## PRETTY MISS NEVILLE

BY B. M. CROKER CHAPTER XV

A FAITHLESS FIANCEE "What mighty ills have not been done an?"-Otway.

I still sat silent, mechanically wind ing up the last ball of wool, and vainly endeavoring to adjust my ideas. "A pretty girl"—the intelligence was certainly most agreeable; but could it be true, or was it mere pleasant banter? It seemed incred-

Let me give you a little bit of advice, my dear," she continued;
"do not be so brusque and abrupt You keep them all with gentlemen. at arm's length—they are afraid of you, really afraid of you. Mr. Spooner, who admires you immensely came up to me this afternoon, and Is my nose on my face? Miss Neville nearly snapped if off

I haté Mr. Spooner!" I observed

with energy.
"My dear, my dear!" reprovingly. "He is the judicial commissioner a Arconum, and draws five thousand rupees a month."

don't know what a commis sioner is, and I don't care if he has a million a month," I answered, reck-

All in good time," replied Mrs Roper, complacently, nodding her head up and down, like a mandarin. You will be more worldly-wise this time next year. This time next year you will value position and rupees just as much as any other girl in India."

evening before we touched a Galle I retired, as I always did, at 10 Mrs. Roper would remain pacing the deck till nearly midnight, one of her train; and latterly Miss Gibbon had been quite as late in descending to her berth. opened the door of our cabin I re marked that all Miss Gibbon's port manteaus were packed and strapped and drawn out into the middle of the floor. Before I had time to ask a question, their owner, who was mending her gloves by the light of a candle, raised her eyes, in a casual

I am going to land at Galle tomorrow morning."
"Galle!" I exclaimed in a high

key of astonishment. And to marry Mr. Harvey Price within the week.

I gasped. 'He has a cousin living at Colombo and I am to be married from his house. Harvey telegraphed to him at Aden. Harvey is seeing about a steward to take away this luggage as we land at daybreak. I'm only taking my 'present use' baggage, of course. All my trousseau and wedding presents, and the cake, may go on to Madras-I have no claim them now," she concluded, with the ntmost composure.

I seated myself on a camp-stoo and gazed at her in open mouthed

Yes, you may well stare. You s before you a very happy girl, I can tell you, although to-morrow I shall be given up to retribution by the whole ship—not even the stewards nor the stokers will spare me.

Apres moi le deluge " (laughing).

"And Mr. Hogg—what about him?"

I asked, when I had recovered the

power of speech. Oh, of course I'm treating him abominably" (shrugging her shoul-But after all, it is better for him in reality, if he only knew. is better without a wife who would and who, without doubt, would have made him a miserable man! I am treating him in reality with the truest kindness," she added, in a tone of pious conviction.

You can scarcely expect him to take that view of the subject all at once. Poor man! I think he is greatly to be pitied; and he will be the laughing stock of all his friends."
"Pooh! what harm if he is? He

will soon get over that, and easily find another wife. One of my own sisters would gladly console him, I dare say—Emily, for instance," she observed, reflectively. "All my things would fit her, and there need "All my be no bother or expense about another outfit or trousseau—not at all a bad idea!" with increased anima-

I should not think that he would select a wife from your family a second time," I observed, with withering sarcasm.

He might do worse! Emily is a very pretty girl, with beautiful blue eyes and fair hair. Talking of fair hair, be sure you make my affectionate adieux to Mrs. Roper. How furious she will be! Commend me to her, and our next merry meeting!"

'Who is to break it to everybody?" I asked, abruptly, pausing, comb in hand-we were now preparing for

Why, you of course," she answered promptly. "Here are two letters—instead of leaving them on the pin cushion, in the orthodox way the pincushion being wanting, I make them over to you.

have nothing to do with I exclaimed, energetically them," waving the proffered missives away with my hair brush.

I only ask you to give these letters to the captain to-morrow morning. I leave the delicate mission of breaking the matter to Mr. Hogg in He is a man of strong nerve, and won't mind."

I'll have nothing to say to them!' I reiterated, relentlessly.
"Very well, then, I shall give them to the steward. It will be all the

liked the *eclat* of announcing the news," returned Miss Gibbon, with the most perfect sang-froid. "You the most perfect sang-froid. "You will see Mr. Hogg; he is sure to come on board. You will recognize him a once by his extraordinary resemb-lance to a hippopotamus walking on

This flattering description was cut short by the entrance of the steward ess (evidently in the secret), who came in and dragged out the baggage and delivered it over to some one who was waiting outside in the saloon. When she left, Miss Gibbon came over to my berth, and took leave of me, and kissed me.

"Wish me joy," she whispered,
wish me joy, Nora. You must come
up and stay with us in Calcutta next old weather, and I'll marry you to another Bengal civilian.

"It's all very wrong, I know," I re-plied nervously; "but, all the same, do wish you joy."
"It is not a quarter as bad as it

looks. To marry a man I could not endure would have been very much -would it not ?" It would," I assented, half doubt

fully.
"To have sworn to like him, while

knew I hated him, would have been perjury—would it not?"
At this critical mome critical moment the entrance of Mrs. Roper put an end to her excuses and explanations, and, kissing me warmly, she retired to her

own berth. When I awoke the next morning she was gone. There was a great deal of excitement and talking, and shaking of heads in consequence; but as we neared Madras every one was too much taken up with their own affairs and plans to give more than a passing thought to the missing

As we lay in the roads, one of the first massulah boats to board us embarked a burly figure in a gigantic mushroom topee. It was Mr. Hogg! I saw him conducted into the captain's cabin, and I saw him no more. attention was entirely engrossed by the novel scene; the long, low shore, the dangerous looking surf, the flocks of catamarans and massulah boats. It was soon my turn to spend a bad quarter of an hour in one of the latter. Had I escaped from the Bay of Biscay to be drowned in the Madrae This was a question ever surf? present to me till we grated on the beach beside the pier, and I sprang out with very small assistance, de lighted to be on terra firma once more.

Colonel Keith and I drove to a hotel in the Mount Road, ordered rooms and dinner, and then took a gharry to the beach, and listened to he strains of the governor's band discoursing the newest dance-music to Madras society-Madras society drawn up in landaus or Stanhope phaetons, or strolling up and down Cupid's Bow, enjoying the music and the sea breeze. Pretty, well-dressed women, soldiery looking men, elderly, erect, fiercely-mustached veterans sauntered past our dusty gharry in couples or in lines of four; and I just admit that I was very considerably impressed by my first glimpse of the Anglo-Indian at home.

The following day we took our departure for Mulkapore. As we traveled along over the broad, flat clains, I discovered a sameness in the view that wearied my eyes and dis appointed my expectations. A mud village clustered round a tumblelown fort; then miles of brown barren plain, with here and there a herd of queer-looking sheep or goats then another mud village and an ex panse of paddy, with an occasional pool, in which hideous, slate-colored buffaloes were lying cooling themlves, with their heads above water

My ideas of India were probably unique. I imagined that all Euro pean mankind wore large white straw hats and nankeen suits, according to old family sketches. I expected to see gorgeously caparisoned elephants the only means of transit; and I was prepared to behold tigers sporting about the plains. But I had already traveled many miles, and not seen one, not even a cub, nor any wild animal of any kind whatever; although I gazed anxiously into every scrap of jungle that we passed through. From the safe elevation of a railway carriage I did not care how man

tigers and chetahs were in view. I had a deluded notion that curry frightfully hot curry, provocative of tears, was the staple and only food of the country, besides the pine apples guavas, oranges, and mangoes that I was convinced grew in wild luxuri ance, and everywhere, and at all times and seasons. The only things that really came up to and surpass my expectations so far were the mosquitoes. Their activity, voracity, and pertinacity, knew no bounds. The night spent in Madras had been made miserable, thanks to them. These horrible insects had mysteriously in troduced themselves through some little flaw in the mosquito-nets, and had banqueted heartily on my face and hands, and rendered me a deplor able spectacle. Happily, mosquitoes do not travel by rail, so I was rid of my tormentors for three whole days, during our journey to Mulkapore. It was by no means an eventful performance. Three times a day we regularly descended for half an hour to wash and take our meals at various utterly unpronounceable stations We slept in the train, travelling stead ily all night, and awaking, covered with dust, about 6 o'clock in the morning. I much admired the Indian morning, so cool and fresh and crisp; who would think it could develop into such an intolerably hot, glaring day? It amused me to watch the flocks and herds; most peculiar nondescript-looking animals (and very

were sheep and which were goats), being conducted to their daily being pastures, such as they were—acres of red, burnt-up plain; to see village women flocking to most primitive looking wells, with chatties gracefully posed on their heads; to see the most extraordinary attempts at plowing. I were without the second in the se ing I ever witnessed. Everything was new to me, of course, and I spent many hours gazing out of the riage-window, early and late, while that blasé old Anglo-Indian, Colonel

Keith, slept and snored. At the junction for Mulkapore we had a delay of nearly two hours, and here I had an opportunity of catching a glimpse of Indian domestic life. There was no getting into the first class waiting-room; it was occupied by a zenana. The door stood ajar, d as one or two very dirty-looking native women were constantly stepping in and out, I caught a view of everal muffled white figures, with noles for their eyes and mouth only in their veils, and these covered with thin white net. Two or three gaudily-dressed children were likewise squatting on the floor. Presently there arose an argument, at first merely in a loud tone, then executed in a higher and higher key, finally yells and screams. The proprietor of this "happy family," a fat, pomp ous-looking, very bandy-legged native with a gold skull-cap, who was airing himself majestically up and down the platform, was called for by the station-master to quell the uproar; but he was utterly useless in the emergency. Both sides of the ques tion were simultaneously launched at his head, and he was evidently de nounced by all parties with unanim ous shrieks. He withdrew from the waiting-room with much greater alacrity than he had evinced in enthat apartment, evidently

powerless to quell the storm. 'It must be bad enough to be hen pecked by one wife," remarked Colo but fancy being the scape goat of half a dozen! think we manage these things better in Europe; what do you say, Nora?"

Before I had time to reply we heard the welcome tinkle of the bell, and the cry "Passengers for Mulkapore, and we lost not a moment in collect ing our small belongings and enscond ing ourselves in one of the saloon carriages of the Mulkapore State Railway. As we crept gently out of the station, the argument in the ladies' waiting-room could be heard high above every sound, evidently being still pursued with unabated fury.

TO BE CONTINUED

## 'DOMINUS EST!" — ["IT IS THE LORD"]

( A TRUE STORY ) By Rev. Richard W. Alexander

The white-capped nurses of the great hospital in the city's suburbs and assembled in their auditorium for the evening lecture, which was always given by some noted specialist. Among them was a slender girl who had put on the neat uniform of the probationer that very day. was tall, with clear, fair complexion, abundant auburn hair, and earnes dark blue eyes. She had moved about all day like one in a dream, silently performed, with all her soul, the various tasks assigned her, and one could see that her heart

In the afternoon the good Nun who had charge of the Training School placed some text-books before her, gave her an allotment of study, and asked her how she liked her work. The answer was enthusiastic.

Why, Madame, I love it "I am very glad," said the Nun, but you must not call me 'Madame,'

you must say, 'Sister!'"
The girl flushed; "I beg your par-The girl flushed; "I beg your pardon," she said; "I never met religious ladies before, and I did not know how to address them. 'Sister' is a beautiful word, if it is not too familiar."

We are sisters to the whole world," returned the Nun, "and our work in the hospital brings us very close to the world; that is, the greater part of the world, for there is nore suffering in it than pleasure

"It was this part of the work that attracted me," said the girl; "I do want to become useful to suffering people, and I mean to leave nothing undone to qualify myself thoroughly for the noble profession of a trained

nurse That sounds well," said the Nun "keep to that ideal, follow instruc-tions, and you will attain your wish." I would like to ask a question,

the girl faltered. And I will be glad to answer it,

said the Nun. Well, you know I am not a Roman Catholic; will I be permitted to worship God as I have been taught at

We never discuss religion in the Training School," said the Nun.
"You are here to study medicine, the human body and its ills. Only, in case of a patient requesting a nurse to bring a minister of religion, she reports to the head of the department, and then leaves the matter in her hands. The head of your department is myself, and I always shall be glad and ready to assist you in any doubtful matter. You are free to practice your own idea of religion vithout remark or intrusion. And now, Miss Golden, here is the text of to night's lecture. You will find it

well to be prepared for Dr. G—."
Smiling, the Nun pointed out the pooks, and left the girl to her studies. Stella bent her head over her book, and applied herself assiduously to her task. At the time of the lecsame. But I thought you might have difficult to make out which ture that first evening we find her

eated with her class, listening with rapt attention to the learned physician, who was one of the most eminent specialists of the day.

Two busy years passed by. Miss Golden saw many things in that Catholic Hospital which opened new vistas of thought to her mind. Naturally reverent, she looked dmiration on the unselfish work of the Sisters who conducted the vast work of the institution, envied their skill, and modelled herself on their self-control, and calm readiness for emergencies. There was no change in her religious attitude, and rather prided herself on that fact. She sel dom attended any services in the hospital chapel. Her love of beauty, however, impelled her occasionally to come to Benediction. She loved the flower-decked altar, the singing of the Nuns, the reverent attitude o those who prayed, and she bowed with them when the little silver bell announced the Benediction. A sweet, restful peace stole over her soul at these moments, and she found herself saying: I wish I could believe

In the discharge of her duties nurse Golden saw how weak were human supports when pain or sick-ness racked the frame. How sad the deaths of those who had no hope be yond the grave. How terrifying the ast moments of those who had placed themselves beyond spiritual assist

No one ever hinted at anything be longing to religious subjects, but she observed everything. The girl had a heart that yearned for a living faith —for a peace of soul that should abide with her and help her, when her time came, to die like some of the poor Catholic patients she saw, who ooked with the all-seeing eyes of the spirit into the great Beyond, and saw there everlasting joy, and the beauty of God and His saints. She was aithful to her work-to the duties of her elected profession, and already began to look forward to the future that would open to her after her graduation. And according to her

light she prayed.

One day a Catholic patient who was under her care received the Nurse Golden had Holy Viaticum. arranged, as she was taught, the white pillows and counterpane, the little table with its Crucifix, candles holy water, etc., by the bedside She left the room while a priest attended by a nun, administered the holy Sacrament, and when he passed back again to the chapel, she returned to the bedside to extinguish the candles, and remove the table patient's eyes were closed, and the face was full of devotion. Golden looked at her, deeply im-pressed. In moving lightly around the bed she disarranged the counterpane, and from one of the heavy folds there fell Something, snow-white and round, that fluttered to polished floor beneath bed. A strange tremor seized the She gazed on the little Obnurse. ject. It drew her, and scarce know ing what she was doing, she fell on

her knees and gently picked up the Sacred Host with her fingers. Hardly had she laid It in the palm of her hand when a marvel ous thrill passed through her soul and with it — Faith. It was the Lord! She knew it. Nothing now could change that belief. She t. Then instantly came a fear: " should never have touched It Hastily she arose, opened a chest of drawers in the room, and laid the acred Host on a pile of clean snowwhite linen.

Hurriedly and with strange thrills of feeling, she glanced at the patient who had not moved, and then went wiftly to a Catholic nurse who stood at the medicine press outside

touched the Lord!" she whispered, her face tense and her eyes glowing; "He is in there

The Catholic nurse stared at her. Was nurse Golden out of her mind What on earth was wrong? Some times the poor nurses were over excited and exhausted in their strenuous life, and became feverish. Was nurse Golden delirious?

Quickly nurse Golden explained the words rushing from her eage The Catholic girl drew back in lips.

"Why, Miss Golden!" she said in awed tones, "you should not have dared to touch the Blessed Sacrament! Let me go at once for Sis

Nurse Golden stood in the door way, her eyes fixed on the dresser, her heart throbbing wildly. In a very few moments the Chap-

lain came hurriedly down the cor ridor, and accosted her excitedly!
"What is this I hear, Miss Gol den? You lifted the Blessed Sacrament from the floor ?- and you You, who do a Protestant? elieve in the Blessed Sacrament?"

I believe now Father! I know have touched the Lord!" said. She fell on her knees, and pointed to the dresser. The priest opened the drawer — there lay the Sacred Particle. His face flushed, he took the stole from his pocket, placed it round his neck, lifted the linen towel on which the Particle reposed, and silently and reverently carried It with downcast eyes to the

Chapel. There was subdued excitement among the nurses and Sisters when Miss Golden explained her act, and what followed it in her soul. And there was more excitement when the Chaplain declared he had placed only one Host in the small Pyx, and sional hour tramping in imagination that he was positively sure of the matter. Again and again he reiterated this assertion, and held to

it in spite of the ventured suggest tions of others, that there might have been two Particles adhering to

'Impossible," he said, "in this case !—I had only one communi-cent, and I brought only one Host I am positively certain of this fact Nothing could convince me to the "Where did the other Host com

No answer came to this oft-re peated question, except this — Miss Golden asked to be instructed in the Catholic faith, was baptized, and in time made her First Holy Communion. Her devotion to the Blessed Sacrament was intense. She could hardly speak of our Lord in the Holy Eucharist without tears. The miraculous answer to the question was her conversion—the only ber of her entire family a Catholic. She continued her course in the Training School, graduated with honor, saw that a successful future was waiting her, and with the good wishes of all, she left the Hospi-

Five years passed away. It was Easter Monday morning. Sunlight filtered through the stained glass windows of a well known Convenchapel, and lay in glory on the tall lilies that bent towards the Holy of Holies. Mass was going on, and the voices of the nun-choir sweet trembled on the fragrant air. How eantiful now are the words :

Regnum mundi et omnem oratum saeculi contumpsi! contemp 'The kingdom of the world and its pleasures, I have despised—, I have despised," for the sake of our Kord.)

A single voice was singing now-"Quem vidi, quem amavi—(Whom have seen, whom I have loved.) And from the centre of the marble nave a veiled figure rose from her knees, and advanced to the foot of the altar.

A group of vested clergy surrounded the crimson robed celebrant as he turned to her, and holding up the white Host that once thrilled her being, paused. In the breathless hush came the clear sweet voice:

In the name of Our Lord and Saviour, I, Sister Estelle of the Blessed Sacrament, vow and promise to God, Poverty, Chastity, Obedience, Perseverance.

Could one mistake the voice Could one mistake the slender figure? the pale spiritualized face? There was repture in the tone - a note of triumph in the sweet words of im molation.

Oh, happy Nurse Golden i What sweeter Lover could have en-thralled you? What more precious chains than the vows could have dettered you? What safer home fettered you? cleft of the rock, the hollow places of the wall" figuratively spoken in the Scriptures of the Cloister, where the white dove of the chosen soul may fold its wings, close to the Tabernacle forever?

Aye, forever! He shall fold you in His arms, until the day declines and the shadows fall, and then there will meet you the virgin band who follow the Lamb through all

## MGR BENSON TELLS OF HIS CONVERSION

HIS NEW BOOK A LUCID STORY OF HIS TRYING JOURNEY TO PRIESTHOOD, A WORK OF UNUSUAL INTEREST AND CAN-DOR

Monsignor Benson, according to the wishes of his friends, has issued, autobiographical form, the story of the difficulties and perplexities of his spiritual journey from his position as a clergyman of the Church of England to his present priesthood in the Catholic Church. ("Confessions of a Convert.") It is a lucid and unaffected sketch of meeting and overcoming obstacles, many of them great and some of them puzzlingly To all who understand the inner

workings of the heart he makes clear the inevitable parting of the ways, in which, with conscience as his guide, he left the Anglican Church, to which many strong personal ties and rever-ent family tradition had bound him. Even yet, he speaks of her with love and gentleness, mindful of the calm joys she had bestowed upon him and of the decorous and sometimes splendid services with which she had charmed his heart. THE FIRST YEARS

With the delicacy of a refined nature, Monsignor Benson kindly introduces us to the genial atmosphere of his truly Christian home. His masterful father, forceful yet considerate, occupied the first position of honor in the ecclesiastical court of England. The intimate companion ship between father and son, the frequent reading and mutual comment reveal the concern of a faithful parent in the religious training of his son, and the affection gladly given with lavish prodigality, displays a character in the son, where reverence will be no unimportant factor and loving contact with such a father will force energy to bring forth fruits worthy of the parent tree.

The poems of George Herbert,
critical situations in the history of

the Church, the edifying life of some saint whose heroic efforts for the cause of Christ arose like an aroma from the printed page with an occa-

Stanley—these were the topics upon which the mind of Monsignor Benson was nourished, under the guidance of

PREPARING FOR THE MINISTRY

The years of school life, which occupied, all his youth, are marked with an irreproachable correctness but with little exaltation of religious thought. His first education, outside the uplifting influence of his home life, was at a private school in Cleve-don, followed by the usual terms at

The impressive dignity with which every service in chapel was conducted and the surpassing beauty of the music appealed most strongly to a plastic mind, though the sermons, always sincere and often impassioned, left but little mark upon his developing character. Unconsciously he had adopted the school practice of individ-The open discussion or the disin-

erested dismissal of both preacher and sermon from conversation blighted whatever prospects there might have been of a spiritual har It was a place of two standards Opinion reigned and doctrine retired discomfited from the field. While preacher, with great force and vivid ness, expressed himself on a moral problem, the student body, with true youthful omniscience, felt that there was another side to the question finally deciding that it was a personal affair, depending upon individual tastes.

FIRST POSITIVE AWAKENING

Between Eton and Cambridge the only message which reached his soul was the elevating music at St. Paul's. This was the only gate to his spirit, which received vague yet comforting intimations of the happiness found in religion rather than any striking principle of life.

At this time that remarkable work by Mr. Shorthouse, "John Inglesant," came to him and for it he developed an admiration which was almost a passion. It was the first positive awakening to the personal influence and corresponding responsibility of agerness which remained undiminhe read the singular call trum peted from its pages, and this insistent demand for action on a plane of religion did much to mould his ripening character.

DECIDES TO STUDY FOR CHURCH

For some reason, which he himself does not fully understand, he decided o study for the church, though he is positive, as is everybody who knows nim, that no touch of selfishness or hope of distinction entered this de With a godly and learned dean, a man of sensitive honor and vas erudition, he studied in preparation for what he considered was to be th work of his life, and the sincerity of his aims to be worthy of the position is amply manifested in his descrip-

tion of his retreat in preparation fo

being ordained deacon in the Angli can Church. 'My retreat was made near Lin coln, where years ago I have lived as a child. I engaged a couple of rooms in a lodge of an old park about four or five miles out of the city and arranged my day in what I thought a suitable manner, giving certain hours to prayer and meditation, to the recitation of the Little Hours, in English

and to exercise. "Of course it was an impossibly mad thing to do. I was in a state of tense excitement at the prospect of my ordination to the ministry; and I knew nothing whatever about my own soul and the dangers of introspection, and still less about the sci ence of prayer. The result was such mental agony as I cannot even now remember without an ache of mind. It seemed to me, after a day or two, that there was not truth in religion, that Jesus Christ was not God, that the whole of life was an empty sham, and that I was, if not the chief of sinners, at any rate the most monumental of fools.'

FATHER MATURIN

Now enters an extraordinary man. Then, as now, he was distinguished by clearness of thought and a constructive, almost intuitively thetic quality of mind. He was a member of the Cowley "Fathers" and vas engaged in giving a retreat, to which Monsignor Benson had been invited, while still in the full fervor of Anglicanism.

The influence of Father Maturin cannot be evaded. Even those who fight against the appeal of his flaming thought, who are utterly oppose to his view of the subject, will find themselves, in their quiet hours, reconsidering the wonderful things which his genius has poured forth in a torrent of language, illumined by

ennobling imagery.

To him, order is the first and most anmistakable edict of heaven. Chance and accident are impossible to a providence, supreme both in wisdom and in power. In all religious revelation there must be an interdependent correlation of truths. From the first page of Holy Writ even to the last word, there is unity of thought with progress in expression. as all is intended as God's

IMPRESSIONS MADE BY HIS SERMONS Hour after hour, this gifted preach-

er took up apparently disjointed fragments of personal experience and wove them into a system, inspiring confidence in God's dealings with humanity. Those who have read last paragraphs of his work, "The Price of Unity," and noted the cadence and music of language blending thoughts which were strik ing in originality and warm with emotion can form some idea of the strength of the current in which the young Anglican was borne along.

Analyzing the impulses and furtive movements of the soul, bringing into the light for clear inspection what even to the agent was nebulous and confusing, searching the soul with an almost intuitive knowledge of its depths and shallows, fused in the rush of language gleaming with spiritual fire, the disturbed consciousness of the Anglican recog-nized in this man's utterances his own inarticulate difficulties

UNIVERSALITY OF THE CHURCH

Upon the advice of a physican. the young clergyman decided to spend a winter in Egypt in order to restore his shattered health. Though he had been to the continent before and was its cities, now, for the first time, he views it as an official of the Church of England. This view point offered little which was satisfying. A national church, buttressed and strengthened by national resources, with famous schools and universities supplying it with a cultivated and learned clergy, filled the eye and contented the heart; but once the white cliffs of England were left be hind, it sunk into an insignificance

which was appalling.

The spires of France, rising in village, ignored relationship Anglican communion with the Stately cathedrals where saints lay buried beneath the altars; waysid shrines where the awkward peasant said his simple prayers, vast monas teries which once were centers of light and are yet filled with subdued but effective activity, gave no sign of union with the Anglican Church.

IN EGYPT

In Egypt he found a chaplain of his faith, living at a hotel and supplying the spiritual needs of travellers; but he was a transplanted agency, not homageneous to the soil, while in an Arab village, with a mud roof and walls and ugly tiles, like the surrounding houses, he found, tran-quil, confident and unabashed, a Catholic chapel. It stood there, in harmony with its unlovely surround ings, something which was not an importation, but which evidently beonged there, with right which was indisputable.

In the Holy Land, the same conditions prevailed. Every heretical and schismatic sect took turns at the altar of the Holy Sepulchre, but if an Anglican wished to celebrate his service at any of shrines a table was wheeled in. To him was denied the altar, as he represented a recent Protestant sect, which had no claim to antiquity, or

universality,
The reality of the Church of England being the instrument by which God had intended salvation to mankind became an illusion, a mere mirage, in the face of the Catholic Church occupying all the ground and existing with unshakable certainty for so many centur-

At this time came the news that the wonderful preacher, whom he could not forget, had come into the fold of the Catholic Church. This was a blow which increased rather than shared the mental confusion gained by continental travel.

ANGLICAN MONASTICISM

The sincerity of the young Anglian to sound the depths of religion ed him to become a member of the Community of the Resurrection, a monastic order in the England. His years in that house of seclusion in Mirfield were rich in peace and happiness. Leisure for prayer and thought, the tender consideration of his companions, the hours of silence, made sweet by prayer, the memories of the Pre-Reformation monk and his sublime usefulness to the country, those years gave him a joy, the very mem

The rule of the assembled clergy men was a modification of the Bene dictine and Redemptorist rule, for while there were hours of prayer and physical labor, there were also periods when the monks gave missions to parishes at the request of

the acting pastor.

The hours of silence were not sterile. Thoughts and doubts, the stirling of the seeds sown by Father Maturin, pushing their way through the soil of personal conviction and family tradition, made thought imperative, the toil of cutting stone steps in the neighboring quarry and the intensity of giving missions in churches, soothed the disturbing thoughts, but were unable to lull them to lasting sleep.

BECOMES PROFESSED MONK

But finally, he became a professed monk of the community, in which he hoped to live and end his life. In a graphic paragraph he tells of the day of his profession, indicating, at the same time, the tender closeness of the ties between his good mother and himself. "In July, 1901, I took the step without alarm. It was an extraordinarily happy day. I obained a new cassock for the purpose which, strangely enough, I am wearing at this moment, adapted to the Roman cut. My mother came up and was present in the tiny antechapel. I was formally installed my hand was kissed by the breth ren; I pronounced my vows and received Communion as a seal and pledge of my stability. In the afternoon I drove out with my mother in a kind of ecstacy of con-

tentment." THEORY AND PRACTICE

It was not long before the young monk, preaching in various parishes. was impressed and puzzled by the variety of doctrines which were taught. Every local clergyman had taught his particular views. Ritualism and the broad views of the Evangelicals.