

for weeks I had been daily visiting that church, and the altar where I firmly believed my God reposed day and night? How could I do it?

“The suit ended; we were beaten and ejected.

“With money I had we managed to tide over the crisis, to get on our feet again, and life went on, while I, speaking to no one, sought out the little church and found my consolation, my peace, in kneeling before the



altar—the altar of that religion whose ministers I had heard had robbed us and driven us into the street. I could not think of it—it did not seem to trouble me there. The Lord Himself held me in His arms, and spoke to me in the depths of my soul. ‘Daughter,’ He said, ‘I am thy God who dwells here on this altar, and My religion is the Catholic religion and none other.’

“It did not surprise me; I was not agitated; I knew it was true; no argument was needed; I knelt and adored; my heart cried aloud, Yes, Lord, I do believe.