

**MABEL COMYN:
OR,
TRUTH TRIUMPHANT**

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Mabel Comyn: or, Truth triumphant by Anonymous

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Watch and pray."—MATT. xxvi. 41.

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1873.



MABEL COMYN.

CHAPTER I.

"MOTHER, dear, it is such a lovely morning; do come with me."

"Where are you going, Elinor?"

"Across the park to the fields, to watch the haymakers. Mary Stewart promised to meet me at the entrance lodge nearest to the village."

"As you will have a companion with you, my dear child, I will remain at home," replied her mother, "as I am rather busy with some accounts that I have to make up for Dr. Stewart. And be sure to return home before it gets too hot."

"Adieu, then, mother darling." And Elinor went on her way.

"How lovely all nature appears to-day! The sky is as deeply blue as that of Italy, and the scent of the flowers and the new-mown hay is very refreshing to one's senses," said she, half aloud. "Ah! but I do not enjoy anything now as I used to do, when my darling Mabel was with me. The day never seemed long enough; the sky always

looked bright to me, even when it rained, if my darling was with me. Her merry laugh was like music in mine ears. And now—now," said Elinor to herself, "how sadly she has fallen from grace. I cannot fancy my darling leaving the glorious light of the Gospel for the errors of the Romish Church—she, whose nature is so true and loving, and ever seeking to help all who were in trouble and in need. And her trouble must have been very great indeed to have caused her to act as she has done."

Elinor buried her face in her hands, and amidst her tears she offered up a heartfelt prayer for grace to enable her to lead a holy and a godly life, to make greater efforts to bear the crosses of her life with humility and steadfastness, and to pray unceasingly for her darling sister, that God, in His great mercy, would grant the aid of His Holy Spirit to enlighten Mabel's mind once again, and that she might have grace, in His own good time, to see how much she had fallen, and to enable her to return to the purity and light of the Gospel truth.

As she approached the lodge, Mary Stewart came bounding up to her, and observing the traces of tears in Elinor's face, and guessing the cause, she gave her an affectionate hug, and said, "Now, *Nellie dear*, no tears. Papa says it will all come

right in time, and you must take for your motto, 'Watch and pray.' "

" I try to do so, but I fear I am impatient, and feel if dear Mabel had only consulted your father, he would have read and prayed with her, and shown her the great gulf there is between our own beloved Church and that of Rome in the idolatrous worship of the Virgin Mary."

Elinor and her friend now entered a large field where the haymakers were busily at work. They soon had a nice soft seat of hay made ready for them, and the time passed away only too quickly; and seeing the haymakers making preparations for their mid-day meal, under some trees, they consulted Elinor's watch, and found they had remained nearly two hours, working and reading alternately. The girls parted near the lodge that led into the village, and Elinor entered a shady avenue of stately oaks, and let herself into the garden plantations, and passing through a little wicket gate, and so into the garden beneath the terraces, and ascending the long flight of steps leading to the upper terrace, she then turned round and rested herself against the stone coping of the balustrade, and gazed admiringly over the lovely landscape presented to her view. But her mind wandered again to the absent Mabel. The clock in the turret striking twelve recalled her wandering thoughts;

she crossed the terrace which extended the whole length of the south side of the house, and on to which the windows all opened.

The windows of all the rooms were open, to admit of as much air as possible; but each window was shaded with large projecting sun-blinds.

Elinor stooped beneath the sun-blind that shaded the morning room, and as she raised herself up, she found herself facing a gentleman, who was standing close to the open window, and who made way for her to pass into the room. She saw immediately from his dress that he must be a Romish priest. A mutual bow and curtesy gave her an instant of time to recover her presence of mind, and she offered him a seat and requested to know if he wished to see her mother.

"Yes," he replied; "I presume that I have the honour of speaking to Miss Pierdale."

Elinor assented.

"My errand," he continued, "is on behalf of your cousin, Miss Comyn."

"Is she well?" asked Elinor eagerly.

"Very far from well, I fear; and she is most anxious to return home; that is to say, if, after what has occurred, she may still so regard this house and its inmates."

"Of course she will, and must always regard *my mother and myself* as her mother and sister,

and the house as her very own and only home," Elinor gravely replied; "and," she continued, "an adopted daughter and sister, as Mabel has always been regarded, however she may have erred, cannot throw off such close ties and the home of her infancy so easily as change her religion, it strikes me."

The priest slightly coloured, and said, "Doubtless, Miss Pierdale, if you would only allow me time, I could prove to you that your cousin is right in having embraced the true faith; and you also might become a convert."

"Oh, sir, pray desist," quickly replied Elinor; "I cannot discuss with you the fall from grace and truth my cousin has been guilty of, by the step she has taken in leaving the holy catholic and apostolic Church of England, in which she was born and baptized; and which Church, by her Bible teaching, shows so clearly the errors of Romanism, that I, for one, can only regard perverts from our Church to that of Rome as leaving light for darkness—the glorious teaching of Scripture, for a Church overlaid with superstition and error."

Fortunately, Mrs. Pierdale's entrance into the room at this moment was a relief to both parties, and Elinor explained to her how Father Jenkyns had come on behalf of Mabel.

Mrs. Pierdale warmly thanked him for the interest he had taken in her niece.

“Mother, may I write to Mabel, and tell her how rejoiced we shall be to see her at home again?”

“Do so, my love, and beg she will write by return of post and state at what time we may expect her.”

Mrs. Pierdale requested to know if the priest would not remain to luncheon, and she would order a carriage to be in waiting to take him to the station.

He thanked her, but declined the offer of the drive to the station, as a walk in the country was a treat to him. Refreshments were brought up for him, and Mrs. Pierdale left him, saying she would gather him some roses to take back with him.

Elinor meanwhile wrote to her cousin, and thinking in all probability the letter might be read in the convent to which Mabel had been persuaded to enter unknown to her aunt, she merely wrote,—

“Darling Mabel,—The news of your speedy return home has filled us with joy and thankfulness. I am literally pining into a shadow, all for lack of your sweet presence. As to your grey parrot, she screams out nearly all day, ‘Mabel! Mabel!’ and *I could not help crying*, when I knew there was