

**WESTFIELD VILLAGE;  
OR, ALICE'S THOUGHTS  
ON THE LORD'S PRAYER**

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Westfield Village; or, Alice's Thoughts on the Lord's Prayer by Ellen E. Lushington

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**ELLEN E. LUSHINGTON**

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Alice's Thoughts on the Lord's Prayer.

BY

ELLEN E. LUSHINGTON,

*Author of "Roger; the Lamb Boy."*

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# WESTFIELD VILLAGE.

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## CHAPTER I.

*"Our Father which art in Heaven."*

O CHRISTIAN child ! who from thy infant days,  
Hast learnt that holy, awful Name to speak ;  
Dost thou remember in thy prayer or praise,  
Who is that loving Father that we seek !

He made thee, He surrounds thee with His care,  
He guides thee in the present and the past ;  
And all created things His blessings share ;  
Father of Earth and Heaven ! the First, the Last !

THE morning service was over, the congregation had just dispersed after the usual greetings at the church door, as a bright, fresh-looking girl, turned into one of the best kept cottage gardens in the village of Westfield. She walked slowly, and lingered on the pathway to the door, though not as usual to watch the progress made

by her favourite flowers in the narrow edge of garden which was her particular charge, but she passed them unheeded with her eyes fixed on the ground, as if deeply engaged with her own thoughts. It was Alice Clifford, who had just returned from church, and was now considering what she had heard in the sermon, and what she could answer to her mother's usual questions upon it. She entered the cottage door, and proceeded to take off her hat and jacket in silence.

"What, back already are you, Alice?" said her mother, looking at the clock,—“oh, I see I'm rather behind-hand, for I'm only just come back from old Master Roger's; I went to make him a little comfortable, and we fell a-talking, and then I read to him in his Bible a little, and some of the Prayer-book, and time has slipped away, before I knew. It does one good to hear that old gentleman talk. But where's father, and Willy too?"

"Father is gone up the village, I believe, to speak to somebody, and Willy's staying for the class."

"It's very well they aren't come in yet, and me so behind-hand, for dinner isn't nearly ready for them; just help me, dear, a bit."

When the cloth was laid, the chairs set, and all the preparations made for dinner, Alice sat

down, but not as usual with a book before her ; her eyes seemed fixed on the flower-pots in the window sill, though it was not with them that her mind was now occupied.

"Why, Alice, how is it you are not at your books as usual ; what are you doing, my dear ?"

"Oh, I was only thinking, mother."

"Is anything the matter, dear, for you don't often sit in that way ?"

"No, mother."

"What are you thinking about then—mayn't I know ?" said her mother, smiling.

"Oh yes," said Alice, rousing herself : "I was only thinking of what I'd heard at church."

"What ! in the sermon—tell me a little then."

"But that's hard to do, mother, for I didn't understand it all, and it's easier to think than to speak it."

"Well, but try a little. What did Mr. Lawrence preach about,—was it again about the Confirmation ?"

"No, not about the Confirmation exactly, mother, though it seemed as if most of what he said was suited for that, though it wasn't once mentioned. And yet it had to do with it, for the sermon was all about the Lord's Prayer, which he said last Sunday he would explain."