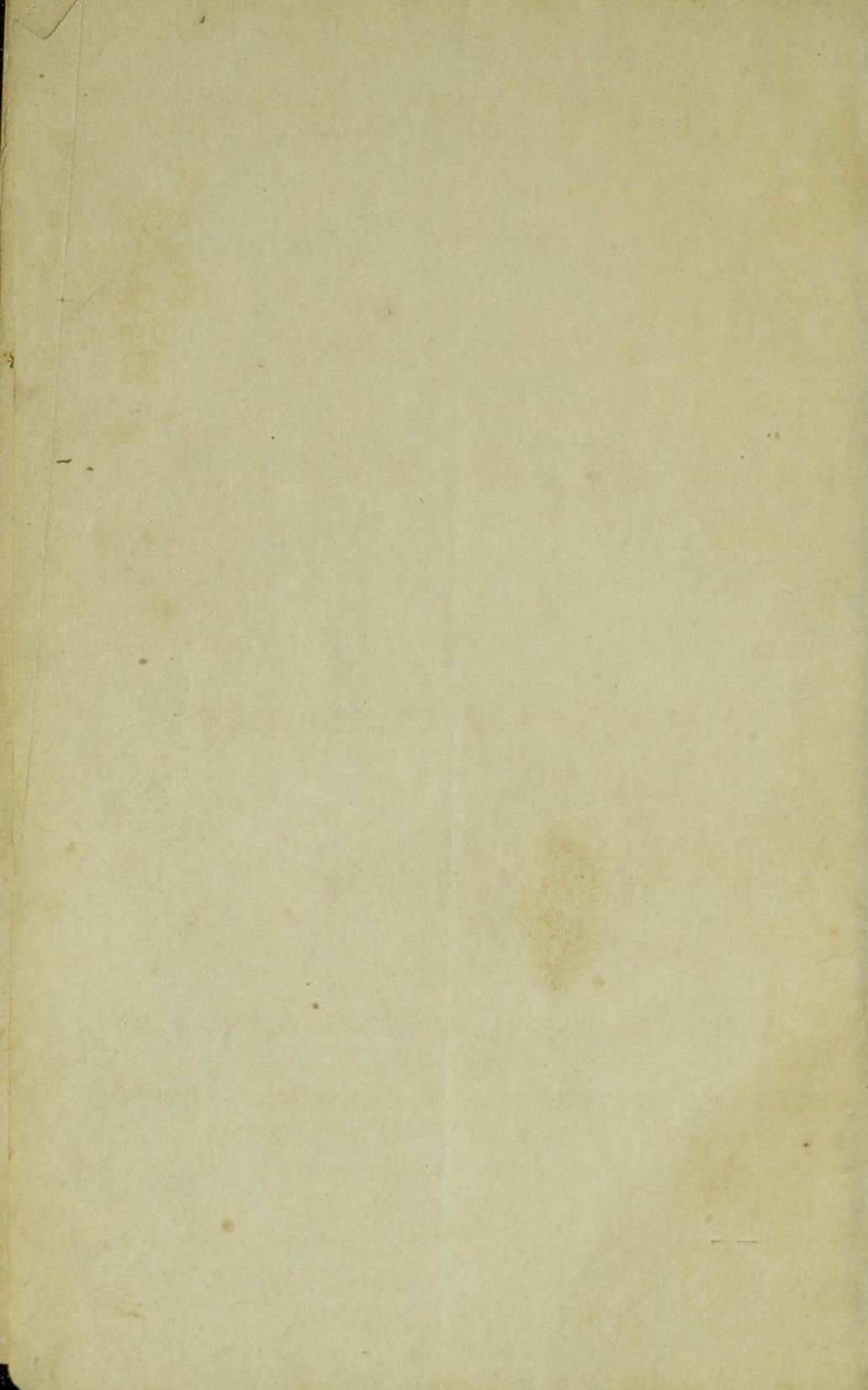
A reward from Ebenezer  
Sunday School

from Ebenezer

Sunday Sch

To Lewis DuCau (my reward)  
from  
Sarah L. Laren's  
Niece of Levinia Beswetherick





# LUCY MORLEY;

OR,

A CHILD'S PASSAGE

FROM DEATH UNTO LIFE.

BY

A SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER.

LONDON:

THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY;

*Instituted 1799.*

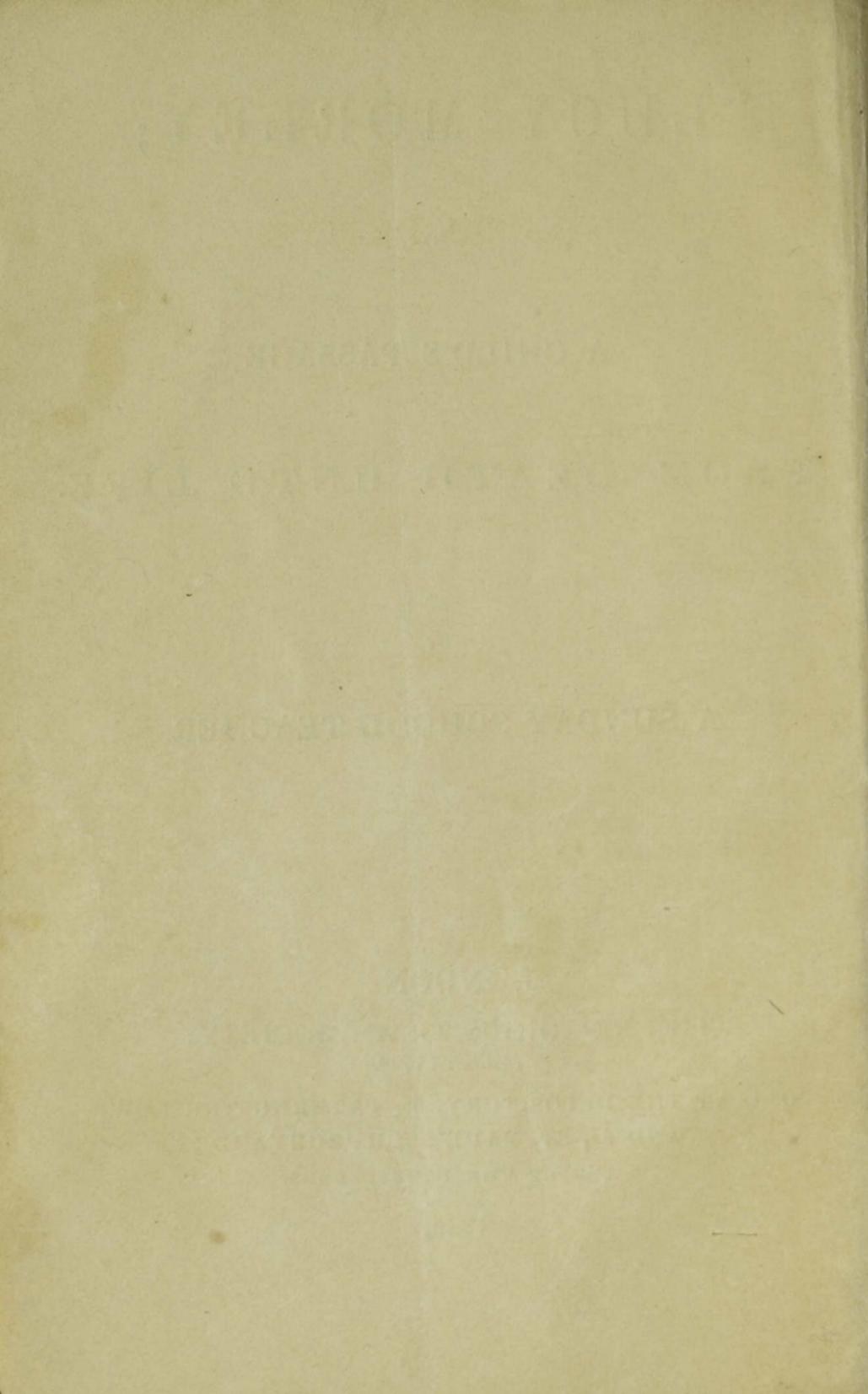
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1840.



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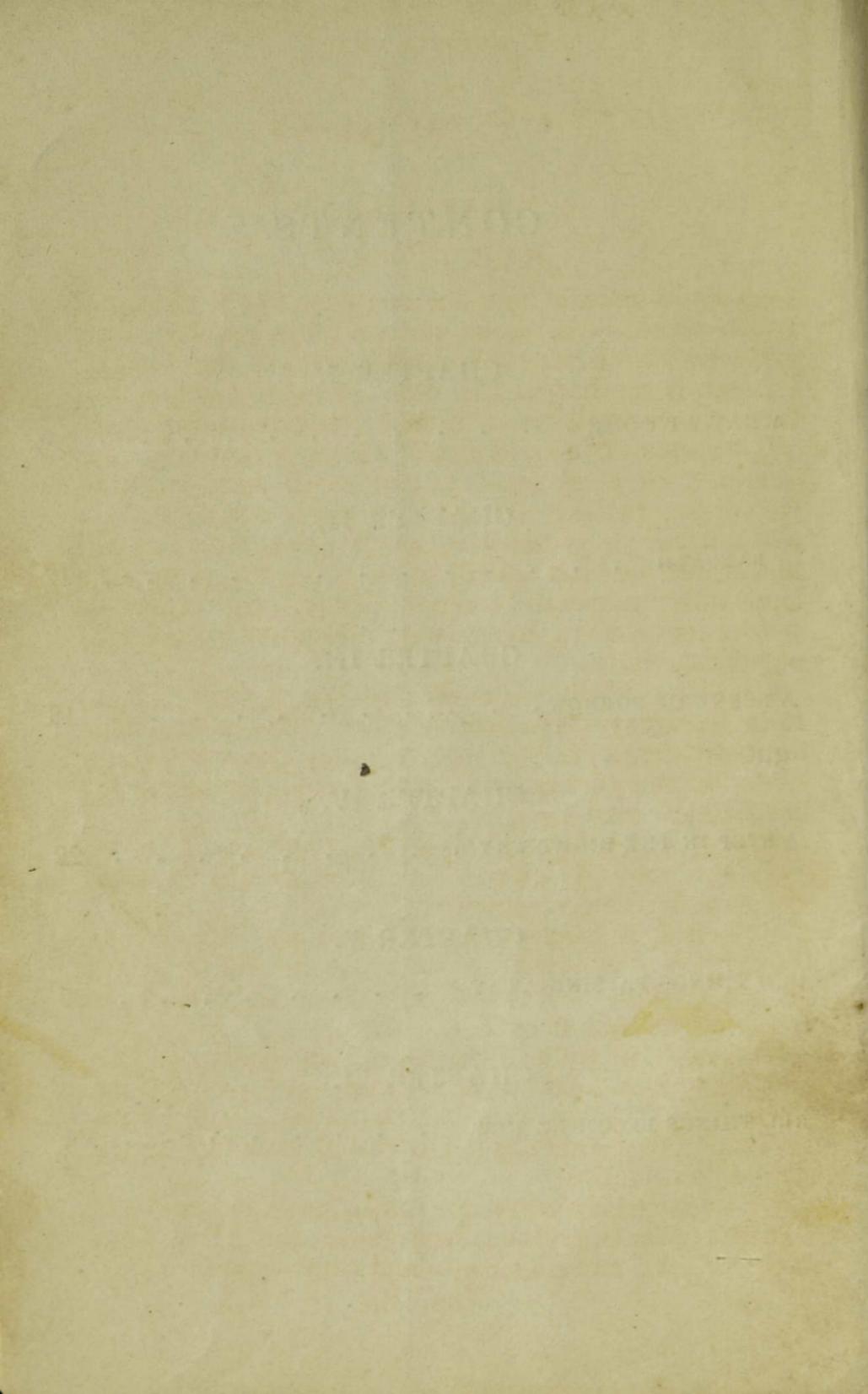
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# LUCY MORLEY.

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## CHAPTER I.

### A DAY AT HOME.

IN a small cottage near the entrance of the village of B—— there lived, about twenty years ago, the little girl who is to be the principal subject of this history.

I suppose that at the time when my account of Lucy Morley begins, she was not very unlike many other girls of twelve years old, who may now be living, like her, in a pleasant village, with hard-working parents, and a large family of brothers and sisters. I will not tell you what was Lucy's character: you will find it out by what I shall relate of her "doings." We have only to spend "a day at home," with Lucy or any other girl, to know well enough what sort of person she is.

Eight o'clock has struck, and Lucy is still in bed! It is Saturday. Her mother and elder sister have lighted the fire and dressed the children; and though Lucy has been long awake, she intends to lie still till breakfast is ready.

"Lucy, Lucy," called Jane from the room below, "are you coming down? There is father's breakfast to carry: mother wants me at home."

"Then I had better stay where I am," was Lucy's thought, as she turned to compose herself to sleep: "it's a cold morning, and sure Jane may take the breakfast as well as I."

The next moment Jane was at her bedside. Her mother, she said, had sent her, and Lucy must get up. "How cross you are, Jane! You might as well let me lie," said Lucy, rubbing her eyes and yawning, as she stepped out of bed.

"Why, we have all done breakfast," replied her sister. "Mother said you should have none; but I have kept some for you: so make haste and come down."

Lucy felt cross, and cold, and sleepy ; so she threw on her clothes as fast as she could, not waiting either to comb her hair, or make her bed. Lucy, however, did not forget to say her prayers, at which I am rather surprised, because I am quite sure she had no intention of asking God for anything ; nor while she repeated them, did she once remember that there was a God who had taken care of her during the night. Why then did Lucy say her prayers ? She had been taught to do so when a little child ; and she could not now feel quite comfortable without saying the words she had been used to, before going down stairs. It is a very bad sign when a girl can go contentedly to her daily work without having repeated her morning prayer.

Lucy ate her breakfast without speaking a word. She thought it very hard that they had only left her one piece of bread and butter ; but as she was so late, and her mother looked displeased, it seemed to her more prudent not to complain. Having swallowed her breakfast, Lucy sat down close to the fire, but she had not long been seated when she perceived that her little brother was dragging her Sunday bonnet along the dirty floor. Lucy rose quickly, and snatching the bonnet from Henry's hand, gave him a slap, which made the little fellow scream with pain and passion.

"How dare you touch the child ?" said Mrs. Morley, angrily ; "and why a'nt you gone with your father's breakfast ?"

Lucy lingered, with a sulky look, by the blazing fire. It was a cold morning, late in the autumn, and I cannot wonder that Lucy did not like the change from a warm bed into the chilly air. People who indulge themselves with lying in bed late in the morning, never are ready, even when up, for anything which requires self-denial.

Lucy gave her mother no reply. She was not, in general, a disobedient or a saucy child ; but she said in her heart, "That is always the way ; I am set to do

all the disagreeable things, and get all the hard words too."

Lucy's walk turned out less disagreeable than she expected. The sun came out bright and warm. Sally Harris, one of her school-fellows, joined her on the way home, and asked her to go a walking in the afternoon; "there is a fine party of us agreed to go, and we shall have plenty of fun, even if we don't find many nuts." Lucy gladly promised to join the nutting party, and opened the cottage door with her mind brim full of Sally Harris, and their scheme of pleasure; but here a melancholy scene presented itself to her view. Her mother's voice was raised high in reproof to Jane, who was standing near the fragments of a broken plate, sobbing as if her heart was going to burst; the floor had also received a quantity of meat, which, together with the plate, had been just left by Squire Wyndham's cook. Jane's carelessness had been the cause of this accident, and as the plate was to be returned, Mrs. Morley was really vexed.

Lucy, when in good humour, was an active, lively girl, and she now lost no time in gathering up the fragments of food, and placing them in a basin, observing to her mother that no great harm was done, as the broken plate was a common white one, which might easily be replaced by one of their own. Mrs. Morley was pleased with Lucy's readiness, and called her, "a clever girl;" Lucy knew she was "a deal more handy and clever than Jane," but it made her glad to hear it again, and she cast a triumphant glance towards her sister.

It was cleaning day, and the girls were soon afterwards left to their work. Lucy was now in high spirits, and bustled about with much activity.

"What, Jane!" said Lucy, in a pert tone of voice, as she prepared to scrub the floor, "no hot water! nothing got ready: and you sitting over the fire, like a lady. Come, stir about, or we shan't have done against mother comes in to dinner."

Jane was a gentle spirited girl, and began slowly

to follow the directions of her more active sister, who thus continued ; " Now Jane, while I scrub the floor, and do the hard work, as mother says I always do, you can pare the 'tatoes, and mend Charlotte's Sunday frock."

" Mother said you were to do that, Lucy ; you know it was you tore it."

" Very pretty indeed ! " answered the younger of the sisters, " so I am to scrub and wash and mend too, I suppose ; but do as you please, Miss, I shall tell mother, that's all."

Jane made no reply : Lucy went on with her work, and the following thoughts passed through her mind :—

" When mother comes in and sees what a good girl I have been, I am sure she will let me go with Sally—but stay, there is the washing to be done. Oh ! Jane can help her for once, and then I will plait up her Sunday cap ; and when mother is pleased, she never says no."

Lucy's labours this morning were pleasant ; she had a motive for doing her work as well as possible. To take pains with every thing you do, and to do it in the best way, and in the shortest time, is the way to turn labour into pleasure.

The floor of Mrs. Morley's cottage was perfectly clean, and nicely sanded ; every article of furniture was dusted and in its proper place ; a heap of old hats, rags, and bonnets, at which Lucy's father had often grumbled, was removed ; and Lucy herself was sitting at some distance from the fire, plaiting the border of a cap, when her mother returned. Mrs. Morley was tired, and did not at first notice Lucy's eager looks, or the very unusual neatness of all around.

" I must go again after dinner to get my money," said Mrs. Morley, as she sat down in the nearest chair, " so I must leave the washing to you and Jane."

" Oh, mother ! you will surely let me go with Sally

Harris? There is a lot of them going a nutting this afternoon, and I promised Sally I would go with them."

"You cannot go, child; how is the washing to be done, if we are both out?"

Lucy was silent for a moment, and then she muttered, "I did all the work so well, and now it will be too bad if I don't get leave after all."

Mrs. Morley now looked round the cottage, and then again at Lucy.

"You are my own good little girl, and deserve a holiday; but Lucy, dear, it must not be this afternoon, for you know Jane cannot do the washing by herself, and father has got no clean shirt for tomorrow."

Lucy looked more and more sulky; nor did she allow a smile to escape her even when Mrs. Morley drew from a small bundle, which Lucy had not before observed, some pink cap ribands, and placed them in her daughter's hand, saying kindly,—

"There, Lucy, is something to comfort you. The housekeeper gave me all these things, and the ribands she said were for my 'pretty girl;' and you will become them well, Lucy, in your Sunday bonnet."

Lucy tried hard not to look pleased, and examined the pink ribands in silence.

The cap which Lucy had been plaiting had fallen to the ground; Mrs. Morley picked it up, saying,—

"It was kind of you to think of this, Lucy, and you are doing it nicely; but surely this side is fuller than the other; did you measure it, dear?"

"I did my best. I am sure I have been working all day like a horse; but it is no use trying to please you."

I know not what reply Mrs. Morley would have made to this very impertinent speech, which plainly discovered the selfish motive from which her daughter's goodness had proceeded, because, at this moment, Jane and the children appeared, who began

to call for their dinner, and make so much noise that nothing else could be attended to.

The silent meal being over, Mrs. Morley again put on her bonnet, and after giving some directions about the washing and ironing, once more left the girls to themselves. This time it was Lucy's turn to sit idle by the fire: as she now did not expect to gain anything by industry, she was industrious no longer. At length, however, she started up, and ran up stairs for an old, and not very clean, net cap, into which she put her pink ribands. It took a long time to arrange them to her satisfaction, and to admire herself and them in the looking-glass. It was not till the cap had been carefully put away, that Jane ventured to say,—

“Lucy, shall I fetch the shirt now? I will wash it out if you will get it up; you know I scorched it a little last time, and mother said I was never to touch it with an iron again. And, Lucy, do remember the holes in your white stockings, they looked so bad on Sunday, and I think Miss Howard saw them too.”

“Who put you over me, I should like to know?” answered Lucy angrily. “It is not my business to iron father's shirt, and I wonder you should ask me; besides, I have got my lessons to learn for the Sunday school.”

Jane left the room without saying anything more; Lucy sat down to her books, but her thoughts soon wandered from the words before her to Sally Harris and Squire Wyndham's woods. The hymn-book fell from Lucy's hand, as her mind passed rapidly from one thing to another, and she was quite unconscious how much time had thus slipped away, when Jane re-entered with the things she had been washing. It will not be necessary to describe the scene which followed; or to tell how Lucy still refused to help her sister; or how Jane continued terribly to scorch her father's shirt in the getting up. When Lucy saw the mischief, which she felt was partly occasioned by her indolence and obstinacy, she was vexed

and frightened, and was still giving vent to her uncomfortable feelings in reproaches to her unfortunate sister, when Mrs. Morley returned. She was sadly weary with her long walk, and said, in a tone of disappointment, "What! no tea ready yet? Jane, you have been quarrelling. Lucy, what is the matter?"

Mrs. Morley was really vexed when she heard what had happened, and saw the state of her husband's best shirt; she said little, for her heart was heavy. There are few parents who are not deeply saddened by the sound of strife and contention among their children.

As Mrs. Morley bustled about to get the tea ready, Lucy observed her cheek was pale, and saw that she was more tired than usual. It came into her mind that she would get up to help her mother, and beg her to rest, but a proud feeling, and perhaps a secret unwillingness to quit her comfortable seat, kept her still. Then Lucy remembered that her mother's cap was still unfinished, and she would have set to work on it, but that part was to be unpicked, and for this Lucy had not resolution; "Mother must finish it herself," she said to herself, "I do so hate taking out my work."

The evening passed slowly away. Mr. Morley dozed in his chair; Mrs. Morley mended some of the children's clothes; Jane mended her own; while Lucy sat with her lesson books in her hand, as an excuse for not doing anything else. It was a great relief when bedtime came; Lucy said her prayers after she got into bed, because she felt cold upstairs, and fell asleep before they were concluded.

Thus ended this day at home. Lucy had been far from happy, without any real cause for sorrow. None are less happy than those whose chief desire it is to please themselves. This was Lucy's case. Reader! is it your's?

## CHAPTER II.

## A SABBATH.

It was late before the family of the Morleys awoke on Sunday morning. When Lucy at last opened her eyes, she was in no hurry to get up, but pleased herself with thoughts of her pink ribands, and of the hot meat and apple dumplings she expected for dinner.

Breakfast was over when Lucy came down stairs, and the children were clamorous to be off to school, but she was not to be hurried. Lucy was always very particular about her dress on a Sunday. I wish you could have seen Lucy this morning, when ready dressed for school. Her white cotton stockings were clean, but she had vainly endeavoured to hide some large holes at the heels; her frock was almost new, and pretty enough; round her neck was tied a bead necklace, and over it an old blue gauze scarf; a pair of dirty silk gloves concealed a pair of still more dirty hands. Such was Lucy's dress. Whatever you may think of it, I can assure you Lucy thought she made a very genteel appearance.

There was no church or resident clergyman in the village of B—; but a benevolent family of the name of Howard, residing in the neighbourhood, had established the Sunday-school which Lucy and her sisters attended. The school was a full mile from Mrs. Morley's cottage; and Lucy's class had said all their lessons before she arrived. In some confusion Lucy took her place; she did not meet Miss Howard's eye as she dropped her courtesy. Lucy was presently obliged to stand up to repeat the lessons she had not learned; a girl whispered to her the first line of the hymn, and she began,—

“Oh for a heart to praise my God;  
 A heart from sin set free;  
 A heart that's sprinkled with the blood  
 So freely shed for me.”

The beginning of the next line Lucy said she could not remember; Miss Howard told her, but Lucy could not go on: she stood up before the class, feeling very awkward and uncomfortable, but trying to look as if she did not care.

“You have not learned this hymn, Lucy? You may sit down.”

The tears came into Lucy's eyes; for Miss Howard spoke in a tone of much displeasure: perhaps the lady observed her feeling, for she added kindly,—

“How is it, my child? late again! and your lessons imperfect also?”

“If you please, ma'am, I could not come sooner.”

“Why not, Lucy?”

Lucy coloured, and was silent.

“You were not up in time, is it not so?”

“Yes, ma'am, and—”

“And your necklace and cap ribands took some time to put on properly, did they not?”

Lucy coloured still more deeply, and the girls seemed disposed to laugh. Miss Howard looked very grave, and the business of the class proceeded.

The subject of the hymn which had been just repeated, led to questions on the nature and necessity of a change of heart, and to some observations from the teacher on the state of the heart as it is by nature. I will tell you how Miss Howard talked to her class.

“My dear children, have I not truly said that there is no peace in the heart which is not cleansed by the blood of Christ, and in which the Holy Spirit does not dwell? You all know whether this is true or not. Are you always happy? I see in your faces that you are not. You try, perhaps, all that you can do, to please yourselves; but sometimes a cross feeling, sometimes a desire for something you cannot

get, sometimes a fear of being found out in sin, makes you uncomfortable and ill at ease.

“I dare say some of you never did a disagreeable thing when you could help it, and never denied yourselves a pleasure when you could get it,—and yet you are not happy. O, my children, how different is this from the example of our blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. I wish I could make you understand the blessedness of those who have quite given up trying to make themselves happy. But only God can teach you this. Ask him my dear children, to come into your heart by his Holy Spirit. He will make it full of love, and gentleness, and joy. He will make hard things easy for you, and disagreeable things pleasant. When you are alone, he will put such holy pleasant thoughts into your mind, that you will want no other company.”

Miss Howard paused; she had spoken with much earnestness, and the girls all looked serious. The tears rolled down Lucy's face. It seemed as if every word had been spoken to her. She thought how happy she should be if the Holy Spirit would but come and dwell in her heart, so that she could follow the example of Christ. When Lucy thought thus, she did not consider that she must give up the pleasures of sin before she could enjoy the pleasures which the Holy Spirit gives. She was not willing to part with the idleness, vanity, pride, and selfishness which had taken possession of her heart.

On the scholars being dismissed, Lucy and Sally Harris walked arm-in-arm to church. At first Lucy was silent and thoughtful, but she soon began to listen with interest to Sally's account of the “fun” in Squire Wyndham's woods. “Sit by me,” whispered Lucy as they entered the church.

Before the service began these two girls continued their unholy discourse; and during the sermon they spoke so loud that the governess threatened to tell Miss Howard. Lucy was vexed, and answered pertly.

“Are you for school this afternoon?” said Sally

Harris, as they walked home. "I don't know; it is dull at home, to be sure: mother is always so cross of a Sunday."

"We can take a walk together, if you will?"

"Well, I don't care if I do ask mother to let me have a holiday for once."

Lucy remembered her bad behaviour at church, and was well pleased to avoid what she called "a lecture," from Miss Howard. Her conscience told her she was doing wrong in thus consenting to forsake her school. Lucy had learned to do what she knew to be wrong, without feeling very uncomfortable; it is not surprising, therefore, that on this occasion she greatly enjoyed her holiday, and thought that it was much pleasanter to walk and chat with her friends, than "to sit mewed up in school."

Lucy was walking slowly towards her home, her companions having left her, when some one came up behind, and touched her gently on the shoulder. It was Miss Howard, who said in a sad and reproachful tone:

"Lucy Morley, why were you not at school this afternoon?"

"If you please, ma'am, mother gave me a holiday."

Miss Howard only replied by desiring Lucy to follow her; and they walked quickly on towards that lady's home.

"Shut the door, Lucy, and sit down," said Miss Howard, as she seated herself on a small sofa by the fireside, in a room which, from its size, and the number of children's books and pictures which covered the table, appeared to be her own private sitting room. Lucy sat down on the edge of the nearest chair.

"My dear child," said Miss Howard, after a short silence, "you have grieved me to day, and I greatly fear that it is not to day only, but every day, that you have sought your own pleasure, and done your own will, forgetting the commandments of your God. Tell me my child, is it not so?"

Lucy looked at her teacher, but she made no answer;

she did not quite understand the question. Miss Howard, repeated it, in a still more gentle voice :

“Tell me, **Lucy**, is it not true, that you are living to please yourself? Do you ever do anything you do not like, when you can help it?”

Lucy coloured, and dropped her eyes, as she whispered, “I am sure I often do disagreeable things, but I don’t know that I should, if I could help it.”

“You say truly, **Lucy**. I will tell you how it is with you; whatever you do from morning to night, is either done because you like to do it, or because you must do it. It is so with every unconverted person. The children of God learn to do every thing, not because they like, or because they must, but because they ought; or in other words, because God has commanded it. And when we think rightly of the love of Christ to sinners, this makes it easy and pleasant.”

Then Miss Howard told **Lucy** that if she went on in her own way, it would end in death; and begged in the most earnest and gentle manner, that she would turn to God in her heart, and seek his forgiveness and his love through Jesus Christ.

When Miss Howard spoke of him who, she said, loved **Lucy** and had “given himself” for her, and who was able and willing to make her good and happy for ever, **Lucy** thought she had never heard such beautiful words. She did not, however, quite understand what it was that her teacher wished her to do.

Miss Howard rose, and **Lucy** wished to speak, for a feeling of love to her kind friend was warm at her heart; but no words would come, and she only smiled pleasantly as she made her parting courtesy.

Tea was over when **Lucy** reached her home, and though some had been kept for her, she felt displeased. Her father and mother were out, Jane was sitting alone in the twilight, and did not speak as **Lucy** entered.

“Where is mother? How long have you had tea?” asked **Lucy** in a peevish voice; “how grumpy you look, Jane! can’t you speak, I wonder?”

Jane's head ached, and she gave rather a sullen answer.

"I hate cold tea," said Lucy, as she sat down to her solitary meal. The girls continued silent for some time.

"Where are you going?" said Lucy at length, as Jane slowly prepared to leave the room.

"To bed," replied her sister.

"Are you ill?"

"My head aches sadly."

"And who is to put the children to bed when they come home?"

"I can't sit up for them," was Jane's reply, as she closed the door behind her.

Lucy, alone, and nearly in the dark, had nothing to do, but to think over the events of the day. As she thought, she grew more and more uncomfortable. Miss Howard's manner had been so kind and tender, that Lucy thought her teacher must really love her; but it made her unhappy to consider that if that lady knew her as she really was, and could see all her bad ways, far from loving her, she would never speak to her again. Then Lucy called to mind her teacher's words, and wondered what she meant by asking her if she ever did "disagreeable things when she could help it?" "Nobody does, I should think," said Lucy to herself, "I am quite sure I never shall."

Lucy did not know the power of God: none truly believe that it is an Almighty power, but those who have felt it subduing within them the pride and selfishness and hardness of their hearts.

## CHAPTER III.

## A SCENE OF SORROW.

WEEKS passed away, and seemed to make but little difference in Lucy's character. She often wished she were a better girl, but idle wishes never yet made a person happy or good. Lucy, however, now listened with more attention to her teacher's instructions, and even intended some day to become "very religious indeed." She knew she had a wicked heart, and would have rejoiced to have awaked some morning, and found it gone; but to take any serious trouble about her soul never yet entered into Lucy's mind.

Such was the state of things with Lucy, when Jane was one night taken violently ill; Lucy, on awaking in the morning, found her sister gasping for breath, her face the colour of crimson. Mrs. Morley was up, and had tried in vain to rouse Lucy; she now desired her to dress quickly, and run for the doctor, as her sister was very ill. Lucy thought, there was not much the matter, and said she must take her breakfast first: it was late therefore before she set off; the doctor had gone out before she arrived, and he was not expected home till the evening.

In the course of the day, Miss Howard happened to call; Jane was sleeping heavily, and Mrs. Morley who had been up with her almost all night, had fallen asleep by her side. Miss Howard went up stairs, to look at the suffering girl, and when she came down, she looked so grave that Lucy was frightened, and fixed her eyes on her teacher's face: she did not speak for a few moments.

"Lucy," at last said Miss Howard, in a sorrowful voice, "your sister is very ill."

Lucy made no reply, and Miss Howard again broke the silence

“Do you think, Lucy, that Jane has been caring more about her soul lately, than she used to do? Have you observed that she has read her Bible more, or gone by herself for secret prayer?”

Lucy thought these questions very strange, and her teacher saw that she did so. “My dear child,” she continued, “we ought at all times to be anxious for the eternal safety of those we love; but when they are ill, and we remember how soon they may be taken from us, our hearts must be hard indeed if we do not inquire what will become of their souls. I need not tell you, Lucy, that should your sister and her heart remain unchanged, and her sins unforgiven, she will be miserable for ever.”

At these words, Lucy turned very pale; she saw that Miss Howard thought her sister would die, and she was greatly shocked. She remembered her own delay in the morning. It was terrible to Lucy, to think of death entering the family. Miss Howard saw what was passing in Lucy’s mind, and she said solemnly:

“Dear Lucy, pray for your sister, pray for yourself; death will come, sooner or later, to you both.”

Some hours after this conversation, the doctor called: he said that if Jane did not grow worse that night, she would probably recover; but that if the fever increased, she must die. When Lucy heard the doctor’s opinion, she remembered Miss Howard’s words, and being alarmed for her sister’s soul, wished to go for Miss Howard; but she could not do it as her mother desired her to watch by the sick bed.

Jane was awake, very restless, and tossing about in much uneasiness. Lucy sat for some time behind the curtain in silence; then it came into her mind, that she would speak to Jane herself, and try to make her think about her soul.

“How do you feel, Jane?” she began, in a kind and subdued voice.

“Very bad indeed,” replied the sick girl; “what does the doctor say? when shall I be better?”

“Suppose you were never to get better, Jane?”

“What do you mean?” cried the poor sufferer, starting up, and gazing wildly in her sister’s face.

“Why,” replied Lucy, much alarmed at the effect of her words, “I mean, you won’t get better unless you lie quiet, and take the doctor’s stuff.”

“Where is it? give it me,” said Jane faintly.

“It isn’t come yet,” answered Lucy.

“Oh my head!” groaned poor Jane, “can’t mother do nothing for me? where is she?”

“You had better ask God to pardon your sins, Jane.”

Jane looked too much surprised to speak, and Lucy went on: “You know what will become of you, if you do not pray to God. O Jane, do try and think about your soul.”

These words sounded strange indeed to the ears of Jane. In the days of health, she had never sought to have her sins pardoned, or her heart changed, and now she was too ill, and too frightened, to be able to think at all. Besides, Jane had been so long accustomed to unkindness from her younger sister, that anything she said was received with distrust, and she felt angry that Lucy should try to teach her.

“I have borne much from you, Lucy, when I was well, but I can’t bear it now. Do go away, I am not going to die, you shall not frighten me.”

Lucy burst into tears; Jane took no notice of her distress, but presently said, in a softened voice, “I should like to see Miss Howard.”

“I will go for her, when mother comes in.”

“You had better go now,” said Jane.

When Miss Howard entered the sick room a few hours after this conversation, Jane was no longer sensible; a stupor had come over her, which all present believed would end in death. It was a solemn hour. Mrs. Morley and all the younger children were standing round the bed. Mr. Morley had been sent for to see his daughter die. He was leaning against the wall of the room, the tears

rolled down his face ; his head was sunk upon his breast ; and he did not raise his eyes, when Miss Howard and Lucy entered.

After asking a few questions, in a very low voice, about poor Jane's state, Miss Howard proposed that they should join in prayer for her. The sobs of the afflicted father became so distressing that Miss Howard could hardly command her feelings sufficiently to proceed ; then again, she prayed with such earnestness for the soul of the dying girl that it seemed almost as if she were pleading for her own life, with a Being really present in the midst of them. She paused, and all was still ; it was as if each one expected that that unseen Being should once again, as, in the days of his flesh, bid the maiden "arise and walk." And the power of the Lord was present in that chamber of death ; it was still present "to heal." The heart of one of those who then knelt before him, was touched by the Spirit of God. Lucy prayed, at first for her sister, but soon a strange feeling of alarm for her own soul caused her to pray for herself. She prayed that God would have mercy upon her, and her prayer was heard ; but her heart was still full of fear and sorrow, when she rose from her knees.

In the course of that night Jane breathed her last. She was sensible for a few minutes before she died. She asked for Lucy, and held out her hand to her as she drew near. We cannot tell what was passing in the mind of the dying girl, as she was unable to speak. Lucy stooped down and kissed her sister's forehead, the coldness of death was there : but her lips moved—perhaps in prayer.

Lucy had many serious thoughts during the days of gloom which followed her sister's death. She wished to leave off her sinful ways and turn to God ; but when she began to consider what was really meant by this "turning to God," she was confused and perplexed. The only things she could think of, were to say her prayers with more attention, and to remember God sometimes in the day.

## CHAPTER IV.

## A STEP IN THE RIGHT WAY.

A CONSIDERABLE change took place in Lucy's ways after the death of her sister. She no longer attended the daily school, and was obliged to mind the house and the baby, when her mother went out to work. Getting up early in the morning, was one of the disagreeable things which Lucy never would do when she could help it; but now she was obliged to rise when her mother did, and dress the children as Jane used to do. She could not now avoid cleaning up and mending the children's things. Lucy's habits were indeed greatly altered, but Lucy herself was still the same. Her heart was chiefly set on pleasing herself, and therefore she neglected her duties, whenever she could do so without getting into trouble. Lucy was now more unhappy than she had ever been. The tears would often roll down her cheek, as she sat at work; yet she could not have told any one what ailed her. Lucy had prayed that her soul might be saved. God had heard her prayer. God will not allow those to be happy in their sins, on whom he has mercy.

One day, in the summer which followed Jane's death, Mrs. Morley went out early to work at Squire Wyndham's. She left Lucy to send the children to school; and to finish the skirts of a gown, which she was making for one of the servants. When the children were gone, Lucy put the breakfast things out of the way, and sat down to her work. It did not make Lucy feel uncomfortable to sit down to work in a room full of dust and litters; nor did it matter to her, that little Henry was playing about with unwashed face and hands; or that her own hair was uncombed, and her gown torn almost to the hem behind.

“I wonder whether I could get mother to buy me such a gown as this, for Sundays,” thought Lucy, as her fingers moved quickly forward; “it is such a pretty pattern, and I should not think it would be very dear. Let me see; it takes eight yards to make me a frock, with long sleeves and a tippet: perhaps this stuff is nine pence a yard; 8 times 9 is 72, 72 pence is 6 shillings; I have not been to school for nothing. Now, I think mother might get it for me against next Sunday. She will have three shillings for making this gown, and she expects three shillings more for the gown she carried home last week: there is the six shillings at once. She said yesterday I wanted a new frock.”

It presently came into Lucy's mind, that she had seen Sally Harris in a new frock of the same pattern. She could not resist the desire to know what it cost, and where it was bought. “I'll just run over and ask her,” thought Lucy; “I shall have plenty of time to finish this before mother comes home.” Sally was out; but on her way back Lucy met with an old schoolfellow who had just left her place. The girls got into talk, and Lucy's companion proposed that she should accompany her to her mother's house, to see the fine clothes she had brought from service. Lucy said “No:” it was no great temptation to look at other people's fine clothes.

The servant girl then told Lucy, that she had some beautiful lace edging, which she meant to sell a bargain to her particular friends.

Lucy had one shilling and sixpence of her own; and as she thought she should like some edging for a bonnet-cap, she consented to turn with the girl, and they walked quickly towards her home.

Lucy talked and laughed; but she was ill at ease. A year ago it would never have entered into Lucy's mind that there was any thing wrong in leaving her work for a few minutes, or in having her heart filled with thoughts of vanity and dress. But now her conscience was partly enlightened by that Holy Spirit, for

which she had sometimes prayed; and she could not help having an uncomfortable feeling that she was not doing right.

"You need not tell where you got the lace," said the servant girl when the bargain was concluded.

"Why should I not tell?" asked Lucy in surprise: "my mother is sure to ask me, where I got it."

"Tell her, you bought it a bargain, at Birbeck's."

"Why should I not tell the truth?" asked Lucy quickly. She began to suspect the lace had not been honestly come by, and coloured up as she spoke.

"Oh people will talk about what does not concern them," replied the bad girl; "but do as you please, it doesn't signify."

Lucy now wished to get back her money, and return the lace; but this she found impossible. "I can never wear it, as mother is not to know about it," was Lucy's thought as she walked towards her home; "for I will not tell a lie about it, I am determined."

Lucy could not settle to her work again all that afternoon. She kept looking at her bargain, and wishing she had her money instead of it. The gown, therefore, had made little progress, when Mrs. Morley returned; she was disappointed, and said, as she took it up, to examine the work:

"I shall not get it done to night; why, Lucy dear, what have you had to hinder you? you can work quickly when you've a mind."

"No one has been here to day, mother."

"Then you have been out yourself, Lucy?"

Lucy was silent.

"Where have you been, child?"

Lucy was much confused, and answered hastily.

"I only took Henry out for a walk, he was so fractious."

Lucy did not often tell stories, and as she spoke the colour flew into her face; but Mrs. Morley asked no further questions, and they began to work in silence.

When Lucy lay down in bed, that night, she felt frightened and unhappy. It seemed to her that she had been that day more foolish and wicked than ever in her life before. Yet she had done many worse things. The Spirit of God was convincing her of sin, though she knew it not. And now, that same Spirit whose office it is to convince of sin, brought before this guilty child the remembrance of many of the sins of her life. She thought of her unkindness to her departed sister; of her undutifulness to her mother, and of the many resolutions to be a better girl which she had made and broken. Lucy's pillow was wet with tears before she fell asleep, and when she awoke, her first thoughts were of her dearly bought edging, and of the falsehood she had told. It came into Lucy's mind that she ought to confess all to her mother. She tried to get rid of the thought, but it was in vain.

"If I do not tell mother, God will not forgive me." There was now a great struggle in Lucy's heart. She saw that God required her to do what was very disagreeable, and the question was, Whether she would submit her will to God or not. Upon the decision which Lucy at this moment made, depended perhaps her whole happiness for time and for eternity. There is some such decisive moment in the life of every human being—when they make their final choice between self-pleasing, and God-pleasing.

It seemed to Lucy impossible to confess her folly and falsehood; and she was just about to settle it in her mind that after all it was not necessary to do so, when she recollected a text which Miss Howard had lately explained at the Sunday-school; it was this: "His people shall be willing in the day of his power;" then came the thought, "God can make me willing, I will ask him." So Lucy knelt down by her bed-side, and with some tears she said aloud:

"O God, O Jesus Christ, my Saviour, make me willing to tell mother all the truth. Take away my proud bad heart. Let me not perish in sin."

Lucy ceased to speak, but she did not cease to pray, her heart still poured itself out before God. She felt that if her Father who was in heaven would but smile upon her, she should care for no disgraces. When Lucy rose from her knees, she was able to say :

“I will tell my mother everything ; I had rather bear anything than the anger of God.”

Thus God heard and answered Lucy's prayer, to be made willing to do right : nay more ; while she was making her request to God, it pleased him to reveal himself to her as her heavenly Father. Pray to God as you can, and he will teach you to pray as you ought.

All this happened very early on a bright morning in the month of July. The family were not yet risen, but Lucy dressed herself, and sat down to work, till it was time to get the children up. When her sisters were gone to school, and Lucy and her mother were left alone, she began with a trembling heart to make the confession she had so much dreaded. Mrs. Morley showed more surprise than displeasure at Lucy's tale : she said she would make the servant girl give back the money, and all would be well.

The gown was now soon completed, and Lucy was desired to carry it home. You would have thought that something very pleasant had happened to Lucy, had you chanced to meet her on her way. Her face was bright and calm ; and no wonder, for there was a feeling of peace within. Lucy had often rejoiced in a smart gown or bonnet ; she had been happy with merry companions ; she had delighted in words of praise, and in expressions of affection ; but this feeling of inward peace was quite new to her, and it was sweeter than any joy she had ever known. It was the peace which God gives, when the human will has yielded to his will.

Lucy had to wait some time in the kitchen, before she could see the servant, who was to pay her for the gown. The cook gave her a plate of cherry pie : while she ate it, she listened with interest to

the servants' talk, though it was vain and foolish. A footman entered the kitchen, who after looking at Lucy from head to foot, turned round and asked in a half whisper, "Who is that pretty girl?" The question was followed by another remark of the same kind. Lucy pretended not to hear, but she took care to let her face be seen again, as the same person passed out of the kitchen.

In a few minutes, the maid servant appeared; Lucy was paid, and dismissed. She tried, on her way home, to recall her happy peaceful feelings, but they were gone. Vanity and idle curiosity had gained an entrance into Lucy's heart, and the peace which comes from God will not dwell with wilful sin.

## CHAPTER V.

## OLD THINGS PASSING AWAY.

"It's no use to ask Lucy," said little Charlotte Morley, one day, to her sister Martha.

The child looked mournfully as she spoke, at a large rent in her frock, which she had discovered just as they were setting off to school. Lucy happened to enter at this moment, and said; "Why is it no use to ask Lucy, Charley?"

"I thought you would be too busy to mend it for me," answered Charlotte: "you know you never have time to do anything we want."

This reproach sank into Lucy's heart: she had often been accused of unkindness by her younger sisters, and it had only made her angry; but now it pleased God to take this means of opening her eyes to her own sinful neglect of duty towards them. "They do not love me," was Lucy's thought, "and I have not deserved their love."

"Where is mother?" cried Charlotte, on the evening of the same day, as she entered the cottage, on her return from school. The little girl looked disappointed when she saw only Lucy.

"What do you want, Charlotte? Perhaps I shall do as well as mother."

"Oh nothing," answered the child, turning away.

"Come here, Charlotte," said Lucy, rather impatiently, "what nonsense is this? Why do you not tell me what you want? What is it, Martha?" added she, on perceiving that her youngest sister showed no inclination to speak.

"She only wanted to tell mother, that she had been a good girl at school, and that Miss Howard

promised her a Testament, as soon as she could read it."

"And why could you not have told me that?" said Lucy, turning to the little girl.

"I did'nt want to tell you."

"You were going to tell mother?"

"Yes, because I thought she would be glad."

Again Lucy was made to feel how much her want of kindness and sympathy towards her sisters had affected their feelings towards her. She determined to change her whole conduct as respected them. But for some time after this she often found herself giving a cross answer, or angry command, and seldom thought of putting herself out of the way to oblige them.

About this period in Lucy's life, she had several secret causes for discomfort. They all arose from seeing her duties more clearly, before she set herself resolutely to perform them.

Hitherto, Lucy had been content to clean up and mend when her mother bid her; she now saw that it was part of her duty towards her parents to save them trouble, and make them comfortable. She thought she ought to make it her business to keep everything clean and neat; but alas! the tables and chairs were still often covered with litters; the floor was often black with the prints of many a dirty foot; and Mrs. Morley would still often say, after a hard day's work, "Lucy, dear, can't you get things more comfortable against your father comes home?"

Here was cause enough for the frequent heaviness of Lucy's heart. Those who know what their duty is, and yet live in the neglect of it, are almost always wanting in light and cheerful spirits.

Lucy had been for some weeks in this uncomfortable state, when Miss Howard happened to speak one Sunday afternoon on the duty of self-examination. She especially addressed herself to those who felt that something was wrong with them, and did not know exactly what. "Go by yourselves," she

said, "this very day, and ask your own heart, what right things you are leaving undone, and what sinful habits you wilfully allow."

Lucy felt as if Miss Howard was speaking on purpose for her, and perhaps that lady did observe the earnest and tearful attention with which Lucy listened to her words.

When Lucy returned home, she shut herself into the room in which she slept, and, sitting down by the bed-side, tried to think, but Lucy did not find it easy to think about her own doings and feelings. "Let me see," she began, "there is a great deal wrong I know; but after all I hardly can tell what it is." Then Lucy thought of her teacher, and of her teacher's dress; of her own dress; of something which had happened the day her frock was bought; of a girl whom she had met in the shop; and of a story she had told her in their walk home. So far had Lucy's mind wandered, when she remembered the purpose for which she had come into her room, and again she began; "There is the house, it is not kept as it should be; I do not like trouble. I let mother sit up last night, mending father's shirt, and never offered to help her." Lucy could not think any more; all her thoughts became confused. With a feeling of deep discouragement, she threw herself on her knees, and leaning her face upon the bed, said aloud:

"It's no use for me to try, I am all wrong, I do not know how to think." Lucy now remembered that she might ask God to help her, and she said in a softened voice:

"O Almighty God, have mercy upon me, I am very sinful. I cannot find out my sins, O help me to find them out. Teach me what to do, for the sake of Jesus Christ, who died to save sinners."

Then Lucy rose from her knees, and again she tried to search out the sins of her heart. This time she was helped to do so by the Spirit of God, and her thoughts no longer wandered. It pleased that

Divine Being to show Lucy what a guilty child she had been, and how she had deserved eternal death. She saw that she was still living to please herself, and that she was a proud, selfish, and unlovely child.

The tears rolled down Lucy's face, and again she prayed. Her prayer was now for pardon through the blood of Christ. She longed above all things that her sins might be blotted out from the book of God's remembrance. But it seemed to Lucy that God was too far off for her prayer to reach his ears.

Before Lucy left her room that sabbath afternoon, she made a resolution to get up half an hour earlier every morning, that she might have time to read a few verses of the Bible, before she went to her daily work. She asked her father to call her before he went to work.

Lucy jumped up the next morning as soon as she heard her father's voice. She washed and dressed herself more carefully than usual; and then opened the window to breathe the fresh pure air of a summer morning. Lucy felt that God was there; that the bright sun, and green trees, and fields, which she looked upon had been made by him, and that she herself was his creature.

Lucy took out her little Bible, and began to read. It was the account of a leper who came to Jesus to be made whole, which is given in the first chapter of St. Mark. She called to mind, as she read, her teacher's explanation of the narrative.

"I have a worse disease," thought Lucy, "than that poor leper; even the leprosy of sin. Jesus Christ made him well, and he can make my soul well. I know he will, if I ask him, because he has promised. He died for me, that I might not perish in my sin. O Lord Jesus," said Lucy, "wash me in thy precious blood, make me clean from sin. Thou art my God, my Saviour, O teach me how to please thee and love thee as I ought."

Thus Lucy "believed on the Lord Jesus Christ." The precious gift of "faith" was hers, though she

knew it not. She closed her Bible, and having repeated with great attention her morning prayers, went with a cheerful heart about her morning duties.

The day, however, did not pass without a cloud. A schoolfellow called in the afternoon, and caused Lucy to waste much time in idle chat; the consequence was, that her work was neglected, and Mrs. Morley did not find anything prepared for tea when she came home.

Some time ago Mrs. Morley would not have noticed this; but now Lucy had been more attentive to her duties for several months, and her mother had learned to expect more from her: she found fault with Lucy's negligence. Lucy thought the reproof was unjust, and her old bad feelings returned. "It's of no use to be diligent," she thought; "mother never sees when I do better, and is sure to scold when anything goes wrong."

The next morning Lucy felt very much inclined to go to sleep again after her father called her; but a thought of God, and a fear of displeasing him, came into her mind, and she started up. God was fulfilling to Lucy the promise which is written in Jer. xxxii. 39, of putting his fear into the hearts of his people. I hope my readers will turn to the place.

Again Lucy was comforted and strengthened by the word of God and prayer; and when she set about her daily labour, she remembered that the eye of her heavenly Father was upon her. Mrs. Morley was surprised to find the fire laid ready to light, the kettle filled with water, and the room all neat and comfortable, when she came down stairs. She said kindly:—

"Lucy, dear, don't you rest well? what gets you up so early?"

Lucy smiled pleasantly, and kissed her mother, as she replied,—

"I don't work as you do, mother; it does me good to be up soon."

## CHAPTER VI.

## ALL THINGS BECOMING NEW

THE summer and autumn had passed away, and winter was come. Lucy was now a very busy person. Every hour brought something to do, which was right to be done; but though Lucy had now no time for pleasing herself, she often made time for pleasing other people.

"Thank you, dear Lucy," said little Charlotte one Sunday morning, as she drew on her wrists a pair of red worsted comforters, of her sister's knitting; "thank you, dear Lucy; how nice they look; and they feel so warm, and just my size too!"

"Are you quite sure you know your lessons, Charlotte?" Lucy asked, in a pleasant voice, after a few more words about the comforters.

"Yes, I think so; you know I said them almost quite perfect last night."

"And you, Martha? I hope you have got yours well?" said Lucy to the sister nearest her in age, a girl of ten years old; "but I fear not, because you would not say them to me yesterday."

"Who made you my teacher?" replied Martha pertly; "if I don't know my lesson, it won't be your fault, I suppose."

"Oh, for shame, Martha!" said little Charlotte, "when Lucy is so good to us now."

"You may call it good, Charlotte," replied Martha, "but I don't like Lucy's new ways. I'd sooner by half she would leave us alone, as she used to do. She is a deal more particular than mother."

Lucy felt vexed; and as she could not just then speak pleasantly to Martha, she turned to her youngest sister, and reminded her that she would be late at

school. Charlotte kissed her sister, and went merrily on her way.

"How strange it is that I feel to love Charlotte so much!" was Lucy's thought; "she is a sweet and gentle child. I am sure she is very much changed."

Lucy did not know that God has so made us that we cannot help loving those for whom we *willingly* take constant trouble. The change was in herself, not in Charlotte.

Some of Lucy's happiest hours were now her sabbath hours. It was a joy to her to be at church; for there she heard that Book read which she had learned to love above all books; and there she heard His praises sung to whom she had given the best affections of her heart. It was a joy to Lucy to be alone; for then the Holy Spirit filled her mind with sweet and pleasant thoughts of Jesus, and her home in heaven.

You could not have seen Lucy, even in her weekday dress, without perceiving that a great change had taken place in her character; but on a Sunday the change was even more remarkable. On the sabbath morning of which we speak, Lucy came down neatly dressed, with her hair brushed very smooth, and parted plain over her forehead. Lucy did not think it wrong to wear curls; but she found she could not keep her hair nicely in curl without sometimes appearing in curl papers. Miss Howard never had allowed them at school, and now Lucy herself thought they had an untidy look. She wore a straw bonnet, with a plain riband crossed round it; a clean net cap appeared underneath. Lucy did not think it wrong to wear bows; but she had more pleasure in putting her spare money into the missionary box which stood on the school-room table. Lucy's father had made her a present of a nice warm shawl, which was pinned neatly on; and she carried a bag which held her books.

When Lucy, thus dressed, came down stairs, a few minutes before it was time to go to church, she found

her father sitting by the fire, and looking as if he had no intention of moving from his comfortable corner; her mother was not dressed for church; and Lucy was grieved to perceive they both meant to stay at home.

“Father, shall I bring you your clean shoes?” said Lucy, in a gentle voice; “it is almost time we were setting off.”

“I am not going out this morning,” said Mr. Morley sullenly; for his conscience told him he was doing wrong.

“Dear father!” said Lucy earnestly, “you said it did you good the last time you were at church.”

“Lucy,” replied Mr. Morley, who was half pleased, half angry, at her evident anxiety, “I don’t know what to make of you, child; it is mighty well for you to take so violent about your church and your school; and you have been an uncommon good girl lately, as your mother and I were just saying; but I am a deal too old to go to school at this time of day; so don’t you go for to interfere with me.”

“O, father!” said Lucy, laying her hand on his shoulder, and smiling pleasantly upon him, “I don’t want you to go to school; but you won’t say you are too old to go to the house of God?”

“I mean,” answered her father, “that I am too old to learn new ways, and to be taught by my own child; so get you gone, Lucy.”

“Don’t you vex your father, Lucy,” said Mrs. Morley, who had not yet spoken; “you are a good girl, but you must not expect every body to go your way.”

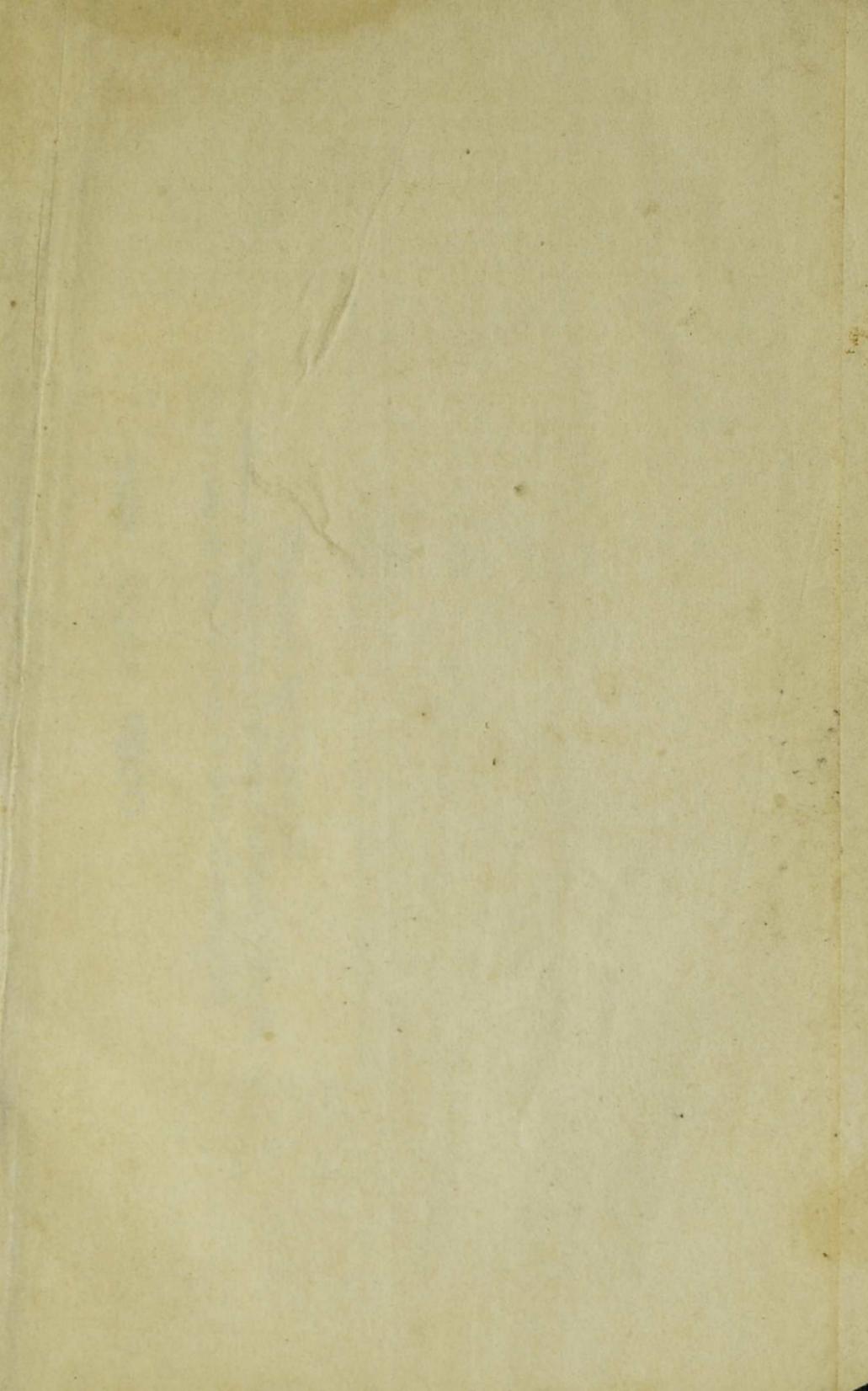
The tears started into Lucy’s eyes. Her parents were very respectable people; but Lucy could not help knowing that they were not living in the fear and love of God. It grieved her much to find she had so little influence over them for their good. Lucy had indeed no right to expect that, after so many years of undutiful conduct towards them, she should all at once gain that influence over her parents’ hearts which might have been the reward of a life spent in

devotion to their wishes: but for some months Lucy had been anxious to please and make them happy; and she could not help a feeling of disappointment as she walked slowly and alone towards the church.

Lucy had prayed for herself, and God had given her "more than she had asked or thought;" and now her prayers became very earnest and frequent that God would lead her parents and sisters into the way of peace, and make them a united family on earth, and a happy family in heaven.

We must now prepare to say farewell to Lucy. We have told enough of her history to show what is meant by the "change of heart," of which you have heard so much. You see it leads to a complete change in the conduct and character. The Holy Spirit, by whose influences Lucy's heart was changed, can do as much for you. You, my reader, cannot be more idle, proud, useless, and unhappy than Lucy *was*; you may become, if you desire it, as full of peace, and as lovely in the beauty of holiness, as Lucy *is*.

THE END.





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