

do whatever I tell you." Then I got on to my feet, and I said, "My lord, what you require of me is not an act of submission, but an act of adoration, and I refuse it to you." "Then," said he, "if you cannot give me that act of submission you cannot be any longer a Roman Catholic priest."

**I Leave the Church of Rome! My Agony.**

I raised my hands to God, and said, "May Almighty God be for ever blessed," and I took my hat and left the Bishop. I went to the hotel where I had engaged a room, and locked the door behind me. I fell on my knees to examine what I had done in the presence of God. Then I saw for the first time clearly that the Church of Rome could not be the Church of Christ. I had learned the terrible truth at last, not from the lips of the Protestants, not from her enemies, but from the lips of the Church of Rome herself, that I could not remain in the Church of Rome except by giving up the Word of God in a formal document as the fundamental stone of my submission to the authority of my Church. Then I saw that I had done well to give up the Church of Rome. But oh! my friends, what a dark cloud came upon me! In my darkness I cried out, "My God, my God, where is Thy Church? Where must I go to be saved? Oh! God of my salvation, where is Thy saving light? Oh! dear Jesus, why is it that my soul is surrounded with such a dark cloud?" With tears I cried to God to show me the way, where to go to be saved; but, for a time, no answer was vouchsafed. I had given up the Church of Rome; I had given up my position, my honour, my brothers and my sisters, everything that was dear to me! I saw that the Pope, the bishops, and the priests would attack me in the Press, in the pulpit, and in their terrible confessional, where they strike a man in such a way that he does not know from whence the blow is coming. I saw that they would take away my honour and my name, and perhaps my life. I saw that war to the death was begun between the Church