

be merely a mask to conceal from a gullible people the position she really occupied.

~ Houses of the Good Shepherd who bears on His shoulders the lost sheep, are established in all our large cities, and it is easy for any of my readers to verify what I have here stated. One of these is in Toronto, one in Ottawa, one in Montreal, one in Detroit, one in Buffalo. In Buffalo and Ottawa they are named Magdalen Asylums, and our heroine, the sensationalist "consecrated penitent," was simply a Magdalen with mock, instead of the unfeigned penitence of Mary Magdalen.

Mrs. Shepherd's assumption of this title is a proof that she is still what she was described by Mr. J. F. Southall, of the Salvation Army, Hamilton, Ont., to be a confirmed deceiver and liar. Mr. Southall's letter is dated March, 1891.

It will be seen also from her history as recorded in the documents I have collected that Mrs. Shepherd is an adept in the art of exciting sympathy by floods of crocodile tears, appealing to the tenderest sentiments of the human heart, especially to those of her own sensitive and sympathetic sex. The description of our famous poet Spenser, fits her admirably,—

"Thereto when needed she could weep and pray,  
And when she listed she could fawn and flatter,  
Now smiling smoothly, like to summer's day,  
Now glooming sadly, so to cloak her matter ;  
Yet, were her words but wind, and all her tears but water."

Mrs. Shepherd also quotes Scripture for her evil purposes. We can readily picture her meditating like Shakespeare's Gloster, afterward King Richard III,—

"But then I sigh, and with a piece of Scripture,  
Tell them that God bids us do good for evil ;  
And thus I clothe my naked villainy  
With old odd ends stol'n forth of Holy Writ,  
And seem a saint, when most I play the devil."

Her own letters written to the Mistress of Penitents show the true character of the institutions which she now attempts to blacken. Thus :

"The Sacred Heart (of Jesus) saw that I was so black and He kept my soul for you, and he has given you the influence you possess over me, because He knows it is for such as me you have given up your life . . . . I felt that I had no one that cared for me before I came here. I had neither home nor money nor character, and when I came here I found all. You were the first to make me feel that life was worth living, for you never treated me with contempt . . . .

"The devil will not find me such a willing tool in his hands when he wishes to use me as a cross to you, because he hates you for drawing so many souls to God."