

**MARGARET PERCIVAL IN AMERICA: A
TALE. EDITED BY A NEW ENGLAND
MINISTER, A. B.; BEING
A SEQUEL TO MARGARET PERCIVAL: A
TALE. EDITED BY REV. WILLIAM SEWELL,
B. A., PP. 1-283**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649643387

Margaret Percival in America: A Tale. Edited by a New England Minister, A. B.; Being a Sequel to Margaret Percival: A Tale. Edited by Rev. William Sewell, B. A., pp. 1-283 by Edward Everett Hale

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

EDWARD EVERETT HALE

**MARGARET PERCIVAL IN AMERICA: A
TALE. EDITED BY A NEW ENGLAND
MINISTER, A. B.; BEING
A SEQUEL TO MARGARET PERCIVAL: A
TALE. EDITED BY REV. WILLIAM SEWELL,
B. A., PP. 1-283**

MARGARET PERCIVAL

IN

A M E R I C A :

A TALE.

EDITED BY A NEW ENGLAND MINISTER,

A. B.

BEING A SEQUEL TO

MARGARET PERCIVAL.

A TALE.

EDITED BY REV. WILLIAM SEWELL,

D. A.

SECOND EDITION.

BOSTON:
PHILLIPS, SAMPSON & COMPANY.
1850.

Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1850,
By PHILLIPS, SAMSON & Co.,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

Stereotyped by
ROBERT & ROBBINS;
New England Type and Stereotype Foundry,
BOSTON.

PREFACE.

A HOST of English books, called "Religious Novels," have been transplanted into this country, and reprinted, "without note or comment."

It is to be hoped that they have done our young people some good. But it is certain that, in our parish and Sabbath-school libraries, they have greatly puzzled those who read, by their obstinate adherence to close sectarian usages, and by their utter ignorance of the generous spirit which exists in America between Christians of different names.

It would be a pity if our young friends forgot, that, as Christians here, they have duties and opportunities too lofty to be risked, too precious to be thrown away, by the accidental suggestions of any insular literature, — of any isolated ecclesiastical arrangement.

Indeed, we have thought it a pity that the heroes and heroines of these novels had not suspected something of this, themselves, as they might have done, with a wider field for their religious experience.

And so we brought Margaret Percival to Fairmeadow, to enlarge hers. We have tried to do this so as not to pain her especial admirers. We felt that, in the old picture, we had not justice done us. Now that we hold the paint-brush, we have tried to serve them better.

We are sorry, if we have failed.

CARROLL COUNTY, July, 1850.

MARGARET PERCIVAL IN AMERICA.

CHAPTER I.

"I HAVE passed a most quiet Sunday. The day has been very beautiful and peaceful. I sat behind the house, beneath the horse-chestnut, and collected our favorite books around me, and everything was calm and lovely there. I wished that you were with me; and, indeed, quite pitied you, Anna. One's quiet thoughts are often so disturbed in a country church, or in any church! Either the preacher is irreverential, or the people are more so. One's next neighbor goes to sleep, or the child in the pew in front makes up faces at one."

"I assure you, none of these things disturbed me to-day. I, all the time, was wishing you might hear Mr. Harrod's sermon. I should have liked to talk it over with you. Then, all the congregation were equally interested, and listened devoutly. I would not have lost the service, for many hours under the horse-chestnut tree."

"Perhaps, Anna, you would not have sympathized in what I was reading. I finished Margaret Percival; and I am only more desirous to know something about her, — if she were a real person, how the world turned out with her. I have brought Margaret Percival with me, and shall insist upon your finishing the book, during my visit with you."

"I will take it up again, for your sake. I was, indeed,

somewhat interested in the book. But I cannot believe Margaret Percival really to have existed. There are great inconsistencies in her character. I was very much interested in the way she went to work with her younger brothers and sisters—in her earnestness in regard to all her duties. Now, I could not reconcile this with the great weaknesses she is supposed to show. I laid down the book at that part where she is in great trouble—her father just dying, and the family suffering under many trials. These are nothing to what she is suffering inwardly; for she is going through great spiritual trouble of the heart. It seemed to me very unnatural, that, at such a time, her sorest trouble should be, what words of prayer she should use towards God. That she should have been bowed down by doubt, uncertainty, and humility, towards God, I could understand. But that then she should puzzle herself as to what liturgy she should use, when the soul must needs prompt the words of that first of Christian prayers,—‘My God, be merciful to me a sinner!’”

“But, Anna, I am deeply interested in Margaret. Her life has helped to arouse me. Beneath the chestnut-tree, to-day, I formed many resolutions, such as no church service has ever awakened in me. Tell me, do you not think there may be truer worship, truer self-consecration, in such solitude, than in the most lofty church?”

“I remember feeling this most strongly, Gertrude, at one time, when I was recovering from a long illness. I was left at home, alone, on Sundays. After the sound had died away of the carriage that bore my father and mother to church, there was nothing to awaken the silence, but the distant village church-bells. I would sit at my quiet window, which you shall soon see, and learn to love. I read my favorite books. It was then I acquired my passion for

Fenelon. It was then I read some of the most beautiful of Martineau's sermons. I felt, at the time, that I never before had experienced the truly holy feeling of Sunday."

"It is in such a way I would like to pass my Sundays, in solitary devotion."

"But with me, Gertrude, this did not last. In a few weeks I found myself taking up other occupations for my Sundays. I began by copying poetry for my friends, by writing letters, till I found presently there was growing to be very little difference between my Sundays and my quieter week-days.

"Then came the first Sunday that I could bear the fatigue of going to church. As we passed over this beautiful road we are going over now, my mind prepared itself for the church services. I cannot tell you how powerful were the devout feelings that rose up within me, as I entered the church. Our little choir seemed to offer most devotional strains of music. It was so pleasant to see the well-known faces again! Even the half-quieted glances of the children had something angelic in them. Then the minister's voice roused me again, and recalled to me that I had been in danger of letting my spiritual thoughts slumber and sleep on the holy day, and that I did indeed need the suggestions of an uttered human voice to awaken me. How beautiful were the words of the text that day,—'Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them.'"

"Your quietness before had brought you into the right mood for this public worship."

"I believe now in the power, and the necessity too, of creating such a mood. The hour before church cannot be better employed; and can succeed in throwing over the dullest of preachers an air of earnestness, that touches our