

I dare not touch food at her table. She is crazy! She must be sent to an asylum! She tells the doctors it is I that am crazy. She would like to lock me up and have my money. She bribes my valet to spy on me. She has spies in the opposite house now. Do you not see them? They have drawn their curtains now. They are hiding their behinds behind them. Did you not see that she had the shade drawn exactly half-way in the dining-room? That is one of her signals to the spies. She thinks it is I that am crazy, but, before God, I swear it is she! It is she!

I had no need to listen to his incoherent speech, I had no need to look into his terrified, haggard countenance and wild, burning eyes. I had no need to feel his iron grip on my wrists, to know that I was locked in a room alone with a madman!

TO BE CONTINUED.

HOW I CAME HOME.

The following is the story of Lady Herbert's conversion, as told by herself, in English Catholic Truth Society's Publications, Vol. xxiii:

I was brought up in what we should now call the "High and Dry" school of the Establishment, and entirely distasteful to me. I was eager, energetic, and enthusiastic; and I found myself surrounded by cold and formal services, high pews, long perambulating hymns, and intolerably dry sermons. My Sundays were a perfect terror to me. I was made to learn long portions of the Christian Year by heart, of which, even now, I cannot understand, in addition to the Epistle and Collect for the day; the rest of the time was to be spent in reading sermons, or in church, where kneeling bolt upright always made me faint. I had the greatest difficulty in learning poetry by heart, so that I could never say my lesson, my reciting was consequently generally spent in tears. Even now, I sometimes have the recollection of what I felt on waking in the morning when I remembered it was Sunday.

Then came my Confirmation, for which I can only say that I was simply not prepared at all. A clergyman came and asked me to repeat the Creed, which I did; after which he shook hands with me, and said he was quite sure I had been too well brought up not to be prepared, and gave me my ticket. I went through the service as in a dream. Then came my First Communion, and I was simply horribly frightened. I did not understand what now I see and feel. But I kept on repeating my Creed, and I had no idea of what I was doing. I was taken in a literal or in a non-literal sense; and, if the latter, why they were left in the Catechism? For two years after that I recollect no change in myself, or in the dreary round of my religious duties.

Then came the "Oxford Movement," as it was called. This was my first view of real religion. I found in the writings of that new school all that my heart and mind had longed for and hungered after for years—I found life, and warmth and practice. But what really attracted me, although I know it not, was their Catholicity. I devoured every book of the kind that came out. What I could not read I had my friend read for me. The son of an old friend of mine (afterwards superior of a religious house), was then at Oxford, and he supplied me with all I required—the "Tracts for the Times," Dr. Newman's and Manning's Sermons, the "Library of the Fathers," and the many lighter contemporaneous works of Faber and Churton, Froude and Mozley, Sewall and Yonge, Williams and Paget, Gresley and the like. I began really to pray and watch, and fast, and examine myself, and try and deny myself in little things. I longed, as all girls of my temperament do, for the life of a Sister of Charity. About this time, I was immensely startled and pained at my young Oxford friend's companion announcing to me his intention of joining the Church of Rome. "It would be almost a death-blow to his mother," he said, "and that was what grieved him most. But he could not help himself—he could not remain where he was." My father was very indignant, and forbade all further intercourse to meet again till, twenty years later, I saw him in the cloister of his monastery.

Soon after this event we removed from the west of England to a property in the midland counties, which had been left to us by a distant relative. Here I found a scope for my activity; a hitherto neglected village, where there was neither church nor schools. There was the gable end of an old chapel, dedicated to St. Edith, with a bell turret, close to the wall of which the rector of the parish church (which was three or four miles off) used to come and recite the Morning Prayers four times a year, so as to be entitled to the tithes. But, except that occasional service in the open air, the poor people had no "Church privileges," as it was called, unless they were young and strong enough to walk to the parish church. I began by opening a school, and by degrees, through painting and selling my sketches, and the kindness of friends, I raised enough money to build on a channel to the neglected gable-end; and never shall I forget the joy of seeing the first communions and baptisms in that little place—many having come who had neglected the Sacraments for years. In all this work my chief encourager was the Rural Dean—a very excellent Anglican clergyman—who with his wife became my greatest friends. They, too, were drawing nearer and nearer to the Catholic truth, and helped me far more than they were themselves aware of. But my father became alarmed at our intimacy, and especially at my religious views. He said, and said truly, that they were incompatible with Protestantism, and my visits were discouraged, and finally stopped.

I was in the autumn of 1844 that a great friend of mine sent me some letters she had received through a mutual acquaintance, written by Dr. Newman.

They were of engrossing interest to all those who, like myself, were dissatisfied with their present position, and hungered after greater certainty and guidance in matters of faith. These letters insisted, however, a great deal on not going by one's own taste and inclination, or by one's own feelings in so grave a matter. One of them has been published in his Apologia, and runs as follows:

"This I am sure of, that nothing but a simple, direct call of duty is a warrant for anyone leaving our Church; and no preference for another Church; no delight in its service, no hope of greater religious advancement in it; no indignation, no disgust at the persons and things among which we find ourselves in the Church of England.

"The simple question is: Can I (it is personal, not whether, another, but can I) be saved in the English Church? Am I in safety were I to die to-night? Is it a mortal sin in me not joining another communion?"

It is impossible for me to say the effect which these letters, and many others of the like kind, had upon us. They were copied and treasured up (in secret, of course), and pondered and prayed over by hundreds of souls of whom the writer little dreamed, but who were going through minor throes of the same agony of doubt and suspense as himself.

A year later I married, and strangely enough my new home had been St. Edith's old monastery; so that it seemed as if she were to follow and form part of my life. Probably her prayers (in return for the imperfect services I had ignorantly paid her by restoring her ruined shrine) helped me in my coming struggle.—Dr. Newman, F. W. Faber, and many others whose names were household words among us, had by that time joined the Church of Rome. I felt that they had carried our principles to their legitimate conclusion. But I was too full of my new-found happiness at that time, and too much engrossed with the intense joys of life, to give much thought to religious questions or duties. However, it soon came back to me that this was an unworthy return to make to the Giver of such untold blessings, and I resumed my inner life and active works of charity as before. Then began my intimacy with one who so greatly influenced my future course.

I had been married about four months when my husband one day brought to introduce to me one whom he called his "oldest school and college friend;" adding: "He is the holiest man I have ever met." It was quite true. There was a something about Archdeacon Manning which made one ashamed of an unworthy thought or a careless word; and yet he was always loving and tender as a woman. We went abroad the following year, and he accompanied us and spent the winter, partly in Rome and partly in Naples. He and my husband used to take long walks together almost daily, and then he would either dine with us or join us in the evening and continue the conversations which to us were of such engrossing interest, relating, as they did, to the political and religious state of Rome. At that time I was anxious and disappointed at having no prospect of a child; and some cousin of my husband's who were nuns of the Sacred Heart in a convent in Rome, offered to make a novena for us for that intention, which we gratefully accepted. The Archdeacon suggested that we should go together and pray at the Ara Coeli for the fulfilment of our wish; or rather, he added gently: "That the Will of God may be done in you and by you." He gave me at the same time a little terracotta statuette of the Blessed Virgin, with the hands crossed in submission, and the words *Eccce ancilla Domini!* underneath; saying: "When you can feel as she felt, when you can give up your will and have no wish or will but His, then, and not till then, will the blessing you seek be granted to you." Another day, I recollect tormenting myself with the fear that I was not clever or amusing enough to be a fit companion for my husband. His answer I feel should be engraved in every young wife's heart: "Your business is not to make your husband's home brilliant but blessed."

Our intimacy went on increasing; he virtually became my confessor; drew up for me a plan of life; gave us both prayers to use; directed our spiritual readings; and helped us in all the little difficulties which a conscientious mind must ever feel even in the happiest path. He gave me to make a review of my past life; dividing it into portions of eight years, and marking the faults of each period, so as to give me a better insight into my own character, and to teach me to detect and struggle against my besetting faults more vigorously. Dr. Newman was at that time in Rome, living very quietly in the Benedictine Monastery of S. Paolo fuori le Mura. My husband had been his old and favorite pupil, and went to see him, taking me with him. I was much struck by that interview, although he did not say much on the questions in dispute.

From that year until 1851 our friendship with the Archdeacon increased in proportion to our more frequent meetings, both at his home, and ours. "The child of many prayers" (as he called her) was born, and received (as we had promised) the name of Mary. I was very ill before her birth, and the Archdeacon came to me constantly to strengthen and cheer me in my coming trial. Again, the following year, when a son was given to us, who nearly died as a few months after his birth, he anxiously signed by our side to share in our anxiety as in our joy. Then came the Gorham decision on the question of baptism; the efforts made by my husband and his friends to counteract its effects; their protest against it, signed by all the best and most influential members of the Church of England; and Bishop Blomfield's bill to confine ecclesiastical questions to ecclesiastical courts, a question thrown out in the Lords mainly owing to a clever speech of Lord Brougham's, in which he asserted that "so great was the disunion among the right rev. prelates on the Bench that no question brought before them would have the chance of a peaceable solu-

tion; and even if it had, that the minority would never obey the majority in such matters."

I have a vivid recollection of a discussion the following day at our house, in which two or three of the speakers openly declared their conviction of the impossibility of remaining in a Church in which even the Sacraments were asserted as open questions; that the late assertion of royal supremacy in matters of faith was contrary to the law of our Lord; and that the theory of the Church of England being a branch of the Church Catholic was utterly set aside by such decisions. Moreover, that in spite of all the special pleadings upon the subject and the words of individual writers, the Catholic Church distinctly repudiated Anglican Orders as invalid, and proved it by insisting on re-ordaining all Anglican ministers, no matter how high their position or how great their ability, in a case in which, by such decisions, the real ordination would be sacrilegious, and which was never done to converts from the Greek Church. Day after day these subjects were renewed with the earnestness of men who had nothing to gain but everything to lose by a change of creed, and who yet felt that they could not remain where they were. How it all ended is a matter of history. The best of the clergy, and many of the laymen present on these occasions "went over to Rome," as it was called. Those that hesitated, did so less from conviction than from that wonderful theory, to which so many still cling, of "going over" in a corporate body, i. e., of the whole Church of England shaking off the errors of the Reformation and returning to the One Fold.

As to ourselves and the Archdeacon, he voluntarily broke off all communication with us, writing to us both "that it would not be right to continue an intimacy which might be prejudicial to our principles in his present position; that we had been too nearly drawn together to meet as ordinary friends; and that he would never seek either of us unless we first sought him."

We both of us felt the separation most keenly; but to me it was a sort of religious wreck. If I had had doubts before as to the validity of Anglican Orders, the fact of the Archdeacon's utter disbelief in them and his refusal, even before he took the final step, to give absolution, would have settled that point with me for ever. And if Anglican Orders were invalid, what were the Sacraments? I tried to console myself by laying great stress on the doctrine of Intention, and by making frequent spiritual communions. I wrote to the Bishop of—asking him to take the Archdeacon's place as my confessor. He refused, alleging the usual Anglican reasons, and throwing me back on myself. I have since been most thankful for this refusal; for nothing can be more dangerous and injurious than the way in which direction and confession are abused in the Anglican body. Neither are legitimate; neither are recognized by the Bishops or the formularies of the English Church; so that all the evil—which the wildest imagination may attribute to the practice in the Church Catholic, are almost inevitably under circumstances placed on the exercise of authority. I speak from actual knowledge when I say that this authority is exercised on weak and timid women to an extent which would be not only incredible but utterly impossible in the Catholic Church. Each of these clergyman's stances were no check whatever is placed on the exercise of authority. I speak from actual knowledge when I say that this authority is exercised on weak and timid women to an extent which would be not only incredible but utterly impossible in the Catholic Church. Each of these clergyman's stances were no check whatever is placed on the exercise of authority. I speak from actual knowledge when I say that this authority is exercised on weak and timid women to an extent which would be not only incredible but utterly impossible in the Catholic Church.

The very quintessence of chivalry is found in the idea of the Incarnation. Fancy the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost assembled in the council of the Trinity, assembled in the indescribable splendor of their heavenly home. Rolling in space, swiftly, unerringly, the countless spheres of the universe, the creation of the Omnipotence of the Godhead. On one of these, one of the smallest, there was a creature fashioned according to the image and likeness of the Creator—a creature with the divine spark, an immortal soul within him. The earth was given to him as his abode. The earth, teeming with vegetation and alive with beasts of every kind. With birds that flashed their brilliant plumage athwart the sky and made the air tremulous with their song; with fishes that swam in the cool depths of brook and stream and sea. Everything was made to minister unto him; everything was his servant. And all this was without a loving Father; a Father who placed but one restriction upon him, who asked but one act of obedience as a show of gratitude. And this one act of obedience was refused. It was as if he heeded the suggestion of the arch-fiend, the bars of heaven flew out. The end for which he had been created was rendered impossible of accomplishment, and life, while it lasted, was to yield in all fullness a harvest of thorns and thistles. Oh, miserable man! Oh, wretched state!

And now go back to the Council of the Trinity. See them there—the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost. Hear the words that fall from the merciful lips of the Son, "Let us not desert him. He is, indeed, the ungrateful creature of our power, but we have fashioned him according to our image and likeness. I will take upon Myself the form and nature of man; I will assume his guilt; I will become obedient unto death, even unto the death of the Cross." And you know how the flesh and blood of the Word became flesh

and dwelt amongst us." You know the story of His birth in the cave, in the steep hills of Judea; you know of His sweet and gracious life of three and thirty years; you know of His harrowing death on the Cross. Here was the very flower of the spirit of chivalry. Here was the refinement of all that is knightly. Here was the relief of those groaning in misery; here were courage and strength; here were unselfishness and purity undimmed and all, all offered for the highest and noblest aim. No wonder that the world has been recreated by His coming. No wonder that His example has been the stimulus to the highest endeavor. No wonder that the Cross, once the badge of shame, has become on His escutcheon the symbol of glory.

And so, my dear gentlemen, you will know where to find the type of a perfect knight. I take it that you are anxious to do the high and better things of life. Your membership of this organization is an earnest of that desire. Indeed, the Knights of Columbus exist to-day because of the strength and prevalence of that desire. And therefore should you all say with the great Apostle of the Gentiles, "Let us, who are of the day, be sober, having on the breast-plate of faith and charity and for a helmet the hope of salvation." And thus panoplied, go forth in the name of God, following the bleeding feet of Him, Whom even the apostate Roman called "the persecutor, the hater, the wisest, the grandest man that ever walked the earth."

Go forth in charity, in courage, in strength, in unselfishness, in purity and you will surely scatter benedictions in your way, and the world will be better for your coming.

St. Augustine, the oldest city in the United States, was founded by the Spaniards in 1565.

Practical piety is not much cultivated, but greatly needed. Sentimental piety is common, and not uncommonly of little worth.

"O God be merciful to me a sinner." If these words of the publican merited forgiveness for his sins and caused him to be justified, why should they not have the same value on the lips of another sinner and in the end procure pardon for him also?

We should so live and labor in our time that what came to us as seed may go to the next generation as blossom, and that what came to us as blossom may go to them as fruit. That is what we mean by progress.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Sanctify the brightness of youth with watchfulness against wrong, with carefulness for love and truth, with prayerful dedication of your inward life to the Father who loves you, with constant and conscious union of all your outward life to His will. And then, when trouble comes, you will know His hand in it and see His smile.—Stopford A. Brooke.

all-cleansing grace flowing upon them, and so they become strong and white and he can spread them to soar to the highest heights. How measureless seems the height to which they have attained, who have availed themselves, wisely and fully of that unspeakable help. We are ravished with the beauty of their lives. We feel our souls burning within us when we contemplate the vast range of their achievement. Born of their success there did, and presently we find ourselves shaping our lives to conform to theirs. Encouraged by their shining example we begin to throw all our energies into the channel that will lead us to the attainment of the end for which we are created—the possession of that only perfect happiness which comes with the contemplation of the very essence of the Uncreated Beauty.

In each of them we find the elements that go to make up the knightly character. There was in all of them the chivalric spirit that loves to do and dare for those that are in need—for those that are weak and defenceless. They were possessed of courage, of dauntless courage and of that strength which is ever begotten by courage. They were unselfish, for personal gain was shut out of view, nor was personal loss allowed to paralyze their efforts. Their purpose was high. "God will it," was the cry of those who lived even before the days of the Crusades. Their lives were pure, for they knew full well how noxious to their Master were the fumes of uncleanness and so they were knights in the truest sense. For knightly does not confine itself to the riding in tournaments, to the dexterous wielding of the sword and spear, to the wearing upon the coat of mail the embroidered sleeves of some fair lady sighing in the watch-tower and straining her eyes to note the return of her hero with his brows bound with victorious wreaths—all this is very picturesque and beautiful indeed, and if the intention be pure will serve to express one phase of knightlyhood. But never have been knightly hearts that never beat beneath a coat of mail; knightly hearts that never poured forth sighs and vows of love to any of the daughters of Eve. There have been knightly hearts that were enlisted in the great warfare which the emissaries of Satan are waging against man; hearts that lived and thrived and had their being in the one great desire to rid themselves of the inherited dross and to stand between God and the insults which are offered to Him by a sin-ridden world. In their lives do we, indeed, find an approach, to the ideal knightly spirit. Yet it was but an approach, for the full realization of this spirit was found only in One, One who came a veritable benediction to the sons of men; One whose every thought, whose every word, whose every deed was pure, perfect, Divine; One whose beauty appeared to the prophetic vision of Isaiah when he sang, "Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bosra, this beautiful One in His robe, walking in the greatness of His strength?" And the answer comes, "I that speak justice and am a Defender to speak."

One who was all charity, all courage, all power, all unselfishness, all purity, and that one was Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. He, indeed, was the very epitome of all the elements of knightlyhood—the measure of perfection and the full stature of the greatness of the knightly spirit. All the others, bright and admirable though they were, were but the merest reflection of His splendor. They were like so many fragments of mirror glass reflecting the light of the sun. Whatever was good in them was but a suggestion of His goodness.

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Every prudent mother will watch carefully the health of her young daughter at the period when she is passing from girlhood to womanhood. This period is the most critical in the young girl's life. It is then that she becomes pale, easily tired and troubled with headaches, without apparent cause. The blood becomes thin and watery, and unless prompt steps are taken to restore it to its rich, red, health-giving condition, decline, and perhaps consumption will follow. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have cured more pale, anemic, easily tired girls than any other medicine, and mothers will make no mistake if they insist upon their growing daughters taking these pills from time to time. Mrs. P. Gage, a lady well known in Rowanton, Ga., tells what these pills have done for her daughter. She says:—"My daughter, Catherine, aged fourteen years, was suffering greatly with severe headaches, vomiting and nervousness. She was so completely run down that she was unable to get up, and I feared that she would not recover her strength. We tried several medicines, but they did not seem to do her any good. I then thought we would try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and the result has been up to our fondest hopes. She has fully recovered her health and strength, and I shall be very glad if this experience will help some other suffering girl regain her health."

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THEY ARE CAREFULLY PREPARED.—Pills which dispense themselves in the stomach cannot be expected to have much effect upon the intestines, and to overcome constipation the medicine administered must influence the action of these canals. Parke's Vegetable Pills are so made, under the supervision of experts, that the substance is then intended to operate on the intestines are retained in action until they pass through the stomach to the bowels.

A SMALL PILL BUT POWERFUL.—They that judge of the powers of a pill by its size, would consider Parke's Vegetable Pills to be lacking. It is a little wonder among pills. What it lacks in size it makes up in potency. The remedies which it carries are put up in these small doses, because they are so powerful that only small doses are required. The full strength of the extracts is secured in this form and do their work thoroughly.

No one need fear cholera or any summer complaint if they have a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial ready for use. It corrects all looseness of the bowels, prevents cholera, causes a healthy and natural action. This is a medicine adapted for the young and old, and is rapidly becoming the most popular medicine for cholera, dysentery, etc., in the market.

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Every prudent mother will watch carefully the health of her young daughter at the period when she is passing from girlhood to womanhood. This period is the most critical in the young girl's life. It is then that she becomes pale, easily tired and troubled with headaches, without apparent cause. The blood becomes thin and watery, and unless prompt steps are taken to restore it to its rich, red, health-giving condition, decline, and perhaps consumption will follow. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have cured more pale, anemic, easily tired girls than any other medicine, and mothers will make no mistake if they insist upon their growing daughters taking these pills from time to time. Mrs. P. Gage, a lady well known in Rowanton, Ga., tells what these pills have done for her daughter. She says:—"My daughter, Catherine, aged fourteen years, was suffering greatly with severe headaches, vomiting and nervousness. She was so completely run down that she was unable to get up, and I feared that she would not recover her strength. We tried several medicines, but they did not seem to do her any good. I then thought we would try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and the result has been up to our fondest hopes. She has fully recovered her health and strength, and I shall be very glad if this experience will help some other suffering girl regain her health."

SHYLOCK

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