

AILLEY MOORE

MALE OF THE TIME SHOWING HOW... CHAPTER XXIX—CONTINUED

CONCLUSION

One night towards the end of November, every one knows that the Bavarian ambassador came to Naples about 11.30 o'clock, and insisted upon seeing the king.

"I have the honor to pray your answer, sire."

"I'll carry it, sir," was the reply. And in that time steamships had been got in readiness, and whole wardrobes had been packed, and before three hours the artillery from the forts proclaimed that the king had departed, and next morning he was on his knees before the Vicar of Jesus Christ.

"You were received into the Church at Amiens?" he asked addressing the lady.

"No, padre mio, I was received at Paris; my brother here was received at Amiens, and on the same day."

"And why not together?"

"In fact, I concealed the matter from her," said the gentleman.

"And I did not think he was prepared for my step, at all," remarked the lady.

"Most wonderful!" said the clergyman.

"It really was," said the young man, "and—but, my God!" he exclaimed "oh, look there, Cecily!"

"Where?"

"At that picture—can it be possible?"

"Ailey Moore! Ailey Moore!" cried Cecily Tyrrell.

"Why, signora, that is the 'Mater Amabilis' of the great English painter!" said Mr. Baillet, in a kind of emphatic astonishment.

It was too much! Poor Cecily's strong heart gave way—and no wonder. Beside the "Mater Amabilis," drawn from the angelic sister of Cecily, the "Judith" which filled Cecily Tyrrell with too much ecstasy to so suddenly poured into her heart.

The Judith was herself—herself so perfect—so charmingly idealized, that nothing of earth remained in her portrait save the form. "I will place you beside my sister in my soul," her memory whispered to her, as she fell into her brother's arms.

Scenes like the meeting of Gerald and Cecily should never be described; at least it is a wise discretion in writers like ourselves to leave them untouched—and so we take the liberty of doing.

The reader is not going to suppose that the measure of Gerald's happiness was filled by the triumph of a pencil or the reunion with his friends. Cecily Tyrrell had "louched realities," and lived in a new and glorious world; Frank never before felt the true dignity of a man; Gerald met them with sympathies familiar to him, but marvels to them whose souls were opening to the moral grandeur of the world of truth.

Father Baillet, to whom they had brought letters from Paris, was a valuable ingredient in the cup of joy. But we repeat, Gerald's happiness did not end with the triumph of art or the communion of friendship. From them he learned for the first time what the reader already knows; and in addition, the most unimportant fact, that the mortgages which he inherited on the estates of Kinmacarra nearly made him master of that property. Ailey's letters had not reached him, in consequence of his change of abode; and Frank and Cecily were on their way to Rome to fling themselves at the feet of the Holy Father, and to receive his blessing on their reconciliation with the Church of their fathers.

Let us pass over events of a year, and conclude our narrative. Kinmacarra has changed masters in the Encumbered Estates Court,

and Sir Francis Tyrrell is its owner. A lordly dowry and an angelic bride rewarded his virtue, who never loved for gain, and who was most modest in his suit, when his position gave him most influence. Moorfield has been transformed into a palace; and Gerald and Cecily live among the poor. Who so happy as Father Mick—unless Biddy Brown in her beautiful new cottage? And the family at the "gap" have come over near the great house, where a farm is well cultivated, and rent regularly paid. The Soupers are all gone or converted. "That all our bad luck may go wud 'em!" is Biddy Brown's only piece of vindictiveness, unless that she says the "stamp" will never come off, the faces of those that "turned" in the bad times and have now come back. Eddy is as good as ever, and intends one of these days to do something worthy of record. Miss Crane is with Mrs. Moore, as her maid, and Lucy Neville is the companion and friend of Ailey. No amount of teaching can instruct the young women and girls of Kinmacarra in the art and mystery of Lady Tyrrell's title—for ever and ever they will have her "own Ailey Moore!" Don't blame them, however, because she don't and Sir Francis is not a bit offended.

We here give the last, which, up to February 1849, was known of Shaun a Dherk and his two companions. His American experience we shall record when our readers demand the performance of the task. The letter is to Father Mick:

"Reverend Father,—After ten or twelve years of labor and risk, in which a good property has been expended, or nearly so, you have convinced me that I am, and have been a wicked criminal. It was madness to have supposed I could be doing good and the chapel staff against me, and every priest refusing me sacraments and denouncing my deeds. But I was mad. The wrecked homes of the orphans and the cries of the widows, and the misery, death, and desolation all around me, made me mad—and I went headlong—doing justice in my own way, blasphemously calling it the way of God. 'Tis ended. I go away in penitence and in sorrow—myself and two faithful men that I led astray sail this day for the far West. Pray for us sinners. Don't let the poor to think hardly of us. We loved our poor people in a wrong way, but oh, how truly! We go, but as long as Ireland is as she is, you'll find men like

Your faithful penitent, "SHAUN A DHERK."

Many efforts have been made to transplant Aunt Benn; but Aunt Benn declares that her eyes shall be closed by the banks of the Shannon. She has spent a month at Moorfield, or rather between Moorfield and Kinmacarra, and she has promised a summer visit now and then; but prayer and impotency to remain permanently were equally vain. Aunt Benn put the silver spectacles up to their usual place among the shining curly curls, and looking over so mildly and lovingly with her blue eyes, she smiled, maybe a little sadly, and answered—"The banks of the Shannon were her place; the poor children would miss her, little as she did for them, she said; and there were some old people too, who had become so accustomed to see her, that a long absence from them would inflict unnecessary pain. And there were many reasons in fact, Aunt Benn said; and then her eyes would close from Ailey to her husband, and return quietly to Ailey again. Ailey felt the silent argument more deeply than any, for it told her that Aunt Benn, when no one saw her, knelt by a grave in Killalee and cherished a dear memory in tears, which were silently, though frequently, shed; for Aunt Benn would not allow her sorrow to inconvenience any one, yet she wept as we have said, and Ailey well comprehended the "many reasons" and the mute illustration of the chief one. So Aunt Benn is at home in the "city of the violated treaty;" and we should like to know who could keep a number of young girls from her side as she goes to Mass of a Sunday, or who is the "old neighbor" that could be three days sick without a visit from Aunt Benn, and more than a visit, if more were needed.

As to old Mr. Moore, there he is, in a big Bath-chair, rolled about the bright domain of Moorfield, perfectly conscious of his happiness, though unable still to comprehend the history of his ejection or the circumstances of his return. The day of Frank Tyrrell's arrival at Mrs. Benn's, strange to say, is always marked in his memory. He says that that was the day he consented to give Ailey to Frank, just because that young gentleman "liked Mary's—Ailey's mother's song;" and the same day he told him that they were coming home "immediately" to Moorfield; and of course so they did come home; and Gerald had made a grand place of Moorfield, sure enough; but he always said Gerald was a fine fellow, and if he weren't, he never would have had such a fine wife as Cecily. "I declare," said he to Father Mick, "she's just such an angel as Ailey! and I declare I love her just as much as I love Ailey, Father Mick, and I believe you do also. Then look at Ailey's husband, Father Mick. Isn't he a beautiful, id like to know?" Old Mr. Moore takes good care of the workmen, though he spoils their time a little. Every place he meets them in he gets their names anew, unless the "old hands," and he never forgets them. None of

them are known to abuse the good old man's simplicity, because they respect him, and because, it may be, too, that the master of Moorfield and his lady never tire of loving him, and never fail in the reverence due to gray hairs.

We may add, that the pale woman has come to live with Biddy Brawne, and her daughter has gone to Australia. Peggy Hynes' husband makes an admirable land-steward, and Peggy Hynes' baby will grow to something remarkable. If—notwithstanding the protests of his lady against the same—the owner of Kinmacarra does not spoil her.

And lastly, Rev. Mr. Salmer, during the sale of the Kinmacarra estates, encountered a gentleman learned in law—an attorney—who had the singularly bad taste to recognize him as an old clerk of his own. Moreover this gentleman spoke of Mr. Salmer's sudden disappearance from his house, and of certain sums of money, and so on. But Mr. Salmer did not know the gentleman at all, and sooner than run the risk of making such a low person's acquaintance, Mrs. Salmer and himself—have gone to the Levant. The other characters are either picking up "authentic information" on the continent, or reminding people near Moorfield that they "always said Gerald and Ailey would come to be great people." Dr. Creamer is one of the latter class.

The tale of Ailey Moore is told; but the reader will allow us a parting word. There is nowadays a war of sense against faith, and of selfishness against love. There is no use in tracing the causes of this misery; they have long been known, and their developments anticipated and lamented. What we need is to guard against their consequences and avoid the precipitate movement of the bad world which surrounds us. Let us love. We have been given for auxiliaries to one another on a rugged road and in the face of many enemies. Let us not live in isolation. Wherever we are, let us remember we are brothers; whatever we have, let it be ready at the claim of kindred. There is not a man, woman, boy, girl, or even child, that has not the power to bestow some little comfort on some fellow-being, at home or abroad, at some time during the long day.

Why refuse it? Ah! if we knew how rapidly love diffuses itself—how luxuriant is its growth—how abundant its fruit—and how rich its harvest, the study of life would be to scatter its seeds and secure its rewards. Let us love; let us look kindly—speak gently—approve readily—censure rarely—lighten every one's burden and brighten every one's joy, and we shall console for the yearnings of our own hearts that only seek license to love, and we shall make a paradise of charity in the desert of this age. If Ailey Moore have taught the soul to feel the importance of this counsel, and helped the heart to treasure it, the writer has accomplished his object.

THE END

THE POWER OF A VOICE

For two weeks Millard Hendricks had tossed restlessly on the hospital cot. Although the gentle ministrations and cheering words of the Sisters had relieved both his mental and his physical ills, yet his attitude of mind was no one to be envied. He railed continuously against his misfortune in being struck down by an automobile; against this enforced period of inactivity just when he was planning large industrial ventures requiring personal attention; against pain—his own and that of his neighbor whose low moan sometimes reached his ears. Believing that to his robust health was due much of his success in the business world, and that fully one half the ills in the world were imaginary, he had looked with disfavor upon medical services, and with a shade of contempt upon invalids. And now he was suddenly compelled to admit the actuality of pain, his utter helplessness and his utter dependence upon others. It was a new sensation and not comforting.

Hendricks had been, not a supporter only, but a promoter of the doctrine held by some present-day pagans, that it is an act of propriety, even of charity, to quietly and unobtrusively aid by the use of an anaesthetic. Lack of family life—he had been alone in the world for many years and had kept in the straits of twentieth-century competition largely for the love of it—and unwillingness to travel or to give his attention to other matters than those which drew forth his best business energies, had made him cold, unresponsive and narrow. And of his narrowness there was no clearer evidence than his religious bigotry. Hence, there had been an additional dissatisfaction which he had found, on recovering consciousness, that not only had he been injured, but that it was to a Catholic hospital that he had been rushed on being picked up in the street. Confessedly, however, he had been given good care and mechanically paid tribute to the quiet efficiency of the Sisters and to the fact that their mere presence seemed soothing. He had sought for something in the institution worth finding fault about—other than his personal discomfort.

At last he found it, or thought he did, and he was not slow in expressing his disapproval to the orderly when that male attendant visited his room.

"So they are to have graduation exercises out there in the corridor

to-night, are they?" he asked. "Why don't they have a few whistling solos and things like that in the rooms of the sick? Not that I mind. My head is all right now and this break in my leg wouldn't be made any worse if a minstrel show were given in here. But I think that some of the really sick people may find it unpleasant. Fine place this is for a jollification."

"Why, it won't be as bad as that," was the answer. "There are no serious cases on the first floor just now, and you can bet there would be nothing done to bother the patients if there were. There will be nothing to annoy those who are here. In fact, it will be just the opposite. These exercises have been held here for four or five years and the patients who hear the programme—and all want to, although they may have the doors of their rooms closed if they wish—enjoy the music and the speaking and even like to watch the people who come and occupy the chairs placed along the corridor here. Always says that it takes their minds off themselves. The noise, if that's what you object to, is somewhat subdued anyway, as the exercises take place at the entrance to the surgery. The only use made of the corridor is to place the invited guests there."

"Why don't they hire a hall?" growled Hendricks. "Or why don't they chief of the staff call the girls whom the Sisters have been teaching to be nurses, into the office when they finished, give them diplomas, and let it go at that?"

"It would be a foolish waste of money to hire a hall," responded the man apologetically, "and they haven't any money to waste, let me tell you. For while this hospital is nearly always full, a larger amount of charity work than any of the others—and it isn't rich. The wealthy men do not seem to leave much money to Catholic hospitals. But it wouldn't do at all to simply hand the graduates their certificates. The other hospitals, which have more room, have these closing exercises. It is expected that they should. So here, where the training course is one of the best in the city, and where there is always a big waiting list, the ending ought to be in proper form, too. You are pretty near the surgery, it is true, so if you wish it an order will go down to have your door closed to-night. It would be closed, anyhow, if there was the slightest chance that the programme, which is never long, would bother you, any."

"No, no. I want the door left open," interrupted the patient. "If I must be disturbed, I might as well hear what it is all about. And they'll know when I want my door shut, I assure you."

Evening came. He was neither annoyed nor interested. It was a dull enough programme, he thought, in spite of a few good numbers. The "Ave Maria" splendidly sung in a rich tenor voice pleased him; and he knew that it was Mrs. Hilton, the wife of the chief of the staff, who sent quivering down the corridor the strains of a harp.

"Catholic Church music," he told himself, "I wonder what there is in it, though, that appeals to a fellow in spite of himself."

The music ceased, and he heard with a listlessness that slowly merged into irritation, several voices that in turn, told of past achievements, present plans and future hopes; of statistics that corroborated the orderly's statements; of incidents that evidenced the lack of room.

"There's been about enough of this," decided the sleepless Hendricks. "What do I care about their lack of room? I am willing to give them mine. Ouch!" as a pain shot through his body. "I can't stand this pain! Why should I? What have I done that I should suffer?"

He was remembering that he had ordered the door closed when the man in the next room had moaned one day. It was unpleasant to hear him, and all his life long Millard Hendricks had avoided unpleasantness. It was not to be forced upon him here. Nor would he listen any longer to these tiresome addresses. His hand was extended towards the bell cord when—suddenly he became aware that a different voice was speaking.

A voice of wonderfully sympathetic quality was sending forth a message that held the rapt attention of all whom he could see on the chairs in the corridor; that he knew was penetrating with like effect into the room of each patient on that floor; a message that came to him individually as though he alone were being addressed.

It was the low, pleasing voice of a priest—he knew that—yet it struck a note that was surprisingly new to the man whose experience as a member of a so-called evangelical Church had taught him to expect, in the way of discourses by clergymen, platitudes of a kind that would neither rouse nor offend; discussions of popular novels too popular dramas, or other "popular" themes—such as an attack on Sunday baseball that would at least get the minister's name into the papers, if not people in his Church. Yet even had he been accustomed to hear something more important than these things from the pulpit, the present speaker would still have claimed his attention.

"Our Lord came into the world and ennobled suffering," the priest was saying, just as Hendricks had registered a new protest against his own pain. "Jesus Christ suffered and died on the cross. There must needs be pain in the world. There must be sickness and suffering and death. We cannot escape it. Even you, who enjoy the blessing of health to-night, cannot say it will always be your

portion; nor should you wish it to be. We must be willing to suffer with Him Who suffered for us—even to the death of the Cross." With broad charity he urged the safeguarding of one's health and commended the blessed labors of those who care for the afflicted.

"In the world to-day," he continued, "the fear of pain is disheartening to contemplate. Not only do the fastidious persons of this century shrink from personal bodily ills, but they cannot bear to see any one belonging to them suffer. Forsooth, they are tender-hearted. Pain and its attendants are unwelcome, repellent things. Out of our sight with them! Contrast these ideas, you who are listening to me, with the anguish of Mary, who stood at the foot of the cross while her Son died upon it. She did not run away, nor did she faint. Yet who can accuse her of having sought but the most loving heart?"

Listening intently lest he lose a word, Millard Hendricks then heard what it was that constituted a really beautiful death." He had not known. He found that it did not mean that some one passed into the next world "as though he was falling asleep," because under the plea of easing pain the man had been "doped," and so robbed of the senses which in the very act of dying he needed more than he had ever before needed them.

The nurses were given wise counsel; were reminded of the privileges that had been theirs in having been trained under the direction of Religion, the best nurses on earth, probably because their sustenance and reward are not on this earth; were told that Florence Nightingale, whom Hendricks had always regarded as a model for Sisterhood and other nurses to follow, had sent girls to the Catholic hospitals of France that they might acquire the qualities of real nurses, by association with the Sisters in those institutions, before being given service at the front in the Crimean War.

Incidentally, Hendricks learned some Catholic doctrine that, coming indirectly as it did, made the deeper impression. There was one final effective blow that crumbled to nothing, the foundations on which his beneficent theories had been built; that was a commendable love for our fellow-men that prompted the removal of the incurable. With the illusion removed he saw clearly, and learned anew that "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself" is diametrically opposed to the violation of the fifth commandment, "Thou shalt not kill." The ending of life belongs alone to the God Who gave it."

Hendricks' world was tumbling about him.

"Who is that priest who spoke?" he asked of the nurse who stepped to the door later to see if he needed anything.

"Oh, that is Father Dority," was the answer, "pastor of the Church of St. Francis Xavier."

"Might I see him before he leaves?" Hendricks would like to tell him how I appreciated his splendid address."

"Certainly," was the surprised rejoinder, and Father Dority was informed of the request. It was a half hour later that the priest bade Mr. Hendricks good-night, with a promise to call again the following day.

"This is indeed, an admirable place for these exercises, Mr. Hendricks," said Dr. Hilton to the donor of the finely appointed addition that was equal in size to the original hospital. The two men were walking through one of its largest sub-divisions on a graduation night that marked the first formal use of the plant. "I heard some one say to-night that your philanthropy sets a worthy example to other Catholics who can afford to do things of this kind."

"I hope they may do so," said Hendricks. "My gift after all is but a poor return for what I owe to the hospital. That's a debt I never can pay, as I told Father Dority last Sunday. It was while I was a patient here, two years ago, you know, that I listened to an address by Father Dority, on an occasion like this—the address that brought to me the first knowledge of the true faith, and that really led me into the Church. 'I have merely tried,' he smiled 'to express my gratitude.'"

THE EMBLEM OF EMBLEMS

If such be the deep significance, the exalted dignity, the profound veneration with which the nations cherish their flag, what tongue can tell, what pen portray the sublime sacredness of that flag of flags, that emblem of emblems, that standard of standards, the Holy Cross, the triumphant symbol of salvation, the jeweled key which unlocks the heavenly treasury and the sole object of St. Paul's exultation, when he exclaimed, "God forbid that I should glory in anything save in the Cross of Our Lord Jesus Christ." Ever since the bleeding Victim of reconciliation uttered the memorable words: "It is consummated," around the Cross, the altar of the eternal sacrifice, fondly cluster all the heart's tenderest and warmest emotions. Ever since the blood of the Immaculate Lamb reddened the rocks of Calvary, lovingly have Christian souls clung to the Cross, and with hearts aglow with gratitude and love they implore the Author of our salvation: "O Christ, when Thou shalt call us hence be Thy Mother our defence, be Thy Cross our victory. While our bodies here decay, may our souls Thy goodness praise, safe in paradise with Thee."—Buffalo Union and Times.

MGR. BENSON TELLS OF HIS CONVERSION

SON OF PROTESTANT ARCH-BISHOP OF CANTERBURY EXPLAINS WHY HE BECAME A CATHOLIC

In simple words, spoken in a manner that held his large audience in silence for almost an hour and a quarter, Very Rev. Mgr. Robert Hugh Benson, the celebrated English convert and author, told the story of his conversion to the Catholic Faith at the Amphion theatre, says the Brooklyn Tablet. The discourse was one of the most impressive ever heard in the diocese, being a complete revelation of the soul of a man, whose brain for years was racked with doubt, until finally he left Anglicanism and entered the Roman Church, in which, as he said: "I found the marks that the Gospel told me Christ's Church should have." Monsignor Benson's address follows:

"It is difficult to take up in public the discussion of why one has left one form of religion and taken up another, for several reasons. First of all, there is a danger that one may seem to impugn the motives and sincerity of those in the faith which one has left, and, secondly, there is danger that in the discussion one may unwittingly become egotistical. Both of these faults I shall try to avoid, for I realize that, as in my own case before conversion, there are many in the Anglican communion whose faith is as strong as that of any Roman Catholic; and egotism is a grievous fault.

Reasons of various kinds may unite to induce a man to change his religion. They may be good or bad. It is my purpose to tell the reasons that led me to abandon the Anglican communion and enter the Roman Catholic Church. These reasons, I claim, are ones that will appeal to all reasonable persons, as good. I would not willingly hurt the feelings of any unreasonable person. There may be some unreasonable persons present, but this I cannot help.

BAD REASONS FOR CHANGE OF FAITH

"Let me begin, therefore, by considering some of the bad reasons for changing one's religion. You may change your religion because you believe that the change will result in a gain of social position or power. There are many instances where people have left the Catholic Church for this reason. Another may change his religion because he wishes to hobnob with the rich. Those also are welcome to get out. Another reason for changing one's religion has a parallel in the advice of Mr. Pickwick. When asked by one of his party on the way to Ipswich how he should conduct himself, he replied: 'Shout with the mob, and if there are two mobs, shout with the one that makes the most noise.' Still another reason is the fact that in the Catholic Church one must get up early in the morning, while no such obligation is found in the Protestant churches. This amounts practically to a declaration that in the Catholic Church you must do what you are told. One who leaves the Church for any one of these reasons is doing so for a bad reason.

There is only one real reason why anyone should change his religion, and it is that, after careful consideration and study, he should come to the conclusion that the religion he is about to replace is not true, and that the new religion which he is about to take up is true. The story I have to tell is a story of how I came to that conclusion about the relative truth of Anglicanism and Roman Catholicism. I do not mean to say, however, that because I came to the conclusion that the Roman Catholic Church is the true one, I do not believe that there is some proportion of truth in other forms of Christianity, in fact, in all forms of religion. There is no religion, however fantastic, that is devoid of all truth.

CATHOLIC CHURCH IN EGYPT MAKES FIRST IMPRESSION

"I do not intend to go back to the earliest days to begin my story of how I came to the conclusion that the Roman Catholic Church was the one all true form of Christianity. This truth first began to dawn on me some years ago when I was traveling down the Nile in Egypt. At one place where we stopped I discovered that the Catholic Church was located not in the middle of the city, nor near the hotels, where it would have the 'patronage' of the fashionable, but in a section where the poor Arabs lived in mud-huts. Here was a priest giving to these people the same message that was given to the members of the Roman communion in the most stately cathedrals of the world. The thought broke in upon me, I think for the first time that that religion must be the true religion of Christ, for He had come that His message might reach all. I returned to England shortly afterwards and began to think.

"For the last four or five years of my life as an Anglican I was a member of a religious community, the members of which will ever have my sincere respect and affection. While among them I lived and believed much as I live and believe now, but, strange to say, it was while among them that I was led to take the step that brought me into Catholicism. We lived under a rule which was a combination of the Benedictine and the Redemptorist, i. e., some of our men were assigned to study and research work, and others were assigned to preaching on missions. It was my lot to be among the latter. For four

years I traveled all over England, giving missions in every town of importance. During this time I heard more confessions, I believe, than I have heard since my affiliation with the Catholic Church. I believed in and taught the doctrine of the forgiveness of sin, and the doctrine of the Transubstantiation. Furthermore, I celebrated Holy Mass every day.

DISCOVERS LACK OF UNITY AND AUTHORITY IN ANGLICANISM

"During my mission tours, in conversation that I had with the various pastors, I discovered an amazing lack of unity in their beliefs on essential points, such as confession and Transubstantiation. I discovered, further, that even among the bishops there was similar disagreement on essential points. It seemed as if there were no authoritative teacher. The whole structure rested on a sort of a toleration basis. It appeared to me that if there is one thing absolutely clear in the religion that claims to be a revelation it should be that the revelation has some one in authority to interpret it. If it is true that Our Divine Lord came down from heaven and if it is true that He intended that revelation to be the guide of all men, it is surely obvious that that revelation had one message and no more, and that the basic principles of that revelation must be interpreted in one true manner, if it is to be efficacious.

"If there is one thing more than another that Christ came down from heaven for, it is that He might bring forgiveness of sins to those who would accept it. Yet the Anglicans and I found some one in authority to differ on this one vital fundamental point. I taught that Christ gave the power of forgiving sins to the apostles and through them to the priests and bishops for all time. Others taught differently. Yet we were all recognized as preaching true doctrine, and this condition, I came to realize, was not new; it has been in existence for centuries. Years and years had been allowed to pass without the formation of a uniform doctrine on this most vital point. I asked myself if this was the Church of Christ? A church in which every man had the right to teach what he believed to be the message of Christianity, although they arrived at so many different conclusions about the message.

"I examined further, since now, I was determined to discover what in the midst of those conflicting opinions the Church of England really did teach. I took up the words of Christ, 'This is My Body, This is My Blood.' What, I asked, did Christ mean when He said these words? The words were clear, a plain statement; yet when I asked for an explanation of them I was told that it would require over an hour to give an explanation of what the Church of England thought these words meant. Then I said that if the Church of England could not more simply explain the words of Christ on that point, the Church of England was not the Church of Christ. 'This is My Body, This is My Blood.' What, I asked, did Christ mean when He said these words? The words were clear, a plain statement; yet when I asked for an explanation of them I was told that it would require over an hour to give an explanation of what the Church of England thought these words meant. Then I said that if the Church of England could not more simply explain the words of Christ on that point, the Church of England was not the Church of Christ. My faith in Anglicanism was then shaken, and naturally I began to turn towards Rome, as I called it at that time.

FAITH IN CHURCH OF ENGLAND SHATTERED

"But now I met a difficulty; to lose faith in the church in which one has been born and educated is one thing, but to turn from that church and espouse another one is a different matter. I was in a troublesome position; my faith in the Church of England was becoming shattered, but my faith in any other church was not yet formed.

"I felt that I was in danger, and I went to my mother at home for her advice. She told me to make known my state of mind to my superiors, and to this I did. I announced myself ready to read any books they should prescribe, provided they should allow me to read whatever books I chose. They took me at my word. I myself, up to this time, had not consulted any Catholic priest.

"I read the prescribed books, among them Littledale's 'Plain Reasons Against Joining the Church of Rome,' the most dishonest book I ever read, and numerous other works on both sides of the controversy. The further I got, the more hopeless I realized the case to be. If I stayed on the side of Anglicanism, I found against me Cardinal Newman and other profound intellects; if I left Anglicanism and joined the Roman Catholic Church I found opposed to me Dr. Pusey, Dr. Keble, and others equally as famous. I again consulted my superior, Dr. Gall, the present Bishop of Oxford, and he answered me with an argument that for a long time I was unable to answer.

"It was as follows: 'How can you attempt to decide this matter when intellects of such magnitude disagree? Stay where you were put by Providence, and do not attempt to solve the problem by the unaided use of your own brain.' At last the answer suggested itself to me. Our Lord did not come to save only scholars and sinners, but His mission was especially to save fools and sinners. If the Church of Christ really exists, there must be, as Isaiah says, some road leading to it so straight that any one can follow it. That argument about the arrogance of relying on your judgment when so many great intellects disagree—an appeal to humility, which is really an appeal to cowardice—is what is keeping hundreds of Anglicans where they are.

"I decided, therefore, that our divine Lord must have marked His Church in such a way that it would be recognized not by Dr. Pusey alone, but by Dr. Pusey alone, but that it might be recognizable by the lowest of crea-