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GERTRUDE MANNERING

A TALE OF SACRIFICE

BY FRANCES NOBLE
CHAPTER XVII.—CONTINUED

Ah, how sweet the endearing word was from his lips! how delicious to the fond little idolatress the tender term which, in all his life before, haughty Stanley had never spoken to any other creature! What wonder if Gertrude revelled with an entire abandonment in the blissful present, giving herself up to it with a joy which was ample compensation for the past weary doubt and pain! What wonder if she drove away the warning whisper that strove to make herself heard if she turned away from the "still small voice" as yet, the voice of conscience, which bade her speak even now, thus early, of the one subject—the religion which he despised—to the proud man of whom she was making a god in her heart, who was to be the master of her life from henceforth!

"Not now, not today," she said to herself. "Let me be wholly happy today. Tomorrow, before I write to papa, I will speak to you and settle it all—obtain all I must ask. He has been so generous, so thoughtful for me, I cannot speak today of what may give him a minute's pain or annoyance."

"How good you have been, Stanley, how thoughtful for me! May I be able to repay you, all through my life!" she said aloud.

"If there was anything to repay, you have more than done it already, Gertrude. But I wonder if your dear father will not think I shall be everlastingly in his debt, when I have stolen away his precious little 'Sunbeam'?"

"Ah! Julia has told you that is papa's name for me." And a bright smile and blush rose to her face.

"How you will love him, too, Stanley, when you know him. Then he will go on to speak still more of her father, to tell her he never meant to steal her from him entirely; how, if she wished, he should be nearly always with them, if he would; how he himself would be ready any time to go home with her to her dear old Grange to cheer that dear parent's loneliness; how, though he would wish to take her abroad as soon as they were married, they should only remain as long as she chose, until she grew home-sick; while Gertrude wondered if she ever could grow home-sick with Stanley by her side—whether a desert would not seem a happy home with him to take care of her always. And so the time passed unheeded, as they walked on, seeing and hearing nothing but each other, until at a turn in the road Stanley halted suddenly.

"Gertrude, I must really beg your pardon!" he exclaimed. "I am so very sorry, but I have led you a mile or two past the turning to the cavern, and it is almost too late to go there now, unless you very much wish it."

Gertrude laughed merrily, a low, joyous laugh.

"Are you very much disappointed, Stanley? Because if you are, I'm not a bit tired, and can walk as fast as you like back to the turning; but I don't think I care very particularly about the cavern today." And she looked up with a bright, merry mischief in her eyes which made Stanley imprison the little hand again as they stood there in their comic dismay, his proud heart throbbing with a strange joy as he gazed at her, the sweet treasure he had won to be his very own through life—the life which had been so weary and void before.

"You little gipsy, it is all your fault! But for this lucky turning you would have charmed me for miles further. Well, we must hasten back to Nethercotes now, if we want to be in time for luncheon, and not to have scouts sent out to search for us."

"How my cousin will scold us for not turning up at the cavern!" And Gertrude laughed so heartily at the prospect that Stanley thought he could willingly endure a hundred scoldings, if he might hear that sweet, innocent sound daily as a reward.

The rest of the party had all returned home when they reached Nethercotes, and they had to reply as well as they could to the laughter and playful reproaches which assailed them, by owning they had somehow lost the way; but they were spared a good deal by the fact of luncheon being quite ready, and having to sit down to it almost immediately. Perhaps Lady Hunter too said less than she might have done, seeing doubtless from Gertrude's flushed, happy face and the smile which softened Stanley's proud features what had happened—guessing, perhaps, what the rest could not yet be expected to do.

As they rose from table, Gertrude, unobserved by the others, looked across at Stanley with a smile, and then whispered to her cousin:

"Julia, may I come to your sanctum with you alone for a few minutes? I want to speak to you."

"Indeed you may, love. Come now at once, before any one else takes possession of us." And they quietly left the room together.

"Julia, what do you think I am going to tell you?" And the bright, sparkling eyes looked away now into the fire. Lady Hunter took both the trembling little hands in her own, as she whispered:

"Is it really that, Gertrude, which I have been hoping for—that my little cousin is to be so very happy, that proud Stanley Graham has asked her to be his wife?" And as Gertrude looked up again with another of those sweet blushes, her cousin took her in her arms and nearly smothered her with kisses.

"O Julia! I can hardly believe it yet, you know," Gertrude said at last.

"It seems almost too great happiness that it should be really true—that one like he is should care so much for poor little me."

"And perhaps he is wondering why such a sweet little girl should care so much for a haughty individual like himself, you silly little idolatress." And then Lady Hunter listened while Gertrude whisperingly told her what had passed—how it had come about that, before they had parted from her many minutes that morning, Stanley Graham had told her the story of his deep, tender love, and had won the confession of her own in return.

"Well, Gertrude, my darling," her cousin said, as she paused, "you ought to be very, very happy. I could tell you, if I chose, of many a one who will envy you, almost to bitterness; not that Stanley ever in his life before gave any one any cause to hope even, for he is too honorable. I saw from the first, love, how it was going to be with him in your case, and forgive me if I guessed too where your heart was. Well, he will have a little wife who will not only love him with her whole soul, but who will appreciate and be proud of him too." Then half laughingly, half in earnest, she added: "I don't prophesy, love, that he will make quite such an easy husband as I possess; I don't think you will always get so much of your own way as I have always done, Gertrude; for Stanley is peculiar, you know—terribly proud and stern sometimes—and his little wife will have to give in to him a great deal in exchange for the deep love and happiness he will lavish upon her. But you're not afraid, are you, love, though I am making out my favorite such a terrible tyrant?"

And she laughed kindly, while yet she looked earnestly at Gertrude, who laughed too now, merrily.

"Not a bit afraid, Julia! How could I ever be afraid of Stanley?" And she lingered fondly on the loved name. "Shall I ever care for any will or pleasure but his? Sha'n't I always think his wishes the best, and make them mine?"

But even as she spoke a strange chill struck at her heart, as again the warning voice whispered that there might be times when his will would clash with hers—when she must disobey his wishes if she would not forsake a nearer duty still than she would owe to him.

But again it was driven away by the cheering thought: "No, no; he will never be stern and harsh like that. If once he promises me all, I shall have no fear."

"What news for your papa, Gertrude darling? What ever will he say to losing his one little treasure? Perhaps blame me for it all! You will write today, love, of course, to tell him?" And Lady Hunter tried to appear not to notice the shadow which passed over Gertrude's face as he replied:

"Not today, Julia; I will write tomorrow, such a long letter as it will have to be. You see he will have got my few lines this morning, telling him I am here all safe; so I would rather wait till tomorrow before I write again. I could hardly collect my thoughts so as to be able to tell him all about it today fully, as I want to do. Isn't it good of Stanley, Julia, to promise, without being asked, that I shall be so much with papa, or he with us?"

But only what I could have told you he would promise, darling, for with all his pride and sternness, he will be very tender where he loves, Gertrude. Well, I may go now and tell the happy news to Sir Robert, may I not, so that he may congratulate his little favorite as soon as possible? And I must find Stanley too at once, and congratulate him on having at last found such a dear little mistress for Briardale; for I am tired of waiting to visit there, and I shall get there soon now, Gertrude, of course, with you to invite and entertain us."

And letting Gertrude run away to her own room for a while, Lady Hunter went off on her errand.

If she could, if it had been possible, Gertrude would have prolonged that day for ever—that blissful, halcyon day. She would have let an end never come to the long, delicious ride with Stanley in the afternoon, her first ride quite alone with him, so much better even in itself than the stately, hemmed-in rides in London up and down Rotten Row, halting every now and then to talk to hear him describe to her his beautiful country seat at Briardale, which he would go to love again for her sake, because she would let its mistress. She would have let the evening too last for ever—the happy evening, which was so full of kind congratulations from everybody, best of all from dear old Sir Robert, when she overcame her nervousness at her cousin's request, and sang for them her sweet little songs, with Stanley standing close by her side with a fond pride of ownership. But it came to an end; it came to the parting 'good-night'

with Stanley; to the hour when she was alone again in her room, free to pause and think, to rise from her dream of bliss and face the thought of the task which awaited her on the morrow—the speaking to her future husband of her religion, and all he must grant concerning it and the writing to her father, that dear, tender father, who must soon now be left lonely and solitary in the old home. And there arose before her the vision of the past happy life, the long years at the convent; there rose the vision of her kindly friend, Father Walsley, with his pale, saintly face, as his words again seemed to sound in her ears.

"I promise to trust you always, Gertrude, descendant of martyrs and confessors as you are!"

And falling on her knees she prayed long and fervently for strength not to shrink or swerve an inch from the task awaiting her; not to delay another day without obtaining all she must ask from him to whom she was giving such a wealth of adoring love.

TO BE CONTINUED

HOW FRANCIS FEARN SENT A SOUL TO HEAVEN

M. B. Heenan, in the Missionary

Francis De—well, you shall think of him as Francis Fearn, for this is a true story and for the sake of those who love his name I hold it too sacred for print—Francis Fearn came of a long line of men and women who had handed down to him for wealth their power of just appraisal of the things of life and constant devotion to the Faith, and for patent of nobility, the record of lands and titles forfeit to God for the sake of the Faith. Think it not strange, then, that this boy of seven should know the pricelessness of Baptism, and that the following story should be told.

Francis lived in one of the least beautiful sections of an American manufacturing city. Had his father's scholarly attainments and his mother's culture had their native background the boy would have spent the days of his exile from Heaven amid the wild beauties of an Irish sea-coast town, for his father would have been a schoolmaster, reaping the returns of his early investment in learning at an Irish University, his mother would have been the earthly counterpart of the Comfortress of the Afflicted to the poor and suffering of the village, and their three little sons would have had for playmates the wind and the sea and the silver-winged gulls. But the Providence of God, which was to deal hardly with the Fearn family, led them from the land of their love to seek a living in America. The first opportunity that offered, John Fearn took; he became a stone-cutter. He gave his best to the work, and by his uprightness and sterling goodness won a place in the "shop" of which these two facts are descriptive: his fellowworkmen, "Joe" or "Tom" or "Dan" to one another always spoke of him as Mr. Fearn, and his employer, when age had robbed him of most of his usefulness retained him for the reason that he felt "Mr. Fearn's presence in the shop brought a blessing." You will know that Isabel Fearn was of a courage no less fine than her husband when I tell you that in addition to making Home of three rooms in a house ugly with the ugliness of faded elegance, she eked out her husband's poor pay by night work, polishing and finishing the stones that he brought home to her.

But not all the evening hours were so spent. Books were dearer to the two than ever, and the time devoted to reading, and talking of what they read were gases in the desert of daily labor. Happier hours still were those in which the father taught his little sons the lessons of the Catechism and Bible History, and told them stories of the saints. For Francis the history of his noble patron's achievements in the conversion of the pagan had a special and compelling appeal, and he conceived the idea of going with the missionaries to convert the pagan children—he need not wait until he grew up for that. When, however, his mother explained to him that he must wait for God's time, wait and let God show him when and where He wanted him to do his work, he settled down, not without some regret, to do as she said.

To Francis' mother, as to him, the probable years of his waiting stretched into dim distance, but the divine answer to the child's "Speak, Lord," was not far off.

In the neighborhood where Francis had his home Italian, Jews, white and colored folks lived side by side. At the upper end of the square was a small grocery store kept by a Jewish couple, Isaac Rosenthal and his wife. Sent there on an errand one day Francis discovered what of all things he would have wished for—a baby to play with. He loved babies, and this small descendant of the prophets showed unmistakably from the first that it loved him, throwing itself joyfully into his coaxing arms, and refusing to leave him for either father or mother. From that day, most of Francis' play time was spent sitting in the big dilapidated chair outside the store, holding his little playfellow in his arms, amusing him with pictures, and trying hard to teach him to talk. There was

nothing to mar Francis' pleasure at these times—no injunction not to let baby fall, and no anxious glances from Mrs. Rosenthal. He knew that both his ability and his desire to care for Abie were trusted—and the trust was never betrayed. When one of the boy's rare pennies had been invested in a peppermint stick for his little charge, Mrs. Rosenthal's permission would be asked before he offered it, and then he would watch the baby's enjoyment with motherlike pleasure, not tasting the candy himself. Abie, on his part, was never so fully content as when in Francis' arms, and would unflinchingly snuggle closer, and cling to him like a kitten when the time came for him to go home.

Imagine then, if you can, the dismay with which Abie's self-appointed nurse heard when he went for him one afternoon, that he could not take the baby out—that he was sick. He had passed through the store, where everything was strangely quiet—and where one or two impatient people were trying to wait on themselves—and had reached the dingy little living room when Mrs. Rosenthal's voice, strange and hoarse—she had been crying—came to him from upstairs. "Abie's sick, Frank. You can't take him out," she said. And Francis had run home to throw himself into his mother's arms and bathe her cheek with the passionate tears of his first grief. Mrs. Fearn, knowing the thousand ills that infant flesh is heir to, comforted the boy with the thought that the baby would soon be well, perhaps within a week, and that then he could have his charge back again.

Early next morning she was touched to receive a message from Mrs. Rosenthal saying that Abie had cried for Frank all through the night, and asking if he might come to him now.

When Francis followed Abie's little brother up into the big room over the store, he saw what made him feel like crying again: Abie—not sitting up and reaching his arms to him as he always did—but lying in his mother's lap, his eyes closed and his little body working restlessly. Abie must be very sick!

He tiptoed over, and taking one of the baby's hands laid it against his cheek. "Abie, look at Frank," he whispered. Slowly the heavy lids were lifted, only to close again wearily over eyes that reflected no recognition. Tears of disappointment filled Francis' eyes as he looked up into Mrs. Rosenthal's face. "Joe" doesn't know me."

To Francis' bewilderment Mrs. Rosenthal leaned over and drew him suddenly to her, and burying her head on his little shoulder she whispered between sobs: "Frank, my baby's dying!" Abie dying.

He had no very clear idea as to what dying meant, but he had been taught that babies who die go straight to Heaven—if they are baptized—and he had thought a great deal about what they found waiting for them in Heaven, so his first thought was of the mysterious and beautiful experience that was ahead of Abie. That thought even over-shadowed his awe at Mrs. Rosenthal's sorrow. But—Abie was not baptized. Then to Francis' aid came his father's clear and comprehensive instruction on the Sacraments. He remembered that anyone could baptize a baby who was going to die.

"Well, Mrs. Rosenthal, may I baptize Abie?"

Mrs. Rosenthal, her lips compressed to keep from crying aloud, nodded. She could have refused nothing, then, to this child whom Abie loved, and who loved him.

Taking a small pitcher of water from the washstand, Francis held it in both hands, and poured the contents over the baby's forehead, repeating in a voice of awe, the formula of baptism. At the touch of the cool water Abie opened his eyes again and looked up into Francis' face, this time with something of his old, welcoming smile. Francis, in silent response, knelt and put his arms about the baby and rested his head beside him on his mother's knee.

Mrs. Fearn knew by the slamming of the front door as something entered the house, that something unusual had happened. "O, Mother!" he called, as he hurried up the steps, "I've sent a baby to Heaven."

"Sent a baby to Heaven—How?"

"Abie's mother said he was dying, and I asked her to let me baptize him, so that he could go to Heaven, and she said 'Yes.'" And Francis described in detail how he had baptized the Jewish baby—"And if he dies he'll be in Heaven today, won't he?"

The Angel of Death paid his expected visit to the Rosenthal home, taking thence the spirit of little Abie, "still streaming with the waters of Baptism," but instead of taking his flight back to Heaven at once, he folded his wings and rested over the Fearn home, for the Heavenly Father, pleased with the act of the infant apostle had charged the Angel to bring Francis, too, and his little brothers, Francis had been given the amazing opportunity of imitating the missionary of his ideal in a small and weak way by saving a soul and then giving his life for the cause—for Francis carried from the sick-room of little Abie germs of the deadly disease of which he was dying.

Doubtless, dear reader, you are thinking that Isabel Fearn and her husband paid a sore price for

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