

# Faith Stanby

*a story from the time  
of the French Révolution*

by Charlotte Maria Tucker  
edited by Christian Horstmann

# Faith Stanby

*A Story from the Time of the French Revolution*

by A.L.O.E. (Charlotte Maria Tucker)

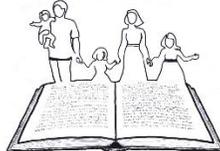
edited by Christian Horstmann

{ *Sample Chapters* }

Copyright © 2022 by Christian Family Reformation

[ChristianFamilyReformation.com](http://ChristianFamilyReformation.com)

**Christian Family**  
REFORMATION



## Chapter 1 - Dawn in November

It is in the year 1792 that my story opens, a time which witnessed some of the worst horrors of the French Revolution. For more than three years, Christendom had been breathlessly watching the progress of the fearful social convulsion, as those who gaze on the eruption of a volcano, beholding the fiery lava stream sweep over palace and church. The flames rose higher and higher, and destruction spread wider and wider, until the sky over all Europe seemed to be reddened by the blood-red glare.

In England, which was divided by only a narrow channel from the scene of such a convulsion, intense was the interest which it excited. She appeared to be scarcely beyond reach of the fiery shower, which - except for God's blessing on a pious king and a loyal people - might have crushed her throne and buried the wreck of her constitution in ashes. The storming of the Bastille, the massacre of the Swiss Guards, the insults heaped upon Louis XVI and his hapless Queen (who were, at this time, prisoners in the Temple), and the more recent butcheries at Bicêtre and La Force were the common topic of conversation. The names of Robespierre, Couthon, St. Just, fierce Danton, and bloodthirsty Marat were familiar as household words on the lips of the smith at his forge, the farmer at the fair, and the innkeeper among his guests. The press did not spread news during the last century with the rapidity with which it does so in the present, for there was no telegraph to flash tidings from shore to shore. But the arrival of the stagecoach with the post-bag was eagerly awaited at country villages and wayside-inns; and the scanty intelligence which its guard might bring down from London was soon widely spread throughout the neighborhood - the account of the state of Paris losing nothing of its horrors in its circulation from mouth to mouth.

In a little village in Surrey, the interest felt in French politics was increased by the fact that in its vicinity, there was a country-house that was, for some time, the abode of the young daughter of one of the principal actors in the terrible drama of the French Revolution. In 1791, Louis Philippe, Duke of Orléans - cousin and yet enemy of the imprisoned Louis XVI - had sent his daughter Adelaide to England, under the care of the celebrated Madame de Genlis; for the delicate health of the royal girl was said to require the bracing air and chalybeate springs of the English isle. But Orléans (or Égalité, as he now called himself, in order to win favor from the Jacobin mob) would bitterly rue this step which he had thus incautiously taken. It is matter of history that his having allowed his young daughter to reside in England was one of the heads of accusation brought against him by the enemies who succeeded in accomplishing his destruction.\* But, being unconscious that her sojourn in Britain was adding to the perils of her father, the gentle Adelaide found that country a haven of safety from the horrors raging in her own distracted land; and often, in her after-life, she may have looked back with regret to the peaceful days passed in England. In happy ignorance of what the future might bring of either weal or woe, Adelaide, in her Surrey retreat, little dreamed that she was to live to see her father on the scaffold or her brother on the throne.

Although our interest in stirring foreign events may be strong, yet, after all, how small a place they occupy in the mind, compared with the petty cares, trials, hopes, and fears which make up the round of each individual's everyday life! It was certainly not of France and its social

changes, nor even of the sorrow of its much-pitied queen, that Faith Stanby was thinking as she sat straining her eyes in the dim twilight of a November morning, so that she might weave a delicate basket of the willow branches that lay across her knees. Indeed, there was too little light to have enabled her to go on with her work, except that the rapidly moving fingers knew their way so well that the aid of sight was required in a comparatively small degree. Faith had been awake for some hours, and she had burned her rushlight down to the socket; and then, having no second one with which to replace it, she had been obliged to wait for some minutes in almost total darkness until the first gray gleam enabled her to proceed with her basket-making employment. She sat very close to the window - much too close for comfort; for the little casement, at that early hour, let in more cold air than light.

The cottage room in which Faith worked was a very small one; it held little beyond her pallet-bed and the three-legged stool upon which she was seated. The unplastered ceiling sloped down on either side, and it was so low that it was only near the middle of the chamber that a person of moderate height could stand upright. But even though the size and appearance of the room showed poverty, there was nothing of discomfort or dirtiness to be seen. As the morning light increased, it revealed floorboards that were carpetless but spotlessly clean, as well as walls whose whiteness was only broken by a shelf with a row of neat books, and a framed picture of Naaman at the Jordan River, which was hung over the bed. The pretty patchwork cover on that bed, and the three flowerpots on the windowsill - filled with delicate plants which Faith intended to nurse through the winter - gave the tiny room that home-like appearance, the charm of which may rest on the dwelling of the peasant as well as on that of the nobleman. Faith thought that no view in the world could be prettier than that which could be seen from her little window. Indeed, there was not much of the sky, for that was almost quite shut out by the thickly-thatched eave, under which swallows had twittered during many a summer; but fair was the prospect over green meadows and softly wooded slopes, with a higher range of hills looking blue in the distance.

The white mist of the November morning was now resting on the landscape and lay like a shroud upon meadow and hill. And there was something on the mind of the basket-maker which prevented her from caring, at that moment, for any of the beauties of nature. Busily was her mind working while the darkness compelled her fingers to be idle for a brief time, and when they resumed their work again. At the age of eighteen, Faith had come in her life's journey to a point which all persons in a Christian land may expect to reach at some time or another - the point where a decision must be made which shall influence the whole future in this world, and probably also in the world to come. On the previous evening, Edward Marston, the young farmer whose dwelling stood on the wooded hill, had spoken a few words to Faith, which had sent a thrill of delight through her heart. There had been no time for her to reply to them then, for her stepmother - who had been with Faith when Marston met her - had only turned aside for a minute to greet a neighbor when those few low words were whispered; but Faith knew now that it only rested with herself whether or not she would become the wife of the owner of Woodland Farm, who was the finest and bravest yeoman in all the county. To the peasant girl, it appeared that the happiest lot on earth was summed up in this description. She would have rather had Woodland Farm as her own home than Windsor Castle itself, and all the broad lands around it. To her imagination, Woodland Farm was an earthly Eden; and even if it had been a spot less favored by nature, Faith would have preferred sharing a hut with Edward Marston over dwelling in a palace with any other husband.

"How could he think of me?" was the young maiden's first thought after leaving Marston - so unworthy did she feel herself to be his chosen bride. But that thought was almost instantly followed by another: "Dare I think of him?" If the first question flushed her cheeks, the second sent the blood back again to her heart and left her face pale with conflicting emotions. Faith had been unable to sleep that night, and she had risen long before the first gleam of dawn. Thoughts of Marston and his words had come between her and her rest, and between her and her prayers. Faith was in an agony of indecision; and she now sat at her basket-making, trembling and shivering less from the outer cold than from the chill at her heart.

And why was there any indecision? Why was the maiden's heart not full of joy at the assurance that all she could desire of earthly happiness now lay within her reach?

In Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, we read of By-path Meadow, which seems to run alongside the strait and narrow path of duty. It is a verdant and flowery meadow - very tempting to the soul; but diverging from the right way so little (as it appears), that pilgrims easily persuade themselves that there is little risk or sin in venturing upon it. Faith now stood close to such a By-path Meadow, gazing on its verdure with a wistful and longing eye. There was only a stile, so to speak, to divide her from it. What was that barrier which might be so easily crossed - that barrier over which thousands of girls constantly cross without hesitation, without fear, and without a thought of the miseries and perils to which the flowery meadow may lead? That barrier was one brief sentence from Scripture - "ONLY IN THE LORD" - which divides holy marriage, which the Savior blesses with His presence, from the marriage to which the heavenly Master cannot be invited.

Faith knew - and the knowledge was bitter to her - that even though Marston was generous, noble, and brave, he was also deeply tainted with the infidel-views which were not only being so widely spread through France at this time, but also through England. She knew that he spoke lightly on themes which she felt to be sacred, and that he was careless even in the outward forms of religion. And she knew that whatever attractive qualities the young farmer might possess, he lived without God in the world. Faith could not close her eyes to this fact, although she willingly would have done so. Gladly she would have persuaded herself that Edward was really more religious than he appeared, and that one whose moral conduct was so blameless and whose spirit was so generous could surely be led, in due time, to reverence the God of the Bible.

There is an argument which readily occurs to any woman in the position of Faith, which came powerfully to her mind. "If I marry the man whom I love," thought she, "will not the tie between us enable me to draw him upwards? Will not his love for me incline him also to love what he sees his wife to hold most precious?" This chain of reasoning convinces most women that the course through By-path Meadow is not only pleasant, but also right; they rely on their influence for good, and their power over the heart of a husband. Faith was inclined to indulge these hopes; and she *would* have indulged them, except for that barrier in the way - that inspired command which she dared not forget: "*Only in the Lord,*" and, "*Be not unequally yoked with unbelievers.*" Should she begin wedded life by an act of willful disobedience? Could she expect a blessing on her efforts to win a soul? Might not she herself be drawn away by the influence of a husband? Would not her duty to him sometimes clash with her duty to God? Did she dare to trust her own power to press on, with unswerving steps, in an

upward path which her own actions would have filled with difficulties and obstructions? Faith instinctively found herself making excuses for Marston's errors. She tried to believe that, after all, "he can't be wrong whose life is in the right" - as if any life could be right that is being spent in forgetfulness of Him Who bestowed it. The poor girl caught herself wishing to discover that Edward had some fair reason for his doubts; and she started to realize how earthly affections could make her regard something as a pardonable error of judgment in one man, which would have appeared to her as a grievous sin in another.

"I would make an idol of Edward; I am making an idol of him even now!" thought Faith, as brimming tears filled her eyes so that she could not see the willows which she was weaving. "I could scarcely think a saying wrong if Edward said it; or if I could not help feeling that his words were wrong, the bright smile on his lips would make me forget all the sin! But *must* I therefore give him up?" Faith thought of the young ruler who was called to resign his great possessions in order to follow the Lord. "*That* would have been easy," said poor Faith to herself, with a choking sensation in her throat. "I could give up a good deal for religion - at least, I *hope* that I could. If I had a house full of silver and gold, I believe that I would give it up for conscience' sake without so much as a sigh. But Edward! Edward! Oh! How could I part with him?" And here her grief had its free course. Her eyes overflowed, and she sobbed in the bitterness of her spirit - although very softly, lest her stepmother in the little front room should awaken and hear her.

And did Faith have no human being with whom she could take counsel in this important crisis of her life? Did she have no father to whom to turn for advice, and no friend to whom she could pour out her heart? While the maiden is weeping alone in her tiny chamber, a brief account of her family will place the difficulties of her position in a clearer light.

## Chapter 2 - The Cottage Inmates

Faith was the only child of Joshua Stanby - or, as he was usually called by his fellow-laborers, Gentleman Jos. Although this title was given in mockery, and by no means as a mark of respect, it rather pleased than offended the man who bore it. Jos never forgot - nor did he ever let those connected with him forget - that his father had been a lawyer, and that he had lived in Golden Square. In the mind of poor Jos, all was golden around that square as he saw it through memory's haze. How the son of the lawyer had come to be only a laborer - and a badly-paid laborer, too - was an unsolved problem to Jos. He had been to school in his boyhood - in fact, to the very same school where the famous Samuel Johnson had been trained for future usefulness and fame. Why one boy had become a wonder of learning, while the other never willingly opened a book, was another riddle to make out. The defective education of Jos was not from any lack of flogging, for it was a standing joke with his teacher that he ought to charge extra for the extra birch-sticks that were expended upon young Stanby; but no amount of teaching or whipping could ever make much of poor Jos. It was not so much that the boy lacked brains, as that he lacked the attention and perseverance to master the work before him. His teacher compared him to blotting paper, which takes every impression easily, but retains nothing distinctly; for with Jos, everything turned into a blot. He was not fit to make his way in the world by brain-work; he tried it, and he failed completely. His father died and left him penniless, and so the poor young man had no choice except to earn his bread by hand-labor; and in this, his success had not been great, either. Jos had never kept any employment for more than three weeks at a time; he was always changing masters or changing work. Life was always a scramble to him - a hand-to-mouth kind of existence. He did odd jobs if they came in his way - mowing a lawn here, cutting a hedge there, and then driving a farmer's pigs to market - but nothing that Jos did was done well. The edge of the lawn would be uncut, the hedge would be marred in the clipping, or one of the pigs would be lost in a ditch. Few people cared to employ Gentleman Jos, and irregular work brought irregular wages. Jos was in never-ending difficulties; and except for the skill and industry of his first wife, and afterward that of their daughter, he could scarcely have managed to pay the rent for the little cottage in which he resided.

It must not be supposed that Jos looked upon his poverty as rising, in any way, from faults of his own. Such an idea never entered the brain of Gentleman Jos. That brain had a habitual habit of tracing effects to any cause except the right one. Jos had a hazy notion that his misfortunes, in some inexplicable way, were connected with the revolutionary ideas that were so prevalent in his time. It was to them that he attributed his own descent in the social scale, and his moving *down* the ladder instead of mounting *up* on it. Jos could certainly not make clear to others, nor even to himself, what Voltaire's writings or Robespierre's deeds had to do with his being a laborer instead of a lawyer; but since revolution was the order of the day, he imagined that the reason he was poor was because no real gentleman could have a chance of holding his own. And although his hands were hardened and his nails blackened and broken with outdoor work, poor Jos imagined himself a gentleman still. On Sundays, at the very least, instead of fustian jacket or linen smock, Jos would put on his long-skirted coat with ruffles at the sleeves and ruffles in front - such as was worn in the earlier part of the reign of George III. The coat was old, and the ruffles were older; indeed, they had more in them of Faith's neat darning than of the original lace. But Jos always felt himself a gentleman when he wore them; and he walked forth from his low-thatched cottage with his powdered head

surmounted by a three-cornered hat, and a pigtail hanging down behind it. Even if there was scarcely bread enough in the cottage to satisfy the hunger of its occupants, there was always to be - in a broken cup kept for the purpose - a little flour on Sunday mornings for Gentleman Jos' hair, and a bit of candle-grease to serve as pomatum. On Sundays, if on no other day of the week, Stanby thought much and spoke much of the old days in Golden Square; and he talked familiarly of the great Doctor as "Sam Johnson," as if the two men whose lives were such contrasts were still fellow-scholars and equals.

Jos went to church about two Sundays out of three - not so much because he deemed it right to attend public worship, but rather to show that his principles led him to uphold Church and King, as it behooved a gentleman to do. On such occasions, Jos - in his long-skirted coat and ruffles, three-cornered hat on his head, and cane in his hand - felt half-ashamed of his homely wife and his daughter who never pretended nor wished to be a lady, but who was only "a good, quiet girl," as her mother had been before her. Truly, if it had not been for this "good, quiet girl," the life of Gentleman Jos would have been far more wretched than it was. It was Faith who kept his cottage a picture of neatness. It was Faith who mended and washed his linen, and who listened with patient attention to all his stories of past grandeur in Golden Square. It was Faith's talent for making the most beautiful willow baskets that enabled her father to have the necessities of life, even when he was out of work - a state of affairs which was of very common occurrence. Nevertheless, Gentleman Jos did not think very highly of Faith. He was a careless father, although he was a kind one. His girl was useful enough to her father; but so were his hammer, spade, wheelbarrow, and other tools. And what were these common tools to Gentleman Jos, compared with the old lace ruffles which he had first worn in Golden Square!

Of his wife, the second Mrs. Stanby, little description is required. She was neither better nor worse than the average of the class to which she belonged. Deborah Stanby's thoughts were more set upon what she should eat and wear, how coals could be purchased, or how the rent ought to be paid, than on anything beyond the narrow world in which she lived. Mrs. Stanby was not a good manager, but Faith could make one shilling go as far as two. Deborah had little notion of either making or mending, but Faith's needle was always ready. Jos' wife was often sickly and complaining, but Faith never had a headache - or if she did, she said nothing about it. The neighbors summed up Mrs. Stanby's character in the words, "There's not much harm in Deborah" - a phrase which usually implies, "There is also not much good."

Faith, as may be gathered from what has already been said, did not at all resemble her father. She had none of his silly ambitions to mimic the follies and fashions of a class to which he no longer belonged. Faith looked exactly what she was: a modest peasant girl, with that quiet mannerism which has a dignity of its own - a dignity consistent with meekness. No one would speak an impertinent word to Faith Stanby, and no one could speak light words of her. The appearance of the maiden was not particularly striking. Her hair, smoothly braided across her broad forehead, was the only ornament which she wore. Her hair never looked ruffled, and her brow was never knitted into a frown. A low and sweet voice, mild eyes, and gentle manners - these were the only outward attractions of the village girl. Her education had been of the simplest description; for in those olden times, a parish school was not to be found in every village, nor did the present network of Sunday classes overspread the land. Until Faith had reached the age of twelve, she had enjoyed the blessing of the care and example of a wise and intelligent mother, who had not only taught her to read her Bible well, but also to

love its truths and practice its precepts. From her mother, the child had also learned needlework and many of those useful but simple arts which make a cottage comfortable. A few books - relics of Golden Square, or gift-volumes that had belonged to her mother - formed a little library for Faith. To read them was her greatest recreation after her day's duties were over. As for writing, Faith had chiefly taught herself; for from her childhood, copying out verses was a favorite amusement.

From the foregoing glimpse of the life led by Faith in her father's cottage, it will be clear that a marriage with the prosperous farmer would have been a rise in her worldly position, and an escape from her daily toil. Many of her neighbors, indeed, would ask the same question which Faith had put to herself: "How could Edward Marston think of her as his future partner for life?" But in his choice, the farmer had only shown the same strong common sense which marked his conduct in worldly affairs. Marston is not the only man who has found modesty and gentleness attractive, or who has shown a belief that in the conduct of a daughter, we may see what the future wife and mother will be.

Sample Chapters

## Chapter 3 - The Stepmother's Visit

Faith Stanby did not cry for very long. The loud, rapid striking of the clock in the kitchen below startled her; and she dried her eyes and diligently resumed her work, for she had no time to indulge in weeping. The clock had struck nine, but Faith knew that it was still nearly two hours earlier than that; for this clock had the peculiarity of always being in advance of the proper time, and it hurried on as if it were running a race - and its hands never, by any chance, pointed to the same hour as that which was announced by its striking. Nevertheless, with all its defects, Gentleman Jos was very proud of his clock; and he would let no one except himself regulate it or even wind it up. It had once adorned a mantelpiece in Golden Square; and in its showy appearance, loud voice, and general uselessness, the clock was a very fitting emblem of its owner, Gentleman Jos.

The striking of the clock had probably awakened Deborah, for Faith could hear her stepmother moving about in the next room. The cottage was so small, and its partitions so thin, that every sound could be heard. It was not long before Faith's door was opened, and her stepmother - carelessly dressed in an old and faded print cotton gown, with her hair hanging loosely on her shoulders - entered the little apartment.

"Well, I say, child! How perishing cold you are here - you be all of a shiver!" was the stepmother's greeting, as she laid her hand on Faith's shoulder. "But how you get on with your work, to be sure! That there basket - and ain't it a pretty one! - has grown wondrous fast under your fingers."

"I have been at work a long time this morning," said Faith. "The young lady who lives with the French princess was in a great hurry to have the basket. When she ordered it on Saturday, she wished to have it home the next evening; and she was surprised that anyone would mind working on Sunday."

"Ah, them French ain't much better than heathen, and have their fiddling and dancing and play-acting on Sundays just as much as on weekdays," declared Deborah. "But I think," she added - drawing a dirty plaid shawl closer around her - "I think that you might, for once, have humored the fancies of the French miss, instead of getting up at four o'clock in the winter and wasting candles, when you might have had daylight to work by."

Faith Stanby made no reply to this observation. She was diligently passing a willow-strip in and out to form the lace-like lid of the basket, although her chilled and trembling fingers managed the delicate work with difficulty.

"What a mist there be," observed Deborah, looking forth from the little casement. "Edward Marston's chimneys are clean blotted out, and all the trees around them. Them be his cows a-lowing, though, and his roosters a-crowing," she went on, as the rural sounds from the neighboring farmyard came through the still, misty air. "Dear heart, what a lot he keeps! He's a thriving man, that Marston; and his wife, when he has one, will live like a lady. The gossips say he be likely to make up with Matty Doyle; she has plenty of money anyways, but I take it she has a bit of a temper, too."

Faith worked faster than before, and kept her eyes steadily fixed on her basket. If she could have commanded her voice, she would have tried to turn the conversation; but as it was, the poor girl dared not speak, and Deborah went on with her gossip.

"By the way, did you know that Marston had left here a basket of eggs just before we met him when we were coming from afternoon church? You ran up to your room at once, so maybe you never noticed what he had put on the table. New-laid eggs, every one of them; and at this time of the year, eggs be so scarce. Queen Charlotte don't even have 'em for breakfast! And they was all packed in green moss, so pretty. I wonder what could make Farmer Marston bring 'em to me!"

Deborah turned around from the window as she spoke and looked at her stepdaughter with a curious, scrutinizing gaze - of which the poor girl was unpleasantly conscious, even though she never raised her eyes from her work.

"He's a fine handsome fellow, that Marston, and well-to-do in the world; his turkeys are a sight to look at. Dear heart, how I should like to have one of 'em at Christmas!" cried Deborah Stanby.

"Do you think that Father will be home today?" asked her stepdaughter abruptly.

"There's no knowing when Jos will come or go. I didn't think he'd have stayed over Sunday at Guildford, but maybe someone has given him a job," said Deborah in a peevish tone. "I'm sure Jos needs to earn something, or I don't see how we're to pull through the winter. Coals be so expensive, and my flannel is worn to a cobweb!" Deborah shivered, gave her shawl another pull, and then chafed her rough, red hands. "Such a hard life is not what Jos had to look to - born as he was, a gentleman's son, and in Golden Square! But, dear heart, how uneven things in this world be divided! Here we be, a-struggling to get bread enough to keep soul and body together; and there's them French ladies living so grand at the other side of the hill. Mary Cobbs - she does their washing for 'em - you never set eyes on such handkerchiefs as she had to get done last week for 'em, with lace all round, deep as my finger, and fine work right over the best part of the cloth! The plain bit in the middle might have been covered over with a China saucer. Why, one of those handkerchiefs must have cost as much as you would earn in a month - getting up in the middle of the winter's nights, and working hungry and cold!"

"I don't think that we should wish to change places with any French lady now, when there is such misery in her land," observed Faith.

"Those young ladies be well out of it," remarked Mrs. Stanby.

"But their thoughts must often be there," said Faith. "And they themselves are going back to Paris, and they start tomorrow; for Mademoiselle Ninon, as I heard her called, told me so herself when she was in such haste to get the basket. Oh, it would be terrible to be in France now! I'd rather earn a crust of bread in dear old England than be the grandest lady on the other side of the water. Think of the poor, poor queen rushing from her room to escape for her life, with these terrible sounds in her ears - the yells and howls of the furious mob - while her brave and faithful guards were fighting and dying at the door! When such bitter tears are

wept as Frenchwomen must weep now, I don't see that it matters much whether the handkerchief that dries them is made of cotton or lace."

"There be something besides tears folk be a-shedding in Paris now," said Deborah. "Jos says that guillotine, as he calls it, chops off heads by the score; and the Jacobins ain't nice as to whether they be women's heads or men's. If I was that Madame de Genlis, I'd stay where I was, where I could keep my head safe on my shoulders, and not take the poor French girls back among them murdering folks. Jos says that the Jacobins ain't got no religion among 'em and would just as soon play at skittles in a church as in a barn. But, for that matter, we've got some here in England who think as little of churches as they do, and yet be honest folk for all that - as good as any in the land."

Faith bit her lip and said nothing. Deborah had again turned to the window, and she was looking at the chimneys of Woodland Farm - now dimly visible, for the mist was beginning to clear off under the beams of the rising sun. It was the sight of these chimneys that had suggested the stepmother's last observation. Mrs. Stanby had a suspicion that the wealthy farmer might possibly be thinking of someone else besides Matty Doyle, and that the fresh-laid eggs "might mean something"; and she was ready to throw all the weight she could into the scale, in favor of a suitor whose house she and her husband might expect to live in without charge. In the imagination of Deborah, those eggs left by Marston on her table had expanded into turkeys and geese and savory chins. Every rooster whose crowing now came from the farm sounded in her ears the praises of the wealthy owner of Woodland Farm.

"People say hard things of Edward Marston," Deborah went on in her rambling way. "But, says I, better have no talk about religion, and have open hand and open heart, than be one of your Methody saints, drive a hard bargain, and look at both sides of a goat before you make up your mind to spend it. Matty Doyle will be a lucky girl leading a fine and easy life, if she marries Edward Marston."

Faith gathered up her willows and rose from her seat with the unfinished basket in her hand.

"Where be you a-going to, child?" asked Deborah, turning around again at the sound of the movement.

"I am going to light the fire downstairs and get breakfast ready," replied Faith, who could endure the conversation no longer.

"No, no! You stay here and go on with your work," said Deborah, "or we'll have no coals to burn before the week is over. We'll have new-laid eggs for breakfast, for once; and I haven't tasted such a thing these last six months. I think I'll ask Marston to drop in and take a dish of tea with us in a neighborly way some evening; maybe he'll give us a thought when he kills his turkey at Christmas!"

Deborah left the room and shuffled down the steep little staircase, leaving Faith to her work and her anxious reflections. The girl could not ask counsel from one whose coarser mind could not even understand the motives which influenced her own. Faith knew that her scruples of conscience would seem to be childish weaknesses to her stepmother. There was only One from Whom the young maid could take counsel in the hour of her greatest

perplexity and her sorest temptation. The little upper chamber, under the low thatched cottage roof, became a holy place; for in it, there knelt a troubled, tempted woman, in lowly communion with an invisible Friend. Faith asked for guidance so that she might know what was right; and the answer came, as she prayed, in the voice of Conscience - warning her about By-path Meadow, which her heart longed to try. Faith asked for strength to resist her own will, strength to overcome in the hardest struggle which she had ever known, and strength to give up earthly happiness if that happiness could only be secured by breaking the least of her Lord's commandments.

As Faith knelt in prayer, the rising sun burst through the veil of mist; and its clear, bright rays streamed through the casement and filled the small apartment with glory. There was, indeed, little warmth; and as Faith rose from her knees, she still trembled with a chill in her frame and a chill at her heart. But the darkness of doubt was gone, and the path of duty lay clear before her - rugged and flowerless, it seemed to be; but heaven's sunlight lay upon it!

Sample Chapters

Have you enjoyed these sample chapters  
from Faith Stanby?

*I hope so!*

Visit [ChristianFamilyReformation.com/faithstanby](https://ChristianFamilyReformation.com/faithstanby) to  
**pre-order your copy today and save 15%!**  
*Expected to ship on or before September 20, 2022.*



*"As a homeschooling mother to seven, two criteria I look for in literature are Gospel-centered messages and strong narratives of virtue, character and truth. In this book, you will find a powerful dose of both. Gospel truths are masterfully woven throughout the story line, and the reader will be inspired by the life of young Faith Stanby whose noble character was continually shaped and refined by meditating upon the transforming Word of God. This book will make a great addition to any Christian family's library!"*

~ Mrs. Ruth Adams  
Legacy Homeschool Reflections