

It would even appear that this unfortunate woman desired to become fitted to be promoted in the penitent class by the nuns whom she is now abusing, for she so expresses herself in her letters, though stating that she fears she will not be thought fit for such a happiness. Such characters as she had been are never admitted to be nuns. Here are her words :

"I want to be generous to our Lord ; I want to do penance It is in me to be a thorough penitent. God's grace, your help and my own will make me all you wish to see me I should like to look forward to having the black, but I am afraid you will not think me fit for it."

Afterwards when leaving the convent of her own will, she declared,

"I sunk deep in sin before coming here, and when I go out it is very probable I shall be deeper still I am very ungrateful to give you so much trouble. You are the only true friend I have ever had since I lost my own mother I never wish to see the face of a penitent again, or to have any contact with those who are living for God. Let me go my own way. The devil has me too firmly in his clutches. I am not worth a thought, and I can get on very well in my own way. I cannot keep feeling like this."

Again she says, "The convent is about the nearest place possible to heaven on this earth."

It is to such a woman as this that the anonymous writer in The Sentinel-Review says we must look for the truth regarding the iniquities of convents. We are to look to the words of the Father (and the Mother) of lies to ascertain the truth !

Another writer in The Sentinel-Review calls upon us to disprove Mrs. Shepherd's accusations. We decline to be brought to the bar for trial on the impeachment of every "Hob and Dick and Meg." It is not the first time that the ears of the good people of Woodstock, and other parts of Canada, have been regaled with just such stories as those which have been retailed by Mrs. Shepherd ; but the story-tellers were of character very similar to that of the present lecturer.

CHAPTER III.

BIRDS OF A FEATHER.

It is but a few years since that an ex-convict from the Central prison of Toronto was welcomed in Woodstock, London, and other towns of Ontario as an anti-Catholic lecturer, and he had stories to tell of the wickedness of priests and convents, just like those of Mrs. Shepherd. In other respects these two impostors resembled each other. Mrs. Shepherd represented herself as an ex-nun ; Widdows, the man to whom I now refer, called himself an ex-monk ; but both