Madeleine Vinton Dahlgren in the Rosary Magazine. THE STORY OF A CONVERT.

III.

DAWN OF THE LIGHT OF FAITH.

After having made my home for two years with this good aunt, my father decided to take me back with him to Washington on his return there, at the re assembling of Congress.

I was rather young to be formally presented to society, but my father, who never re married, was tired of this continuous deprivation of all domestic ties, and he desired to have me, his

only child, near him. Thus, the early winter found us in Washington, and I was busy preparing for an anticipated gay season.

Already several gowns and "loves of hats" had been selected, and I had made various visits with my indulgent father, upon those friends to whom he particularly wished to introduce me, when I went one day with a friend to visit the Academy of the Visitation at Georgetown.

It was with great interest that I re turned to this spot, as I had a very pleasant, although rather a vague recollection of my stay there, when a little girl, during the few months of a short session of Congress.

I had at that time been the youngest of a small circle of juveniles who occu pied a dormitory of their own, and made a primary class.

As we entered the parlor of the Academy, and waited to see the Sister whom my friend had asked for, the partially-closed floodgates of memory opened, and I recalled at once many incidents of my short stay there nearly a decade past.

I seemed to see myself as one beholds a third person, a delicate, sensitive, old-fashioned, motherless child, about to be left at this place, where all were strangers.

My father, gentle and tender, but silent and deeply pre occupied, not explaining at all his intentions in my regard, so that I did not exactly real ize the situation until I found myself in this same room, and I saw back of some dark green lattice work, a sombre robed nun.

I was alarmed and nervous as I heard the unbolting of the large front inner door, and after being hastily embraced by my father, who was all I had to cling to in this world, separated from him as the door closed upon me.

It was an hour, but only an hour. of such grief as children can suffer mingled with no little apprehension as to what would be done with me.

By nightfall I was already consoled by the motherly tenderness of the Sis ter who had charge of the little girls. I think her name was Scholastica.

Then I remembered various little episodes. How good the bread tasted that was given us, as a sort of "high tea," I suppose, an hour before supper! How exciting the opening of the little packages of candies the out Sister was allowed to purchase for us once a week What gleeful plays we had in recrea tion time ! and among many amusing scenes, one of a disciplinary nature when one night we children were all punished.

At the time it was a fearful thing to me; but I laughed as I thought of it, seated as a young lady visitor in the parlor there.

We twelve wee tots had been tucked away for a peaceful night's sleep, and left in the dormitory, when at a given signal, as soon as the Sister went out, we glided out of bed, and were merrily hopping around, pattering in a sort of

appreciate my desire to be better edu-Looking back through the long vista ward look of hers.

of years at this hastily formed decision, made apparently without cause, I can not myself comprehend why I returned to this Academy, except that in the mercy of God it formed a Providential plan in my regard.

We do not direct the course of events, but we have the liberty of free-will to respond.

It was indeed passing strange, for l loved dancing and society, and on account of my father's distinguished merit I was especially well received : yet aufond, I really cared more for books and study than for mere pleasure, and I had been suddenly captivated with the idea of a year's instruction. To the pleased surprise of my former

teachers I re entered the Academy to

I was to be what was called "a par-lor boarder "-not to enter any of the classes, nor to conform to all the disciplinary rules. From these I was in many ways exempt. There other pupil placed as I was. There was one What I wished was to devote my time to a special course of French literature, and to music.

I was assigned to two teachers. At first only to Sister Liguori, and later on, placed for music under the care of

my beloved Sister Eulalia. SisterLiguori was a woman to inspire almost reverential respect. Her stately figure and dignified manner were im pressive, and she was an excellent in-

structress. Having previously run riot through such a garden of weeds amid my grand father's old French books, I needed just such an antidote as the carefully elected course of reading through It was which I was now conducted. another thought - world judiciously presented.

Sister Liguori was a woman of few words, and strictly regarded me as a Protestant pupil sent to her solely to be instructed in French belles lettres. At the expiration of the assigned time, having rigidly met this requirement, I did not see her again until she gave me another lesson ; nor did we have any conversation other than that growing out of the day's instruction-not that I remember. We read Lacrethat I remember. telle's history, supplemented by her remarks; then Corneille, Racine and some comedies of Moliere. These I especially remember, with various other selected books, such as Chateaubriand.

The entire mode of life was agree able, and interested me.

The early Mass which I attended without understanding its awful reality or its mystical meaning, affected my heart and my imagination with its solemn pathos, and I began to question my soul as to this mode of worship my Presbyterian friends held in such horror as papistical.

Yet, amid the (to me) exciting surroundings of a large community, the busy bee-hive, and my application to the course of studies I had adopted, I had not given much thought to the Withreligious element around me. out being able to gauge the difference, I felt that my surroundings were essentially a contrast to my former life.

I did not know, to begin with, that the adorable Sacrifice at which I assisted in the morning, consecrated the whole day; yet I must have felt the offect

Being one of the Protestant pupils, I never was present at any catecheti cal instruction, nor did I have any conversation with any of the Sisters regarding the Catholic faith. But I lived in an atmosphere of and the influence was felt rather than seen At least such is my impression of the commencement of my being there as I think over that tentative period. Thus some time elapsed, and inas much as it is the province of the Sisters to educate and not to proselytize, although my religious impressions were modified, my opinions were not essentially changed. No doubt but I was impressed by the environment, but so far as any direct pressure was brought to bear, as had been done in the Presbyterian school I had attended, such was not the case There was no religious instruction given me that would lead to my receiv ing the gift of faith, After I became a Catholic my Protest ant friends always took it for granted that the nuns prevailed upon me to become a Romanist, as they phrased it, and it was quite useless for me to assert that they were mistaken. It is one of the peculiarities of Pro-testants regarding Catholics, that they invariably assume, without being aware of the absurdity of the thing, that they know more about our religion, and even our motives in its regard. than we ourselves do. Thus they inform us of the most impossible doctrines as a part of our creed, and refuse to listen to any explanation as to what our belief really is. It is so rare to find anyone not with us, willing to investigate, or even to listen to an explanation of dogma, that I feel sure when an exception is met, that our Lord is preparing to bestow upon that soul the priceless gift of faith. It is true that after I was led to eager enquiry, in a way that I am about to explain, that Sister Eulalia became a living guardian angel to sustain my faltering steps, and to lead me onward and upward as my soul's pinions gradually unfolded.

THE MARRIED STATE. back of darkness, and yet perhaps it would seem nothing she had said if repeated without that rapt, heaven-I happen to recall one visit I made

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

happen to recall one visit i made her at a time that I was sorely tried. She simply said to me: "Madeleine, remember that this life is made up of a change of crosses." How true! I a change of crosses.' " have thought of it a thousand times. One who makes the " Pilgrim's Promust carry a cross. gress

like Christ. . . . Christ-like. But the help of Sister Eulalia came after my soul's first actual awakening, as at the period I am about to speak of she had not yet entered the convent. She arrived as a postulant, and a convert filled with the burning zeal of a vocation, some weeks later. . . . As to my poor self-just when I most

needed her. It is amazing how little the world appreciates the unselfish ab negation of a vocation !

I never can meet a Religious without a sentiment that I am in presence of he heroic.

Every nun, every priest, makes the sacrifice of her or his life, and has responded to a grace so purely supernat ural that no one, however gifted, can ever rise to the same height by natural

means. The appointed time was now at hand for me, and I can never to this day, after so long a lapse of time, re call without the deepest emotion the day and the hour when our dear Lord vouchsafed an answer to my hitherto hopeless quest. Even the most trivial incidents of that scene so precious to me, are indelibly imprinted in my heart

The dull, leaden clouds of a chill drear winter's day shut out the sun-light that even when young I always craved, and I asked to be allowed to g to the infirmary to rest, as I had a neuralgic headache.

The infirmarian advised me to lie down, and to try to sleep off the pain and I was listlessly reclining on a lounge when a rather slight old lady, dressed very simply, quietly entered the room

The infirmarian embraced her most lovingly, and the two sat down near each other, and not far from me. My attention had been attracted by

their affectionate greeting. At first they exchanged some com

monplace remarks about the weather but presently, as angels do when they walk together, they began to talk of the loving mercies of God. The rather pale, tranquil face of the

placid woman flushed as the theme inspired her, and a spiritualized, far away look changed her whole expres sion.

She interested me. I partially aroused myself, leaned upon my elbow. and unconsciously watched her. She did not notice me.

The Sister was a respectful listener, and presently, as one might do in prayer, this Christian woman poured forth loving thanks to God.

"Blessed be His holy name," she said, "that He thus vouchsafed to declare His glory in the Sacrament of His love !" "It was a wonderful miracle !"

ejaculated the Sister. Miracle! The magic word flashed

through my heart and brain like a lightning stroke. I, who had so pain-fully waited in the abandonment of outer darkness for this very thing ! "Miracle !" I cried out, forgetting

pain and migrane as I jumped up hastily and stood before her. "If you know of, have heard of, or

can 'give proof of a miracle, of any instaneous cure,' such as the New estament tells us that Christ per-

Words of Advice from Bishop Bradley of Manchester. Right Rev. Bishop Denis M. Bradley, in announcing to the clergy and the faithful of the Manchester diccese the regulations for the Lenten season,

accompanies the regulation with a letter to pastors on the subject of the sacrament of marriage, in which he makes use of the following emphatic anguage: In view of the lax notions found to

be creeping in among some of the faithful regarding the sacrament of marriage, it will not be amiss, at the beginning of the holy season, to direct their attention to a few practical re-flections on this hely state. Let them be reminded that God is

the author of marriage. He himself vouchaafed to bless the marriage of our first parents, for having presented them to each other, "He blessed them, saying, increase and multiply and fill the *earth*." Later on we find Him abolishing divine power the abuses which during four hundred years had crept in among men regarding this holy state and restoring it to its original condition.

He, moreover, raised the hitherto natural contract of marriage to the privilege and dignity of a sacrament. Let the faithful furthermore be re minded that as Christ was present at the marriage feast of Cana of Galilee, so should He be found present at the marriage feasts of the young people of our day and time.

The Lord should be found present with the married couple after the marriage feast by the conformity of their conduct to His admonitions on this head. "A man," says the Lord, "shall leave father and mother, and head shall cleave to his wife.

The newly married pair should, therefore, bear in mind that they have now become a distinct part of the great commonwealth of Christian families, distinct and separate from all other families, distinct and separate even from the families of their fathers and mothers. This new condition in life brings with it its burdens, cares and responsibilities, as well as its graces

and privileges. And the burdens and difficulties in cidental to the circumstances of this new life are to be borne with and rem edied after a Christian fashion, within the boundaries of the sanctuary of the individual family, for the husband and wife " are now not two but one flesh Many domestic disturbances and difficulties may be traced to the unwise and uncalled for manifesting to parents and so-called friends of matters sacred to the family roof and hearth. In passing, it might be added, that not infrequently the interference on the part of parents in the affairs of the children who have passed from under the parental roof, to assume the legitimate cares and duties of marriage, has

led, as far as in these parents lies, to that which the Lord so emphatically forbids when He says : "What therefore God hath joined together let no man put asunder.

God gives to worthy recipients of the sacrament of marriage the special graces necessary to enable them to sanctify themselves, and therefore to live happily in this holy state, and if happiness is not found therein, it is, ordinarily, because the married people have not corresponded with the graces received.

Let husbands and wives frequently meditate on the words of the Apostle, and their union will be like unto that union existing between Christ and His Church, for, says the Apostle, Hus bands, love your wives, and be not bitter towards thom. Women, be subject to your husbands as it behooveth "Not Exactly Hight." Thousands of people are in this condition. They are not sick and yet they are by no means well. A single bottle of Hood's Sar-saparilla would do them a world of good. It would tone the stomach, create an appetite, purify and enrich the blood and give wonder-ful vigor and vitality. Now is the time to take it. in the Lord.



Standard of the World.

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NEW YORK.

Must we Believe Everything in the Bible.

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In answer to the question "Must we believe all in the Bible and accept it literally, to be Christians? Rev. Timothy Brosnahan, S. J., Presi dent of Boston College, wrote as follows in the Boston Globe :

Must we believe all the Bible and accept it literally in order to be Christians? We must. Christianity will prosper or decline with the growth of the belief or disblief in the super natural. It sprang from and is a continuance of the supernatural facts re-corded in the Bible. These facts are so intimately connected with it that the grounds advanced for denying or disbelieving any one of them will be found on analysis to apply with equal force to all others. Ultimately, the reason for disbelieving any individual fact narrated in the Bible, or for dis tilling out of any of them a meaning accommoted to the palate of mcdern hought, is an inability to accept any thing that exceeds or transcends the natural. No one, therefore, may appropriate the sacred name of Christian who by rationalism or materialism in | OF THE MASS. higher criticism has cut himself off from the historical development of

Christianity. We may, through repugnance for We may, through repugnance for the supernatural, select what we shall believe or determine how we shall mis-understand certain records of scripture, we may in an etymological sense con-stitute ourselves biblical heretics; or, on the other way in an etymological sense con-stinute ourselves biblical heretics; or, on the other hand, we may, in the words of Leo XIII., hold that " all the

books, which the Church receives as sacred and canonical, are written wholly and entirely, with all their parts, at the dictation of the Holy Ghost.

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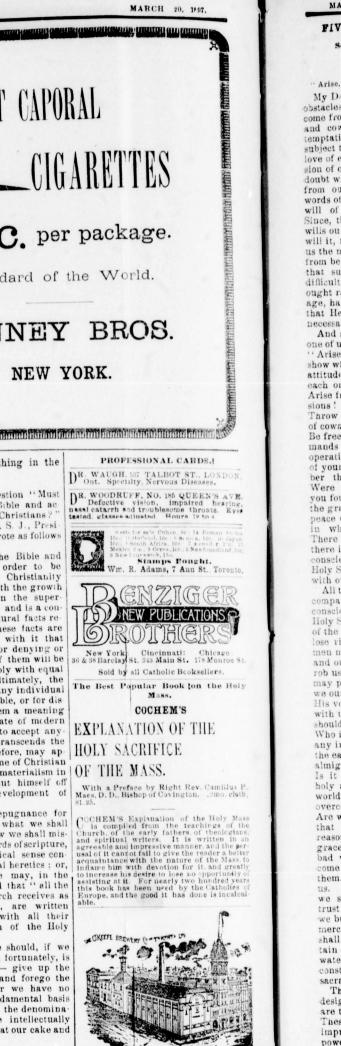
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AWAY

But if we select, we should, if we were logical - which, fortunately, is not always the cause - give up the supernatural entirely, and forego the name of Christian ; for we have no right to reject the fundamental basis of a creed and retain the denomina-We should he intellectual children if we wish to eat our cake and to have it. "Not Exactly Right.



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MARCH 20, 1197.

dance in our bare feet, when suddenly Whereupon the Sister reentered. there was an agile scramble, as each tiny form darted into bed, and curled

up into a little round, quaking ball. The Sister speaks. She tells us that she will trust to our sense of truth and honor to declare our guilt or innocence, but that she means to spank, then and there, every naughty child who had left her bed and was skipping about the dormitory when she came back.

Alas ! we could only confess in the words of the old primer, that

" In Adam's fall We sinned all."

Therefore, each bed was visited, and each child spanked. It sounded very loud and terrible, but it meant noth as we were snugly ensconced under cover. Yet this direct discip line had the effect of inspiring salutary fear, and it was the only mutiny that occurred while I was there.

The good Sisters have wonderful memories, and warm-hearted recollec tions of their former pupils, and so soon as it was known that I had once been one of their children, the big door opened to me again, and I was welcomed in a way that made me feel instantly as if I had returned to an old home-a peaceful home of endearing shelter from the cold world.

That night, when I returned to Washington, I asked my father, as a great favor, kindly to allow me to remain during that long session of Congress, at the Georgetown Academy as a pupil.

My father was surprised. He re minded me that I was already introduced to various friends as a debutante. and he was at a loss to understand how any young girl could prefer school life to the gavety of a Washington winter.

He feared it was eccentric ; and father never moved in an eccentric orbit, and did not like emotional actions. However, he finally consent-ed, after much hesitation. My father had all the New England respect for the first shock of my newly formed resolution, and the disappointment of a staff to lean upon. our renewed separation, he was rather

pleased than otherwise. His own great intellectuality made him fully of words that instantly revealed light

And through life, in the desolation that the death of those we love brings, solid acquirements, and I think after as well as in perplexities that beset our earthly pilgrimage, she never failed as

> She had a saintly way of lighting up obscure trials by some vivid flash

formed, in mercy tell me all !"

The mild, dove-like eyes rested tenderly upon me, as, taking my hand, she said

"I can, my child. Our dear Lord came to me in the Blessed Sacrament. just as the Bible tells us that He healed sinners and raised the dead to life when He walked among men. As He did so He does now then just the same, when it so pleases Him.

I sank upon my knees at her feet, my clasped hands rested in hers as if she were my mother, and I wept with the exceeding joy of finding a long

sought-for treasure. Could it be true? "It was true. . . Oh. Christ at last!" said my soul. And I have a Mother in Heaven, too

There is no mistake. It is then . is then . . . as I prayed for." All these tumultuous thoughts, and more . . more . . rushed in leaping. surging waves, through my rejoicing

soul But I could only weep, and repeat as I knelt before her : "Tell me ail !all

She did not seem surprised : The saintly have deeper intuitions than worldly wisdom can give : and any she knew just what I needed, and must hear.

TO BE CONTINUED.

TRULY ASTONISHING. -- Miss Annette . Moen, Fountain, Minn., says: Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has had a wonderful effect in curing my brother's children of a severe and dangerous cold. It was truly astounding how speedily they found relief after taking this preparation.

Inflammatory Rheumatism. — Mr. S. Ackerman, commercial traveler, Belleville, vrites: "Some years ago 1 used DR. InomA's ECLECTRIC OIL for Inflammatory cheuma ism, and three bottles effected a somplete cure. I was the whole of one sum-mer urable to move without crutches, and yeary novement caused exerciciting pains. every hove on hove without crucialing pains. I am now out on the road and exposed to all kinds of weather, but have never been troubled with rheumatism since. I, however, keep a bottle of DR. THOMAS' OIL on hand, and I always recommend it to others, as it did se much for me."

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It is not edifying to see kneelers in the aisles when there are pews with \$19.500 room to spare. The really devout Catholic cannot get too near the tabernacle. The services are more easily followed and in edifices having large auditoriums the words of the priest are more understandable. Haste to get out is most reprehensible and the fact ought to be instilled into the Catholic mind that there are blessings to be derived from a longer communion with the Ruler of paradise and His blessed following than is occupied during the celebration of Mass. Nobody can be too prayerful. Devoutness can exist without ostentation. Those bad-IN BICYCLES AND minded who sneer at the men and women, the sterner sex furnishing an occasional instance of rapt devotion only, show themselves lacking in charity and fervor.

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