





BERTHA
PERCY



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A remembrance of
New Year's present to my
friend Adelita Comfort

L. D. Palacios

New York, Jan. 1st 1861.

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BERTHA PERCY,



BY MARGARET FIELD.

“REJOICING IN HOPE; PATIENT IN TRIBULATION.”

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TO

REV. J. M. RICHARDS, D.D.,

OF PHILADELPHIA,

THIS WORK IS AFFECTIONATELY

Dedicated,

AS A TRIBUTE OF RESPECT AND GRATITUDE,

BY MARGARET FIELD.

29320

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PREFACE.

—o—

DAISY MINE—It is done at last. Are you not glad, friend of mine—for your own sake that now I shall harrass you no more with my fears and doubts, my needs and my prayers.

For my sake I have a certain assurance you rejoice, even with all the love of your heart you are glad with me, Daisy.

For my own thankfulness—my song of joy—my anthem of praise—I have no words, my heart aches with its trembling joy—half hope, half fear.

My trust is, that there may be found some, who will be willing for sweet pity's sake, to forgive the errors, and love the little good there may chance to be in this my first endeavor.

I hope for a very slender meed of praise, though each word of kindness will fall like dew upon my thirsty spirit. I know full well, I have only a gift for the humble things in life—my fancy takes no lofty soarings—my way lies in the valley—not up the mountain as your own does, my Pearl,—my sight grows dim when the sunbeams, which your own sweet eyes bears so unflinchingly, shine upon me—your way is ever up and on—your resting-place will not be gained until the summit is won—your ken is near the sun.

Mine only lies at the mountain foot, amidst the humblest flowers, where only an occasional gleam of light, from the temple can reach me,—and then its warmth is almost gone, its brightness almost spent.

But midst the joy which fills my heart, a shadow falls deeply and sadly—the shadow of my mother's grave. Oh mother! darling, tender mother! do you know it now? can you from your present glory, bend down a loving look, and see this wish fulfilled—the long, weary night talks realized at last,—our book, which while I wrote, you smiled upon—completed?

I have striven to keep up a brave, true heart, Daisy, my friend, since God, in tender kindness to her, but bitter woe to us, took my mother home—I have never given this weary grief—the pain of unshed tears—its way, but with all my strength kept it crushed down—and gone forth with smiles, striving to do my duty with a cheerful will, hoping that thus God would reward me, and He has, to Him be the praise.

I seem to stand upon a new place—nothing seems quite the same—I have reached a new era—my work thus far is almost done—but only almost, not entirely—when this book shall have brought forth some fruits, wherewith to wreath a chaplet for my mother's resting-place, then will my hopes be all realized, then will I take my rest—when that will be, if ever, God knows the best.

Yet Daisy, my pearl, I will keep ever hopeful, and trust He who has so gently lead me will care for me still.

Sweetest good-night, pray for my Espérance! *my Percy!*
* * * * *

And now to my reader, I should offer some word of apology—dear reader be lenient towards this my first effort—pass with gentle forbearance over the many faults—accept the little good.

My preface should say something of the matter of my book, but what? Reader of this my preface, read the book and you will know what it contains far better than I could hope to tell you here. If I have succeeded in teaching the good I meant to teach, you will find it—if not, the fault is neither in your heart nor mine, but in my blundering.

I think, in my own experience, I have proven that, even in the darkest night God cares for us—that if we trust, with a full assurance, a perfect faith, He will succor and sustain us—thus I do not deem my heroine's trials, and the bearing them unnatural, or the care of a good God over her and her's, overdrawn.

With an earnest prayer, I will look forward to the time, when the present clouds of doubt and uncertainty will be reft by some beams from the sun of popular favor, which falling upon my heart shall warm and gladden it.

PHILADELPHIA, 1860.

BERTHA PERCY.

CHAPTER I.

HENRY HOTSPUR.—No Percy thou art dust

And food for—

PRINCE HENRY.—For worms brave Percy, Fare thee well great heart!

Henry IV., Act 5, Scene 4.

PERCY'S CLIFFE *August 1.*

ALONE, all alone—Father have mercy upon me—what is to become of me—Oh! weary heart. Oh! dreary future, hopeless, rayless, forever in the shadow—henceforth to walk alone over the rough and thorny path of life—Alone! No matter how torn my weary feet may be, no gentle, tender hand will be outstretched to smooth the way—no strong sustaining arm will lovingly be clasped round me, to ward away the dangers of my daily life. I must learn to meet and bear henceforth all ills alone!

Walter!—my husband,—my darling, tender husband! how could you leave me—how can I live through all the coming years and you gone. I am very, very helpless, God pity me.

That weary plaint of Marion of the Moated Grange, comes over me with every breath, this livelong day.

“I am aweary!” she sighed, “aweary!

I am aweary! my heart is dreary!

I would that I were dead.”

God pardon me that thus against His will I rebel. I will try not. But alas! it is a weary time, and if I long wickedly to die, to be at rest, it is because heaven seems such a blessing, and the hope of its nearness a joy. Walter is dead! it is not wrong to die, but oh, it is very sad to wait,