

the Catholic Church alone could master the situation. Her "children" I added "go through life with comparative peace and security. They use the trials of the world as stepping stones to heaven".

I left S... on an early train next morning, and immediately plunged into bustling city life, in the midst of which, I forgot the old jeweller in the little town by the sea.

Years passed during which I took my vacations in the mountains. One very hot Saturday afternoon however, I was seized with such a desire for a plunge in the cool surf that I decided to take the last train for S... and stay over Sunday. I arrived rather late, but managed to secure a room at my former hotel. The next morning I went to first mass, so as to have the rest of the day to myself. Imagine my surprise, when on entering the church, I saw my old friend the jeweller in one of the first pews. "He is here out of curiosity" I said to myself. But no, once Mass was begun, he followed with more intelligence and devotion than I did myself, and when the time for Communion came, he was one of the communicants.

There was a story at the bottom of this, and I was determined to get it. So, after dinner, I strolled down to the jewellers shop, and found him seated at the door, buried in his Sunday paper. Hoping to make myself known, I priced some sun glasses. My purchase made, I was still unrecognized when I thought of my watch. Holding it up to the old man, I asked him if he recognized it.

"Yes indeed" said he "and now I remember you".

"Do you remember my platitudes on religion?" he added. "Well, my ideas have changed since then, to day, thanks be to God I am a Roman Catholic like yourself. If you care to hear what the grace of God has done for an unworthy man, I will tell you the story of my conversion".