

**B**

0  
0  
0  
1  
7  
4  
2  
2  
7



УЧ. ЗАПИСНИК РЕГИОНАЛ. БИБЛИОТ. КАТ.



THE LIBRARY  
OF  
THE UNIVERSITY  
OF CALIFORNIA  
LOS ANGELES

52



MRS. LESTER'S



BIBLE PEARLS.



# The Pearl of Peace:

OR,

## THE LITTLE PEACE-MAKER.

BY MRS. MADELINE LESLIE.

*psalmist.*

*L. Baker, Harriette Woodbridge*

“Blessed are the peace-makers; for they shall be called the children of God.” MATTHEW 5:9.

---

BOSTON:

PUBLISHED BY A. F. GRAVES,  
20 CORNHILL.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868, by

**REV. A. R. BAKER,**

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the District of  
Massachusetts.

**J. E. FARWELL & CO., PRINTERS,**  
37 Congress Street.



PZ 6  
B17 p

Ed

FRANK RANDALL, RUTH, MAY, RANDOLPH MORGAN,  
AND JAMES WALDINGFIELD,

CHILDREN OF

D. F. APPLETON, Esq., NEW YORK,

THESE "BIBLE PEARLS" ARE AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED

BY THE AUTHOR.

484078  
LIBRARY

PROF. DR. JOHANNES  
ALBERTUS ZOLTA  
FRANCO

MRS. LESLIE'S  
PEARL SERIES.

Series for Girls.

- VOL. I. THE PEARL OF FAITH.  
“ II. “ “ “ DILIGENCE.  
“ III. “ “ “ MEEKNESS.  
“ IV. “ “ “ FORGIVENESS.  
“ V. “ “ “ CONTENTMENT.  
“ VI. “ “ “ PEACE.



MRS. LESLIE'S  
PEARL SERIES.

*Series for Boys.*

- VOL. I. THE PEARL OF LOVE.  
“ II. “ “ “ CHARITY.  
“ III. “ “ “ OBEDIENCE.  
“ IV. “ “ “ PENITENCE.  
“ V. “ “ “ HOPE.  
“ VI. “ “ “ PATIENCE.



# CONTENTS.



## CHAPTER I.

THE QUARREL, . . . . .	11
------------------------	----

## CHAPTER II.

SALLIE'S HOME TROUBLES, . . . . .	22
-----------------------------------	----

## CHAPTER III.

HATTY'S PEACEFUL HOME, . . . . .	34
----------------------------------	----

## CHAPTER IV.

THE PEACE-MAKER, . . . . .	46
----------------------------	----

## CHAPTER V.

MATILDA'S CONSCIENCE, . . . . .	59
---------------------------------	----

## CHAPTER VI.

THE QUARREL SETTLED, . . .	72
----------------------------	----

## CHAPTER VII.

THE SICK GIRL, . . .	86
----------------------	----

## CHAPTER VIII.

THE PEACEFUL DEATH, . . .	102
---------------------------	-----



# The Pearl of Peace.

---

## CHAPTER I.

### THE QUARREL.



HE'S the meanest girl I ever saw! If she is my cousin, I'll say so. I wont speak to her again this term ; see if I do!"

Sallie Munson was greatly excited, and walked in quick jerks by the side of her companion.

Matilda had been repeating to her, with some exaggeration, the remarks of Cynthia Manning, concerning her dress; but Matilda did not expect or intend to excite so much anger, and was almost frightened at Sallie's warmth.

“What are you talking about?” called a cheerful voice from behind. “I’ve been running my breath all away, trying to catch you; but I couldn’t make you hear my call; I could only see Sallie gesturing

away, as if she were practising her exhibition piece.”

Matilda had only time to whisper hurriedly, “Don’t tell her a word of what I said,” when Harriet Maynard joined them.

One glance into her good-humored, serene face, would have put Sallie’s anger to flight, if it had not been for a sly pinch Matilda gave her arm.

“Did you ever see the brook look so lovely, girls? I should have overtaken you sooner, only

that I stopped at the bridge to see the water dash over Montworth Falls, as I have named that pretty cascade. I threw in a piece of wood, and over it went among the foam just like that boat we read of, over Niagara."

She rattled away in a gay tone, looking as smiling as a May Queen; but at last she could not help noticing that neither of her companions were in good humor.

"Why, what's the matter, Sallie?" she asked, affectionately. "You

look as if you were in a high fever, and Matilda, too, is as solemn as a church. What is it?"

There was no answer; and, presently, a shadow crept over Hatty's smiling countenance.

"Sallie, Matilda," she exclaimed, eagerly, "you must tell. Have I done anything? Have I hurt your feelings?"

"No; oh, no, indeed!" answered Sallie, turning quickly to her friend. "It's nothing that you have anything to do with." She

cast a quick glance down at her own dress, eager to know whether Hatty had also condemned it as low and vulgar; but her friend said, still more earnestly,—

“Tell me all about it, can't you? Do you know I begin to be jealous of Matilda? You have told her all your troubles.”

“No, indeed! Matilda told me,—  
I”—

There was another pinch of the arm, and she stopped suddenly.

“Well, good-bye, then; I wish

you were going my way: but I have the brook for company."

Then she laughingly waved her adieu, calling out after they were at some distance, "I've finished all those hard sums."

"What a girl Hatty is," exclaimed Sallie. "I wish I were always as happy as she is. I don't believe she ever cried in her life."

"Yes, she's gay," answered Matilda, "and good company; but still I do like people that have some feeling. She laughs a good

deal. She knows that's her best look. She's awful proud of her white teeth."

"Now, Matilda, that's too bad! I don't believe she ever thinks of that in all her life. She laughs because she's happy; and, as for feeling, I think she has more than any of us. She's the best friend I have, any way. I never get angry when I'm with her."

"I didn't mean to say a word against her, I'm sure. I like her first-rate."



“Well, I shouldn’t think you liked me first-rate, if I heard that you called me unfeeling and proud.”

Sallie drew her arm from her companion, and walked on by herself in a dignified manner. Before long, Matilda reached her own home, and, with a pleasant good-bye, ran inside the gate.

When Sallie was left to her own reflections, her face grew more flushed and serious than ever. She was very angry with her

cousin Cynthia, for criticizing her dress. She was angry with her mother, for obliging her to wear a gown that looked as if it came out of the ark. She was angry with Matilda for repeating her cousin's ill-natured remarks; and she was angry with herself for listening to them. It was only when she thought of Hatty, sweet Hatty Maynard, with her gay tone and pleasant, placid smile, that her forehead relaxed from the deep frown which had gathered upon it.

“I wonder,” she said to herself, “why Hatty is so much happier than anybody else I know. She’s real poor, and has to wait on that cross old uncle, and her deformed sister; she dresses old-fashioned, too; only she never seems to care. When she has on anything odd, she just laughs the more, and says, gayly,—

“‘You know my dressmaker doesn’t visit the city often.’ Well, I suppose it’s her way, and I wish ’twas my way, too.”

## CHAPTER II.

### SALLIE'S HOME TROUBLES.



SALLIE MUNSON was the daughter of a man who had sailed as Captain of a schooner, bound for the West Indies, more than five years before the date of our story. He left a wife and seven children, of whom Sallie was the youngest, and the only daughter. At the time he

left home she was just past six, and was therefore now eleven.

Five long, weary, waiting years of watching, suspense and anxiety, had left Mrs. Munson careworn and old before her time. Her eldest son was married and settled at a distance; the second had gone with his father as a sailor; the sixth boy, her darling, blue-eyed Jamie, was buried at the end of her little garden; leaving four children dependant on her labor for their support. To be sure,

Abner, the oldest at home, was nearly seventeen; but though steady and honest, he lacked energy and thrift. When away from home he was the butt and laughing-stock of his more shrewd companions; and so his patient mother obtained what employment she could for him, under her own eye, and sent his brother Joseph, a stout, fun-loving lad of fifteen, to work in a neighboring tan yard.

Edward and Sallie went to school during the short sessions both in

summer and winter, though the care and pains it cost their mother to fit them out in clothes and books, I can hardly describe.

Once a year Mrs. Barnes, the Captain's sister, came to the seashore to spend a few days, and always brought with her a bundle of half-worn clothes, out of which the widow made useful, if not fashionable, garments for her family.

It was shortly after one of these visits, that Sallie wore to school a

dress, made from one given her by her aunt. It was a bright plaid, and with great pains had been made to fit her neatly. Whether the boddice and sleeves were in the prevailing mode, she was ignorant, until informed by her school-mate, Matilda.

This young girl had some good traits of character. She was diligent in her studies, and prompt in obliging a friend. But she had one terrible failing; a love of gossip or mischief-making, which ren-



dered her dangerous to the peace of those with whom she associated.

This habit often led her much farther than she anticipated, and betrayed her into sundry exaggerations which she sometimes keenly regretted.

At recess, Cynthia Manning refused to lend a new book to Matilda; and to show her spite, she determined to make a quarrel between the cousins. The two girls lived not far apart, and usually

walked home together in company with Hatty.

This time Matilda hurried her friend along, and began at once to say :

“It’s strange you can’t have anything new, without Cynthia being so envious. Just because you’ve got a handsome new gown, she’s so mad, she can’t say enough against it. She made all manner of fun of it behind your back, and called it real dowdy. ‘I do declare,’ she said, tossing back her

head, 'for all Sallie is so set up with her new dress, I wouldn't be seen wearing such a vulgar-looking thing.' "

This was what had made Sallie exclaim in anger against her cousin. The reason Matilda was unwilling her companion should explain why she looked feverish, was because she well knew Hatty's character as a peace-maker; and her conscience loudly whispered that she had told much more than was true.

After the girls parted, and she went into her own home, do you think she was happy? Are quarrelsome people generally so? We shall see

Matilda was the eldest of five children. The baby, as Master Tom, a sturdy little fellow of two years was called, was playing near the steps as she walked up the path from the gate. He gave a shout of welcome; but she pushed over his pile of stones with her foot, laughed at his cry of disap-

pointment, and opened the door, with a frown on her face.

It was Wednesday; and the afternoon was a holiday. She felt quite sure there would be no play for her, and was resolved to show her displeasure at once.

She threw her pile of books into a chair, tossed her hat on another, and, passing through the common sitting-room, asked in a complaining tone,—

“Isn't dinner most ready?”

“Oh, Matilda!” said her mother,

“you’re just in time; run back as quick as you can to the store, and ask Mr. Pratt to cut you a thick slice of ham. Your father will be home in ten minutes, and be angry if dinner isn’t ready. There, catch up your hat, and run quick.”

“It’s always the way,” pouted Matilda, snatching the plate her mother held toward her. “I wanted to eat my dinner, and go nutting; but I never can do any thing.”

She did not hurry in the least;

but, just outside the gate, met her two brothers, who were quarrelling about a jack-knife, one of them had found.

Instead of trying to make peace, she entered into the quarrel, and soon had both of them railing at her.

When her father came from his toil, hungry and impatient for his dinner, his wife was fretting; and his daughter nowhere in sight.

## CHAPTER III.

### HATTY'S PEACEFUL HOME.



NOW, let us follow Hatty as she ran gayly up the narrow lane toward her humble home. The brook, she loved so well, tumbled on over the stones and pebbles at her side, dancing and sparkling in the sunlight, as happy as she.

“ Oh, how pretty these everlast-



ings are!" she said to herself, stopping to take a nearer view of the late fall flowers; and there's dear Esther sitting at her sewing.

"Am I late?" she asked, running into their one room, which served for parlor, sitting-room and kitchen.

"Oh, no, dear!"

There was an affectionate kiss between the two sisters, and then Hatty, after hanging up her school hat and sack, laid some fresh sticks into the stove, filled the

tea-kettle, and put some potatoes already washed into the oven to bake. Then she proceeded to lay on a cloth very coarse, but white as snow; and to set out the common plates they used, her tongue running merrily all the while.

“Oh, Esther! I wish you could see Montworth Falls. The water foams, and dashes, and sparkles so beautifully, I stood a moment to look at it; and then I had to run to catch the girls.”

Esther smiled; a patient, calm

face her's was, almost always lighted with that trusting, placid smile.

“I can see it,” she answered, “almost as well as if I were there. You are my eyes, you know.”

“Oh, sister!” Hatty went on, after bringing from the cellar a dish of cold meat and a plate of large cucumber pickles, “the girls are going nutting. Do you suppose I could go? Ethel Frost says chestnuts and shagbarks are

ever so thick. There's one reason, specially, why I want to go to-day."

Esther quite laughed this time.

"You know I tell you everything," Hatty went on, her face growing a little anxious. "Sallie Munson is in trouble. I want to make her feel better; and I guess I can."

"Well, my dear peace-maker, you can go as well as not. You know uncle Oliver likes nuts in winter. They remind him of old

times. You'd better carry them up stairs and dry them, and then give him a pleasant surprise."

"So I will!"

Hatty peeped into the oven to see how the potatoes were coming on, singing a line of her favorite hymn:—

"Oh how happy are they  
Who their Saviour obey,  
And have laid up their treasure above,  
No tongue can express,  
The sweet comfort and peace,  
Of a soul in its earliest love."

Just as the tea was drawn (uncle Oliver was as set in his way as an old smoker, and declared that he couldn't live without tea with every meal), the old man made his appearance. He was bent a good deal with rheumatism; his face was wrinkled, and his hair grew low down on his forehead. His shaggy eyebrows nearly met over his nose, and his deep grey eyes looked cold to a stranger, but, notwithstanding all this, his nieces loved

him. Years ago when his only sister, who was their mother, died, he promised her, that as well as he knew how, he would be a father to her daughters; and faithfully had he kept his word.

He had only a little money; but that little was freely given for their necessities. When they first came to live with him, people called him hard and crusty, an odd stick; but Esther and Hatty had crept into his heart and made it soft and tender.

For their mother's sake he had allowed Hatty to attend church and Sabbath school; and in this way a blessing had come home to all of them. Hatty was not only eyes to her deformed sister, and described to her the beauties of nature which she seldom saw herself, but she was ears to both of them. Every word she could remember of the Sunday teachings was stored to be repeated at home; and thus both the old man and his deformed niece had



learned to love the sacred truths of the Bible. Indeed a blessed peace had settled on the whole household, a peace and contentment at which many of their neighbors wondered.

When Hatty heard her uncle's step, she ran to the door to welcome him. If he had been the handsomest man in America, she couldn't have looked more lovingly in his face. She playfully took off his hat, hung it on its hook, and then seated him at the table.

“Come, Esther,” she exclaimed, “dinner’s ready; and here’s your chair.”

It was no wonder uncle Oliver smiled as he watched her flitting about, first to lay Esther’s work on a small table away from harm, then to push up her chair before her plate, snatching a kiss for her pains, and last seating herself demurely while the old man said grace. It was no wonder at all that he asked God to bless every one of them, and continue life and

health to the child who was the joy of their hearts as well as the delight of their eyes.



## CHAPTER IV.

### THE PEACE-MAKER.



ATTY had a special reason for hurrying through her after-dinner work. She did not think it right to tell even Esther that her school-mate had tried to make hard feeling between cousins ; but she did tell her heavenly Father, and asked his blessing on her effort to make peace between them.

Then with a parting kiss to Esther, who sat patiently at her sewing, she ran off to call for Sallie before Matilda joined the party.

“I’ve come begging,” she said, laughing gayly, as she found her friend lingering over her afternoon task of picking beans for her mother to bake. “Here, let me help you; and I’ll tell you what I want. You and I are just the same size; and I admired your new dress so much I’m going to get Esther to cut mine just like

it. I want you to wear it over to our house, and let her see it; and then I can try it on. If it does fit me, and I'm sure it will, I can borrow your mother's pattern, and that will make it so easy for Esther, you know."

Sallie's cheeks grew crimson. She thought at first that Hatty must be joking. She had begun to hate that dress, but then, if Hatty liked it, it must be pretty, for every one in school acknowledged Hatty's good taste.

She sat thinking of this, while her friend took up handful after handful of beans, and put them into the pan.

“I’m going to try, and make it all myself,” she went on gayly. “I am old enough now; and Esther has so much to do.”

“Mother will lend you her pattern,” answered Sallie, “but now really, Hatty, do you like my dress?”

“Yes, indeed; or I wouldn’t wish mine like it; and I heard

ever so many of the girls say how prettily it looked. Cynthia said those bright colors were very becoming, you're so pale, you know."

"Cynthia! did she say that?"

"Yes, she didn't like the tight sleeves at first; but I told her I did; and besides it's the fashion. You know," she added with a merry laugh, "when the fashion is a sensible one, we ought to follow it."

"But Hatty, Matilda says, Cynthia talked horridly about my



dress. I got awfully angry about it, and said I wouldn't speak to her again this term."

"Oh, Sallie! that would be unkind and unforgiving, even if she had done all that Matilda says; but I do really think, Matilda is mistaken; I heard Cynthia praise the dress myself."

"No, she was not mistaken," cried Sallie in great excitement. "She meant to make a fuss. She's always trying to get people into a quarrel. There, the beans

are done; and I'm going right to her house to tell her I've found her out; and I want nothing more to do with her."

'But Sallie, it's time we were going to the grove. The best nuts will all be gone; and I want to get good ones for uncle Oliver."

"Come on, then, I'm ready. Mother, is Edward going with us?"

"He's been gone with Ethel for an hour. He has a chance to sell a bushel, if he can pick them."

“I hope Matilda wont be there,” said Sallie. “If she is, I sha’n’t speak to her.”

“I shall,” added Hatty in a decided tone; “because, though I’m afraid she’s done wrong, I don’t think that would be the way to cure her, I think it would be best to let her see that we all love each other too well to allow a few hasty words to make us quarrel.”

“I hate people who are always making a fuss.”

Hatty laughed. “Matilda can’t

make a fuss with me," she said, showing all her white teeth.

"She tried to," answered Sallie. "She called you proud, and said you laughed to show your handsome teeth; but I wouldn't hear you talked against; and I told her so. After that she shut her mouth pretty quick."

"I'm afraid I do laugh too much," said Hatty, blushing crimson; "but I'm so happy, I can't help it. I hope I'm not proud, though I try to be thankful."

“ You’re the dearest girl in the world,” exclaimed Sallie, putting her arms tightly around her friend’s neck. “ If it hadn’t been for you, I should have had a quarrel with Cynthia ; and mother would have worried awfully about it, for we’re own cousins, you know.”

“ Well, dear Sallie, for my sake, forgive Matilda too. She was to blame for what she said ; but we must pity her. I don’t think Matilda is very happy.”

Sallie shook her head, but presently asked, —

“What makes you always want people to forgive? I don't see how it will make you any happier.”

“Oh, yes indeed it will! It seems dreadful to me to see two school-mates feeling unkindly to each other; and then, you know,” she added with a deeper blush, who has said, “‘Be of one mind, live in peace, and the God of love and peace shall be with

you ;' don't you remember what a blessing is promised to the peace-makers ?”

“ No, I don't.”

“ Why, Sallie ! The minister preached about it last winter. I remembered ever so much of the sermon for uncle Oliver and Esther. You know I have to preach it over again to them. Esther says, she thinks it's one of the most beautiful verses in the Bible :”

“ Blessed are the peace-makers ;

for they shall be called the children of God.”

Sallie remained silent for a few moments. When they came in sight of the grove, she caught her friend's hand and said earnestly,—

“Oh, Hatty! I wish I were like you, and could claim that promise. I see now why you're always so happy. You—”

“‘Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee,’” added her companion, with a reverent glance upward.



## CHAPTER V.

### MATILDA'S CONSCIENCE.



MATILDA did not make her appearance in the grove. Her father was so angry at her tardiness in bringing the ham for his dinner that he forbade her the pleasure. She passed the afternoon in a very unhappy state of mind, continually quarrelling with her brothers and sis-

ters, and stirring up strife in the whole household.

From her chamber window she saw Hatty and Sallie walk on, arm in arm, swinging their baskets; and conscience whispered, — “They will talk of you, and you have no one but yourself to blame for all your wretchedness.”

Disgusted with herself, she still sat gazing from the window, when serious thoughts began to arise.

“Why can't I be happy?” she asked herself. “I have a better

home than either of those girls. That is, the rooms look better, and father has more money. But things never go right. Mother always wants errands done so quick; and father gets angry and cross; and the boys are so touchy," —

“ And Matilda, the eldest daughter is worse than all the rest; for she might be a help to her mother, a comfort to her father, and an example of love and peace to the whole family.”

This was what conscience said ; and conscience this time was determined to be heard.

“ You hate yourself now,” the inward monitor went on, “ but not so badly as you will by and by. Every day that you indulge in these evil passions, you will grow worse and worse. Try to reform. Begin to-day, and take this verse for your motto : ‘ If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peacably with all men.’ ”

“ That is Hatty’s rule,” exclaimed

Matilda, starting from her seat.  
“I'll try it. I'm sorry now, I told Sallie that Cynthia didn't like her dress. I'm afraid there'll be a fuss about that. Sallie wont speak; and her cousin will find out what I said, and then the blame will all come on me.”

“Where it belongs,” urged conscience again.

“Well, I'll never tell tales again; that is, if I can help it. I mean to try and be like Hatty. Father and mother will wonder

what has come over me; I wish I knew what I ought to do first."

Already she felt happier than for a long time. She ran down to the sink, bathed her face and eyes; then back to her room and combed her hair, confining it in her net, after which she joined her mother in the sitting-room.

"Where's that little apron," she began, "that you cut out yesterday? I'm going to make it."

Mrs. Manning glanced up from

her work in surprise. "What has happened?" she asked herself; but she smilingly directed her daughter where she might find the apron.

Before her needle was threaded, baby Tom fell from the steps and began to scream with all his might.

Mrs. Manning started up, letting her sewing fall to the floor. "I sha'n't sew a stitch at this rate," began Matilda impatiently; but recovering herself, she exclaimed,—

“Come here, Tommy. I’ll show you the bossy;” and they trotted off together to the barn.

The other boys were there playing in the hay, and at any other time Matilda would have begun to quarrel directly; but with her good resolves fresh in mind she began to coax them to come off the hay, and show her how to make bossy stand on his feet.

Her tone was so pleasant that they came at once, wondering at the change; and for the next half



hour they had a merry time together.

Then she returned to the house with the baby mounted on her back.

When her father came home to supper, he evidently expected to find her cross and impatient at having been kept from accompanying her companions to the grove. He heard her singing before he reached the gate, and was not a little delighted to find his wife sitting at her sewing, and

Matilda putting the last dishes on the table for tea.

“Well, now, this is as it ought to be,” he said heartily, as they drew their chairs about the table.

“Wife, you said you wanted a new gown, and here’s money to buy cloth for you and Matilda, too. I’m always ready with the cash for good daughters.”

A few hours later, when the young girl retired to her bed, she said to herself, — “It isn’t so very hard to do right after all. How

pleased father was. Now if I only knew that Sallie wouldn't say anything about what I told her, I should be happier than I have been for a month."

"I wish Hatty had been there to remind her that she ought to thank her heavenly Father for help to keep her resolutions, else she could not have done one right thing. As it was, Hatty was giving uncle Oliver and Esther an account of her call at Mrs. Munson's; and they were thinking,—

“What a blessing our dear girl is to us, and how lonely our cottage would be without her.”

The nuts, a peck of each, were safely stored in the attic to dry, before the old man came home to supper; and then Hatty had time to run to a neighbor's with the vest Esther had just completed.


In the evening they had family-prayers, a service the two girls commenced by themselves, but which uncle Oliver soon joined; and then after Hatty's account of her

afternoon, they retired to rest for the night, the blessing which God has promised the peace-makers resting upon them.



## CHAPTER VI.

### THE QUARREL SETTLED.

T was scarcely a week after the nutting party, when one morning Sallie was missing from school. This was so unusual that the teacher inquired of the scholars whether any of them knew why she was not in her place.

But no one had seen her that

day; and as her brother Edward was also absent, nothing could be ascertained till night.

When the teacher called, she found the family of Mrs. Munson greatly afflicted. Three of the children were in bed with fever, and the widow was scarcely able to drag herself about.

“I’ve had trouble on trouble,” she said, sighing. “Month after month, for five long years, I’ve stood at the door where I could see the ocean, and watched for the

ship that never came. I've laid one child beneath the sod, and now it's likely three more will follow. Still I can say, — 'Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee.' ”

At school, both Edward and Sallie were greatly missed, the first question in the morning being: “Have you heard from Mrs. Munson's. Is Sallie better?”

Hatty went about her studies with a sad countenance. She was



much afraid that her friend would die without having given her heart to the Saviour.

One day, when she was going home from school, she passed two boys who were quarrelling terribly about a book one of them had lost.

The young girl lingered near them for a few moments, wishing, yet scarcely daring to speak. At last she said, —

“ Oh Ethel! how can you quarrel when one of your companions

is so very sick? Think if you were to be taken down with the fever, how sorry you would be that you had called any one such hard names."

The boy hung his head, somewhat ashamed, but then said, —

"It's too bad to lose a new book. I'm sure Bill took it home with him."

"I didn't. I haven't seen it since Ethel showed it to me at recess. I don't see why he need to lay it to me."

“At recess?” murmured Ethel.

“Oh dear! Bill, wait a minute.”

He was off without a word, and in ten minutes more he came running at full speed, shouting, —

“I’ve found it. Here ’tis, all safe. I left it on the rock when we were playing ball.”

“And now you’re sorry you charged Bill with carrying it home,” exclaimed Hatty, eagerly.

“Yes, I am. As soon as he spoke about recess I thought where I laid it.

“Don’t you think it would be a good plan to ask him to forgive you?” inquired the little peacemaker, drawing him aside.

He made a wry face and hesitated.

“You know, you said some awful hard things,” she urged. “I thought then he was pretty good-tempered not to take offense.”

She looked in his face so eagerly that he laughed outright.

“Well,” he said, “for your sake, I will. You always have



"Look here, Bill, Hatty thinks I ought to ask your pardon."

Vol. VI, p. 9.



everything your own way, you know."

"Look here, Bill," he exclaimed, walking back to the fence where his companion stood, and holding out his hand, "I was wrathful and called you names you didn't deserve. Hatty thinks I ought to ask your pardon."

"Oh, Ethel! don't tell him that. You owned you were sorry first."

"So I am; and if Bill will say quits, I'll do him as good a turn some other time."

“All right,” said Bill, giving his hand.

“Here, Hatty,” cried Ethel, “you must shake hands too. You’re better than Squire Morse to settle up quarrels.”

She laughed and blushed, giving her little hand first to one, and then to the other.

“Now promise me,” she said, “that you’ll never quarrel again.”

“That’s pretty steep. I wouldn’t dare venture,” cried Ethel, growing very red.



“ Oh ! ” urged Hatty, “ I always thought you two the bravest boys in school. Such good scholars ought to be brave.”

“ I promise to *try* to be peaceable,” answered Bill.

“ And I’ll agree to think of you, Hatty Maynard, when I want to call hard names. I guess that will cool off the hot blood.”

“ You must think of somebody better than I am,” she urged, growing very serious. “ Don’t you recollect what the minister said,

about living in peace? And the Bible tells us, to 'follow peace with all men,' to 'follow after the things that make for peace.' Esther says that means, we must be kind and affectionate, one to another; we must show our companions that we love them; and if we ever do wrong, we must ask forgiveness as you did, Ethel. I think Bill was real generous to forgive so quick; but I knew he would, if you told him how sorry you were."

“Come on, Bill,” exclaimed Ethel, laughing. “I guess we sha’n’t be fighting again in a hurry, after all the compliments we’ve had to-day.”

The next morning, when Hatty went down from her unfurnished attic to make a fire in the stove, she found a string of nice, fresh fish laid on the kitchen table. There was a small piece of soiled paper tied to the end of the string, on which was written in a school boy’s hand, —

“For Hatty Maynard, peace-maker to the town of Shrewsbury; from Ethel and Bill.”

“‘Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God,’” repeated Hatty, tears gushing to her eyes. “I do love to make peace; and I may call myself his child.”


She was so full of joy that she ran up the steep stairs again to her low couch, and there kneeling down, she asked her heavenly Father to make her indeed his

own child, and by and by to take her to dwell with him in heaven, where all was peace, and love, and joy, forever and ever.



## CHAPTER VII.

### THE SICK GIRL.

AY after day went by and still Sallie lay in bed. Edward and his brother were able to sit up for a few hours, and take a little broth; but their sister was very, *very* ill.

One afternoon a neighbor knocked at Mr. Maynard's door and asked for Hatty.

“I have been watching with

poor Sallie Munson," she said. "The widow is clear worn out; and I couldn't refuse. Sallie has come to her senses. She thinks she's going to die, and she wants to see Hatty."

"Why don't they send for the minister?" asked uncle Oliver.

"They have sent; but he wont be at home till to-morrow."

Esther's countenance changed, and at last she said,—

"I'm afraid to have sister go; the fever is very contagious."

“Well, I wont deny that; but perhaps if she ties a bag of cam-fire round her neck, she wont catch it, I’ve got one round mine this blessed minute; and I’ve made Sarah Ann wear one ever since the fever come into town.”

“Hatty’ll want to go,” suggested uncle Oliver. “’Twill be just like her not to think a mite of herself. It’s ’stonishing what harum-scarum creators girls be. They don’t valley their own lives a mite, if they want to do anything.”



“Well, if you just heard Sallie a calling, ‘Hatty, dear Hatty, do come, I’m going to die. Come and tell me what I must do,’ you’d say ’twas heart-rending.”

“I suppose she will go,” faltered Esther, growing very white. “I’ll tell her as soon as she comes home from school.”

“Tell her, and let her judge for herself,” muttered the old man. “I’d rather give every cent, I’m worth in the world than to venter her there; but God can keep her

from all harm. She's a good girl, Hatty is, and knows a sight more'n some folks."

Esther did tell Hatty, and the consequence was that she went; but not until she had kneeled by her straw couch once more to ask God to bless her endeavors to do Sallie good. She did not think of herself. She felt sure her heavenly Father would take care of her. If he wished her to live longer, he would preserve her from the fever. If he meant to call her

home to heaven now, she was ready to go. In her soul all was peace.

But for her dear companion, she was troubled. As she hurried along, she thought how they had loved each other; that never a word of unkindness had separated them; and she put up a little prayer to God that if consistent with his will, Sallie might be spared to her mother for many years.

Mrs. Munson saw her running

toward the house, and met her at the door.

Poor Mrs. Munson! how hard during all these weeks of anxious care, had she tried to say, "It is the Lord; let him do with his own, what seemeth to him best."

"Sallie wants you badly, dear," she said, after kissing the child; "but aren't you afraid you'll take the fever? You know Cynthia came down with it yesterday."

"No, I hadn't heard."

Hatty's chin quivered, and the

widow noticing her agitation said softly, —

“I wouldn't urge you for any thing. The minister'll be home to-morrow. May be Sallie'll forget it again.”

“Hatty! why don't Hatty come?” called out the sick child.

“I'll go now, ma'am. Is any body with her?”

“Nobody but Edward.”

“Will you please call him out? I'd rather see her alone.”

Hatty was only thirteen years

old; and you will not be surprised that when she saw her companion's pale face and wild, protruded eyes, her heart grew faint within her. She sank into a chair, and covered her face with her hands.

“I knew you'd come, I knew you'd be sorry for me,” began Sallie, talking with feverish excitement. “Did mother tell you I am going to die?”

“No one but God can know that,” murmured Hatty, slowly ris-

ing and approaching the bed.

“Esther told me you wanted to see me, and I’ve come.”

“Yes; I called you all night; but nobody would go. I’m afraid, Hatty; I don’t want to die. Oh, I wish I was good.”

“The Bible says nobody ever was good enough to go to heaven.”

“What do you mean? Tell me quick!”

“I can’t explain very well. I mean that if we’re ever so good, as you call it, we couldn’t get

into heaven without Jesus. Our goodness is badness in God's sight, because he is so much holier than we are; but if we love Jesus, for his sake, God will forgive our sins."

"How can I love him?" Mother has been telling me I must accept him as my Saviour, but I don't know how. Oh! I wish somebody would tell me! I'm dying, and I can't find out anything."

"Sallie, listen to me a minute. In my last Sabbath school paper



was an account of a little heathen girl, who felt as you do. She wanted to love Christ, but she didn't know how to give her heart to him. The missionaries talked to her and prayed with her, but she only cried the more. At last one said, 'Jesus never sinned; but you are a great sinner.'

“ ‘Yes, yes! I understand that.’

“ ‘Well, you have offended God, and he has threatened to punish you; but now Jesus promises to receive the punishment for you,

and for that he died on the cross.'

“ ‘ Oh, yes! yes! yes!’ cried the heathen girl. ‘ I understand now. I must make a bargain with Jesus. I will give him all my badness, and he will give me all his goodness. Oh, I see! I see!! I do love him. Oh, how good he is!’ ”

Sallie folded her hands on her breast and closed her eyes, though her lips moved as if she were praying. Presently she said softly, “ I understand now, Hatty; but

will Jesus make a bargain with me?"

"Yes, yes, he will; he says so in the Bible."

"Don't stay any longer, Hatty; but come again if Esther will let you. I'm going to pray now. Shut the door tight."

Hatty walked through the kitchen without speaking. Mrs. Munson had sat near the door and had heard every word. She asked God to bless his own truth to her dear, dying daughter.

It was scarcely light the next morning before Abner, Sallie's older brother, knocked at the door of uncle Oliver's house.

"I've come with a message for Hatty," he explained. "She's happy now, and sings all the verses she can think of. She wants me to say, she's made a bargain with Jesus, and she isn't afraid to die."

"Tell her I'll go and see her before school," Hatty answered, her eyes full of joyful tears.

She did go, but the sick girl was quietly asleep, and, more than this, the Doctor said her symptoms were a great deal better.



## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE PEACEFUL DEATH.



IN three days Sallie was out of danger, and from this time she recovered rapidly. The minister and her Sabbath school teacher visited her often, but she wondered Hatty did not come. At last, one day when she was able to sit up, her mother told her Hatty had taken the

fever the day she visited her, and now she was very sick:

“Who will take care of her?” asked Sallie, beginning to cry.

“They sent for her aunt, who has never been near them since their mother died, and she’s there now. She has money, and she says the poor child shall not want for anything that money will buy.”

“Oh, mother! to think that I have killed her! I feel almost sure she will die. She’s so good,

I used to tell the girls, she ought to go to heaven; but it is dreadful that I killed her."

Sallie sobbed so violently that her mother became alarmed; but for some time she tried in vain to soothe her.

"They'll all blame me. I never shall dare to see uncle Oliver or Esther again. They can't live without her. Oh, oh dear! I wish she never had come. Mother, do please go over there quick, and tell them how very sorry I



am. Hatty taught me to love the Saviour, and how can I let her die?"

To please her child the widow went. Hatty lay in the bedroom adjoining the sitting-room, which was usually occupied by uncle Oliver. Close by her side sat Esther, looking pale and wan as if months instead of hours of racking anxiety had passed over her. Mrs. Foster was preparing some medicine near the window, while the old man, with a heart

almost broken with sorrow, was cutting up wood at the side of the house farthest from the chamber.

As the widow entered the room, Hatty turned her eyes to the door and recognized her.

“Are you in much pain?” she asked, greatly moved.

“Jesus helps me bear it all.”

This was said with a gasp.

“She never complains,” faltered Esther, with quivering lips.

“Sallie, how is she?” murmured the sick girl.

“Much better, if she were not so distressed about you.”

“I am safe with Jesus. He gives me perfect peace.”

Her aunt began to weep.

“Don't cry, dear aunty,” she said caressingly. “You will come too; you and Esther, and uncle Oliver. We shall all be there. Mother will be there, too, for Esther says she used to pray.”

She paused for a moment, quite exhausted; but presently looked up with a smile and added, “I shall

see Mr. Munson and tell him about Sallie. Wont he be glad?"

The widow was quite overcome but tried to control herself.

"Tell him," she said, "that I'm almost through. I'm trying to bear his loss with patience. Tell him God has been true to his promise: 'As thy day is so shall thy strength be.' I trust we shall meet soon and never be parted again."

She stooped silently over the sick child, kissed her, and was

going out when Hatty whispered, —

“Tell Sallie good-bye. It’s all peace here,” laying her hand on her heart. “I’m not afraid to trust my Saviour.”

Mrs. Foster followed her to the door. “It’s a scene I never shall forget,” she said, sobbing. “Such a lesson as that child has taught me. Oh, if I’d only done my duty, she might have lived for years.”

“Jesus loves her and wants her

with him," answered Mrs. Munson. "You know he prayed his Father that those who loved him might be with him where he is, that they may behold his glory. Think how happy she will be."

As hours passed on, that room became almost like heaven. An indescribable expression of peace was stamped on the pale features. Heaven had indeed come down into her own heart. For hours she lay in a kind of rapture. Once or twice she sung a part of her fa-

vorite hymn, repeating over and over the lines,

“No words can express,  
The sweet comfort and peace  
Of a soul in its earliest love.”

Through this day and the next the house was thronged with schoolmates and friends, come to take a last look of one so dear. Matilda and Cynthia, Ethel and Bill, pressed forward to thank her for the example she had always set them.

“What shall we do,” cried Ethel, sobbing aloud, “when our peace-maker has gone?”

With a heavenly smile she replied, “You shall be peace-maker. See how God keeps his promise to me. ‘They shall be called the children of God.’”

“Ethel,” she went on, “you’ve always been like a real brother to me. For my sake will you be kind to Esther?”

“Yes, I will.”

“And I too,” sobbed Bill;



“but we shall miss you dreadfully.”

“Give your hearts to Jesus, and ’twont be long before we shall meet again.”

The end came at last. Hatty’s sufferings were nearly over. She lay propped up with pillows, her head resting against her aunt’s breast. Esther sat near, holding her hand, which she continually covered with kisses. Uncle Oliver sat in his arm-chair, at the foot of the bed, his face shaded with

his hands, his breast heaving convulsively.

The minister stood where Hatty's eyes rested on him. He was reading from the twenty-third Psalm: "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want. . . Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

"Yes, yes," murmured the white lips. "He is with me. I'm not

afraid. He has pardoned all my sins, and washed me in the fountain filled with blood; I'm — going to be — with him — forever, — I'm so — so happy!”

She lay so quiet that all feared her soul had fled away; but presently, with a bright smile, she murmured, —

“I — I'm going now — good-bye — all. He gives me peace — perfect—peace;” and then fell sweetly asleep in Jesus. “He giveth his beloved sleep,” repeated the

kind minister. "Look at her now! The peace of God which passeth all understanding dwells in her now and forevermore."

The next Sabbath her body was carried to the church, where a sermon was preached from her favorite text, — "Blessed are the peace-makers for they shall be called the children of God."

The clergyman reminded the children of her who had so truly and earnestly been a peace-maker, and entreated them to follow her

example, that they might have peace in life and triumph in death.

The influence of Hatty was long felt. By her entreaties on her dying bed, her aunt and uncle Oliver, long estranged, were brought together, and ever after lived as she would have had them, caring tenderly for poor Esther, till her own peaceful death, two years later.

My dear little reader, will you not try to be a peace-maker?















**This book is DUE on the last  
date stamped below**

---

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



**B** 000 017 422 7

PZ6  
B17p

