The Pearl of Patience

MAURICE & KITTY MAYNARD

MRS. MADELINE LESLIE

The Pearl of Patience:
OR,
MAURICE, AND KITTY MAYNARD.

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First published in 1920 ebook by www.saptarshee.in India in 20.4.2024

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Typeset/Printed by Krutika Printers, mangalwedha

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CHAPTER I.
MAURICE'S SPELLING LESSON.

"THERE'S the breakfast bell, Maurice."

The little fellow was sitting on the floor, trying to the knot in his shoe, which he had twitched off in haste the before. He looked up as Nurse spoke, with an impatient scowl.

Presently his mamma came from her room and seeing him still undressed, exclaimed,—

"What, Maurice! Not ready yet?"

"I can't untie my shoe, mamma."

She took up the shoe, glanced at the knot, and smiled as she let it fall again.

"I don't think you've tried, my dear. It isn't a hard knot."

"I did try ever so much; but it wouldn't come out of the tangle."

"Shall I do it for him?" asked Nurse, who had almost spoiled the boy by indulgence.

"No, Hannah. He must learn to be patient in conquering these little difficulties, else how will he ever get through the great ones, he will certainly meet in life."

"Come, Maurice, I'm quite ashamed that a boy nearly five years old should sit moping on the floor, when one minute of patient effort would untie your shoe. Nurse, has Cook carried in the coffee and muffins yet?"

"Oh, mamma! Are there muffins for breakfast?"

"Not for tardy boys, certainly. However, I will allow you five minutes to finish your dressing; and as Nurse has given you your bath, and curled your hair, you can easily be ready, if you try."

Maurice caught up his shoe in a hurry, began to twitch and pull; looked as if he was going to cry, but with a sudden thought bent his whole energies to the work, and laughed aloud when it was accomplished.

"I'm glad you didn't help me, Hannah," he exclaimed, joyfully. "I can pull knots out now, just as easy."

"To be sure you can," she answered, giving him a kiss, and hurrying him away to be in time for his favorite muffins.

A few hours later he sat in his little study-chair, his spelling-book open before him,

while he was gazing at the cat trying to catch her own tail.

"See, mamma!" he exclaimed, laughing. "Isn't puss silly to run round that way?"

"I have nothing to do with kitty now. She is not in my school," replied the lady, with a smile. "I suppose you can say your lesson very perfectly, as you have time to watch cats."

Maurice blushed and caught up his book.

"F-o-l-l-y, folly," he spelled, in a whisper, then stopped again.

"Mamma, what's the use of learning to spell so many words?"

"Some other time I will explain that," she answered, pleasantly.

"H-o-l-l-y, holly," he went on. "Is that holly that grows on trees?"

"Yes, my dear, it is a small tree or rather shrub."

"I can say my lesson now, mamma." He held out the book.

"Can you spell the word patience?"

"That isn't in my lesson."

"I'm afraid not."

"Why do you say afraid, mamma?"

"Because I want very much that you should learn the meaning of the word; and then perhaps you would try to practise it. Now spell after me, p-a-t-i-e-n-c-e."

"It's hard to remember," he said, with a blush.

"Now for the meaning, Maurice. This morning it meant, 'try, try again to untie your shoe.' Now it means 'study over and over your lesson, not allowing yourself to be weary or diverted from your book, until you have learned it thoroughly.' The Bible speaks of 'patient continuance in well-doing,' and tells us to 'let patience have her perfect work.'"

"I am sorry to say, Maurice, that you are sadly wanting in patience and—"

"Mamma, I did get out the knot," exclaimed the boy, his cheeks crimsoning.

"Yes, at last you applied yourself to the business; if you had done that at first you would have prevented the reproof your papa gave you for tardiness, which he so much dislikes."

Without another word, Maurice set himself to his task with a will. Over and over again he whispered the words, his finger patiently

following down the column. Not even when kitty, tired of her play, came to him with a plaintive "meow," did he turn his eyes from his book.

"Well done, Maurice!" exclaimed his mother, who had been watching him with a smile. "I may as well get out the memorandum-book, for I'm sure of having to put down the word perfect this morning."

He stood erect before her, his hands folded behind his back. He had conquered his lesson and was very happy in the thought that he had conquered himself. It was no matter now, whether his mamma went straight on with the words, or commenced at the bottom of the line, or whether she skipped about, he was sure of every syllable.

"It's a pleasure to hear such a lesson as that," said the lady.

"I'm going to be patient all the time, mamma," he cried, jumping up and down. "Now I'm going to get my geography."

Every lesson that morning was well learned, and the boy who usually dragged away the whole day at his studies, to his

mother's great annoyance, now fairly earned the right to a long recess.

All in the family, from Cook in the kitchen, to Tom the stable-boy, knew by Maurice's bright, happy face, that something unusual had happened, and rejoiced with him in his efforts to learn patience.

CHAPTER II.
MAURICE'S TOOTHACHE.

MRS. SEYTON did not expect that her son would conquer his old habit in a day, nor a week. She truly rejoiced that he had learned even by one day's experience the pleasure and reward of "patient continuance in well doing;" and she encouraged him by every means in her power. Before the close of the week, however, he began to return to his old habit, repeating over and over again, in querulous tones,—

"It's so hard, mamma, I can't learn it. Mamma, this name isn't on the map."

"Have you looked thoroughly?"

"I think I have; but the print is so fine."

Or he would declare half-a-dozen times,—

"I've learned it, mamma; will you please hear me, and let me go and play?"

When the truth was, that he had not given the lesson one moment of real, patient study.

A few weeks after this, Maurice came to his mamma's chamber in the middle of the night, crying with the toothache.

The lady, like a kind mother as she was, instantly arose and applied some balsam to the decayed spot, stuffed in some cotton to keep the air out, took him into her own bed, and told him to try and go to sleep.

But the child was thoroughly roused, and the pain being somewhat relieved, he wanted to talk. His papa and mamma were very sleepy. When he found they did not answer he would cry out again,—

"Oh, my tooth! How it does ache! It's awful bad, mamma!"

"Try to bear it as patiently as you can," urged mamma, softly. "If you keep still, you'll fall asleep and forget the pain. You know papa has to go to town very early to-morrow."

But Maurice did not feel inclined to bear it patiently. He thought his father and mother and the whole family ought to be doing something to make him better: if he couldn't sleep, he thought they ought to keep awake too.

At last, his father, quite worn out with his complaints, went off to another room; his

mother sung a soothing lullaby and toward morning he fell into a sound slumber.

"Come, Maurice," said Mr. Seyton, at breakfast, "I'm going to take you into town with me. The dentist will soon cure your toothache."

"Oh, papa!" screamed the boy, holding his face with both hands. "Please don't; it doesn't ache at all, now."

"Let me look at it."

Maurice reluctantly opened his mouth.

"There is a small decayed spot," he said to his wife; "but nothing to make such a fuss about as he did last night. The dentist will either fill it or take it out."

"Pull it, do you mean, papa? Oh, I can't have it pulled!"

"Hush that, now! You made enough noise last night to have a dozen teeth pulled."

"I wont say another word, papa, if it aches again. I'll stay in bed, and try to go to sleep."

"All very fine, I dare say; but I can't risk being kept awake half the night, and made unfit for business by the headache; and there's your mamma too, who sang herself hoarse because you wouldn't put a little

patience into exercise; and now her eyes look terribly inflamed, with the gas burning directly in her face. Come, eat your breakfast quick; I'm in a hurry."

The boy's plate was piled with fritters; and he was very fond of syrup on them; but his mamma cautioned him that the sweet might make his tooth ache again.

"I don't believe it will," he exclaimed. "It's all well now."

"Take syrup, if you like," said his father, "but if your teeth aches, don't let us hear a word of complaint."

He had scarcely taken the first mouthful when he gave a shriek, and ran away from the table. He had no appetite for any more cakes, and in a few minutes found himself on his way to town.

CHAPTER III.
KITTY MAYNARD.

ALL that I have about Maurice happened in the spring. Early in the summer he went with his mamma to the country to spend three months with grandma and grandpa Seyton.

Papa's business kept him in the city, but he came down to F— every Saturday night, and promised to try hard for a two weeks' vacation in August.

Almost the first question Mrs. Seyton asked was,—

"How is Kitty Maynard?"

"About the same," was grandma's answer. "She has convulsions nearly every day; but she's the most patient, cheerful creature I ever heard of."

"Who is Kitty Maynard, mamma? And what is the matter with her?"

"I must go and see her to-morrow," remarked the lady, not answering her son. "Indeed I generally make my first visit there."

"The pieces of silk and velvet you sent, did her a world of good," grandma went on. "I

believe the cushions and knickknacks she's made of them have brought her in near thirty dollars. Poor thing, you ought to have seen her when I unrolled the bundle and laid 'em out, one by one. You'd have thought she'd had a present of a mine of gold. She worked and worked with her poor deformed hands, trying to hold them up and plan what they'd make, till my heart fairly ached. And all the time not a lisp of complaint or impatience."

"Her happy disposition makes her an object of envy," remarked Maurice's mamma.

"'Tisn't her happy disposition," urged grandpa, coming into the room time enough to hear the last words. "That is, if you're speaking of Kitty Maynard, though, no doubt, a cheerful, even temper does help people to go through trouble. She has something better than that for her support: a spirit of grace in her heart, which enables her to be patient in tribulation, remembering that all her pains are ordered by One who watches over the humblest of His creatures with infinite tenderness."

"Mamma, may I go with you?" asked Maurice eagerly, as the lady was tying on her

bonnet the next morning, preparatory to her walk.

"Yes, my dear; and if grandma is willing; we will pick a bouquet of mignonette, roses and verbenas. Kitty always liked flowers."

"Gather as many as you please, Mary," the old lady said, laughing. "I don't know who has a better right, as you send all the plants. Yes, Kitty thinks a deal of a bouquet. I've got a bowl of strawberries too, that Maurice may take if he has a mind."

"What's that in your bundle, mamma?"

"It's a loose gown, made of calico, so that it can be washed. I saw the print in the store and thought it just the thing for Kitty." She untied the bundle and held the robe up for inspection.

It was a neat, tasteful pattern of French calico; a tiny rose and bunch of leaves on a drab ground, trimmed down the front and sleeves with stripes of print to match.

"Just Kitty's style!" said grandma approvingly. "This will be one of her happy days, marked with a white stone, as she calls it."

But the old lady was mistaken. It was one of Kitty's worst days. Ever since light she had been in dreadful convulsions, more severe than she had had for months.

Maurice and his mother walked to the side of the bed through the open door; and no one seemed at leisure to notice them. There lay the poor, deformed girl on a couch in the centre of the small, neat room, at the foot of which her mother sat weeping, while two girls, sisters of Kitty, assisted the doctor in keeping her as much as possible from hurting herself.

Maurice grew so pale at the sight of her terrible suffering, her head and feet sometimes knocking together, that his mother whispered him to put his bouquet and strawberries on the table and stay outside till she came.

It was near twenty minutes before she joined him; and then poor Kitty had sunk into a stupor. Maurice glanced timidly in his mamma's face as, just motioning him to follow, she started for home. There was an expression on it which he did not understand.

It was true that Mrs. Seyton was deeply affected at the sight she had witnessed. As she stood there, watching the distorted features, the eyes rolled up in agony, the teeth set, she asked herself,—

"Could I endure such suffering without a murmur? Could I say with a smile of resignation, such as I have often seen her wear, 'It is my Heavenly Father, my best-loved, and long-tried friend who sends the chastisement; and shall I not patiently endure what it is his will to afflict?'"

CHAPTER IV.
GRANDMA'S SETTING HEN.

"I THOUGHT Kitty Maynard was an old woman, mamma," said Maurice, just before they reached home.

"Kitty is only nineteen years old," the lady answered. "I remember her, when she was as healthy and active as you. Sometime I will tell you her story. Now I feel too sad to talk with you about anything."

"Will she eat the strawberries, mamma?"

"Perhaps so, by and by. Her sister, Hepsey Maynard, told me she was very fond of them, and that they agreed well with her."

"You have made a long call," remarked grandma, as they entered. "I suppose you waited to see Kitty dressed in her new gown."

"No, mother, she didn't know me to-day. I just hung it on a hook in the closet and said nothing about it."

"Is she worse than usual?"

"I have never seen her so dreadfully convulsed. The doctor says she can't endure it long. He has decided to try the effect of a new method of treatment."

Maurice soon ran out to improve his holiday by visiting his favorite haunts around the farm. Ponto, the old dog, was sunning himself in front of his comfortable house, and came lazily forward, blinking his eyes, to meet the little fellow. It was evident, even to the boy, that his days for frolic and fun were over. After a few loving pats and kind words:

"Poor Ponto! Good fellow!" Maurice ran on toward the barn.

Here he found plenty to amuse him. There were a couple of kids with their anxious mother bleating because they were out of her sight. Maurice laughed heartily as he watched their manœuvres. The old goat was tied to a ring in the stall; but the kids, being free to run where they liked, kept her worrying for their safety by hiding beyond the high enclosure, or creeping over a huge pile of straw bedding.

The dinner bell rang twice before he heard it. He could scarcely believe the morning had passed away.

"I do like holidays so much," he exclaimed. "I wish, mamma, you'd let me

wait till next Monday before I begin my lessons."

Mamma shook her head. "Play as much as you please to-day," she answered pleasantly. "After that, you can decide for yourself whether to linger over your books for six hours or apply yourself vigorously for three."

"Hasn't he outgrown that habit of dawdling over his lessons?" asked grandpa, looking at the boy with an arch smile that brought the blushes to his cheek.

"He'll answer for himself to-morrow," replied the lady.

About four o'clock in the afternoon, Mrs. Seyton put on her bonnet again, to go to Mr. Maynard's cottage, when Maurice ran in, his apron full of eggs.

"Oh, grandma, see what I've found," he cried, "while I was feeding the fowls. There was a cross old hen setting on 'em, and I had to take a stick and whip her before she'd get off."

"Why, Maurice Seyton, you've spoiled a whole brood of chickens! They'd have been out of the shell in two or three days. It's a terrible pity you touched 'em."

Maurice feeding Grandma's Fowls.

Grandpa then explained to him the danger of disturbing the mother hen when she was hatching her young; and he was so much disappointed that he began to cry.

"I never will drive off another hen," he said, winking back his tears. "I do love little mites of chickens, dearly."

His mother gave him permission to accompany her again to see Kitty, and waited

while he washed his face and changed his sack.

Kitty lay perfectly quiet, now, her poor, deformed fingers outside the white counterpane. Her transparent skin showed the blue veins in her forehead, but the peace of God was manifest there also.

"Had I better go in?" whispered Mrs. Seyton to Hepsey at the door.

"Yes, she knows you've been here, and she'd be disappointed not to see you; but she can't talk much."

Mrs. Seyton walked softly to the bed, followed by Maurice, and bending over the pale sufferer, kissed her cheek.

It was delightful to see the bright flush of pleasure that for one instant beautified Kitty's whole face, then she said feebly,—

"Thank you for coming. Is that your son?"

Maurice shyly gave his hand.

"I am sorry to see you so feeble and languid," began the lady.

"I am seldom so weak as to-day. I have had a comfortable winter on the whole, and so many blessings." These words were

uttered with great emphasis, and with a smile.

"God is so merciful," the dear girl went on, "whenever I have worse spasms than usual, he gives me patience to endure them."

"That I am sure of," was Mrs. Seyton's tearful reply.

"And then he raises up so many friends for me. Sometimes, in the night, I lie and think of all he has done for me during the past nine years; and I can hardly keep from singing: 'Praise the Lord, O my soul; and forget not all his benefits.'"

CHAPTER V.
VISIT TO KITTY.

MAURICE had stood during the whole interview, his eyes fastened on the sick girl, fascinated by her sweet smile, and low-spoken words, and at last, when she turned to him and asked,—

"Are you the kind boy who brought me a dinner of strawberries?"

He blushed with pleasure.

As nothing was said about the dressing-gown, Mrs. Seyton did not allude to it, and, fearing to fatigue Kitty, soon rose to leave.

"I'm so glad you've come early this year," murmured the invalid. "It'll be so nice to have you run in every day as you used to."

"She's been counting the days till July," added her sister, eagerly. "She thought you'd be here by the Fourth."

"I'll come any time to read to you, if Hepsey will let me know when you are able. It is a favor to me, Kitty, to be with you. We settled that last year, you remember; and Maurice, I'm sure, will love to run of errands for you."

The little fellow scarcely spoke all the way home. What do you suppose he was thinking of? Why, he was wondering how much worse Kitty's pain was than his toothache; and whether she ever had that, and how she learned to bear all her sufferings so patiently. He wondered, too, whether she had to study and do sums. As she lay in the bed she did not look much taller than he, and mamma said she was not a woman but a girl.

"If she does have lessons," he said to himself, "I should like to know whether she can spell better than I can and whether she is always patient in learning them."

Mrs. Seyton noticed that Maurice was very thoughtful, and she hoped the sight of Kitty might do him great good. She resolved to tell him the poor girl's story that very night, as she was sure it would add to his interest and sympathy in her sufferings.

His usual bed hour in the summer was eight; but on this day he had played so hard he was quite ready to accompany his mamma when she called him, soon after supper.

There was a large butternut tree close by the house, so near, indeed, that the branches

touched the windows. In a fork formed by two large boughs, a pair of robins had built their nest; and they were just warbling their good-night song to their little ones, when Mrs. Seyton and Maurice approached the window.

For a few moments they stood and listened, and then the lady said,—

"I am going to tell you the story I promised."

"About poor Kitty, mamma?"

"Yes; when I was first married to your father, he brought me here to see his parents. Your uncle George and aunt Lily lived at home then; but now they have homes and families of their own, as your father has. About an hour after we came, we walked to the top of the hill to see the beautiful sunset, and on our way back, a bright, pretty child met us, and timidly held out to me a bouquet of wild flowers. The act was gracefully done, and I eagerly asked,—

"Are these pretty flowers for me?"

"The color crimsoned her cheeks as she answered softly,— 'Yes, ma'am.'"

"'A present to the bride, are they, Kitty?' asked your father, gaily. 'Now let me

introduce you, Miss Catherine Maynard, this is my new wife. I shall ask you presently how you like her looks. Mrs. Seyton, this is Miss Maynard, one of my best friends.'"

"Kitty by this time had lost all her shyness, and laughed merrily."

"'He always is so funny,' she said to me, apologizing for her mirth."

"From this time, Kitty and I understood each other well. She was the third and youngest daughter of Mrs. Maynard, but so different from the others, it seemed scarcely possible that she belonged to them. They felt the difference, too, and regarded her with pride as well as affection.

"When we left F— for our own home, Mrs. Maynard promised to let Kitty come and make us a visit during the winter, but she never came."

"Why not, mamma?"

CHAPTER VI.
KITTY'S STORY.

THE lady sat for a few moments with her head resting on her hand, looking so very sad that Maurice dared not interrupt her. She saw his eager face at last, and went on in a hurried manner.

"Late in the fall, Mrs. Maynard's sister came from the West to make them a visit. She had a young babe about ten months old, a lovely child, to whom Kitty soon became warmly attached. The little girl was named Nellie; and they called her playfully, Nellie Bly, like the little song, you know."

"One evening there was to be a concert. The whole family were anxious to go; but there was Nellie to be taken care of. At last Kitty urged them to leave the baby with her. She was ten years old, and though playful as a kitten herself, could be very matronly when she chose."

"'I'll take such nice care of her,' she urged, 'that she will want you to go every evening. I promise you, Aunt Martha, that I wont leave her a minute.'"

"This plan was agreed to at last. Little Nellie Bly was fast asleep in the cradle. Kitty sat by her side knitting a sock for herself; the doors were all fastened except the one from which were going out."

"'There can't possibly be any danger,' exclaimed Mrs. Maynard."

"As they shut the door, Kitty called after them with a laugh, 'If I grow sleepy, I shall get my new book and read a little.'"

"That was the last they saw of Kitty in health. No one could explain what happened; but it was probable that sitting alone for two hours or more, the child grew sleepy, and a spark snapped out of the stove upon her dress. She woke in a fright to find her clothes in a light blaze. She screamed for help, and then tried to put out the fire by rolling on the floor. In the midst of all her fright and pain, she remembered her promise not to leave the baby a minute, and snatching it up from the cradle, she ran half way down the hill to the next house, screaming,—"

"'Fire! Fire! Oh, do help me!'"

"Her parents met her here. Her mother took off her own warm shawl, and folding it

tightly about her poor child, quenched the flames. Then her father took her tenderly in his arms, Martha following with the baby. By the time they reached home, Kitty had fainted.

"There, on the floor, was a magazine, the leaves smouldering away. The cradle-quilt was more than half burned, and still smoking; but, most fortunately, the flames had not extended farther."

"Was Nellie Bly burned too, mamma?" asked Maurice.

"One arm and the side of her neck were sadly scorched. She got well in a few weeks, but died four months later with croup. Kitty was dreadfully burned, her hands especially. She has never since been able to open her fingers. The first convulsion came on the night after the sad accident, and she has never been wholly free from them since. That was nearly nine years ago."

"For a long time the physicians hoped to be able to cure her. Mr. Maynard gave up his trade, and stayed in the house to help take care of his distressed child. Then they sold off, piece by piece, their parlor furniture,

using the money to pay the doctors' bills, until at last they became quite poor. The neighbors were all kind, or they must have suffered."

"Her father and mother were almost heart-broken when they were told that Kitty's spasms were incurable. I suppose the poor girl herself would tell you that she was very rebellious and wicked when she gradually came to understand their opinion. To those around her she always seemed thankful for every service, and remarkably patient in enduring her pain."

"She used to cry out when she felt the spasms coming on,—"

"O God, do please help me! Do make me patient! Do, somebody, pray God to make me better!"

"Did God help her, mamma?"

"Yes, he did. He helped her to become submissive to his holy will,—to look beyond this world to her home in Heaven, where there is no sorrow nor suffering; and where the tears are wiped from every eye. He helped her, suffering and feeble as she is, to

be the greatest blessing to the whole family, and to many others beside."

"How could she be that, mamma, when she can't get out of bed?"

"I will tell you, Maurice, how she has been a blessing to me. When I first knew her, I used sometimes to think I had great trials. Little things often vexed me. I watched Kitty day by day, bearing her sufferings without a murmur; happy through them all; thanking her Heavenly Father for every moment that she was free from pain. Do you think I could help trying to be patient under my trifling annoyances?"

"Does Kitty have the toothache?" asked Maurice.

"I don't know. Her agony is so much worse than toothache, I don't suppose she would notice it much."

CHAPTER VII.
MAURICE LEARNING PATIENCE.

THE visits of Maurice to the cottage were not always as sad as his first one had been. He was there when Kitty lay swinging in her hammock, and was delighted to be trusted to pull the rope softly, since the gentle motion was all she could bear.

He saw her face flush with pleasure as she thanked his mamma for the beautiful dressing-gown which her sister had found so mysteriously hanging under an old coat in the closet, and knew no one but dear Mrs. Seyton could have selected a print so exactly to her taste.

He saw her again, raised a little by pillows, her hands busy in forming a thread-case from the bits of silk and leather sorted so neatly in a basket before her.

He heard her as she sang in a low, sweet voice, her favorite hymn:—

"Whene'er I take my walks abroad.
How many poor I see!
What shall I render to my God,

For all his gifts to me?

"Not more than others I deserve;
Yet God hath given me more;
For I have food while others starve,
Or beg from door to door."

He heard her, too, when, with eyes partly closed and every nerve quivering with pain, she repeated the sacred words:—

> "Be ye also patient; stablish your hearts, for the coming of the Lord draweth nigh."
>
> "Take my brethren, the prophets, who have spoken in the name of the Lord, for an example of suffering affliction and of patience. Behold, we count them happy which endure. Ye have heard of the patience

of Job, and have seen the end of the Lord, that the Lord is very pitiful and of tender mercy."

"Let patience have her perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing."

Maurice, though a little boy, observed all this, and one evening his mamma was delighted to hear an addition of this petition to his prayer:—

"Please, O God, when I have any lessons to learn, or any peas to shell for grandma; or, when I have the toothache, make me patient like poor, darling Kitty."

This prayer was from his heart.

He did not merely repeat the words, as too many children do, and thus give to God what he despises, only lip-service. In answer, his Heavenly Father did help him. Before they left the country for their own home, all the family noticed that he was learning to practice

this virtue. Sometimes, indeed, his old peevishness and impatience would break out; but he tried to check it; and the thought of Kitty lying in pain year after year, without a murmur, helped him to do it.

Mr. Seyton had been in the habit, ever since the accident to his little favorite, of giving twenty-five dollars a year toward her support. He now with great cheerfulness, doubled this contribution to enable her to have a skilful physician from the city to consult upon her case. The effect of the new treatment was most favorable.

Even in the few weeks before they left F—, Mrs. Seyton could perceive a change for the better; and by the time they came to the country the next year, the improvement was very marked.

But before I go on to state what happened the next summer, I must tell you how Mr. and Mrs. Seyton were paid for all they had done for poor Kitty.

In the winter Maurice was taken sick; and the doctor said he had scarlet-fever. He suffered greatly at times with his throat, and afterwards with his eyes, being obliged to

stay in a darkened room, but he never once complained. Of course, he used to long to be well; and both he and his parents earnestly prayed that he might be so; but he never gave way to his old habit.

Once at midnight, when his father was giving him some medicine, he said, tenderly,—

"My darling, patient boy!"

It was very painful for Maurice to speak; but he tried to articulate the words,—

"Am I patient, papa? I'm trying to be. Kitty says, 'that's the way to please Jesus.'"

He referred to it again in the morning, and asked his mamma to read the verse about being patient in tribulation.

"Kitty told me what it meant," he said. "I'm in tribulation now, and I pray to God to help me bear it, as he does her."

Mr. Seyton was so much delighted that he wrote Kitty a letter about it, and told her he should consider four times the money he had given her well-spent, since his little son had so greatly improved under her example and influence.

Before this letter, Kitty and all her family had been very fond of Maurice, and you may be sure they were not less so when they learned what a patient child he had become.

CHAPTER VIII.
JIMMY BARNARD'S SIN.

THE next summer, when Maurice, having been in F— only half an hour, gaily ran over the hill to the cottage, with a present for Kitty under his arm, he found her not lying prostrate as before, but sitting nearly erect, her fingers busy with her ribbons.

There was a kind of frame attached to the bed, which her physician had sent her from the hospital, and which raised her to any position she wished. Her fingers were not straight, to be sure; but she was able to use them without much pain, for which she was so thankful she could scarcely speak of it without tears.

When Maurice, with rosy checks and sparkling eyes, unfolded his bundle and laid before her half-a-dozen numbers of a popular magazine, and showed her that each number contained patterns of various kinds of fancy work, such as she could easily imitate, she gave a scream of joy.

"Just the very thing I want," she said, over and over again. "It will be such pleasure

to make something new, and lay aside these old patterns, which people only buy to lay in their drawers out of sight."

"I sent money to the Editor," said Maurice, entering with all his heart into her joy, "and every month, one number will come till the year is through. There's nice reading in them about birds and beasts. Mamma read some of it to me."

Mr. Seyton thought his son old enough this year to go to the public school. There was, just over the hill, a little red school-house, the very one in which he had learned his letters years ago, and now, he introduced his son to the teacher, remarking, playfully,—

"My wife says I've turned out so well, she wants Maurice to commence his education here where I did."

"I'll do my best for him," answered the teacher, in the same tone; "and hope the boy may become as good a man as his father."

At first the little fellow did not enjoy the company of so many boys, but, after a few days' acquaintance, grew to be delighted with the new arrangements. When he came home, he would talk by the hour about the lessons,

and how near the head he was, and what fun they had playing tag at recess, and how Bob Munger was going to make a kite that would fly a mile right up into the sky, and how the boys were going to give him all the string they could find.

Mrs. Seyton was very much surprised, therefore, when one Wednesday noon he came home very sober and silent, and sat down to his dinner without whistling, or without a word about the school. It was a half holiday, and usually there would have been an earnest pleading for permission to join his companions at their play on the common; but now he took a seat on a cricket near his mamma, and asked her whether she had any thread for him to wind.

"Don't you want to play?" she asked, gazing in his flushed face.

He cast down his eyes, blushing crimson.

"I don't feel like playing," he faltered, trying to control his voice.

Mrs. Seyton wondered what had happened, but did not like to press him for the reason, as she was sure he would tell her by and by. She smilingly placed a skein of

bright-colored zephyr on his hands, winding it loosely on her fingers. When it was done, he jumped up, asking,—

"Mamma, may I go and see Kitty?"

"Yes, dear, I like to have you there; she says you're a great help to her."

With a good-bye kiss, he bounded away.

CHAPTER IX.
CONCLUSION.

"I WANT to tell you something," he whispered to Kitty, "a secret, you know."

"How nice," she answered, with her sweet smile. "Ma is busy in the kitchen, and you can take care of me while the girls go out of an errand."

"I used to like Jimmy Barnard first-rate," he began at once into the subject as soon as they were alone, "but now I think he's awful mean. I never shall like him any more."

"Why, Maurice!" exclaimed Kitty, in surprise.

"I'm going to tell you all about it," he said, eagerly. "The rule is not to whisper, and teacher said yesterday that he must break the habit, and he promised to ferrule the first boy he caught whispering. Pretty soon I forgot, and asked Bob Munger for his knife to sharpen my pencil. He's got a prime one with three blades. Teacher heard me and made me go up to the desk, and tell him what I said. He ferruled me a little, but I didn't cry for that, I cried because—because I never was

ferruled before. He punished Jimmy Barnard and ever so many of the boys, too; but they didn't seem to care about it."

"This morning when teacher looked for his ferrule to rap on the desk for prayers, he couldn't find it anywhere, and when he sat down on his high seat, he jumped right up again; somebody had stuck some pins into the cracks so that they would prick him. The boys and girls laughed; but I thought it was awfully unkind when he's such a good teacher. The tears came right into my eyes.

"What makes you look so fiery red?" whispered Jimmy Barnard; but I wouldn't answer, because that would be breaking the rules, you know.

"Teacher asked whoever played him such a vile trick, to get up and confess, and he'd forgive them; but nobody moved. The worst of all is," added Maurice, with a burst of tears, "that Jimmy went up to the teacher at recess, and told him he'd seen me around there before school commenced and he guessed I did it; when I wouldn't do such a thing for ever so much money."

"Of course not,—I knew you wouldn't," said Kitty, soothingly; "and what did teacher say?"

"I know he thinks it's true, for he always speaks so kindly; and this noon he wouldn't look at me. I ran all the way home; and I could hardly keep from crying at dinner. Then I'd come and tell you about it. Oh, I feel so bad!"

"Shall I advise you, Maurice?"

"Yes, please do."

"Say nothing about it, except to your mamma. Try to treat Jimmy as kindly as you can. It will all come out right, if you will keep unkind thoughts out of your heart."

"But I don't want to go to school when teacher thinks I'm such an ugly boy."

"Perhaps it isn't pleasant; but I want you to go, and behave just as well as you can. Your conscience tells you that you were not the guilty boy, and your teacher will find it out very soon."

"But if Jimmy Barnard tells him more lies about me!—"

"Maurice," said Kitty, seriously, "I want you to reach me the Bible from the stand.

Now find the first of Peter, second chapter, and you will see the twentieth verse tells you what to do."

The boy looked curious, and turning to the place read: "'If when ye do well, and suffer for it, ye take it patiently, this is acceptable with God.'"

"Oh, Kitty," he exclaimed, his face all in a glow, "it seems as if that verse was written on purpose for me. I mean to try and take it patiently. I'm so very glad you found it for me."

There was a glad smile on the pale face, as it was turned to the boy, who stood with his finger resting on the words he had read.

"Now," she said, "turn to Thessalonians and see what St. Paul tells us about it."

"Is this the place, Kitty? 'Now we exhort you.'"

"Yes; that means, we 'beg or beseech you.'"

"'Be patient toward all men. See that none render evil for evil, but ever follow that which is good.'"

Mrs. Seyton was not much surprised to see Maurice come bounding into the yard, his

face as smiling as ever. He had resolved to try and banish all resentment toward his companion, all hard thoughts of his teacher, and endeavor to please God by bearing patiently the reproach cast upon him.

For two days he returned kindness for Jimmy's unkindness, and though the teacher did not once pat him on the head, or say "good boy," he went on doing his own duty, sure, as Kitty said, it would all come out right if he would be patient.

The third day the teacher stopped the school at recess, and told Jimmy Barnard to take his on the platform.

"I want you all," he said, addressing the scholars, "to see a boy who was guilty of playing a foolish, disrespectful trick on his teacher, and then, to hide his guilt, charged an innocent companion with the fault. Last night, I was walking by the creek, partly concealed by the trees, when I heard James Barnard boasting to a school-mate of having hidden the ferrule and of sticking the pins into the seat. He spoke of Maurice Seyton, too, and wondered he bore so patiently the reproach, when he knew nothing of the crime.

I have so bad an opinion of a boy who would be so mean and wicked, that I do not wish my scholars to associate with him; and I now expel him from the school. Maurice, as I have said, is entirely innocent; and I here publicly ask his pardon for having ever thought otherwise."

"There, Mamma!" exclaimed the boy, rushing into room. "It's all come out just as you and Kitty said it would. I'm so glad I tried to be patient. Do you think God is pleased with me now?"

"I know he is, my darling; and your mother is pleased, too."