

bling. Near a portion that was railed off I saw one or two Indian women squated on their heels, their hands clasped, their eyes fixed on a little door on a long white table hung with white linen. They never heeded me—never even turned their heads.

“ I sat down on a bench and looked long at that door. And then, Father, a strange sweet peace came over my troubled spirit, an overpowering sense of the nearness of God like the touch of a strong and soothing hand. Father, I believed. I knew the Lord was there. In one instant the prejudices of years fell off like scales. All my life's traditions on the superstitions and idolatry of the Church fell away like ashes. A miracle had been wrought in me. Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament had drawn my tired heart to His Divine Breast, and — I was a Catholic—a believer in the Blessed Eucharist.

“ It seemed to me that I could linger there forever, drinking in the comfort my thirsty soul was longing for. Troubles, heartaches, poverty, the pending lawsuit, my husband's anger, my own bitterness—all — everything was swept away by the torrent of sweetness the Divine Presence poured into my soul. The red lamp shed its crimson glow on the montionless women, on the white altar, on my bowed head. I fell on my knees and my heart cried out, My Lord and my God ?”

She stopped ; the tears had gathered in her eyes, and my own heart had risen like a lump in my throat. Oh ! the goodness, the yearning love of our dear Lord — I thought — but I said nothing. She continued :

“ Father, do you not wonder that I say that my conversion was a marvel ? It began then and there, forever. I left the church with the peace of faith singing in my heart. Secretly I hurried home, my burdens lifted. Again and again, as the days passed, I returned, I learned to pray.

“ But I did not dare to tell my husband and father-in-law. They were absorbed in their trouble. The litigation in the United States Courts was raging furiously ; and at home the words, Roman Church, priest, Bishop, lands and treaty, were sounding in terms of execration from morning till night. How could I dare to say that