# VICTOR, THE LITTLE ORPHAN; OR THE NECESSITY OF SELF-HELP

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Victor, the Little Orphan; or The Necessity of Self-Help by Lizzie Glover

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### LIZZIE GLOVER

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#### THE LITTLE ORPHAN;

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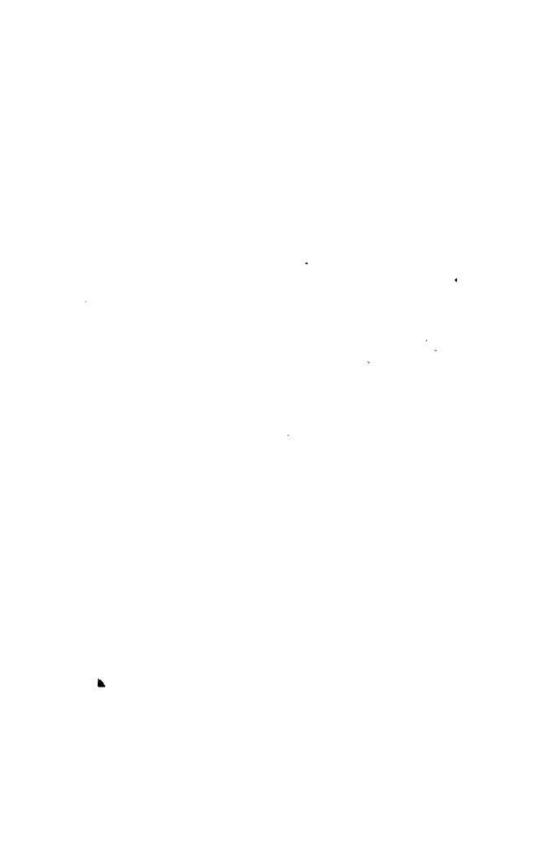
LIZZIE GLOVER.

"Despise not little sins; the gallant ship may sink,
Tho' only drop by drop the watery tide it drink."
TRENCH.



Condon: ELLIOT STOCK, 62, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C. 1876.

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#### PREFACE.

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A Preface has somehow come to be regarded as so necessary to introduce author and reader, that we at least shall not venture to set the pleasant rule aside. In this instance, however, but few words will suffice; for Victors's life-story is one that it is hoped may win its own way to the hearts of those who shall give him their confidence. To no particular class of readers is it exclusively addressed; but children, as well as those who are already nearing the border-line of manhood and womanhood, may find the narrative specially interesting and helpful. Helpful; yes, that is the cheery word we would use: and when is the storyteller better employed than in striving to assist the reader haply to discern more clearly life's every-day duties, and fight the more nobly and trustfully the battle in which all may be victors, through Him that loveth us. "Tears may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning," is a promise of which we but slowly learn the full sweetness; yet how often, despite earth's sorrows, the Good Father richly dowers with blessing those who in simple love and faith struggle for the right.

"Tis first the good and then the beautiful,

Not first the beautiful and then the good;

First the rough seed, sown in the rougher soil,

Then the flower-blossom, or the branching wood."





#### VICTOR, THE LITTLE ORPHAN.

In one of those narrow streets of London that are surrounded by lanes, crossing one another, in which the houses are all built so close together that you can hardly tell where one begins or the other ends, I once found myself at the door of one of the most dismal and wretched looking. The place and the surroundings were forbidding in the extreme. The noise of the ragged, badlooking people at the doors, lounging about as though time was of no value, and looking at me as much as to say, "What do you want here?" made me feel as though I must retreat, and venture no farther, but by a struggle I overcame my hesitation, and in another moment found myself asking where a little fellow by the name of Victor Thomas lived.

It was a long time before I could get an answer to my question; some said, "Oh, there is no one by that name up this way;" others only stared fiercely at me, and told me "not to come bothering there about where bits of boys lived." Many times did my heart sink