

potent, as they cannot help those who serve them. Now I invoke thee, desiring to believe in thee; do, then, deliver me from the hands of my adversaries!"

No sooner had he uttered this prayer than the Alemanni were panic-stricken, took to flight, and soon after, seeing their king slain, sued for peace. Thereupon Clovis blended both nations, the Franks and the Alemanni, together, returned home, and became a Christian.

Witness F. Thayer, an Anglican minister. When as yet in great doubt and uncertainty about the truth of his religion, he began to pray as follows:

"God of all goodness, almighty and eternal Father of mercies, and Saviour of mankind! I implore thee, by thy sovereign goodness, to enlighten my mind, and to touch my heart, that, by means of true faith, hope, and charity, I may live and die in the true religion of Jesus Christ. I confidently believe that, as there is but one God, there can be but one faith, one religion, one only path to salvation; and that every other path opposed thereto can lead but to perdition. This path, O my God! I anxiously seek after, that I may follow it, and be saved. Therefore I protest, before thy divine majesty, and I swear by all thy divine attributes, that I will follow the religion which thou shalt reveal to me as the true one, and will abandon, at whatever cost, that wherein I shall have discovered errors and falsehood. I confess that I do not deserve this favor for the greatness of my sins, for which I am truly penitent, seeing they offend a God who is so good, so holy, and so worthy of love; but what I deserve not, I hope to obtain from thine infinite mercy; and I beseech thee to grant it unto me through the merits of that precious blood which was shed for us sinners by thine only Son, Jesus Christ our Lord, who liveth and reigneth, etc. Amen."

God was not slow to hear so sincere and fervent a prayer, and Thayer became a Catholic.

Witness also James A. McMaster, although leading, apparently, a gay life in the fashionable society of New York at that period, he practiced great austerities and corporal penances, in hopes of subduing by this means the pride of his heart. About this time the movement towards Catholicity in England was making itself felt even in this country. McMaster urged by his own yearning for the true Faith, wrote to Cardinal, then Dr. Newman, on the subject of his own doubts and fears, etc. He received a very kind letter in return, and desiring to confer with him still further on this question so dear to him, yet shrinking from imposing on the time of so busy and celebrated a man, who, besides, was his

senior by many years, asked if there were not some younger hand that could convey his thoughts. In this way a most interesting correspondence was started between Dalguignes and McMaster. Some of the former's letters are still preserved. He urged McMaster not to delay to "go over to Rome," as he called it, saying, that if he viewed matters as he did, he could no longer hesitate.

Although McMaster was fully convinced of the truth, yet his proud heart still rebelled. He had long before said to himself: "Either the Messiah is yet to come and the Jews are right; or He has come and the Catholic Church is right."

How often in after years he bitterly bewailed, that it was his "miserable pride that had kept him without, so long." "I used to say," he would add, "that if God Almighty had not cared enough about me to put me in His Church, why should I go through all it would cost me to get there?" Confession was no stumbling block, as he was accustomed to go since his entrance into Episcopalianism. The most difficult mountain he had to climb was that beautiful and fertile mount that had held within her, Him, whom the Heaven of heavens cannot contain. He could not *go to the Virgin*. And yet his longing to do so increased as the days went by and he became more and more familiar with the praises that had been written in her honor. The following is his own account of the moment when grace touched his heart and Mary became to him his Queen and Mother forever. He was reading a Treatise of the great St. Ephrem, so devoted a servant of our Blessed Lady. His whole soul was stirred by its wonderful beauty as he read, growing each moment more intense, until he cried out to her: "Oh, if I could only pray to you!" A cold sweat covered him from head to foot, his whole frame shook with emotion. He said, "I will." He knelt and prayed to her. From that moment he never had a doubt. He had found his Mother, and ever afterwards he styled himself "Blessed Lady's bad boy."

He placed himself immediately under the care of the Rev. Gabriel Rumpier, C. S. S. R., (then Rector of the Convent in 3rd street, New York, attached to the Church of the Most Holy Redeemer,) for instructions in the Catholic faith. He was en-