

AN ORIGINAL GIRL.

By Christine Faber.

CHAPTER XLII.

The storm brought Rentonville into great prominence; reporters of the various city papers flocked to the place like so many vultures, and nothing that had happened on that eventful night but found itself, not alone in print, but in print accompanied by glaring illustrations. Every scene of riot was described and reproduced in photograph—a column was written about the Onotomah Club reception and interviews with many of the members were graphically reported—startling paragraphs relative to the death of the rescued man in Miss Burrum's carriage-house were given, and equally startling surmises as to his identity, the reporter, in that instance, being young and imaginative.

The Rentonville people themselves, especially those whose property had suffered to any degree, as well as those who had been so sorely afflicted at the reception, were in too great a state of excitement either to resent, or even to notice very much the audacious mendacity of many of the published accounts.

A number of the ladies who had attended the reception were suffering either from heavy colds, caught by their exposure to the storm, or from shock resulting from their fright, most of them being confined to bed, and altogether a good part of Rentonville felt very miserable.

Mrs. Gedding, suffering from both cold and shock, was, of course, confined to her bed, and she moaned and complained that it was all owing to Miss Burrum, and when Rose, so hoarse herself from the exposure, she could hardly speak, asked how in the world Miss Burrum could be responsible for the storm, her mother answered pettishly:

"Don't talk to me! Miss Burrum is an unlucky woman who has anything to do with, that's all."

Rose was forced to be silent. Her father also seemed to be very much out of sorts, and not at all disposed to talk of anything pertaining to the reception.

The only one who appeared to have kept her sanity and her wits together, however, she accepted the situation very philosophically, but he could not refrain from saying laughingly, that he hardly blamed his mother for feeling as she did about Miss Burrum. Still, his sympathies, and his curiosity too were aroused, when he heard, as all Rentonville heard, when he heard through the gossip of Sarah, but the accounts given by some of the other eye-witnesses, of the death in the carriage-house which had so affected "Miss Rachel."

Rose was for calling upon Miss Burrum at once, especially when she heard that her charge was sick in bed, and that the dead man had been taken to Miss Burrum's house, where, as Sarah expressed it, "he was laid out in the parlour, with the door locked upon him awaiting his funeral."

But Will shook his head at his sister's suggestion.

"Your visit, now," he said, "might be deemed an intrusion upon some desired privacy which Miss Burrum would resent; better wait. And Rose, taking counsel with Herick, waited.

An undertaker from the city arrived the dead man in his habiliments for the grave, and the physician from the city came upon the heels of the two, and failing to get the information they craved, made articles anyhow, with flaming headings, and hideous pen pictures of Sarah, as she appeared while answering their questions. One unwelcome of the bell brought her face to face with Herick.

"Ah, Sarah!" he said, so blandly, that, as she thought to herself it seemed as if his words were rolled in oil, "my visit is to you; I would not disturb your mistress in this her affliction, for the world, but it is for her sake that I come; to put you on your guard, Sarah, against the city reporters. They have been to me, but I have refused absolutely to see them; they have been also to Mr. Notner and Mr. Gedding, and, strange to say, I understand these gentlemen have given them interviews. Now, Sarah, I hope you have not given them any information, or that you intended to find out, I am told, all of Miss Burrum's movements from the time she left here for that reception, till she was seen in the carriage-house at the death of—umph!" the pause was designed to impress upon Sarah the fact that he, Herick, had some knowledge of the dead man's identity.

"There were no movements about it," answered Sarah, both mystified and somewhat scared by Herick's manner, "she only went in the carriage with Mr. Gedding, Miss Gedding's father, to the reception, and I didn't see no more of her till she and Miss Rachel and Mr. Notner came into the carriage-house."

"You mean to say, Sarah, she went in the carriage with Mr. and Mrs. Gedding?"

"No, I don't; she just went with Mr. Gedding; Mrs. Gedding and her son went in another carriage."

"And Miss Rachel—is it true, Sarah, that she fainted when this man died?"

"Yes; she fainted, and Mr. Notner, he carried her in his arms here to the house, and he brought her upstairs and laid her on a bed in one of the guest rooms?"

"And then, Sarah?"

"And then, Mr. Herick," feeling that she must answer him or face unpleasant consequences for herself, "he went away, and Miss Burrum and me, we brought Miss Rachel to, after awhile, and got her properly in bed."

"That was the day before yesterday; how many times has Mr. Notner been here since?"

"He hasn't been here at all; when he was going away, he said to Miss Burrum, that if he could be of any service to her she was to send him word."

"And this day, now, Sarah, he is very like Miss Rachel, is he not?"

Sarah was half crying, fearing she knew not what from this attempt to force her into some admission.

"He wasn't like her as I could see, Mr. Herick, and I don't know why he should be like her."

"There, Sarah, don't be so concerned; your frankness with me is not

going to do you any harm, and you are a good woman to have your mistress's affairs so much at heart—some day she shall know all about it. Now, about the funeral of this stranger, Sarah; of course, your mistress may not have told you her arrangements, but no doubt you know them from your ability to peer through keyholes, and to listen outside of doors; so, the funeral, Sarah, tell me about that."

She feared him now with a mortal terror, and she tremblingly told, what in this instance she had not heard surreptitiously, but openly her mistress having spoken to the undertaker in her presence—the stranger was to be buried the next day in the G— Cemetery.

"Thank you, Sarah," and Herick, bland and satisfied, took his departure.

The next day Mr. Gedding, opening the city daily paper which every morning lay at his plate, found his own name at the head of an article referring to the recent storm at Rentonville; not only his own name at the head, but also at the end of an alleged interview with him pertaining to Miss Burrum. He read with distended eyes, exploding some remark every few moments that brought a chorus of questions from his wife, who on that morning had left her room for the first time since the ill-fated reception, and from his son and daughter, but which he did not pause to take time to answer. When he had finished the article his face was red to bursting, and he fairly sputtered, as he threw the paper to his son:

"Read, and see what your sister has done for by compelling me to make the acquaintance of that woman."

Young Gedding read aloud:

"Mr. William Gedding, Sr., Champions Miss Burrum. An interview with him throws light on some of the mystery surrounding that eccentric lady."

"Mr. William Gedding, an estimable gentleman of Rentonville, in an interview with a reporter made some very frank statements about his friend, Miss Burrum. He had the exclusive honor of escorting her in his own private carriage to the reception of the Onotomah Club, his wife and daughter following in other carriages, and he testifies in glowing terms to the remarkable coolness shown by the lady in the midst of the storm—a coolness all the greater when in her own carriage-house she was brought face to face with a dying man whose identity she knew, but did not wish to disclose. It is the opinion of Mr. Gedding that the dying man was well and intimately known to his friend, and that disclosures will be made later which shall electrify all Rentonville. In fact, Mr. Gedding's precise words were:

"Miss Burrum, from being the inseparable mystery she has been, must become the best known and the most perfectly understood person in Rentonville."

The young man could hardly finish for laughing—the statements about his honest, straightforward father were so absurd, and his father's anger, now at white heat, was so amusing; but Mrs. Gedding was in tears:

"See what you have done," she said, returning to her dismayed daughter, "forcing us to become acquainted with that awful woman, and now, what comes of it?"

Rose was in tears also, seeing which, her brother tried to cheer the gloom of the situation by suggesting to his father to send a card to the paper denying the untrue statements.

"It won't do any good," blustered Mr. Gedding, "it won't prevent people seeing that article to-day, and what they think of me?"

He left the table without touching his breakfast, and a moment later they heard him stamping about in his own room like an enraged bull.

Poor Rose was so discomfited and even crushed by the calamitous manner in which all of her plans pertaining to the reception had miscarried, that she had not spirit enough to inquire about the funeral that went from Miss Burrum's door.

It was a singular funeral enough—a stately hearse with nodding plumes and hand-drawn horses followed by one carriage—Miss Burrum's own, in which she alone sat.

Rachel had not moved from the bed in which she was placed on that awful night; nor had she spoken—she seemed to understand what was said about her, but that was all. The physician said it was the severity of a shock from which she suffered; and that her youth and strength would carry her through, only she must have absolute quiet.

Thus, no reference was made in her presence to anything save her necessities, and if she knew, if she remembered what had happened, she never gave a sign. Indeed, at times she lay so still, her eyes staring straight before her in an unseeing kind of way, that Miss Burrum, who divided with Sarah the care of her, used to hang above her pillow in a kind of fear lest she had gone to join "Tom." Sometimes, when she became an involuntary agony, she called softly, and "Rachel," in response, turned her eyes to the speaker, the strange, unseeing expression giving place for a moment to a look that made Miss Burrum shiver; it was so like the look "Tom" gave as he went down to death with her face before him.

The guest chamber in which Rachel lay was in a part of the house whence the windows looked on the funeral carriage and Sarah, installed in the chamber till Miss Burrum should return, watched the hearse and the solitary carriage go down the road to the great gate, her tears flowing all the time. "It is so lonesome," she said to herself, "he buried that way, and Miss Rachel, that loved him, lying the way she is!"

Another carriage followed the funeral from Rentonville—a carriage that kept in the distance, and from which its solitary occupant did not alight till the dead had been deposited, and Miss Burrum had driven rapidly away. Then Herick came forward, surveying with a complacent smile Miss Burrum's burial vault.

There were two graves beside the

one just made, and the whole was surrounded by a simple iron railing.

No monument marked the place, but on the four posts of the railing was cut in the stone the name Burrum.

The next day the Rentonville Times had in full the article of the city paper which had excited Mr. Gedding's choler, and also a two-columned article of its own wherein a full description of the funeral, and even of the burial plot, was given; also an account of the strange illness of Miss Burrum's charge, beginning with the room in which she was carried to the house by Notner, and covertly insinuating that that gentleman was connected with the mysterious and possibly undesirable events that were happening under the eyes of Rentonville.

Notner answered the attack with a vigorous announcement of the writer, whoever he might be, and a scathing rebuke to the vicious imagination which could devise such malicious attacks upon the private life of a lady. His answer also contained an utter scolding of the interview reported with Mr. Gedding, and an eulogium upon that gentleman's character, from which the writer of the interview referred to was earnestly desired to draw a salutary lesson. All of which the Times refused to publish, but which duly appeared in double-headed type on the front page of the other Rentonville paper.

Mr. Gedding, Sr., saw it, and it had the happy effect of restoring him to his usual level of mind, and while it raised Mr. Notner several degrees in his estimation, in his immense satisfaction he read it aloud for his family, and Mrs. Gedding instantly recovered her serenity, and she declared that Mr. Notner was "a lovely man."

A public benefactor, I call him," said Mr. Herick, looking at his sister with a mischievous twinkle in his eyes; she was smiling, the first smile she had worn since the fatal night, and in secret she quite agreed with her mother that Mr. Notner was "a lovely man."

CHAPTER XLIII.

The vessel that had gone to pieces on the beach in front of Miss Burrum's door was found to be the *Norah Melton*, a clipper-built ship sailing from Bombay with a cargo of Indian drugs, balm, and spices, and bound for New York; she had left Bombay early in May, being due in New York some time about the middle of August, and she had been manned by five sailors beside the captain. She carried no passengers. The captain's name was given as Ringwort. This much information the newspapers ascertained and duly published.

Herick set himself to work to get the names of the sailors who must have perished. He put himself in direct communication with the authorities at Bombay, but only to find that nothing more than the vessel's name and tonnage and the name of the captain had been registered there. The vessel had come to Bombay from Cairo to Africa. To Cairo Herick wrote, but only to receive in reply that a recent fire had destroyed many of the shipping records, among them presumably that of the "*Norah Melton*."

Disappointed, but not discouraged, he suddenly thought of writing to Mrs. Hubrey an account of the strange occurrences on the night of the storm, and including copies of the paper in which such full accounts had been published.

Rachel was able at length to sit up. She looked a very ghost of her former self, she was so white and thin; but it was the peculiar expression of her eyes that gave Miss Burrum the most anxiety—it was so piercingly intense, as if the soul behind it was frantically striving for something which constantly eluded her, and she spoke so little—never unless she was spoken to, when she answered in a low tone that had a pitiful gentleness about it. Miss Burrum wondered what Rachel was thinking of during her perpetual silence—was it always of Tom? Tom, the memory of whose last look would never leave her own thoughts more. She had become her old, cold, grim, repellent self again except to Rachel. To Rachel, when she spoke, her voice was so changed and soft, that Sarah, hearing it, often started, and she was obliged to assure herself that it was her mistress who spoke.

Miss Burrum denied herself to all callers, being as odorous to the polite messages of those who sought to form an acquaintance on the strength of the Club reception as she had been to the importunities of the reporters; she did not even read the papers—perhaps from some instinctive fear that some one might have guessed and published the truth—and she commanded Sarah to desist when that woman faint would have spoken of what all Rentonville was talking about, and she spoke so little.

Rachel did not seem to notice that Miss Burrum, when speaking to her, softened her tones and her manner. She acted as if all tones and all manners were alike to her; as if the only object of her existence now was to do what she was told to do and be silent.

The city physician shook his head a little at this protracted silence.

"Something must be done to rouse her," he said in an aside to Miss Burrum; "under her present mental strain, if no relief comes her mind may go."

Miss Burrum shivered, and when the physician went she sent Sarah for Hardman.

He came, looking sad and anxious, as he had looked since that dreadful night when he had seen Miss Rachel borne away in the arms of Notner; not a day that he had not inquired many times about her since, and Sarah, in her sympathy for him, always tried to give him the most encouraging news.

Miss Burrum began the moment he entered her presence:

"Will this Pny-Balam, of yours come to see my charge, Miss Rachel, if I send for him?"

Hardman's surprise was so great he could only stammer:

"I think so, ma'am."

"Then go for him at once."

Father Hammond's surprise was no less than Hardman's, but he responded immediately, and Miss Burrum met him

in the hall, almost as soon as Sarah admitted him.

She bowed in her cold way and motioned him to precede her up the flight of stairs that led to the room where Rachel was. At the head of the stairs he paused, allowing her the lead to the door of the apartment. Then, with her hand on the knob, she turned and spoke for the first time:

"There is a young soul within that is in need of some ministrations. I thought of you because she heard you preach once in your own church on a Christmas Day. I do not know if she has any religion, and I have not sent for you to give her yours. I ask you alone to use the influence which men of your cloth are said to have with suffering hearts; she is young, and she is innocent; she will be susceptible—rouse her from her grief."

She opened the door for him, closing it upon him when he was well within, and going herself to her own room.

Below stairs Sarah was opening her soul to Mrs. McElvain:

"May I never be burned nor drowned alive, but it was Father Hammond; I let him in myself, and there was Miss Burrum ready to receive him; she marched him upstairs ahead of her without a word. What is Miss Burrum coming to?"

But Mrs. McElvain did not take her usual interest in Sarah's information—her own anxiety about her son, daily becoming greater, prevented her from giving much thought to anything else. As she had said that morning in response to Hardman, who never failed to inquire if she had news:

"It is over a month since his vessel was due, and never a trace of him." Not having the name of the vessel, nor the name of the captain, nor anything more than that it was a vessel bound from some port in Africa to New York, when she went into the harbor, she had her own search for more.

Father Hammond was a long time with Rachel; but to Miss Burrum in her own room battling with the specters of the past, it seemed brief—so brief, that when she heard something like a call she thought it must be fancy.

There, however, was Father Hammond, and she tried to hear patiently her great sorrow now—that Tom himself might even know more surely than he could know when he was alive and absent from her, the efforts she made to be good as she had promised him to be, and that he would be happy accordingly. She lingered in the telling of all that, showing how deep an impression the clergyman's words had made, and how they were shaping her thoughts and feelings.

"And sometimes, Jim," lowering her voice so that he had to stoop to hear, "since Father Hammond told me all that, it seems as if Tom were beside me for a moment—I can't tell you what makes me think so, but I feel it, I feel it."

She was silent after that, and Hardman was silent also; then suddenly she straightened up in her chair and leaned towards him.

"Jim, I feel that he knows you tried to save him; oh, Jim! Jim!" before he could resist, before he was aware of what she intended to do, she had caught one of his hand, knobby hands between her own white slender ones, and she was pressing it to her lips.

He drew it away, stammering:

"Oh, Miss Rachel, don't think me so much—I didn't do anything but what was my duty to do."

Miss Burrum returning, found her charge much better than when she had left her; there was a different smile upon her lips even though the traces of her old pain and her white-slender old Tom. She put her arm through Miss Burrum's with a confiding touch such as she had never given before, and which brought again a momentary color to the lady's cheeks.

For hours that night after Rachel had gone to sleep, Miss Burrum paced the floor of her own private sitting-room. "Does he know?" she said to herself as she paused once in her walk, "and if he does, why this silence? He has been ready on every other occasion to warn, console, or inform me; why has he done neither since his death; and Rachel—I am acting as if I believed in her, and trusted her, and loved her—bah! love! it is the devil's alchemy to turn to bitterness and gloom the traces of her love; and she will be no better than the others. I feared she might die, and then all opportunity for me would have gone—once I would thought that, well—I wanted no opportunity; but now, oh, God! what is the meaning of this change? Is Rachel working it—Rachel, whom they thrust upon me?"

She paced the room again, nervously opening and shutting the fingers of her hands that hung by her sides; as she walked, her eyes fell upon an open ledger that contained the accounts of 124 Essex street. She stopped short before it and smiled grimly:

"My pest hole," she said aloud, "that is what he called it; it is no wonder he knew 'that there' here," striking her breast, "here where the corpses of blighted trust and wrong affection lie, still unburied—from them have sprung the sources of the pest hole he deplores—and he has dared to dictate to me what I shall do with Rachel—with the tenants of that pest hole—with my property here—!" she laughed, a short, savage, bitter laugh; "but I have hung his dictators in his face—my pest hole shall remain till the authorities, or pestilence razes it, I care not which—and Rachel! she is better this afternoon, much better; she does not need the change of air I thought to give her; bah! how I hate, loathe myself for the weakness of thinking of it for a moment—you are a good stronger, when I address the open ledger, 'when I forget, or when I am softened by Rachel, you remind me, you bring me back.'"

TO BE CONTINUED.

How a Sprain Does Hurt!

But isn't the pain alone that is dreaded, but the loss of time and wages. Sprains without number have been cured by rubbing Poin's Nervine well into the pores of the skin surrounding the joint. No matter what it is a sprain which strikes your back just try Nervine on it, and so how have many a sprain been cured. It cures sprains, strains and swellings, and that is Poin's Nervine. Large bottles 25 cents.

BRONCHIAL AFFECTIONS, coughs and colds all quickly cured by Pny-Balam. It has no equal. Acts promptly, soothes, heals and cures. Manufactured by the proprietors of Pny Davis' Pain-Killer.

Nervous troubles are cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which enriches and purifies the blood. It is the best medicine for nervous people.

FIFTY YEARS IN THE CHURCH.

What the Gift of Faith Brought to One Convert.

Catholic Christian.

Winchester, Mass., Christmas, 1901.

This is the third time that I am addressing you in a public, formal manner, on the important subject indicated by the heading of this letter. First, it was "thirty years," then "forty years," which you kindly published in tract form. Now, by the great mercy and goodness of Almighty God, it is "fifty years" in the Church, because the feast of the Conversion of St. Paul, the anniversary of my reception into the Church fifty years ago, is now near at hand. I am not ambitious of notoriety; I am a very humble member of the community. But after fifty years' blessed experience in the Church I am so thoroughly convinced of, and so deeply impressed with the absolute truth and transcendent importance of the Catholic religion that I cannot resist the impulse to make one more appeal to my old friends, if, perchance, there should be any living, and to give my public and emphatic testimony for the benefit especially of any honest seekers after truth who may honor me with a perusal of this letter and who may be hesitating as to whether they should, or can safely join the Catholic Church.

I have occasion to know that there always are a number of persons who have been led by favorable circumstances to a more or less intimate acquaintance with the Church and are strongly inclined in that direction, but who, through lingering influence of the old Protestant prejudice, are for the want of personal experience, are led to hesitate about taking a decided step. They are also influenced by a vague and undefined dread lest if they should commit themselves, they might be disappointed and find that the Church was not what it claims to be and what, in fact, it must be acknowledged that it seems to be, even to a partial observer from outside. I have a great sympathy for that class of persons, for unfortunately, I was in their ranks, once, myself. I confess now, with deep sorrow and shame, that even after I was truly and thoroughly convinced of the truth of the claims of the Catholic Church I hesitated and dilly-dallied, and put the matter off until I ran the most imminent risk of losing my soul. It was nothing but the infinite goodness and mercy and the long-suffering patience and forbearance of Almighty God that saved me.

True, the obstacles that opposed my taking a decided stand were very great. These were the interesting and affectionate relations of pastor with a devoted people, which would have to be surrendered, the determined opposition of relatives and friends, especially my mother-in-law, who was a woman of strong, decided character and who declared that if I became a Catholic, she would never cross our threshold, and when she found I was determined, was put to bed with a severe procyonism of grief and mortification. Then there was the loss of income and the necessity of turning to the matter of getting a living for my family, the darkness and uncertainty of the future, and the losing of caste in the community where I lived. But all this should not have had the weight of a feather in the scale, and at heart I knew it.

After all it was, as I supposed, on my deathbed that my eyes were fully opened to my supreme folly and danger. The good Lord spared my life, and as soon as I was able to walk to the Catholic church I made known to the pastor, Rev. Father Burgess, afterwards Bishop of Detroit, my desire to do my duty and become a Catholic. The announcement of my conversion, of course, made a great sensation in town and a correspondent of a Cleveland paper informed the world that I made my wife a formal proposal of separation, assigning as a reason that I designed "taking orders of priesthood in the Romish Church;" and that when she would not consent I suspected a trip to the East with "the supposed design of surreptitiously conveying her to a convent." A Baptist minister, Rev. M. Randall, a very good friend of mine, was kind enough to bathe contradict the whole story which was concocted in the muddled brain of the writer.

Procrastination is said to be the thief of time—it is certainly the thief of souls. Who can tell how many souls have been lost through putting off the day of decision to a more convenient season?

Long experience has taught me that reasoning, especially with the "almost persuaded," is of very little use. Such persons will often thrash over the straw of certain Catholic teaching till the instructor becomes discouraged. He answers the objections a thousand times; still they recur to the same old objections. What such persons need is prayer—sincere, earnest prayer, and the grace to enable them to see the truth clearly, to accept it in the love of it and to follow it in spite of all obstacles, even to the sacrifice of all earthly goods and the surrendering of the most endearing ties of kindred and friendship. Hesitation is too often more a matter of the will than of the understanding and judgment.

There are plenty of reasons lying on the very surface which should be sufficient to convince any thoughtful, unprejudiced person that if there be any truth in Christianity at all the old, original Catholic Church must be its true home and exponent. First, Protestantism, as a religion, is well nigh played out. Its tendency is manifestly to the license of free thought, skepticism and infidelity. The mass of Protestants have lost or are rapidly losing, faith in the Bible as a divine revelation. Thus the very foundation of their faith is being undermined and they are all at sea without chart or compass to guide them. They can absolutely offer no relief to the honest, earnest seeker after truth, in doubt as to what to believe. There is no authoritative tribunal among them to decide questions of faith and morals.

On the other hand there is a very decided tendency among thoughtful, religiously inclined persons to return to the doctrine and practice of the Catho-

lic Church. What is the high ritualistic movement which insists calling itself Catholic discards nounces Protestantism, teaches Catholic doctrine but the Popery and adopts all Catholic lies, even pretending to sympathize with their remains which, for a manured tree, they have insisted was a "blasphemous and dangerous deed"—what, I am all this but an open, public sign that the so-called reformation a failure, that Protestantism is a failure, and the teaching of the Church alone is true? The supremacy of the Pope, the use to justify their remaining they are instead of acknowledging fault and returning to the bosom of mother from whom the unnecessary and so ruthlessly and upon whom the traditional ices of education lead them to be suspicious and distrust.

But I firmly believe that the lists are doing an important work three thousand clergymen of the Establishment and the increasing number of their sympathizers with this movement teaching a great deal of Catholic doctrine and practice to a multitude of Catholic priests could never. As time goes on the confusion of tradition of religious opinions teaching which prevails among others without the possibility of mingling what to believe, will them of the necessity of having a fallible tribunal to decide for them. This they can find only in the Church where our Lord, Him placed the Chair of Peter to be a bunal of final resort in all questions of faith and morals. This is the teaching of the Church, necessarily implies an infallible prerogative to assure us of its real If our salvation depends upon leaving certain truths which revealed, is it not absurd, on face of it, to suppose that I leave it to every man's private judgment to determine for himself those truths are? If it is necessary temporal affairs to have a Court, can anyone give a good why we should not have such in spiritual friends?

When our friends have come to this important truth they induced to candidly investigate claim to supremacy of the Holy St. Peter in the See of Rome. do they will be surprised to find that the mother of the Church from both Scripture and tradition as well as from reason and common And, then, if by the grace of God are enabled to make their souls and return to the loving bosom of dear old mother Church I can predict, with absolute certainty they will experience a peace and satisfaction to which heretics have been entire strangers. I feel like mariners who, after and perilous voyage, have arrived safe and pleasant harbor. I find themselves in a new world they never had any conception of.

I have been fifty years a Catholic. I have never ceased to discern beauties and attractions in the to the present day. The teaching of the mother of the Church alone possesses, understands and caters the science of the Saints deluded multitude who are after something to satisfy their craving for a more spiritual life under the names of Science, theosophy, spiritism, such like, could be more accurately described as the magnificence of the Catholic Church to be surprised to find their inspirations and their deepest more than satisfied. The Church is the true home of She is a true mother of all other rich and the poor most logical economy to which heretics find a home and sympathy nowhere else to be found.

To illustrate this fact I here a circumstance of my own heretofore published, but now ago. About the time when was first directed to the Catholic Church I had occasion to visit New Orleans, and I naturally myself of every favorable opportunity to find out all I could of the Church. Among other things I visited the Cathedral on a day there I was surprised to find a dense crowd of a miscellaneous actor of which a considerable and various nationalities. were crowded, all were on their knees, and were devoutly joining in the service. I noticed that the colored same seats with their own even went to Holy Communion same sanctuary rail. The a deep impression upon "This," I said, "is true Catholicism. I have a practical illustration of the unity and the spirit and divine charity in the heart of Lord. Here rich and poor meet together for the Lord them all. Let my portion true people of God."

Another incident occurred was officiating as rector of which has also been heretofore published, but now I have been invited to officiate at the funeral of a young man, who had been a member of the Catholic Church, the rector being absent. At that time I was quite and accustomed to ring the bell for the service. I had after the service I had three Irishmen who had arrived from a journey I had just returned from. I had approached me respectfully, and, when one asked: "hence, is this Catholic? St. Peter in the See of Rome? This is not the Catholic Church, that is the Catholic houses—that is the Catholic