

A DAUGHTER OF NEW-FRANCE.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

CHAPTER XI. A GREAT SURPRISE.

It was with a light heart that I undertook this work, and cheerfully toiled with my quill all the next day as well until the letter and papers connected therewith were completed. After they were despatched by a trusted courier de bois, how long seemed the time ere the answer could reach us!

At length, however, the messenger returned. Comte Frontenac graciously condescended to relieve De La Mothe from his duties at the post, and stated that he had already despatched the Baron Alphonse de Tonty to succeed him. Verily, I could not but laugh when I thought of Monsieur de Tonty's suave Italian manners wasted upon the roughness of this isolated settlement.

With him came Lieutenant Sabrevois, who, still a bachelor, perchance because of his early fancy for Therese, had never been much attracted to little Barbe ere I came away, and had, in truth, made application to my uncle Guyon as a suitor for her hand.

One morning, shortly after the arrival of the new Commandant, I brought to him the books of the post, which he asked me forthwith to explain to Monsieur de Sabrevois. Ere we began our task, I felt it incumbent upon my courtesy to express to the lieutenant my congratulations on his promotion.

Whether the honor conferred upon him by the Governor had turned his head or because he had some grudge against me, I do not know, but he received my civilities very ill.

"Thanks, Monsieur de Guyon," he answered with a supercilious haughtiness which could have been laughable had it not so nettled me. "The appointment may seem a great advancement to the eyes of a young man like you, one who is unknown and has his way to make; but it is scarce to be reckoned a gain by a cavalier of position who has seen much of life and manners. Of a truth I found it not to my liking."

The arrogant air of the brigadier as he stood smiling before me, and the taunt conveyed in his speech caused my anger to leap forth as does a flame from a covered and smouldering fire.

"Too! I understand and might have expected as much from your great valor, Monsieur le Lieutenant," I made answer.

"Monsieur, you flatter me," he said with an ironical bow.

"Nevertheless, to be an officer in Quebec and a soldier in the North West are roles that sometimes require different qualifications, monsieur. To dine at the Chateau is one thing, to face a horde of hostile savages is quite another matter." I continued in the vein of sarcasm I had picked up from my close association with our Sieur, who was "to the manner born," as the English say.

Sabrevois' sword flashed forth there-with.

"Monsieur, take back your words, or I will make you eat them," he cried.

"Monsieur, you can best stomach them," I rejoined, whipping out my own rapier.

Our weapons met with a clash, and the next moment we were fighting as those fight between whom there is a bitter feud.

We were about the same weight, but Sabrevois still maintained his reputation as one of the best blades of his regiment. No doubt he thought me an antagonist unworthy of his skill, yet therein he was mistaken. Having practised much with our Sieur, I had acquired a facility in fence; in fact, so well pleased was my brother with his pupil that he was wont to say he would match me against any swordsman in New France.

Soon the lieutenant discovered how greatly he had underrated my dexterity, even though he tried my steel most cleverly. The advantage lay first with one, then with the other; but ere many seconds he began to tire and thus lost ground. I gained by this and pressed him near to the wall; he forced his way out; I drove him back. We circled round; he grew hot, more angered, and short of breath. I kept my head, and my coolness served me well. Once he nearly pricked me; but I parried the thrust, and presently lunging, touched his breast.

"It is enough, monsieur," I said, as he sprang backward, for I had no mind to seriously wound him; "your honor and my humor are satisfied."

"Nay, tis but a scratch," he cried, enraged, and we closed once more.

Now, however, there occurred an interruption upon which we had neither of us reckoned. A third rapier smote between our blades, striking them up so sharply that Sabrevois' flew from his grasp, while I, turning quickly to meet a new adversary, beheld the saturnine countenance of De Tonty scowling upon me.

As he spoke, he pointed to the windows through which peered the lurking faces of some six or eight dusky warriors.

With dignity I sheathed my weapon, while the lieutenant regained his.

"Perhaps now Monsieur Guyon will hear me out upon the subject of our difference," he began lightly. "Know then, monsieur, only the call of duty could have induced me to leave Quebec, for I have been but recently married to the most charming demoiselle of New France."

Much to my own discomfort and surprise, for a moment my heart seemed to cease beating; then the blood rushed to my face. Our courier de bois had spout his leisure at the wine shops or about his own affairs, and brought us no news from home beyond a hasty scrawl from Therese to Cadillac, a few lines taken up with expressions of happiness at the hope of soon seeing him. One bit of information he had, however, obtained. "Mademoiselle

Barbe Guyon was away," he said. "Mayhap she was at Vercheres, or it may be up at Montreal. He had heard she was about to be married, or perhaps she was already married, he could not remember."

Was it possible that she had married Sabrevois? Yet why not? Although regarded as one of the best "parti" in Quebec, a man of excellent lineage and some fortune? What mattered it that with me, no more than with Cadillac, he had never eloped? Is it not well for most of us that a woman does not see a man's character as his fellows see it? If there is good in him, she finds and fosters it with her love—God bless her!—and causes it to shine forth at last, while the evil she holds in check, and weeps over in secret, and in part atones for by her wifely prayers. So Barbe had married Sabrevois; and a moment since I was like to have given him a wound that would have gone hard with him.

"In sooth, monsieur, you are slow to offer your congratulations," he proceeded.

"Monsieur Sabrevois," I replied, with an effort mastering my choler, "pardon my hesitation, but since you have not acquainted me with the name of the fair demoiselle upon whom you have conferred the honor of your alliance, I know not if you are to be congratulated; whereas, knowing you—" I paused significantly.

"Ho, ho, ho," he laughed in derisive triumph.

"You are severe but I forgive the jest, since we may not now fight out our quarrel. Another day—" "Monsieur, I am waiting to hear the name of your bride, and I pray she may not be made a widow over soon." I responded, striving to speak quietly.

He gave me a quick look, and finding it better policy to provoke me no further, said—

"Thanks for your interest, monsieur. It affords me pleasure to inform you that a few weeks since I was married at Boucherville to your cousin Mademoiselle Jeanne Boucher. Mademoiselle Guyon was at the wedding."

And now, indeed, I could almost have killed him for the mocking mirth with which he greeted my chagrin. Had he run me through with his sword, I could not have felt more thoroughly defeated. But at least I had the wisdom to see the folly of my irritability—I who had been trained in the gentle spirit of St. Francis. So making my compliments to the lieutenant upon his recent nuptials with the best grace I could muster, and saying to Monsieur de Tonty that, having delivered to him the books of accounts, I must beg to consider myself quit of all responsibility regarding them, I strode from the cabin.

Later, however, it seemed to me that, mayhap, after all, I came not so badly out of the affair with Sabrevois. He had chosen to make sport of my cousin's regard for a certain demoiselle, but perchance 'twas done to ease an old hurt to his pride which on occasion galled him, since 'twas Mademoiselle Barbe Guyon whom he would have married had he been so fortunate as to win her.

Soon after, with our Sieur I left Michilimackinac. Ah, how good it was to get back to the weather-beaten crag of Quebec once more!

It is true, there grief awaited me. My father, Denis Guyon, had died during our stay at the Fort of the Upper Lakes, and now every spot which had been associated with him seemed haunted by his dear familiar presence.

But if many things to cheer me at home, still found much to cheer me at the post. My sweet sister, Madame Cadillac, was kind and affectionate as ever; my uncle Guyon as bluff and hearty; and Barbe? Well, when a man has lived more than three years amid the solitudes of Nature, shut in by the snows and ice during the winter and the leafage of the primeval forests in summer, he is not prone to cavil at a woman's rippling laughter, or to murmur because she makes lighter the hearts of those about her by her merry banter.

Although she equaled with her cavaliers much after her old fashion, there was oftener to be remarked in her that air of sweet dignity whereof I had seen glimpses in her early girlhood. Our dear Barbe was no longer but a piquant maiden, like our garden flowers growing taller day by day; she had become a graceful, gracious, and most lovely woman.

Indeed, my aunt Guyon confided to me that in the wedding-chest which she had for years been preparing against the marriage day of this daughter of her heart, there were now stored away full twenty spoons of silver, each spoon denoting a year of the age of our pretty demoiselle, as near as it could be reckoned.

That mademoiselle would have been annoyed at the fond mother's loquacity, I feel sure; but I betrayed not the good dame's confidence, while making a mental note of the same.

Barbe often tantalized me still. She listened with more respect to what I had to say, however, and remembering that she had managed very well in regard to Sabrevois, I forbore to take her to task on the subject of her lovers; so there was less friction between us than formerly.

Our illustrious Comte Frontenac was now in his last days, and everywhere I saw old differences forgotten, in the attachment manifested for the fiery and lion-hearted soldier, by the people of all ranks, from the Bishop down to the poorest orphan whom he had befriended.

But if a glorious sun was setting, the stars of our Sieur were mounting higher in the skies of New France. One afternoon he came home from the Castle in high spirits.

"Normand," he said, "that great man yonder, who remains undaunted even at the approach of the King of Terrors, Frontenac, has entered into my plan of a settlement upon Le Detroit with a gleam of his willow ardor. He bids me go to France, and lay the project before Comte Pontchartrain, before the Sun King himself. The next ship sails in two days. We will sail with her. I say we, because many times I have promised to take you with me to the mother country;

now I will keep my word. Make your preparations, then, without delay." At these words of his, my heart gave a bound; but quickly my joy was annealed by a strange sense of mental depression.

From the day when I first took service with "mon chevalier," it had been my dream to accompany him to the Old World. Yet how contrary is our nature! Now that the wish I had cherished for years was granted to me, I would willingly have foregone it.

Never had I been so content in Quebec, nor found its social life more agreeable. Since my coming from the wilderness, as in the days long passed, I was not altogether averse to the society of the vivacious demoiselles who visited at our house, and Barbe bantered me much upon my interest in her friends, especially the beautiful Mademoiselle de Vercheres, my admiration for whom it required no rare discernment to discover.

However I said nothing to La Mothe of my new and extraordinary reluctance to fare forth with him. And if I bitterly repented this reticence ere long, yet had I, on account of the beautiful Mademoiselle, for instance, given up the opportunity to go across the seas, perchance I should have been sorry in the end.

For if a man abandons a just aim or ambition, even for the sake of the woman he loves, the sacrifice leaves behind it a regret that will grow keener as the years slip by; and for it, in his thoughts at least, he will ever reproach her.

So I went with our Sieur Cadillac to France, and saw the fair land of Normandy, where my grandfathers were born, and the city of Paris, which His Majesty King Louis the Fourteenth has so greatly beautified by forming squares and gardens, and creating fine churches and triumphal arches, so that it has become the most splendid capital of the world.

With my brother, too, I had a glimpse of the Court of Versailles. Verily, the splendors of the New Palace so dazzled my eyes that I have never recovered from the glamor of it all, albeit this is not surprising, since its gorgeousness surpasses anything Europe has hitherto known.

And I saw the King, eye his August Majesty, as he passed down the already famed Hall of Mirrors to the Salon du Conseil, where he was wont to confer with his ministers.

In truth, so surrounded was he by courtiers, and so overcome was I by embarrassment at finding myself in the vicinity of so much majesty, that (in my confusion) I cannot form a well defined picture of his features in my mind, often as I have described him to others. This much I observed, however: his countenance is handsome, and his manner grave and commanding. It is said he has the art, by his dress and carriage, to appear taller than he is of fact.

Be this as it may, he of a certainty seemed to tower above those about him, and his air was most imposing.

As for the Comte de Pontchartrain, I was present at La Mothe's conferences with him; and since I aided in the preparation of the documents relative to the establishment of the fort on Le Detroit, I have reason to believe that the lines which my obscure hand penned with such care were read also by his Royal Master.

These honors I had, and all this magnificence I saw, and all this experience of my visit, although on other topics I am considered a silent man. But who is there that would not wish to hear of the wonders of the mother country, of Versailles, and of the gracious aspect of his glorious Majesty, who is so often named, from the splendor of his court and of his reign, the Sun King?

Spring came, the King's new Gardens of the Elysees in Paris had taken on their full beauty; in the royal park and the groves about the town of Versailles the trees flaunted their fresh robes of delicate green. How I wished his Majesty and all the Court might see our forests of New France, in their tardy but enchanting springtime beauty!

The softness of the air, the song of the birds, turned my thoughts from the brilliant scenes amid which I strayed, more than once I caught myself wondering how near to blowing were the branches of the woods about Beauport, and who among Barbe's cavaliers would bring to her the first spray of the arbutus she had always loved.

It was just at this time, when all the world seemed most fair, that I received intelligence which awoke me to an understanding of my own heart.

How often does news travel far and wide ere it reaches those most concerned! Thus it happened that a report from Quebec came to me by way of the isolated west, having been carried to and fro across the Canadian plains, as I have seen the ball banded in the Indian game of lacrosse.

Monsieur de Tonty had occasion to write to our Sieur from Michilimackinac. When enclosing the missive, Sabrevois had scrawled upon a slip of paper a few words asking information of me upon some clerical matter. As if prompted by an afterthought, he added—

"I dare say, Monsieur Guyon, in watching the grandeur of Versailles, you take small count of the news which comes from Quebec, that the pretty coquette, Mademoiselle Barbe Guyon, has given preference above all her suitors to the gallant young Le Moyne, having been married to him at the cathedral some weeks since. But what matters it, monsieur? There are other charming women in New France, as I discovered duly, and perhaps you will not now wish to run me through with your rapier for saying as much."

How long I remained seated at my writing-table in the apartment, where we lodged, staring blankly at the letter, I cannot tell. All I know is that after a time Cadillac came in and found me thus.

"What is it, Normand?" he asked. "Why, what ails you, man?" and he clapped me on the shoulder roughly, yet with kind intent to recall me from the daze wherein I was lost.

"Have you been wounded in an en-

counter?" he persisted, giving a rapid glance around the room, as if on the alert for a concealed enemy.

"No, no! It is nothing, I replied, arousing myself, "a mere prick in the side that I got at fence."

"Sacre! You have measured your skill against the art of De Liancourt, and with rapiers instead of foils, as I live!" exclaimed he. "I am proud of your boldness—or rashness, as others would name it—your hurt is not serious, although you must see a surgeon. De Liancourt is a brave gentleman and would not stoop to any foul trick. So adroit is he that, in a duel where he mounts not to slay, he has been known to leave between his blade and a man's heart but the thickness of a sheet of paper. I marvel not he pricked you as paper. A punishment for your temerity. To a punishment for your youth from New France, crossing blades with the best swordsmen in Paris!"

I smiled grimly to myself. I had in deed fenced with the Sieur de Liancourt; but although he pressed me hard, with a view to leaving me a scratch as a souvenir of the encounter, I had come off skin whole.

Nevertheless I let the matter go at this, and Cadillac took up the packet of papers whereof he had broken the seal before he went out.

"Oh, by the way, an item of home news comes to us in roundabout fashion," I said carelessly.

When he had read Sabrevois' scrawl, he broke into a laugh, crying— "By Heaven, it is but a rumor, hatted about by the wind. Otherwise we should have had letters apprising us of the betrothal."

"Perchance they are on the way; this billet names the bridegroom, and mentions that the marriage took place in the Bishop's church, and not at Beauport," I rejoined quietly.

"Eh bien, Normand, you at least never paid court to our English demoiselle," he went on. "My faith! one day she may reign in the Chateau St. Louis as the grandest Lady of New France. I marvel not you disapproved the suit of Sabrevois."

"Barbe is no more like to be Lady of the Castle than is my sister Therese," I broke out.

Brague as was my answer, it pleased La Mothe.

"Chat, you are a loyal fellow," he said with his rare smile. "But, in faith, it is a noble alliance. Chateauguay has grace of person and manner that would win the heart of any woman. I am glad Mademoiselle Barbe has shown proper ambition, too, in her choice of a husband. For ambition is the true lodestone of life. Look at me, Normand; I have drawn a prize in the lottery of love; yet, pardieu, Adam grew weary in paradise, once he learned there were other spheres beyond, while Eve would have drawn down the stars of heaven to make for herself a jewelled diadem. A good marriage, you see! I had heard beyond a doubt."

"I will never wed a woman for her lands," I said hotly. "With all your worldly wisdom, La Mothe, I scarce regret that you considered the dower of Therese when you came wooing to Beauport."

"Of a verity, I gave it not a thought," he returned, with a laugh at the overthrow of his own arguments. "But, well a day, there is only one Therese in the world. Nay, do not contradict me; I am willing to yield that there is also only one Mademoiselle."

The next packet of letters from Quebec put the truth of the report; we had heard beyond a doubt.

"On the 28th of August," wrote Madame Cadillac, "Barbe, urged on by my aunt Guyon's loving complaint that the maid was growing old, and unless she made haste would be forced to write herself down as 'femme majeure' in the marriage register—Barbe, to the surprise of every one, on the 28th was wedded at the cathedral to the noble Henri Le Moyne, son of De La Mothe and Sieur de Chateauguay. An excellent match, is it not, since the Sieur has good looks and rich lands, and is in high favor with Monsieur de Callieres, the new Governor. Moreover, our demoiselle had given her word to Comte Frontenac to take a husband in Quebec."

In the days that followed, strangely enough, I saw little beauty of Henri Le Moyne, nor ever shot, as I have recalled their first charm to me, had not the mist which then hung over my life been since dispelled by the sunshine of a true woman's love.

After a short time, La Mothe announced that his business with Comte Pontchartrain was finished and he might forthwith set out for home. On the last day of May, 1699, we took horse from Paris to Rochelle, and sailed from that port a week later.

Of the voyage westward I remember the days clear and sunny, and in the tranquil June evenings the moonlight shining upon the waste of waters made the whole ocean gleam as a mirror of silver.

But all the while a storm raged in my heart, a battle that I was resolved to fight and win; yet, as in the contest at fence with Werneason de Liancourt, to leave no one the wiser of my victory.

In the home welcome I missed the cordial greeting wherewith our English demoiselle had ever met my return, and which now seemed to my recollection wondrous sweet, even if at times I had cavilled at it as too careless, and at others as over-distant.

Ere of course Barbe was not there, and my sister, Madame Cadillac, was so taken up with joy at the reunion with her husband, that I could get no speech of her.

"At length, an hour or two after our arrival," I said: "Come, Therese, let us walk in the garden. I would fain see how near to ripening are the cherries, and I will describe to you how the flower plots

are laid out in the King's Gardens of the Champs Elysees."

Having reached the green enclosure, however, we paced the path between the trees once or twice without speaking.

Then finding me still silent, Therese said archly: "Eh bien, Normand, your stay in France has made you most eloquent and entertaining. Have you lost interest in the cherries so soon? Or do our garden plots so eclipse the royal parterres as to leave you nothing to criticize?"

"Pardieu, Therese, you know I did not, of a truth, want you to come out that we might talk either of royalty or cherries," I answered testily.

Madame Cadillac elevated her eyebrows. "Of what, then?" she inquired in pretended surprise.

"Tell me of Barbe," I cried with some heat. "Why did you not prevent her marriage?"

"Prevent it!" echoed Therese, stopping short and staring at me in astonishment. "What has come over you, Normand? It was the best marriage in the Colonies for Barbe, and who could have foreseen how it has turned out?"

"How it has turned out!" I repeated, catching at my blade. "Barbe has, as you say, made a great marriage. Nevertheless, if she still needs a protector, a champion—"

Therese smiled and laid a gentle hand upon my arm.

"Ere you, Normand," she said, "quiet and reserved of temperament as you are, at times your spirit flares up well nigh as fiercely as Cadillac's own. But concern yourself not so much for Barbe in this brotherly fashion. Isolated as is her home at Chateauguay, already have lovers found the way thither."

"Sdeath!" I cried, growing cold with rage. "Hold, Therese! Tell me that young Le Moyne neglects his bride, if you must—that Barbe is wronged and unhappy, but say no more. For did any other woman say half so much of a snare I should strangle her; did a man breathe a syllable of lying scandal against Barbe, he should never live to make his peace with God."

At my wrath, my sister fell to laughing and then to weeping, until I thought her bereft of all senses.

"Normand, Normand," she at last exclaimed between her sobs. "No breath of calumny can touch the Lady of Chateauguay. Barbe is as good as she is fair. But did you not receive the letter I write you about the whole sad affair?"

"No missive came from you addressed to me," I respoed blankly.

"Then there is indeed much to tell you," she continued. "Listen! Aunt Guyon gave our dear Barbe no peace, but said over and over again that Chateauguay was head over ears in love, and a demoiselle cannot but look kindly, at least, on a man who worships the ground she treads upon. Thus, of a sudden, Barbe consented that the marriage should be arranged, and the ceremony took place without delay."

"So they were married, and thus ends the story," I said with impatience.

"No, it is not the end," she insisted gently; "the marriage was hastened because Le Moyne's regiment was ordered out in the expedition against the Iroquois. Even on his wedding-day Chateauguay was forced to take leave of his bride, and alas! brave chevalier—poor Barbe—he was killed two weeks later while fighting the Indians and the English, even as died two of his older brothers before him."

I stopped short and gazed at Madame Cadillac in a bewildered horror. For the nonce I forgot myself, so appalled was I by the tragic fate of the noble De Chateauguay.

"Alas, poor Le Moyne!" I said with the same impulse that prompts one to lay a spray of laurel upon the bier of a hero. And in sympathy for her in the ordeal through which she had so recently passed, I added softly, "Poor Barbe!"

Therese gave me a sharp, quick glance, and paced beside me silently for a few minutes.

"You say Barbe is at the seignoury?" I queried at length.

"Yes, she went there to be in solitude. You may go your way to Le Detroit, Normand; she wishes not to see you nor any one. She was but a bride of a few hours, yet never have I seen a more grief-stricken widow. In his death Le Moyne seems to have gained the affection which somehow I scarce believe she gave him living. She talks of consecrating her life to his memory. I should not greatly marvel were she to enter the Convent of the Ursulines; you know—"

"Therese, Therese! Where are you, ma mie?" rang out Cadillac's clear voice from the gallery that looked out upon the garden.

was hard for her truly, since, such as Cadillac loved her, he was ever taming over some barrier to his ambition; fretting at the very delays that kept him by her side.

Again he crossed the sea, and in the first part of March returned triumphant.

"Ah, Normand, my brother," he said in reply to my inquiries when I met him at the ship, "Comte Pontchartrain has presented me with a commission as Commandant of the new Fort, with a grant from His Majesty of land on Le Detroit wherewith I judge best to establish the post. I shall proceed at once to Montreal, and there complete my preparations for the expedition."

The sight of this commission wrought a change in the attitude of both the Governor and the Intendant. On the eve of Cadillac's departure he was bidden to an entertainment at the Castle, and I, as his relative and secretary, was invited with him.

TO BE CONTINUED.

EXPERIENCES OF DISTINGUISHED CONVERT.

PRINCIPAL OF SOUTH BOSTON HIGH SCHOOL, DESCRIBES THEM TO HARVARD CATHOLIC CLUB.

In the first of a series of lectures before the Harvard Catholic Club Augustus D. Small, Principal of the South Boston High school, took for his subject "Finding the Church." He explained to the club the way in which he was first attracted to the Catholic faith and described at some length his experiences, saying:

I always willingly did my share of denominational work, if one may so speak of doing religious duty. In the cities of my residence I was often a member of the Sunday school. It was there in the midst of the discharge of duty that the dawn of a new religious life began.

In the place where I now reside I was a member of the Baptist church and teacher of a Bible class in its Sunday school. One Sunday the lesson contained the verse, "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My church." I mentioned the several interpretations proposed for this text. (1) A supposed gesture made by Christ toward Himself as "this rock." I remarked that the Evangelist said nothing about a gesture, nor about Christ's claim to be "this rock." (2) The hypothesis that here no explanation followed to establish this hypothesis. When Christ said, "Destroy this temple," St. John had added that it raised it up. The "temple of His Body." (3) The view that "Peter" was "this rock," and that Christ had given Simon the name "Peter" or "Cephas," each meaning "rock."

There I paused to take up the next topic, when some one asked me: "But what is your opinion?" My opinion? Had I not expressed my opinion by stating my preference among the three readings? Of what consequence was it? But I must reply; and my answer was that our salvation was founded by Christ upon Himself, the rock, while the human society called by Him His Church was built upon Peter, as a rock, the recipient of a heavenly revelation of Christ's divinity.

Couldn't any Baptist say that? Yet I felt as if I had said something new to myself, and was glad the hour was mine. I seemed to have committed myself to some sort of profession. At any rate, I felt a strange interest to study the text again, and its now vivid content—"the gates of hell shall not prevail against it," and "I will give unto thee the keys," etc. I had never read these sentences in the sense which is now apparent. Was it possible that the Baptist church was not what I had been taught? And was it the general Christian church, now so rent by schisms?

These thoughts did not have the same force to me then as now; they had more vagueness. I was then totally unacquainted with Catholic theology; nor did I propose to study it. Yet a question was raised that must be answered.

As my study proceeded I was hunted by an embarrassment, as of insincerity. Why should I teach Baptist doctrine and profess the Baptist faith while I was mentioning the certificate thereof? As a member of the committee on admission of candidates I had always maintained that unity and positiveness of belief were the only consistent ground of fellowship, and that a church was rather weakened than strengthened by the addition of members who were not of one mind with the whole. I had not favored tolerance of excellent character and promise, who afterwards became a professor in a Baptist college, but who was admitted while holding that view of Communion. How now could I remain within the Baptist church, while not sure of my own allegiance?

It became my duty to write a frank and cordial letter asking for dismissal. This letter, I was told, was appreciated at the time, and my sincerity was not doubted. My parents assured me that I must obey my conscience. My pastor's expression was regretful, but yet commendatory.

The last time I heard him preach his text indeed was the verse, "Thou art Peter," etc. He admitted the interpretation of Peter as "this rock," and much else that I was yet to discover, such as St. Peter's residence at Rome and his crucifixion. He, however, disputed the Catholic claims as to the significance of these facts, and he magnified as a reason for dissent St. Peter's weakness of character. The sermon was not convincing to me. For the text related what Christ had done, and His judgment and wisdom did not seem to me an open question.

My Sundays were henceforth devoted to the religious progress of St. John, relating the first meeting of Christ with Simon, he says: "And when Jesus beheld him, He said, 'Thou art Simon, the son of Jona: thou shalt be

called Cephalus, that is, the rock.' And from that time forth, when Jesus spoke, He said to the twelve, 'Whosoever shall bind on earth, shall be bound on heaven; and whosoever shall loose on earth, shall be loosed on heaven.' And I say unto thee, whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth, shall be bound on heaven; and whosoever shall loose on earth, shall be loosed on heaven. And I say unto thee, from henceforth I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom: whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth, shall be bound on heaven; and whosoever shall loose on earth, shall be loosed on heaven. And I say unto thee, from henceforth I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom: whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth, shall be bound on heaven; and whosoever shall loose on earth, shall be loosed on heaven. And I say unto thee, from henceforth I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom: whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth, shall be bound on heaven; and whosoever shall loose on earth, shall be loosed on heaven. And I say unto thee, from henceforth I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom: whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth, shall be bound on heaven; and whosoever shall loose on earth, shall be loosed on heaven. And I say unto thee, from henceforth I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom: whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth, shall be bound on heaven; and whosoever shall loose on earth, shall be loosed on heaven. And I say unto thee, from henceforth I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom: whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth, shall be bound on heaven; and whosoever shall loose on earth, shall be loosed on heaven. And I say unto thee, from henceforth I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom: whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth, shall be bound on heaven; and whosoever shall loose on earth, shall be loosed on heaven. And I say unto thee, from henceforth I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against