

LITTLE LUCY;  
OR,  
A DAY IN THE LIFE  
OF A  
GOOD GIRL.

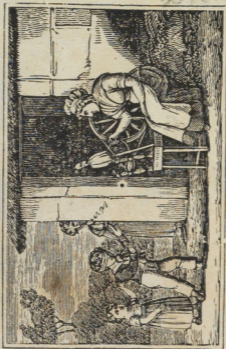


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NEW HAVEN:  
S. Babcock,—Church Street.

1837.

*Lucy's Strings.*  
*Book.*



*A. present*

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## LITTLE LUCY.

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Come Lucy, it is time to rise, said Ann, to Lucy Heath, as she stood by her bedside and drew back the curtain. Make haste, and open your eyes; the sun shines bright, the birds are singing, and the flowers smell so sweetly; you will quite enjoy a run in the garden before breakfast.

That I shall Ann, said Lucy; but my eyes are not quite open yet, there, now I think I can see. O dear, the sun is bright indeed, for it makes me shut my eyes again.

But Lucy rose quickly and began to dress; as soon as she had finished, and washed, and combed her hair neatly, she knelt down and said her prayers, thanking God for his care of her while she slept, and begging him to watch over her during the day.

Lucy Heath was a sweet tempered little girl of between nine and ten years of age. She was now the only child of her fond parents, having lost a little brother several years before, by the scarlet fever. The sudden death of this child was a great loss to her, for she was very fond of him, and he was her constant companion in all their little sports. Lucy saw at the time, young as she was, that this event caused her parents great grief, and, though unhappy herself, she strove with all her little might to become a comfort and solace to them. She was kind, gentle, dutiful, and affectionate, not only to her parents but to every one, and she was, herself, beloved by all.

When Lucy had finished her devotions, she put on her bonnet and went with Ann into the garden, where she looked at the plants and flowers, and watched the birds as they hopped about under the fruit bushes and on the green lawn, picking up worms and insects.



They also saw the bees as they flew from flower to flower to gather honey, which they stored in the hive.

How hungry and happy they all seem, said Lucy to Ann, and I am hungry and happy, too. One run round by the long walk, and then I will have my breakfast as well as the birds and bees. So good-bye, Ann. And away she went.

When Lucy went back into the house, a bowl of bread and milk stood ready on the table. O, I am so hungry, she said, as she sat down. The milk looked nice, and Lucy was so hungry, that she was tempted to drink out of the bowl; but on taking hold of it she felt that it was so hot she would be sure to scald her mouth as she had done once before. So she waited till the milk had become cool.

When she had eaten all the bread and milk, she went again into the garden, and from some plants which her mamma had given her, she cut with a

small knife, a rose, a pink, and a piece of sweet brier. These she tied up with a bit of thread into a little nosegay, and went to the window of the breakfast room to see if her mamma had come down. But no, mamma was not there; so Lucy sat down on a seat close by, from whence she could see when her mamma came into the breakfast room. She held the flowers in her hand, and now and then she smelt of them, or looked at their bright colors.

Soon she saw her mamma at the window, and she ran to ask her how she did, and to give her the nosegay. Her papa was also in the room, and they both kissed their little girl, and told her they were glad to see her well and happy, and that she might stay with them during breakfast.

Lucy liked this very much, and she talked with them of many things, and was very happy indeed. After a while her papa took up a large book, and read aloud from it to her mamma. Lucy



did not know what it meant, for she had never heard the words before, so she went very gently to a table at the other end of the room, where she found one of her own books, full of pictures, and she looked at them till her papa had done reading, for she knew it would be wrong to disturb him by talking or moving about when he was busy.

After breakfast, Mrs. Heath always heard Lucy read, and taught her to sew. When Lucy read she did not look off from her book to gaze out of the window, nor to stare about her, for she knew she had time enough to see the garden and all that was in it, as well as what was in the room, when she was not reading. There was one thing that this morning had nearly made her idle. A little kitten was in the room with its mother, jumping about, first playing with a piece of paper, then running round and round after its tail, and doing so many droll tricks, that Lucy two or three times quite forgot her book in



looking and laughing at the kitten. At length her mamma said, I think, Lucy, you had better send puss and her kitten out of the room; I do not wonder that her tricks amuse you, and cause you to forget your book; but as she thus loses both your time and mine, we had better send her away.

Lucy thought so too; so she took up the kitten and put her out of the room, and put puss out too, and then sat down to her book once more, and lost no more time.

After having put her book in its right place on the book shelves, she went out to wash her hands before she sewed, that she might not soil her work.

As she came back through the hall, the door next the street was open, and near it lay her papa's large dog. She saw that a poor little girl stood near, looking at the dog, as if she dare not pass him. Lucy asked her what was the matter, and the child said,—

I want to go home, but I am afraid that great dog will not let me pass,

Lucy said, he will not hurt you, but if you are afraid, I will lead you past him, for he knows me, and is fond of me, and he will not hurt any one that is with me. So Lucy took hold of the child's hand and led her past old Trim, for that was the dog's name, who only lifted up his head, looked at Lucy, and wagged his tail, as if to ask her how she did.

You need never be afraid of Trim, said Lucy; he never hurts children. She then went back to her mamma, and told her what she had done. You do not like me to go into the street alone, I know, mamma, she said; but there were no horses near, and I thought, as it was to do a kindness, I might go out.

Her mamma told her she had done right, and Lucy sat down to work; While she sewed, her mamma, read to her several pretty tales. She then said,

Now let me see your work. It is very neatly done, my love. There are a few long stiches here, but all the rest



is as it should be. Put it away now, for I hear your papa come in, and we must prepare for dinner.

A friend of her father's, whose name was Barker, and whom Lucy had never seen before, came to dine and take tea with them. He talked to her papa and mamma a long time, and of things of which she knew nothing; she did not speak or make a noise, but tried to amuse herself with her work; and when she was tired of sewing, she took one of her books and looked at the pictures, of which there were a great many. One of these pleased her above all the others; it was a picture of a large dog with a little child on his back, and Lucy read the whole story about it. The little boy was lost in the snow, which fell so fast as to nearly cover him up; but the dog found him and pulled him out before he was quite chilled through. So the little fellow got on the dog's back, and put his arms around his neck, and in this way the dog took him home.



Lucy was glad the child was saved from freezing to death, and she thought what a good, and kind, and *knowing* dog it was. Then, after reading this, she laid out a little puzzle, and amused herself till tea-time. After tea, Ann came in and told her it was time to go to bed. So she put her work box, book, and puzzle, in their proper places, and then went up to her mamma and kissed her, and said, Good night, in a whisper; and then she went to her papa, and standing on tip-toe, kissed his cheek, and said, Good night to him, also in a whisper. Her papa lifted her up, and said, Good night, my dear child. Lucy looked at Mr. Barker, not knowing whether she might wish him good night, too. He held out his hand to shake hands with her, and said, Good night, my dear; you are one of the best children I ever saw, for you think more of others than of yourself: You have been quiet and happy, and have caused no trouble to any one. Pray, Mrs Heath,



will you permit her to stay ten minutes longer?

Since you are so good as to wish it, I cannot object to her doing so, said Mrs. Heath.

Mr. Barker then took a snuff-box from his pocket, and laid it on the table, and in a moment after Lucy heard some very sweet music, unlike any she had ever heard before.

How pretty! how strange! cried Lucy; does the music come from that box? She put her ear down to the box, and found that it was indeed so. How can it be? asked Lucy, no one touches the box; it plays the tune by itself!

This my, dear, said Mr. Barker, is a musical box. A watch, you know, makes a ticking sound, and the hands show the hour; and this box makes music.

But mamma winds up her watch with a key, every night, and that keeps the wheels going.

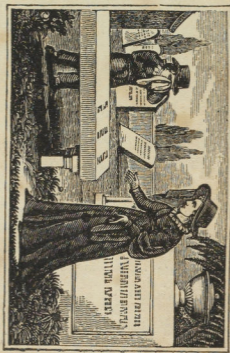
True, my dear, said Mr. Barker, and

I wound up this box and set the wheels going, although you did not perceive it.

And is this box like a watch? asked Lucy.

No, you shall see the inside of it. Mr. Barker lifted up the lid; and then taking his watch from his pocket, he showed Lucy the works of that also. She saw that they were not alike. You are too young, he said, to learn how all these wheels are made to move, or how the box makes the music; but one day I dare say you will know all about it.

When the box left off playing, Lucy thanked Mr. Barker, and again wishing all good night, went to bed. After she was undressed, had said her prayers, and laid her head on the pillow, she thought over all she had done in the day. She knew that she had been good, for she felt quite happy, and she soon after fell into a sound sleep.





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