A DAUGHTER OF NEW FRANCE.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY. CHAPTER XV. THE RED DWARF.

One morning, having left my quariers at the habitation of Frere Constantin to go to our Sieur for my instructions as secretary, I found myself among another gala throng, assembled upon the green in front of the manor. We of New France dearly love a pageant of ceremony, and are ever ready to lighten our tasks with a holiday.

I had been away for some weeks with

the Recoilet upon one of his missionary journeys — which I delighted to share since they lay through the beautiful, mysterious woods, and also because

ey gave me his close companionship. The significance of the present gathering was at first lost upon me, therefore, but soon all was made plain. The crowd divided to the right and left, and along pathway thus formed a man, finely approached the house at

slow and stately pace.

I-recognized the staunch De Lorme,
the King's interpreter, coming to render to our Sieur the tribute of faith and homage for the rich tract of form-land above the fort which Monsieur de Cad-illac had recently granted to him. He which Monsieur de Cad was a handsome, rather pompous man, of about forty years of age, with flash ing, restless eyes and long dark locks, and was well qualified in appearance for

the role he played.
Arrived upon the gallery, De Lorme stood a mement, faced the spectators, and then, wheeling about and assuming oscentatious air, gave three

resonant knocks upon the oaken door.

It was opened by Gaspard the Acadian, Cadillac's major dome, who bowed low and ceremonicusly waited to be told the errand of the visitor, albeit h

knew it very well.

Ere De Lorme could state it in due form, however, an incident occurred which was not upon the programme.

From within came the sound of boy ish laughter, and the next moment, out from the shadowed entrance hall rushed Cadillac's young sons, Antoine and little Jacques, brushing past Gaspard, Da Lorme, in the romping excitement of a merry chase, Jacques in the lead

but apparently fated to be quickly cap-tured by his elder brother.

"Fi dene! young messieurs, hola!
Stop, I pray you!" cried the poor Stop, I pray you!" cried the poor major domo, while the older men in the crowd threw up their hands in horror that tradition and the conventions should be thus outraged.

But, unheeding the sensation they had caused, the boys broke through the throng and came running in my direc

Ere I could intercept them, the soldier Jolicour sprang forward, caught up little Jacques, and set the struggling child upon his shoulder.

Hist, petit bon homme!" he cried. "You will want to see what goes on."
The bluff sargeant was the lads especial friend; many the story he had to tell them, and many of his free hours

were given to their amusement.

Had they not now been stayed, much I fear me they would have repented breach of discipline and from the house; for Cadillac had already begun to train them to military obedience, and Therese was a strict though a gentle mother.

Meantime Jean Favart, dit De Lorme,

having recovered his breath and smoothed down his ruffled dignity, requested an interview with the lord of Gaspard retired to acquaint the

Seigneur, and De Lorme stepped back noon the grass.

Anon Monsieur de Cadillac came forth from the house, wearing his blue court uniform and cavalier's hat with its long white plume, his sword, as ever, by his side

De Lorme uncovered his head, came up to the step of the gallery, and, kneeling upon both knees before our Sieur, said in a loud voice:

'Monsieur du Detroit, Monsieur du Detroit, Monsieur du Detroit, I render you fealty and the homage due to you on account of my fief of De Lorme which I hold of your Seigneury of Detroit; and I proclaim my willingness to acquit the seigneurial and feudal rentes and all other lawful claims in their season, beseeching you to be my good lord and to accept me in faith and

With the gracious condescension that so well became him, La Mothe accepted the fealty of De Lorme, bade him rise to his feet, and give him a draught of wine in a silver goblet which Gaspard kad set upon a rastic table close at

Then the sturdy interpreter, again bowing low, gave place to Pierre Malet, Jacob de Mersac, Jean Richard, and others who had also been granted lands and in turn offered their homage and received a cup of wine—Gaspard filling it from a great silver flagon the burnishing whereof was his especial pride. After, there was feasting and dancing

as on the May holiday.

Pleasing as was the scene to me, I
was more interested to mark its effect upon the two boys, whose youthful chatter to Jolicour I plainly caught. "What is it all about, Jolicour,"

urged Jacques, from his perch on the soldier's shoulder.

De Lorme and the others are paying homage to Monsieur de la Mothe, as they will render fealty to you some day," replied the good fellow simply, as though this explanation was suffic-

But it is Antoine who will be seig neur after my father," protested the spirited boy, sportively struggling to free himself from the iron clasp of the

sergeant.

"Ay, to be sure, Master Antoine will be lord of Le Detroit," responded Jolicear, with an approving glanes at the lithe, well built lad by his side, while at the same time he shifted the response to the other shoulder. restless Jacques to the other shoulder; but you too, mon petit maitre, shall one day be a grand seigneur. This seigneury of the strait will grow too. great for one man to manage, and our sieur will partition it among his chil-

dren, as the Sieur de Longueil divided his lands among his sons. You will be lord of the Ecorse and the Grosse Isle,

o, that tract is for Madeleine ; I have heard my father say as much," corrected Antoine, with a shake of the

Ay, ay, for one of the little de "Ay, ay, for one of the little do moiselles, your sisters, whom Madame Cadillae left at school with the Ursu lines of Quebec?" said Jolicœur, inter-rogatively. "Eh bien, then perchance rogatively. "Eh bien, then perchance you will have the rich lands of the Grosse Pointe and along the upper shore, Maitre Jacques - yes, mon petit mattre, you are sure to be a rich

seigneur, one day."
"When I am, Joliceur, you shall have the best fief in my gift, and when you come to pay me homage I will give you a draught of wine out of a gold declared the child, clasping goblet," declared the child, clasping the neck of the hardy soldier in an in

pulsive embrace.

"Ah, verily you have the heart of a good seigneur," answered Jean Joly, patting the little fellow with hearty

" Joliceur shall have a flef from me Joincoar shall have a her took at-too," maintained Antoine, stoutly. "I will not give him up to you attogether, brother; the seigneur of Le Detroit cannot spare such men as he. And when he comes to acknowledge me lord, I will give him a golden flagon, full of wine for himself." wine for

The sergeant laid a hand caressingly apon the arm of the elder lad.

"Thanks, thanks, my young gentle-men, if I live long enough, I shall be no lack-land," he said; "yet look you, so the wine be good, you need not trouble to buy the golden cup and flagon. Jean Joly asks nothing better than burnished silver to drink from; but the wine, ah, that may be as grand as you please. When I come into my flefs, if you would fain treat me far beyond my deserts, a draught of Burgundy, or-"

"You shall have such wine as is "You shall have such while as is served at the King's table," promised Antoine gravely, whereat Jolicour laughed again — the pleasant, contagious laugh that wells up from a brave,

heerful, and unselfish heart.

I turned away, amused by the talk of the three merry comrades, for Jean despite his manly strength and fortitude, was in his light-heartedness fortitude, was in his ingite near-centess as much a boy as either of the other two. Nevertheless, by the involuntary sign that followed his happy laugh, knew he was thinking he would either be dead or else a feeble old man by the time the sons of Cadillac would into possession of their seigneuries.

That evening I walked with our Sieur beside the river. In the clear summe sky the light of the stars began to pale before the rising moon, whose argent disk was appearing above the dark woods on the opposite shore.

"I do not marvel at the faith of the

nabitans in the 'dames blanches,' the white fairies of the moonlight; such a ight as this casts a spell upon a man, I remarked as we paced the strand—he with measured tread, his hand wanderoften to his sword hilt, as if nov and again some thought vexed him. suiting my step to his, and glad to bear him company; for not withstanding his high position, and the happiness of his stic ties, he was often lonely, as are all men of a proud, imperious, and

ambitious nature.
"Yes, such surroundings are prone to break down one's habitual reticence and reserve," answered La Mothe, with of the head. "The moon, the a nod Queen of the 'Dames Blanches,' is of a truth, very like a woman. Her sooth ing influence, her soft beams, like the gentle sympathy, the sweet smile of a weman, beguile a man to confidence and too often to a foolish unburdening of the heart and his own undoing. loyalty to me and your discretion have, however, been well tested, my brother. Therefore at times I mention to you matters whereof I speak to no one else -no, not even to Therese, although, God knows, no man has a more devoted wife than I have. Still, this is no reason why a man should shift a heavy share of his anxieties upon the heart of this true friend, as if his own were not

this true friend, as it is on.

strong enough to carry them,"

He spoke in all sincerity, he who was wont to worry Therese full often with his moods. But if I smiled to my self. I highly prized his trust in m

and I said as much.
"Normand," he continued, "you, better than any one on Le Detroit know what I have accomplished since we came to this region. I have n only established a fort, but founded I have not colony that is already prosperous. In twelve months we have put ourselves in position to do without provisions from a position to do without provisions from Canada forever. And all this under-taking was carried out with the three months' provision we took when we set out from Mentreal, the which was consumed on the journey. This should prove to the Ministers in France whether Le Detroit is a desirable or an an undesirable country. Moreover, as you know, besides our own people, six thousand savages have wintered here. And yet this colony has not cost the

King so much as a sou."

'Your management has been extraordinary, mon chevalier," I replied,
"since the savages who settle at Ville Marie and Quebec are allowed soldiers' rations, even to the little children, and

are also given frequent presents Ay, and the Governor and the In tendant will not allow me so much as a pistole to use for presents, pitterly. "Were this not t this not the fertile paradise of America, I could never have achieved what has been done since

we landed upon this stretch of beach.' "And now," I went on with enthu-asm, "now that the foundations of our colony are well laid, you will be n to reap the reward of your labors henceforth should add to your wealth and influence. Your name will become illustrious, your authority is supreme on Le Detroit, you are like to realize the wildest dreams of your

ambition."
"Hist! hist! Normand!" cautioned De la Mothe, glancing about him un-easily, as if he half expected a foe

Surely he is, as ever, your good ally

and most clever aid."
"He is called clever who cheats and "He is called clever who cheats and plunders his friends," asserted Cadil-lac, in a tone that intimated he would brook no contradiction. "Monsieur de Tonty is growing cold; an Italian, he is subtle, like his astute country-man, Machiavelli. Say nothing to him that you would not wish an enemy to

"He has ever been too reserved to hold much converse with me, ' I re

turned. "Then concern not yourself upon that score, save to be on your guard, as against a dog that sleeps with one eye open. But there is a trouble which galls me more," he continued. "It is galls me more," he continued. "It is the dispute with the missionaries of Michilimackinac. Monsieur de Carheil remains firm in his resolution not to fol-low the Indians to this post; only a few Hurons are left to him there, and this fall I hope to plack the last feather from his wing. Yet I am persuaded from his wing. Yet I am persuaded this unyielding old man will die in his parish without having a single parishoner to bury him.

Bold, enthusiastic, sometimes vision ary, prompt in action, and impetuous of speech, my brother possessed to a degree the art of alienating those with whom he should have worked in har mony. By bringing the Hurons and Outawas to Le Detroit, he had stroyed the great Mission at Michili mackinsc; and, remembering his haughty manners to Monsieur de Carmackinse; marvelled not that the latter declined to come to our southern settle ment, since discord between the Com mandant and the missionary would pre sent a deplorable spectacle to Still, I saw how Monsieur de Tenty and others were like to use this quarrel to their own advantage.

"Mayhap a policy of conciliation—"
I hazarded. But La Mothe interrupted

"I asked not advice," he cried with angry impatience; then, regretting the outburst of temper, proceeded more quietly: "Well, no more of this. I would but have you comprehend, Nor-mand, that nothwithstanding all fair appearances, a demon of discontent and misfortune stalks abroad. I use, to be sure, a figure of speech; but Jules, little Pani slave, and the coureurs de bois have been telling my young sons idle tales of some imp of the strait a hobgoblin of the Indians, to whom they say it is best to give a wide path." "Ah, yes, 'le petit Homme Rouge."
I have heard of him too," I said with a

laugh. the same moment there flashed apon me a recollection of the banquet ven in honor of our Sieur at the Chateau of Quebec, and I added jestingly. "Why, truly, is not this mischievous 'petit homme' the very 'Nain Rouge' whereof La Jong."

cuse bade you beware, mon chevalier?'
"Phouff!" exclaimed La Mothe,
is good humor restored, "I would his good humor restored, all the evils in my way were as imagin ary. Bah! There is no satisfying these frivolous voyageurs and coureurs de bois whom I have sought to colonize. After all I have done for them, they grumble because I, a gentleman and a seigneur, have silver plate and fine damask for my table and go well attired with a sword by my side. Yet it is I, not they, who have given this province of Le Detroit to the King. He lapsed again into moroseness, and for some time we paced the strand with

out further conversation.

Of a sudden, and so silently that I doubted if I saw aright, there appeared upon the beach, a short distance before us, a strange, uncouth figure.

Whether it arose from beneath the

earth or stalked out from the shadow a clump of bushes that overhung to I could not say; but Cadillac saw it too, and half drew his sword as I did mine. In those days an enemy might spring ap beside a man at any instant, and it

behooved him to be ever prepared. The moon had been under a cloud, but now it shone full upon the repulsive

form of the intruder.
"A misshapen Indian," muttered Cadillac. "What is he doing here? Is he a spy or a half breed woods ranger who has sought to overhear us? If so he will repent of his hardihood."

The creature approached nearer. It was neither Indian or white man, though perchance an embodiment the worst natures of both; a being, apparently, half human, half gnome, short of stature, very red in the face and with a blazing eye whose horrible stare, instead of turning, turned the blood in one's veins to ice. The appartition was enwrapped from head to foot the start of the company of the contraction of the in a blanket that I took to be crimson as well as I could see it in the moon light, and his diabolical grin displayed wide mouth and sharp fang-like teeth.

"My faith! the tradition of the savages was, after all, no fantastic I ejaculated in horror. can be no other than the Nain Rouge, the demon of the Strait."

"Demon or human, he shall not obstruct my way," cried our Sieur, The malevolent Red Dwarf came up

road, and taking off its wood ranger's cap, bowed low to our Sieur in most ironical fashion. 1" exclaimed Cadillac, in a fury. "Get out of my path, you spawn of satan!" and forthwith he dealt the

close to us; it stood directly in ou

creature a blow with the back of his Albeit the frame of the dwarf looked the concentration of a giant's strength, I thought to see him felled to the ground. Instead, however, a mocking, discordant laugh rang out upon the

air, and the creature vanished.
"Alack, Cadillac, what have you done?" I cried. "You were warned to make friends with this demon, to beware of offending him; now, alas! in giving way to your anger you have incurred his enmity.

La Mothe broke into a peal of merri-Power begets jeaknsy, calumn have you said. "The moonlight has tricked the art so many lines known and the calumn have you said."

given any heed to the demeanor of Monsieur de Tonty of late?"

"De Tonty!" I exclaimed in surprise. "I have remarked him to be somewhat taciturn and low in spirits, but his wife says he has taken the ague.

Surely he is a year rough good ally A doed croppy cappet malest a man A dead enemy cannot molest a man, whereas now this fellow will be as a

thora in my flash." "Yes, yes, it must be so; my eyes e false. It is strange served pranks the moonlight plays, investing some objects with a beauty they have not of a verity, and conjuring up weird forms out of the shidows," I answered. "But mayhap, after all, my brother, it is better you did not kill the dwarf I dare say he is half witted and can de

you no harm."
Thus did we both make pretence to pass over the occurrence as a trivial

matter.
Nevertheless I feel sure that no more than I, did our Sieur believe the Nain Rouge to be human. And although, I understand, he quietly caused search to be made, never was any such misshapen savage found among the Indian villages that cluster about Fort Pontchartrain. TO BE CONTINUED.

FIAT LUX-A STORY OF CONVER-SIONS.

LECTURE RECENTLY GIVEN BEFORE THE ST. CECELIA READING CIRCLE, GERMANTOWN, BY REV. ALVAH W.

DORAN. It is plain to be seen that I am a convert and not thoroughly posted yet in all the ways of my brethren in the sacred ministry, otherwise I would not sacred ministry, otherwise I would not have allowed myself to have been so easily trapped into giving this lecture and posing before the world as an illus-trious example of one fitted by experience to narrate well the story of con When I agreed to make versions. When I agreed to make a short address to the Reading Circle did not expect to be led before so large and appreciative an audience drawn from all quarters by the liberal use of the attractive qualities of my subject-a theme which daily grows in its power to interest all classes in our country.

Names and deeds of the holy, illus trious and noble men whose memory has been brought before us to night, I sa'ute you with profound reverence. But I would not dwarf the estimate in the minds of any present here regard-ing the sacrifices and sublime character of such converts by presenting myself as their fit companion, or insult the Catholic church, by pre mother, tending that it is any honor to have caught in her net so small a fish

I am only ashamed that my former companions, among whom are many gifted in intellect and generous in heart, have sent you no better representative than myself of the movement that leads from darkness into light. Under such circumstances I feel very much like the small boy who for the infraction of some rule is summoned before the authoritie of the school. "Now, my lad, why did you do this?" "Please, sir, I saw John Henry doing it and thought it was all right." So I can feel a little was all right." So I can feel a little courage and confidence when asked the question, why did you become a convert? I saw John Hanry Cardinal Newman do it, and, following his argu ments and sustained by his noble ample, there was nothing else but for

me to do the like.

Nevertheless, before taking up the subject of my lecture I have some apolsogies to make. The first, because I am so young. You are quite right in expecting wisdom to be accompanied by gray hairs, but as the roads to Rome have been well blazed through the The first, because I am woods of Protestantism by the intel-lectual giants of the last century, you will pardon my having arrived some earlier have done. Again, I would p epare you beforehand against disappointment in the treatment of the subject. The field is so broad and the reasons of consion are so many that it is impossib

for any one to cover it adequately. Comirg, then, to the theme pro of my lecture and looking over the list of notable converts as they arise in our minds - John Henry Cardinal Newman, Edward Cardinal Manning Father Faber, Canon Oakely, Archishop Wood, Archbishop Bayley, Father Hecker, Dr. De Costa, Orestes Brownson and the host of others—how can one sum up and relate the whole story of their conversion? I can only think of one way, and for this I must again apologize, but it is the only short cut that will in any manner allow me to speak from knowledge and experi and that is to relate so far as I can the steps of my own conversion.

And this is allowable, because all conversions have something in common. and that is the great underlying prin ciple. In the creation of the gloriou universe in which God has put man' dwelling light held the first place in the order of production. "Fiat lux" "he light made"—and by the sole "be light made"—and by the sole and omnipotent word of God light sprang into being and "God saw that it was good." So in the re-creation or redemption of man, in which "without faith it is impossible to please God, argument, proof and example are all equally futile without the Voice of God speaking in the soul, compelling it, as it were, to the acceptance of the truth and fortifying the heart to embrace it. Yet, my friends, we speak of such and such a priest or mission Father convert ing a person, but in our experience the person was converted before they came to us. The Voice of God had spoken and they had seen the light. It is not keenness of intellect, or the telling power of a sermon, or the persuasive ness of a book, though these may some times be means. It is the gift of God Fiat lux! And for this gift every one of us who has received it can do no less than every day humbly to thank God out of the fullness of heart for His un-

merited favor.
So I begin with a final warning that even in one's own case, many of the preparatory steps or reasons of conver-sion are doubtless hid from one's eyes and on different occasions one may give prominence to varying points, so as to

unknown to each of us by which God has guided our footsteps. I am a peculiar brand of convert, semewhat like the Irishman's deg, cf scmewhat like the Irishman's deg, of which, when asked its breed, he replied, scratching his head: "Sure, I don't rightly know, for he is half Newfound-land, half collie and taif St. Bernard." So in my origin I am half Irish on my father's side, and of this I am proud, for to be of real Irish stock is to be indeed half-Catholie; I am half English on my gother's side, and of this on historical nati-Catholic; I am hair English on my mother's side, and of this on historical grounds I am not so proud; and by birthplace I am half American, and from the high and noble ideals of my country in granting a hearing to all have become a whole Catholic.

I was a Ritualist, i. e., a High church party in the Episcopal church, holding to a great part of our Catholic faith and practice. Some of you (I believe there are non-Catholics present) who knew me then called me "Father." I heard confessions, said my beads—these same that I have here—believed even in same that I have left conception of the Blessed Mother of God, and thought I said Mass every day. In fact, I copied the Catholic church in her external and thought I marks so closely that a person who went no deeper would say I was a Cath-

But to show you how deceptive ex a story of what took place in a school somewhere near our city, for it appeared in our daily press. A teacher after having instructed her class in the subject of natural history, and having covered the field of known animals pretty well, was anxious to find out if her pupils really understood what the had been studying. So she closed the book and asked the class: "Children, what subject have we been studying ?

Natural history, ma'am." "Very good. And now the animal with a big head, little eye two long tusks and a trunk." Several hands went up. "Well, Johnny Jones?" "An elephant." "Quite right." Teacher: "Now, what animal has horns, two large bright eyes, and would be dangerous for you to get in the way of? What do you say, in the way of? What do Johnny?" "An automobile. you see it is unsafe to judge by exter-

nal description.

Though I boasted of the name Cath olic and refused the title of Protestant, in spite of my copying the Catholic church so closely, I only made myself the most peculiar Protestant of them there is a great galf That between High Churchism and true Cathclicity no one knows now better than myself. The one thing I lacked, the acceptance of the Pope as by Divine right the Head of the church, being made by our Blessed Lord the founda-tion of His religion, left me only the right of private judgment as a basis for all the Catholic truths which I held.

I began life, then, as an Episcopalian, though I have often been reminded by my parents that it was a good deal matter of chance, as they had tried several religions, the Baptist and Methodist at least, before, coming to "like the Episcopal service," in which faith they remain to day. But strange to say, the earliest recollections of my childhood are of the Catholic church, for by the Providence of God it was, probably one of the first whose doors l entered. The servant in our family was a good Catholic girl, trusted fully by my mother—and how well I rememthe Christmas Crib to which she led my childish steps, as well as the Stations of the Cross and Benediction Blessed Sacrament. Who can of the Biessed Sacrament. Who can tell what their effect was upon me in the blessing of Him Who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me?" At least I know that the strong impression of these early events made it easier when reason led me to consider the claims of the old church to look at her with a more impartial eye.

So I grew up to young manhood under the auspices of what would be called the broad church ideas of Episcopalianism, attended a Presbyterian Forest University, near Chicago—and felt the impress on my life of the great World's Fair of 1893 and the World's Parliament of Religions held in con-junction with it. Somewhere along the road of my life thus far I pick up three things which men call the motive prin-ciples of life. They were broad truths, but I think they ought to appeal to every man, for he is naturally religious at bottom. The first truth I might no have been able then to have put well into words, but since becoming a Cath olic I have found it beautifully ex pressed in the writings of St. Augus tine, and it stands to day as the motte of the American Catholic Quarterly Review, published in our own city. We may translate what St. Augustin ys in his epistle 238 to Pascentius: It is a good thing for a man that the truth conquer him willingly, because it is a bad thing for a man that the truth conquer him when he is unwilling. For necessary that it conquer him, whether denying it or confessing it. Better be beaten at once by truth than wasting our life by fighting against an inexorable conqueror. So much was said about "truth" I believed it had an objective reality which I afterwards found was so, though my who talked so large scarcely believed it.

Also, the Parliament of Religions dimmed our eyes with the grand phrase of the "Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man." This alone was sufficient to discontent one with the array of sect against sect, unless out of it were finally to come a modern church where all would be united in the harmonious worship of a common Creator. and where, I asked myself, amid this congress of learned and elequent men supporting so many different theories of where do the poor and unlearned get a chance to save their souls? The trust system of "salvation by edu-cation" never appealed to me: there never appealed to me; there was too much Irish in me. I was for the "under dog." I found afterwards that in the Catholic church "the poor have the Gospel preached to them" in a way that they can understand.

And, thirdly, I grasped the idea, which I think almost any American as sents to, that the church which deserved my allegiance was one which ant, as well as now that I am a Catho-

should be conducted on sane lines of knowing what her business was and carrying it out in an orderly way. This would give her a coherence and aggressive power, armed with which we would not have to look upon her with less than the high admiration we had for our army and navy, which we proud-ly believe to be able to defeat the world. Afterwards I found that the hely Roman church, with a Head, Divinely ap pointed, her business like rules, her re fusal to compromise with her enemies (a most distasteful trait of the other churches) and her aggressiveness in alone being able to carry the Gospel successfully to all nations, more than fulfilled the ideal, for each day one finds something new to admire in her constitution and achievements.

Having this small harvest of ideas, I

passed from college life within the por-

als of the Western Theological Semin-

ary of the Episcopal church in Chicago. It was a distinctly High church school, and I found my "modern enuren school, and I totand my 'modern and liberal church' principles met al-most on the threshold by the teaching of an historic church founded by Jesus Christ, and against which the gates of hall were not to prevail-a church that was the guardian, not the inventor, of truth, and one that spoke with the Voice of God, though on the theory of the Roman, Greek and Anglican "branches" it proved increasingly diffi-cult to hear that Voice. Truth challenged me to combat. I examined his-tory and Holy Scripture and reason told me to sue for terms of peace. From that day my test of belief became fixed. "What does the church say?" Truly I had the receiver to my ear, but the phone connection of my spiritual life was not complete. The more I took the side of Rome against my Epis-cepalian professors and friends the ore I found them beaten on their own ground till they were obliged to hold e fom submission to Rome by con vincing me for the time and for seven more years, that God had placed me where I was to aid in the work of restoring Catholic teaching in the English branch of the church and bringing back the whole body to reunion with the Bishop of Rome. This were a grand ideal if it were true, and I had suffi cient humility to accept the counsel of men older and better than myself. The late Bishop McLaren, of Chicago, ordained me with the express declaration: "If I do not intend to make this young man a priest and a sacrificing priest, I do not intend to make him

So I started in the glow of enthusiasm upon the career of putting my theories to work. I need not stop to

narrate each step of my course.

When the same Bishop desired me to compromise my teaching in the small parish I held in Chicago, for the sake of conciliating other kinds of Episcopalians and making more of a inancial success, I refused and was quietly but firmly removed.

At this juncture a call was extended from the late hard-working rector of from the late hard-working rector of St. Clement's, Philadelphie, Rev. George H. Moffet, and I joined his staff of assistants for the better part of of three happy years. I have always thought St. Clement's, which has given four clergymen-Rev. B. W. Maturin, and A. R. Sharpe (both rectors) and and A. B. Sharpe (both rectors) and Samuel P. Macpherson and myself (assistants)—to become priests of the church together with a host of lay converts, numbering over a hundred, the best example of what Ritualism can do. best example of what fittualism can do. Confession is untiringly urged and the spiritual life carefully cultivated. So beautiful is the photograph, as a late convert from there has said, that we delay in seeking the original.

But I passed on another step to a further imitation of Rome — the Holy Cross Religious Order—and there, in my bettle for truth. I met my Waterloo. I battle for truth, I met my Waterloo. I found that in a small group of eight men, free from parochial and largely from episcopal restraints, we could not agree, and as the consensus of the order was given as a new fount of revelation of truth, the "Roman fever

strongly again.

Then came the perusal of the "Life of St. Catherine of Sienna," that great champion of the Roman Pontiff and the church of Christ, written by Mother Augusta Drane. Such passages as that in Volume II., page 151, where, address-ing Urban the Sixth, she says: "I hear that those incarnate demons have set up an anti Christ against you, the Christ on earth, for I confess and do not deny that you are the Vicar of Christ' —this, if any one thing can be pointed to, lifted the veil from my eyes.

For a month I discussed the Divine appointment of the Roman Pontiff with a leading scholar of the Episcopal Church till he admitted: "I believe, too, what you say, that the Bishop of Rome is by Divine right the Head of the church, and I believe that the evidence is as strong, if not stronger, as that for our Blessed Lord's Crucifix-

Surely I could believe those outside of the true fold! Fiat Lux! The light had come. A few weeks and I had en-tered within the Bark of Peter, leaving behind relatives, old friends, associa-tiors and cutgrown ideals. "What shall a man give in exchange for his or with what a price will he not soul?' willingly buy peace for the soul?

In closing, may I say one word to non-Catholics present? If you are dissatisfied with your present religious be-lief and position, will you not pray simply: "If the Holy Roman Church simply: "If the Holy Roman Church is God's one true Church, may He open my eyes to see the truth and fortify my heart to embrace it."

And to Catholics, it is an obligation resting upon you to be able to give a reason for the faith that is in you. You meet the world as we priests meet it, in the shop, the mill, the fac-tory and the office. When non - Catho tory and the office. When non - Catholics ask you questions, as they are bound to do, don't dodge a difficulty. Be honest. Don't give a half reason. If you can't answer, say so; but refer them to some book or some person who can-Do not compromise your religion by pretending that those outside the Cath olic church are as well off as you are or being always ready to agree with their opinions. When I was a Protest Protest-