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TWO

A TALE OF SACRIFICE BY FRANCES NOBLE

CHAPTER XX.-CONTINUED

Gerty tried to smile, while a silent thanksgiving rose from her heart for even this slight beginning of her consolation. "And so you will not grieve about

it Julia, more than you can help ; or I shall have to blame myself for having come here only to disturb all your pleasure like this by running away, as if you had not always been so very, very kind, you and Sir Robert

'Nay, Gerty, it is I who will have to reproach myself all my life, love." And her voice trembled with love." And her voice trembled with agitation. "But for me you would never have met Stanley Graham; or if even your father can hardly blame me for that, Gerty, which I could not help, unless he blames me for inviting his darling to London at all, still, I shall always feel as if I should have warned you when I saw how it was going to be; lic religion makes even a tender little girl such as she is!" And she sat alone, pondering long and deeply, after she had given direc-tions about Gerty's departure. when I saw how it was going to be for even I, irreligious as I am, felt uneasy, somehow, when I thought of your earnest, practical faith, knowing so well as I did Stanley's haughty, jealous temper and bitter-ness against all religion-knowing that while I am only careless of it, he hates it. But I could not bring myself to spoil your happiness, love; for I never thought even he,

when it really came to the question, could be so hard and 'And if I myself could not have

And if I myself could not have believed it, Julia, why should you be to blame? How could papa blame you, who are not a Catholic, for not warning me? I was mistaken in not listening sconer to the fear in my heart, which I hid almost from myself, of how it might be so as to have learned his might be, so as to have learned his sentiments sooner, if possible ; for I see now so plainly why he always avoided the subject of religion or any mention of it. O Julia ! if the hatred he has now for religion were hatred he has now for religion were once turned to love of it, what a grand, noble Catholic he would of the would be a start of the would be a sta

make And the color rose again for an

And the color rose again for an instant to the pale face. "And that is why it seems so cruel, such a terrible pity, love, that there is no other way but separation for you to resolve on." And Lady Hunter spoke very eagerly and warmly. "As Stanley's wife, Gerty, you might have won him to your views—have won him in time to become so ardent a Cath. bright fire. "I am only thankful to be able to manage it so well for you, love, and that they are all out. O Gerty! in time to become so ardent a Catholic as to satisfy even you, love ; and all might have been so smooth in the end.

you for man who disapproved of all partic-ular forms of religion, but who attended service at the church wherever he went anywhere—a rather "Don't try to tempt me, Julia; it is too late now. For I-I have conquered, with God's help, and I cannot look back for an instant when she could get to one easily, with any fear while I have that still with me." And she smiled a sad but peaceful smile. "And you are only trying to think it would be as you say, Julia, out of your love and she gave it all up gradually, and only goes now when he goes to church. But she is one of the best women and wives I know, Gerty ; care for me, for both of us. You care for me, for both of us. You don't really believe it; you don't think it even possible that—that Stanley could so easily become a Catholic. Have you not told me so, in words which I ought to have taken as a warning, Julia? And even if it were likely, we may not do evil that good may come. You believe that, Julia; and I could not commit sin now in the hope of good

sighed.

other direct to Moston till six o'clock, and—that, you know, is too late, even if papa would not be uneasy if I travelled by dark alone. I can telegraph to him from the station, you know, to say I am coming." "Yee; I was going to advise that, love, so as not to startle him." And with another fond, anxious "Yes; I was going to advise that, love, so as not to startle him." And with another fond, anxious look Lady Hunter left "the room, thankful that her guests were all out so opportunely, with the exception of one or two ladies, so that she was more at leisure to sit quietly alone, and think over all that had happened, and how it would end.

"If I could only do anything to

friends. "Whom have you got for a next-door neighbor now?" she asked as the meal proceeded. "I heard you had a new one."

"They think you are not well, love, and that we have agreed it is love, and that we have agreed it is best for you to return home, as your papa will be anxious if you stayed. I said that to Miss Moncton and Lady Gowenlock, the only two who have not gone out, Gerty; because you see, love, I was obliged to tell them you were going, on account of having to excuse myself to them for the whole morning.

to them for the whole morning. You won't mind saying, 'Good-by'

"I never go to church at all now-to any sort of church, either Protestant or Catholic," said Agnes, and closed her lips tightly with a they loved with broken hearts." "It is a big, big question; but this we do know for very certain;

only sighed. Lady Hunter kissed her with a It was no use arguing with Agnes tender look of reproof and made her sit by her, close before the

when she was in that mood, so no more was said, and Lucy and Mrs. Day went off together. The latter called in for a few words to her

"That's a dear girl," she said : " one of the good old-fashioned sort, with a mind as pure as a child's, it is perhaps cruel to say it again, but is it really true that there is no other way? Do you know, dear, a few years ago I had a great friend who was a strict Wesleyan—as strict in her way as you are in yours. Well, she married a gentle-ure who disapproved of all partic- "She really is a very good girl, "one of the good of all partic- "And what about those who are left to mourn." What about Lucy's well as your Lucy. I'm grateful to she is a good woman you said, and she will know that God is calling the with a mind as pure as a child's, "And what about those who are left to mourn." What about Lucy's well as your Lucy. I'm grateful to she is a good woman you said, and she will know that God is calling the will as your call is a very good girl, "She really is a very good girl, it is perhaps cruel to say it again,

she's quite happy." "Oh yes. She never grumbles. But then, she never would grumble

"That's just like her. Then, I expect, she'll have to run as fast their lives for Him." Wesleyan, expect, she'll have to run as fast as she can all the rest of the way to avoid being late." Mrs. Day was up betimes next morning, for Monday was washing-day. Her little back kitchen was full of steam, and her arms elbow-deep in the soap-suds, when Mrs. West rushed in with a white face and tragic expression. "I suppose that is the sort of thing Lucy would say if she could speak to us," rejoined Agnes, still an angry light in her eyes and a sarcastic smile on her lips. "But you know Lucy was the eldest child, and was just earning good money, so that she could help her widowed mother with the younger ones. They will nearly starve now, and Julia, don't you think I would do exactly the same? If one way is as good as another, why not choose as good as another, why not choose your husband's way, if he wishes it and you see it would make him happier? Wesleyans are only like all other Protestants, telling us that all may choose for themselves which way they will go to heaven; so why should your friend regret having made herself and her husband happier by pleasing him? But Cath-olics, Julia, know that our Lord came on earth to show us one way to heaven, and that there is no west rushed in with a with the mother with the younger one, and and tragic expression. "Oh, Mrs. Day," she almost screamed, "what do you think I've just heard? Poor little Lucy is "She will not complain, I think, "She will not complain, I think, "Dead," exclaimed Mrs. Day, horror-stricken. "Impossible! She was a picture of health and happi-ness when I left her last night." "Bhe will not complain, I think, if it comes to that. But, as God has taken the bread-winner, He will not forget the fatherless and orphans who put their trust in

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

her until it should be done—she must not pause until she was safe again in her father's arms. TO BE CONTINUED THEY THAT MOURN Mrs. West and her daughter Agnes were just sitting down to their tea one Sunday afternoon when a welcome and unexpected guest arrived. This was Lucy Warner, Mrs. West's niece, a rosy-cheeked, smil-ing girl, who, living at a distance of some two miles away, was not a frequent visitor.

only not so powerless in the matter, knowing that of course she cannot stay, that I cannot keep her from her father an hour longer, poor darling! But what a grand thing it is, this faith of hers! How brave and resolute the Catho-lic religion makes even a tank the the the the the the the the the guest arrived. This was Lucy Warner, Mrs. West's niece, a rosy-cheeked, smil-ing girl, who, living at a distance of some two miles away, was not ing about this bright-eved, happer nothing scoundrel joined the army, he came home safe and sound ! What's the use of religion if all who practice it get nothing but trouble ? Where was there ever a better girl

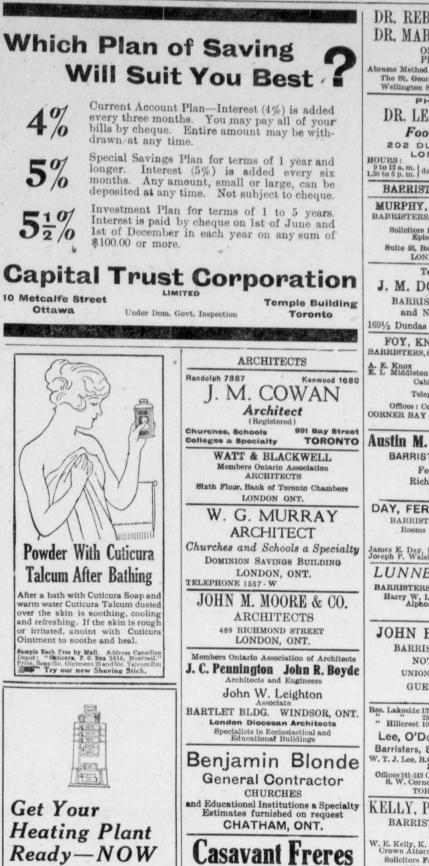
tions about Gerty's departure.
In less than an hour Gerty came to her, her face looking still paler and more weary by contrast with her dark travelling-dress. Her cousin took both her hands, which she felt trembling in her grasp.
"I have ordered luncheon for twelve, love, and the carriage at two, to take us to the station. Did before you go."
"Yes, thank, you Julia, and I just showed her what to do and d left her. Julia, how they will all wonder what is the matter !" And her lips quivered.
"They think you are not well,
door heighbor how ' inter and you had a new one."
"Well, new to you,'' observed her aunt. "That shows how often you come to see us ! Mrs. Day has lived next door for quite a long time now. She is a very nice woman, and a good neighbor. You ought to know her, for she is a Catholic like before you go."
"Yes, thank, you Julia, and I is the matter !" And her lips quivered.
"They think you are not well,
"They think you are not well,
"To so are to you have not well,
"They think you are not well,
"They think you are not well,
"To so are to you have not well,
"They think you are not well,
"They thi

we can walk together, and it will be a treat for me not to have to go alone for once." Lucy was delighted, but she wanted her aunt and cousin to wanted her aunt and cousin to come too. "Do come ! Just to please me!" urged Lucy. "You used to come to Benediction with me sometimes, a long time ago, but you never come now." "Anyway. I don't see why all

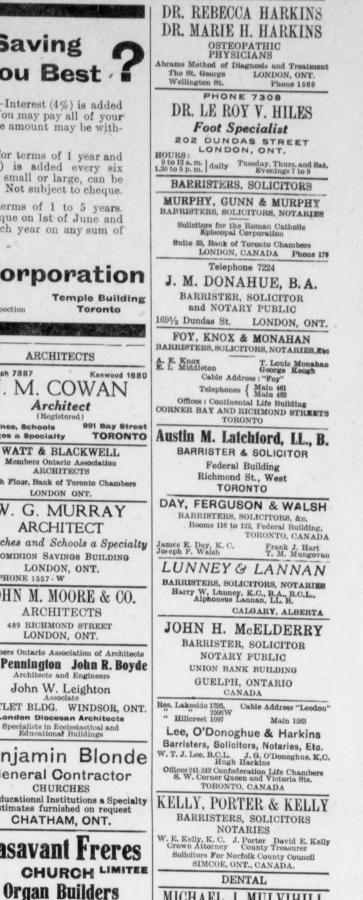
"I never go to church at all the best should die, and leave those

that God is infinitely just, infinitely wise, infinitely good. He calls each one of us to Him just at the right moment, when we are best fitted to answer His call. Whether we are young or old, whether we die sud-denly or after a long illness, it is always God's appointed time, and therefore the very best for our

well as your Lucy. I'm grateful to you for introducing us." Ah ! The poor mother ! But "She really is a very good girl, and I'm proud of her," said her aunt. "But I'm afraid she has rather a hard place." "Well she's young and strong, and not afraid of work. I fancy she's quite happy." "Oh yes. She never grumbles. But then, she never would grumbles. at anything so long as she could get to Mass and Benediction every Sunday." to Mass and Benediction every Sunday." "Well, that's the chief thing that matters to us Catholics," said Mrs. Day. "When I left her this even-ing she was just doing a kind act-helping home a poor old woman who seemed in need of a strong arm."



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which might never come."

Lady Hunter sighed. "But how shall I meet Stanley this evening, love ? How shall I tell him you are gone, with my help? I must, of course, if you insist, dear; but I hardly dare I assure you."

Julia, how can he be surprised, when the engagement is broken off between us as certainly as if it had never existed, by my own words and his? Who could ask me to stay his? Who could ask me to stay where we must meet constantly, and where every minute would be so cruel for both? I know you would be in hopes of—of it all coming right again; but I know differently, Julia. He would only say the same; and I could not change one word I said—one thing I asked for. But I want to to how one for the for to heaven, and that there is no other; that He taught one truth. unless he meant just the opposite of what He said ; unless He could diswhat He said ; unless He could dis-tinctly teach one doctrine, and yet be quite satisfied if we chose to be-lieve a contradictory one." "I might have known, love, what you would say," sighed her ladyship. "It was a foolish parallel to bring to your case. But it is so sad for me to realize it all, when I think of your mother, my poor dead cousin, Gerty; when I remember her want to—to leave a few lines for him, Julia, just to say good-by and tell him it is all my own doing; and you will give them to him, won't

Lady Hunter acquiesced silently, as though her pain and perplexity would not let her speak. Gerty; when I remember her sitting with me in this very room,

would not let her speak. "And now I must get up, Julia," continued Gerty, with that sad attempt again at a smile; "it is dreadfully late for me. I shall not be long in dressing, and you will let some one come to finish my packing, won't you? See, I have laid every-thing ready nearly." thing ready nearly." Lady Hunter started as she

looked round and saw it was so, for she had not noticed it before, being

"O Gerty! what a sad ending to the visit that we have been looking forward to so long," she said, as she rose to leave the room for a while. "I may send you some breakfast, though, presently, before

ness when I left her last night." "But she's dead! Dead! Dead! Oh, my poor little good Lucy!" And Mrs. West sank down on a seat in a half fainting, hysterical con-dition. "Ophans who put their trust in Him." "Oh, of course! That's just the way she will talk berself. But still I can't see why some of the good people shouldn't be left to us, and the her talk of the still of the start of the still "Oh, of course! That's just the "Oh of course! That's just

Mrs. Day did all she could to restore her, and bit by bit, in broken restore her, and bit by bit, in broken sentences, drew from her the infor-"But even wicked

"But even wicked people have their place in God's plan just as much as the good. He will call them, too, at the right moment. If there is any chance of their repentmation that, as Lucy was running (as her aunt had said she would have to do to make up for the time spent in seeing the feeble old woman sitting with me in this very room, when she and your papa came to stay with us, when I came home a bride, two or three months before you were born. To think that you are that very babe she was then expecting, and all this sad trouble to have come to you so early ! And for him—for Stanley, too, it will be so dreadful—though his own fault; he will suffer so terribly !" Gerty's lips quivered once more she cloured how hends toercher

almost immediately afterwards. It was a terrible shock even to Mrs. Day, who had so recently made the girl's acquaintance. It is always a shock to human nature to hear of a sudden death, especially if it be of one who was young and strong and full of life and happiness but a few short hours before. hess, forbearance, forgiveness, and true charity. If all were good and perfect we should have little to for-give, and it would be easy to love.'' "You talk like a book; but people don't all act like that. We mostly hate bad people, and try to pay them back in their own cin.''

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