

**THE LITTLE LAME
LORD, OR THE CHILD
OF CLOVERLEA**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649179305

The little lame lord, or The child of Cloverlea by Theodora C. Elmslie

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

THEODORA C. ELMSLIE

**THE LITTLE LAME
LORD, OR THE CHILD
OF CLOVERLEA**



Frontpiece.

THE CHILDREN OF SUNNYMEADOW.

THE LITTLE LAME LORD

OR

THE CHILD OF CLOVERLEA

BY

THEODORA C. ELMSLIE

*Author of "Little Lady of Lovelock," "Three Misadventurous Fairies,"
"The Pigeon Child,"*

"It is good to be children sometimes, and never better than at Christmas, when its mighty Founder was a child himself.

—CHARLES DICKENS

PHILADELPHIA
The Union Press
1142 CHESTNUT STREET



COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY THE AMERICAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATION
NEW YORK

NEW YORK

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. With Christmas angels	5
II. His little Lordship	22
III. Prim's little brocade	34
IV. A lost treasure	41
V. Lost !	47
VI. Summer gold	52
VII. White wings	67
VIII. An out-fashioned child	80
IX. The two friends	89
X. Homeward bound	109
XI. Alone	125
XII. The story of a Christmas baby	134
XIII. Carol's lovely lady	150
XIV. Good-by	156
XV. Primrose and Carol	168
XVI. His new home	179
XVII. Carol's sisters	188
XVIII. Gold and silver	195
XIX. A friend of the people	211
XX. Carol in London	217
XXI. The blue boy	230
XXII. In fancy dress	239
XXIII. Granny's boy	253



"I'd like a baby doll!" she cried.

CHAPTER I.

WITH CHRISTMAS ANGELS.

"Where did you come from, baby dear?"

"Out of the everywhere into here."

"But how did you come to us, you dear?"

"God thought about you, and so I am here."

GEORGE MACDONALD.

CHRISTMAS EVE; such a Christmas! Snow-crowned, icicle-hung, cold, glittering, dazzlingly beautiful.

The hills of Malvern, robed in purest white,

stood out distinct and clear against the heavy gray sky—those everlasting hills that have witnessed the coming and going of so many Christmastides. Down in the quiet valley of the Severn, the broad, calm river slowly wended its way betwixt frozen fields and snowclad woods. The music of the abbey bells floated dreamily over highland and lowland, singing the song the angels sang of old, the Christmas message of peace. It was a very tranquil scene.

The ferryman at the Ryd breathed hard upon his blue chilled hands, as he waited with what patience he might muster for his next customer.

Away over the river and across the meadows, away and away, far from the busy haunts of men, stood a quaintly-gabled Elizabethan house, called from time immemorial Sunnymeadow Farm. There it nestled, solitary and ancient, amid the sheltering pine-trees and larches, and tall, straight poplars, as out-of-the-world a home as one might find on the countryside.

But at this Christmastide Sunnymeadow was no deserted nest. Lord and Lady Deramore with their children, the four little Ladies Carew, were in residence, and the dark old corridors with their oak panels and ancient portraits of a bygone generation, and the quaint, tapestry-hung rooms echoed the music of children's laughter and the pleasant patter of light little feet.

The winter's day was waning. The ferryman secured his boat to the landing-stage and turned himself homewards, plodding heavily through