

MABEL CLEMENT

by

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CHAPTER FOURTEEN

"My son," inquired Mrs. Manly, "what are you laughing about? And why is your face so radiant?"

"Mother, I think I will laugh forever. No mortal ever had more reason for joy than I. I have two reasons - the best and biggest this world affords. One is I am converted."

Then followed embracing and weeping and rejoicing, and holy, happy, hopeful conversation about the marvelous goodness of GOD and the gracious providences that work out His purposes and saves His people. This theme monopolized and consumed the time, while the breakfast burned through inattention.

In the feast of soul bodily hunger was forgotten.

"But there is another reason. What is it?"

"Why, last night she promised to be mine forever."

Again Arthur threw his arms around his mother and kissed her.

"Mother, I am the happiest man under the sun. I would not exchange places with any king on earth. O GOD! how good Thou art to me."

"Blessed be GOD for His mercy to us, my son."

Then followed more delightful talk, in which most of the time was engrossed by Arthur, his happy mother content to hear his speech about Mabel and their future flow on without interruption.

"Mother, we must begin to plan for the home-bringing. I have means enough to provide a new and modern, commodious and esthetic home in due time. But for the present we must fit this for my bride. We will be happy here with our loving mother as any prince and princess in the most gorgeous palace in the world. How her dear heart will bound and her sweet face radiate at the sight of your flowers! those delicately shaded begonias, that spotless lily, those thousand-leafed ferns, those yellow daffodils, those soulful roses, those brilliant many-colored chrysanthemums and those stately, magnificent magnolias - all these will make her eyes sparkle and add to her happiness. But she will be the most fair and fragrant flower in our home. Everything reminds me of her. The fragrance of flowers reminds me of the odor of her balmy breath, the birds of the

music of her song, the dancing brook of the ripple of her laughter, from the distant stars I catch the glory of her eyes, and, in the brilliant sheen that leads on the laggard day, the only thing I see is her glorious face."

"O you Cupid-struck boy! You have as bad a case as I have known. The passion of your heart pours itself out in sentimental tenderness and unrestrained admiration. You are guilty of heroine worship. I will do my best to get our home ready for your bride when you bring her. My heart is ready now. But we had better eat something; for increased happiness should stimulate to increased labor. The more we receive, the more is required of us. We must now plan to do more good in the world than ever before."

"By GOD's grace, mother, henceforth for us to live shall be to know and love and serve CHRIST and bless the world. Then to die will surely be gain."

~ end of chapter 14 ~
