

INTRODUCTION.

vii.

From the time that I became conscious of what sin meant, my earnest desire, my heart-felt wish, was for peace with God and for the love of God. I was told to prepare for the Sacrament of Penance. Admitted to Holy Communion, I tried to persuade myself that the day of my reception of the "wafer god" was the happiest of my life, but in my heart I knew this was not the case. A year later, and my Confirmation only added to my misery. For a year after making my first confession I used to go regularly once a month, then I began to go fortnightly, and at last I confessed regularly once a week. Time after time I made general confessions of my whole life, faithfully did I perform the penance enjoined, scrupulously did I keep fasts and abstinences ordained by "Mother Church." Every Sunday I heard as many Masses as I could, and never, if possible, did I neglect doing the same on week days. I joined the Confraternities of the "Queen of Angels," and confraternity of "The Holy Rosary," the "Third Order of St. Francis," that of "The Sacred Heart of Jesus," and was invested with the "Brown Scapular." But all of no avail. My confessions never satisfied me, although they seemed to do those to whom I made them, who insisted on my taking, under obedience to my spiritual directors, their view of the case. Even they could not and dared not