

time when he often came in before retiring just to look at her, and if she happened to be awake, she would make him sit by the bed and chat with her. He remembered just how she used to look; the sweet face framed in a halo of brown hair, with the white background. Suddenly, she invaded his mental vision as he had last seen her, crushed and terrified at his harsh mandate. He turned away and stood by the dresser. With its dainty, be-ribboned features. Mechanically he opened a door. There lay the gloves that used to cover the little brown hands, and faint odor of sweetbriar came to his senses. He went out closing the door softly.

The library was untenanted when he entered, so he went to the window, and stood gazing at the moonlight. But a summer scene came to his mind. His daughter with bare sun-browned hands tending the flowers she loved, while the birds sang gaily in the trees above her head. The flowers were under the snow, and there was no living thing in the garden now.

"Agnes," he called to his wife, "I think I'll go over to the church now."

"Very well," came the answer. As Mr. Steele passed down the walk the snow crunched sharply under his feet. He shuddered. There was a shiver in the air, and he felt a chill. His bitter night? He drove the soft thought away, and strode forward.

When he entered the church the work was all done, and the lights turned very low. Worshippers were constantly coming and going, and from the vestry came a soft murmur of voices. He went over to the right, and knelt before a picture of the Crucified One at which he always loved to look. But to-night the deeply sorrowful eyes of the Saviour seemed to look at him with reproach. "O, Lord," he murmured, "my daughter, my daughter, my daughter."

Still from the mystic depths of the Divine Eyes there seemed to come an accusing look. Then Robert Steele looked searching back into his own soul, and began his examination of conscience.

After a long time he rose up, and went into the vestry. Presently he came out, and knelt for a time before the main altar. Then he crossed over to the left. High up, amid the evergreens that sheltered the mimic stable, there glimmered a single star. He knelt down beside the lowly manger, and let his eyes rest on the image therein. Was he dreaming? or could it be? Surely there was a living baby lying close to him, the waxen image of the Christ Child. Yes, he could distinctly see by the light of the star, the tiny face, and one little hand that had escaped from the folds of the shawl in which it was wrapped. He put a finger into the baby hand, and the wax fingers closed around it with a pressure that sent a thrill through his whole being, even as the touch of other little fingers had done, eighteen years ago to-night, when his baby daughter had been laid in his arms for the first time. His "Christmas Baby," he had always called her.

Without stopping to think of reason, he gathered the little, wax figure in his arms, and started down the dim aisle with his burden. He went straight to his wife, and laid it in her arms. "Why, Robert," she exclaimed, "where did the baby come from?" He told her where he found it. "What will we do with it?" she asked, and lovingly caressed the sweet atom.

"Keep, guard, and shelter it; and maybe the Lord in His mercy will protect and care for our own lamb that my harshness has cast forth."

Then the mother let fall the relieving tears. Tenderly he gazed at the two into his arms, the wife of his bosom, and the nameless wife.

"Oh, Robert, you'll forgive our darling, and bring her back, won't you?" pleaded the mother.

"To-morrow, if I can find her," he promised.

As early as possible next morning, a message was sent to the address given in the one repentant letter received by the parents from their daughter, but she was no longer there, nor was her address known.

The father was now as eager and determined to find his child, as he had formerly been to ignore her existence. But the day wore on without his having found any clue to her whereabouts.

Still faintly hoping he walked to the telegraph office, but returned disappointed with lagging steps. As he neared the porch of his home he fancied he saw the figure of a man moving stealthily through the bushes. He knew that man must soon pass through the stream of light that came from the library window. He concealed himself, and silently watched.

The shaft of brilliant light distinctly revealed the figure with a fur cap pulled low over the face, a long Raglan overcoat, and a rubber hat. There had been a number of petty burglaries committed in the vicinity of late, Mr. Steele went to the phone, and notified the police of his discovery. In a few minutes he heard a stealthy step crouching on the walk, and then the door bell rang. He answered it in person, the servants having retired. Before him stood a policeman, supporting an insinuating form.

"Heaven, man, you haven't killed him?" he exclaimed at last.

"No, I never hit him at all," denied the policeman.

"Then, why don't you take your prisoner at once to the station?"

"Because, I want to see who it is," he said pushing his way into the lighted hall. Then he pulled the fur cap off, and a tangle of brown hair fell down around the thin, pinched face of a woman.

"Dear God, it is my child!" cried Mr. Steele in amazement.

The policeman passed into the library, and laid his unconscious burden on a couch. "Can you get some brandy?" he asked of the half dazed father. The brandy was administered, and presently the eyelids began to quiver.

"She's coming round. I'd better be going," announced the policeman. At the door he turned. "Can I do anything else for you?" he inquired. "Only to keep this out of the papers?" and he thrust a bill into the big hand.

Left alone with the girl, the senses of the father became alert. He chafed the

roy hands with his own warm ones, then pulled off the boots, and her chilled feet in the same way, all the while murmuring terms of endearment. After a while her eyes opened and looked into his face with a meek smile. "Papa, am I dreaming?" she breathed.

"No, sweetheart. You're not dreaming. I'm here, and my arms are around you," he assured her, as she seemed lapsing back into unconsciousness. There was no response, and he was smitten with a cruel fear that he had only found her to lose her forever. He gave her more brandy, and the next time the brown eyes opened, two weak arms tried to encircle his neck but fell back. "Then, as if deviling the fear in his heart she told him she was getting better."

Somewhat encouraged he took off his overcoat, and carried her up to her old room. Many a time in the happy bygone years, he had dimmed the nurse and prepared his little girl for bed for the love of the task. So with loving hands he soon had her wrapped in a warm flannel nightgown, and tucked into bed.

"How lovely it seems to be warm," she smiled, with a luxurious little wriggle. "I think after all, Papa, my mother would be cold. I've had no fire to-day."

She paused noting the look of pain in his face. Then he asked her to try and brace up before seeing her mother.

"Oh, please don't alarm mama. If I might have something to eat—I've had nothing to-day, and very little yesterday."

"Oh, my poor lamb!" cried the father, as he hurried from the room. He was back in a few minutes with biscuits and wine. He sat by the bedside while she ate, and watched the life coming back to her face.

"There now, I feel a whole lot better. May I see mama?"

Mr. Steele entered his wife's room with a light step, and smiling face. "I've put a guest in Angela's room," he announced.

"A guest in Angela's room?" she repeated in surprised displeasure.

"Mechanically she followed him scarcely knowing what to expect. At the door he paused, letting her pass before him. Quickly her eyes rested on the bed. Then the loving light of two brown eyes caught her own, and with a glad cry she sprang forward. As she again felt the beloved form in her arms the sorrow of the past year faded, and it seemed her soul was getting a foretaste of heaven."

Then came a few breathless questions and answers. But why did you come at night and by stealth?" questioned the mother.

"Because I was afraid of making Papa angry, yet it seemed as if I must see how you all looked; and oh, I did so long for a sight of my baby."

"Your baby!" chorused the parents.

"Oh, I forgot you didn't know. You see, I was freezing and starving, and I didn't know what to do. I think I was almost crazy. So I took her to the church, and laid her in the manger beside the image of the Infant Saviour."

Then I knelt down and told the dear Virgin Mother that she just would have to take care of my little one, for the sake of the little Jesus, whom she had carried in her own blessed arms. I watched from a dark corner till I saw Papa carrying her away. It seemed as if I couldn't keep from following, yet I dared not, then I fainted."

It was some time before either parent could speak. "Where is your husband?" finally asked the father.

"He's at fever in the charity ward of a hospital."

"He shall not be there an hour longer than I can help," he promised.

## GIFTED NOVELIST TELLS CONVERSION

HAD WHILE QUITE YOUNG READ WIDELY IN BOTH THE REALMS OF FICTION AND HISTORY

In looking back after a period of many years on the most important step in my life I marvel more and more that the claims of Christianity—by which I mean, very precisely, the claims of the Catholic Church—are ignored, or feebly evaded by so many of those to whom they should appeal.

It is true that I marvel almost as much—and every convert must—that I should have been snatched, as it were, from the burning; for the chain of events linking one step in the road to Rome to another, seems most fragilissimo. One is inclined to say that the conversion that the chain was not merely a fortuitous succession of happenings. Nothing in all of the divine economy is more mysterious than the movement of God's grace. If only one will to correspond—that is the thing; if he will keep, as it were, through the mists of uncertainty, into the bosom of God, Himself, then all the rest will be added to his slender store of faith and hope.

Every convert naturally wishes that his own story might be of use to others. To me, Cardinal Newman's story was the most moving—his "Apologia Pro Vita Sua." I did not see Father Kent Stone's "The Invitation Heeded," until I had become Catholic. And it must be remembered, too, that whatever the human influences that contribute to bring one to the door of the Church, there remains for the convert one extremely vital matter that he must work out for himself—that is, an adequate understanding of a Faith that to him is very new and strange; and upon the character of this working out everything depends. If it be thorough, the result will be, at least, staunch; if not, always edifying Catholicity; a conviction so deep-seated and compelling that it becomes a master influence, a part and parcel of the life itself. If, on the other hand, the matter be only formally worked out, the conversion may result in a state worse than the first. The very working-out process will take me a complex largely from what a man brings to the study of the Church. In most instances, I think, it takes years for a convert to conceive anything like an adequate impression of the real majesty of this great and visibly divine institution.

Temperament disposed me very early in life to much reading. I read omnivorously, chiefly perhaps of fiction, but among other matter some history fell in my way. While the claims of some fiction to being history are always on the point of question, we need not cavil here; I mean especially to indicate such history as has to do with differences in the matter of religion. Easily moved by cruelty of any sort, my earliest sympathies were enlisted toward the victims of religious persecution by Catholics. Naturally I found it an easy mental step to attribute the misdeeds of the persecutors to the doctrines and practices of the Church itself. I was quite innocent, too, of knowing that these misdeeds, atrocious enough in themselves, were distorted and magnified a thousandfold by the ingenious malice of the narrators.

As to the Protestant Reformation, which I had come to look upon as a sort of divine Magna Charta of religious liberty, and which certainly has proved itself so admirable a Magna Charta of economic and religious license; the suspicion that it was very largely a movement of politics and greed lay as far from my mind as possible.

Greatly was my first and strongest impression concerning the Catholic Church and its doctrines, and it came to me wholly through my reading; the springs of history are poisoned against all inexperienced readers.

At eighteen I was sent out into the world, and without any fixed or definite religious discipline to hold me, I easily lapsed into indifference. In my reading I had become interested in the brilliant ideas of the French Encyclopedists—we used to hear more of them then, than now—and I was superficially agnostic. In the large city, however, by which I had been drawn, I made my home with a Catholic family, and when the time of indecision finally and disquietingly came, one of the factors in strengthening me on the road toward Rome was the edifying life of Catholics whom I had intimately known.

I had a strong impression, too, that Catholic practice savored of credulity. Modern miracles were a stumbling-block to me and a serious one. My attitude on this point was one of contempt for the vagaries of Catholic belief. Indeed, my position towards Catholicity was one of suspicion and distrust, based on the fact that I saw in the attitude of reading and thought on that subject among English speaking Protestants.

It was, then, upon a vague and general indictment, based on errors such as these, that I laid the greatest Christian Church into my sorry court on the day of my conversion.

However, the august Mother had learned humility long before I sought to humiliate her, and had long been used to pleading for her Master before tribunals almost as unworthy as that to which I had summoned her.

A further personal matter interposed an obstacle. I was a Mason and the order was interdicted. From the Masonic side of the question in my case, there was no reason that I could see why I could not belong to the Church and to the order. But what I realized instinctively was that Masonry was not vital in my life, whereas the choice of an authentic religion was extremely vital.

On the subject of miracles I found my difficulties based on mere misapprehensions of Catholic doctrine. On becoming a Catholic I was asked to accede on this point to one proposition: that in the life of the Church, miracles were not to be expected, but that the attitude of devotion to the Mother of God and to His Saints.

And when I came to discriminate between the sins of unworthy Catholics and the doctrines of the Church I saw that upon the charge of credulity, at all events, the ground was slipping from under me. I was left to choose between the two alternatives: either I was to believe in the miracles of the Church or to unregenerate human nature. The Church of Christ I grew to learn has never been other than all merciful.

Never more strongly than to-day have the claims of the Church urged themselves on thoughtful men. We are witnessing everywhere the failure of non-Catholic principles; of education without Christian religion, or morality without Christian religion, or organized society, indeed, without Christian religion.

The truth bluntly is, that for the average man in this world, but two paths are open. One is indicated by Christianity; the other urged by reasonality. The exceptional man, who treads neither, is too rare to be reckoned within any inclusive consideration of human affairs. On its human side, Christianity—I mean, distinctively, Catholic Christianity—is the sole effective philosophy; it is the noblest obligation of a fallen humanity. For whether we believe, or do not believe, all reflecting men are agreed that human nature tends continually to sink to levels incomparably below the level of the beasts.

Christianity, whether considered as a spectacle or a philosophy, is the most convincing of studies in this life. It alone affords elemental struggles, deeply moving contrasts, and inevitable, as well as never-ending strife. For, once the sense of sin is lost, sin itself loses all poignancy and interest; everything falls to the negligible depth of sensual caprice.

In the same way the one great refuge from present-day provincialism of thought is the Catholic Church. It is in its terms of Truth alone, that any adequate understanding may be had of Christian civilization—of what Europe has been, and in the fullest sense of the word, is to-day in its eclipse.

The more adequate one's knowledge of the Christian religion, and I must repeat, I here use "Christian" and "Catholic" as one—the greater is his corrective of the myopia of present day thought. In saying this, I am not clear thought to-day in Europe, is Catholic thought," Mr. Hillaire Selous is exactly right.

The claims of Catholic Christianity are obscured, it is true by the clamor of

the many voices, yet, if every other of its claims on humanity itself were waived, Christianity could still point to one alone to justify all of its pretensions. Christianity discovered woman. It gave to us all, believers and unbelievers, the mothers, sisters, as we know them, in our women of to-day. If it had no other claim to the consideration of mankind, this alone, I repeat, would entitle it to a place above every other known philosophy. Christianity has lifted woman from the pallet of the slave, from mere existence as the female creature, the chattel of burden, to the moving beauty and serene dignity of a queen; from the couch of the concubine to the sacredness of wifehood and motherhood. Paganism, which always reverts to sensuality—it can not do other, since there is nothing else for it to revert to—tends always to drag woman down. Christianity tries always to raise her up. And woman is to man like his conscience; good, his highest inspiration and sanction; bad, his most potent influence for evil. Between man and woman this relationship of good and evil has, in all history, been the same; it is inevitably to the end, action and reaction.

Christianity, then, is a profession and a service—a devotion to the human and the Divine, consider a moment: Here is a body of Catholics the world over, of every race and clime—more than two hundred millions of people, who, as a body, are devoted to the service of God and man, and who strive to place their minds and bodies under a certain decent restraint, imposed on them, not alone by their God-given instincts, but by the definite word of God Himself, speaking directly through the living voice of His Church, and precisely as to what constitutes such a restraint, these two hundred millions are perfectly agreed. Is it not a spectacle, supernatural?

Outside the Catholic Church we see in our day as the abiding place of the fast-falling sects, a spiritual desert where the hot sun of the unaided intellect parches the life of the soul. Its shifting sands of negation are swept by the burning winds of license. The debasement of the marriage relation to the old paganism is practiced everywhere in it, not only by the least worthy, but by the illustrious in thought and deed. The standard family, the one child, or two, or no children home, the easy divorce—first said, now as always to mere passion—have found good standing and more than tacit sympathy within the tolerant limits of its elastic practices.

And if the arrogance of the apothegm be permitted the convert he may to the still recurring question: "Why did you become a Catholic?" always answer: "Like Henry IV—to gain a Kingdom!"—Frank H. Spearman, in Extension.

## THE ORANGEMAN'S CONVERT

To the Editor of The Lamp: Allow me to send you the following, which I think, is suitable for a Catholic paper. Perhaps you would like to print it in The Lamp. I vouch for the truth of it. Yours faithfully

In a parish in western Canada, some twenty years ago, an Irish peasant farmer became very negligent as to the performance of his religious duties. Sunday after Sunday passed by, and he was never seen at Mass, and at length he grew so careless as to allow more than a year to elapse without "going to his duty" or making his communion.

One day, however, he was on unknown to the pastor, and the good priest went to see him more than twice or thrice to find out what was the matter. But the parishioner—let us call him John—put his pastor off with the usual excuses, such as how hard he had to work to make good money, how tired he was in the morning, how glad he was to have one day in seven for rest, how hot the weather was in summer, how bitter cold in winter, how he could not afford to dress as he would like to dress when going to meet his neighbors in church, etc., etc. So the priest's visits and exhortations, and his better of him in the morning, how glad he was to have one day in seven for rest, how hot the weather was in summer, how bitter cold in winter, how he could not afford to dress as he would like to dress when going to meet his neighbors in church, etc., etc. So the priest's visits and exhortations, and his better of him in the morning, how glad he was to have one day in seven for rest, how hot the weather was in summer, how bitter cold in winter, how he could not afford to dress as he would like to dress when going to meet his neighbors in church, etc., etc. So the priest's visits and exhortations, and his better of him in the morning, how glad he was to have one day in seven for rest, how hot the weather was in summer, how bitter cold in winter, how he could not afford to dress as he would like to dress when going to meet his neighbors in church, etc., etc. So the priest's visits and exhortations, and his better of him in the morning, how glad he was to have one day in seven for rest, how hot the weather was in summer, how bitter cold in winter, how he could not afford to dress as he would like to dress when going to meet his neighbors in church, etc., etc. So the priest's visits and exhortations, and his better of him in the morning, how glad he was to have one day in seven for rest, how hot the weather was in summer, how bitter cold in winter, how he could not afford to dress as he would like to dress when going to meet his neighbors in church, etc., etc. So the priest's visits and exhortations, and his better of him in the morning, how glad he was to have one day in seven for rest, how hot the weather was in summer, how bitter cold in winter, how he could not afford to dress as he would like to dress when going to meet his neighbors in church, etc., etc. So the priest's visits and exhortations, and his better of him in the morning, how glad he was to have one day in seven for rest, how hot the weather was in summer, how bitter cold in winter, how he could not afford to dress as he would like to dress when going to meet his neighbors in church, etc., etc. So the priest's visits and exhortations, and his better of him in the morning, how glad he was to have one day in seven for rest, how hot the weather was in summer, how bitter cold in winter, how he could not afford to dress as he would like to dress when going to meet his neighbors in church, etc., etc. So the priest's visits and exhortations, and his better of him in the morning, how glad he was to have one day in seven for rest, how hot the weather was in summer, how bitter cold in winter, how he could not afford to dress as he would like to dress when going to meet his neighbors in church, etc., etc. So the priest's visits and exhortations, and his better of him in the morning, how glad he was to have one day in seven for rest, how hot the weather was in summer, how bitter cold in winter, how he could not afford to dress as he would like to dress when going to meet his neighbors in church, etc., etc. So the priest's visits and exhortations, and his better of him in the morning, how glad he was to have one day in seven for rest, how hot the weather was in summer, how bitter cold in winter, how he could not afford to dress as he would like to dress when going to meet his neighbors in church, etc., etc. So the priest's visits and exhortations, and his better of him in the morning, how glad he was to have one day in seven for rest, how hot the weather was in summer, how bitter cold in winter, how he could not afford to dress as he would like to dress when going to meet his neighbors in church, etc., etc. So the priest's visits and exhortations, and his better of him in the morning, how glad he was to have one day in seven for rest, how hot the weather was in summer, how bitter cold in winter, how he could not afford to dress as he would like to dress when going to meet his neighbors in church, etc., etc. So the priest's visits and exhortations, and his better of him in the morning, how glad he was to have one day in seven for rest, how hot the weather was in summer, how bitter cold in winter, how he could not afford to dress as he would like to dress when going to meet his neighbors in church, etc., etc. So the priest's visits and exhortations, and his better of him in the morning, how glad he was to have one day in seven for rest, how hot the weather was in summer, how bitter cold in winter, how he could not afford to dress as he would like to dress when going to meet his neighbors in church, etc., etc. So the priest's visits and exhortations, and his better of him in the morning, how glad he was to have one day in seven for rest, how hot the weather was in summer, how bitter cold in winter, how he could not afford to dress as he would like to dress when going to meet his neighbors in church, etc., etc. So the priest's visits and exhortations, and his better of him in the morning, how glad he was to have one day in seven for rest, how hot the weather was in summer, how bitter cold in winter, how he could not afford to dress as he would like to dress when going to meet his neighbors in church, etc., etc. So the priest's visits and exhortations, and his better of him in the morning, how glad he was to have one day in seven for rest, how hot the weather was in summer, how bitter cold in winter, how he could not afford to dress as he would like to dress when going to meet his neighbors in church, etc., etc. So the priest's visits and exhortations, and his better of him in the morning, how glad he was to have one day in seven for rest, how hot the weather was in summer, how bitter cold in winter, how he could not afford to dress as he would like to dress when going to meet his neighbors in church, etc., etc. So the priest's visits and exhortations, and his better of him in the morning, how glad he was to have one day in seven for rest, how hot the weather was in summer, how bitter cold in winter, how he could not afford to dress as he would like to dress when going to meet his neighbors in church, etc., etc. So the priest's visits and exhortations, and his better of him in the morning, how glad he was to have one day in seven for rest, how hot the weather was in summer, how bitter cold in winter, how he could not afford to dress as he would like to dress when going to meet his neighbors in church, etc., etc. So the priest's visits and exhortations, and his better of him in the morning, how glad he was to have one day in seven for rest, how hot the weather was in summer, how bitter cold in winter, how he could not afford to dress as he would like to dress when going to meet his neighbors in church, etc., etc. So the priest's visits and exhortations, and his better of him in the morning, how glad he was to have one day in seven for rest, how hot the weather was in summer, how bitter cold in winter, how he could not afford to dress as he would like to dress when going to meet his neighbors in church, etc., etc. So the priest's visits and exhortations, and his better of him in the morning, how glad he was to have one day in seven for rest, how hot the weather was in summer, how bitter cold in winter, how he could not afford to dress as he would like to dress when going to meet his neighbors in church, etc., etc. So the priest's visits and exhortations, and his better of him in the morning, how glad he was to have one day in seven for rest, how hot the weather was in summer, how bitter cold in winter, how he could not afford to dress as he would like to dress when going to meet his neighbors in church, etc., etc. So the priest's visits and exhortations, and his better of him in the morning, how glad he was to have one day in seven for rest, how hot the weather was in summer, how bitter cold in winter, how he could not afford to dress as he would like to dress when going to meet his neighbors in church, etc., etc. So the priest's visits and exhortations, and his better of him in the morning, how glad he was to have one day in seven for rest, how hot the weather was in summer, how bitter cold in winter, how he could not afford to dress as he would like to dress when going to meet his neighbors in church, etc., etc. So the priest's visits and exhortations, and his better of him in the morning, how glad he was to have one day in seven for rest, how hot the weather was in summer, how bitter cold in winter, how he could not afford to dress as he would like to dress when going to meet his neighbors in church, etc., etc. So the priest's visits and exhortations, and his better of him in the morning, how glad he was to have one day in seven for rest, how hot the weather was in summer, how bitter cold in winter, how he could not afford to dress as he would like to dress when going to meet his neighbors in church, etc., etc. So the priest's visits and exhortations, and his better of him in the morning, how glad he was to have one day in seven for rest, how hot the weather was in summer, how bitter cold in winter, how he could not afford to dress as he would like to dress when going to meet his neighbors in church, etc., etc. So the priest's visits and exhortations, and his better of him in the morning, how glad he was to have one day in seven for rest, how hot the weather was in summer, how bitter cold in winter, how he could not afford to dress as he would like to dress when going to meet his neighbors in church, etc., etc. So the priest's visits and exhortations, and his better of him in the morning, how glad he was to have one day in seven for rest, how hot the weather was in summer, how bitter cold in winter, how he could not afford to dress as he would like to dress when going to meet his neighbors in church, etc., etc. So the priest's visits and exhortations, and his better of him in the morning, how glad he was to have one day in seven for rest, how hot the weather was in summer, how bitter cold in winter, how he could not afford to dress as he would like to dress when going to meet his neighbors in church, etc., etc. So the priest's visits and exhortations, and his better of him in the morning, how glad he was to have one day in seven for rest, how hot the weather was in summer, how bitter cold in winter, how he could not afford to dress as he would like to dress when going to meet his neighbors in church, etc., etc. So the priest's visits and exhortations, and his better of him in the morning, how glad he was to have one day in seven for rest, how hot the weather was in summer, how bitter cold in winter, how he could not afford to dress as he would like to dress when going to meet his neighbors in church, etc., etc. So the priest's visits and exhortations, and his better of him in the morning, how glad he was to have one day in seven for rest, how hot the weather was in summer, how bitter cold in winter, how he could not afford to dress as he would like to dress when going to meet his neighbors in church, etc., etc. So the priest's visits and exhortations, and his better of him in the morning, how glad he was to have one day in seven for rest, how hot the weather was in summer, how bitter cold in winter, how he could not afford to dress as he would like to dress when going to meet his neighbors in church, etc., etc. So the priest's visits and exhortations, and his better of him in the morning, how glad he was to have one day in seven for rest, how hot the weather was in summer, how bitter cold in winter, how he could not afford to dress as he would like to dress when going to meet his neighbors in church, etc., etc. So the priest's visits and exhortations, and his better of him in the morning, how glad he was to have one day in seven for rest, how hot the weather was in summer, how bitter cold in winter, how he could not afford to dress as he would like to dress when going to meet his neighbors in church, etc., etc. So the priest's visits and exhortations, and his better of him in the morning, how glad he was to have one day in seven for rest, how hot the weather was in summer, how bitter cold in winter, how he could not afford to dress as he would like to dress when going to meet his neighbors in church, etc., etc. So the priest's visits and exhortations, and his better of him in the morning, how glad he was to have one day in seven for rest, how hot the weather was in summer, how bitter cold in winter, how he could not afford to dress as he would like to dress when going to meet his neighbors in church, etc., etc. So the priest's visits and exhortations, and his better of him in the morning, how glad he was to have one day in seven for rest, how hot the weather was in summer, how bitter cold in winter, how he could not afford to dress as he would like to dress when going to meet his neighbors in church, etc., etc. So the priest's visits and exhortations, and his better of him in the morning, how glad he was to have one day in seven for rest, how hot the weather was in summer, how bitter cold in winter, how he could not afford to dress as he would like to dress when going to meet his neighbors in church, etc., etc. So the priest's visits and exhortations, and his better of him in the morning, how glad he was to have one day in seven for rest, how hot the weather was in summer, how bitter cold in winter, how he could not afford to dress as he would like to dress when going to meet his neighbors in church, etc., etc. So the priest's visits and exhortations, and his better of him in the morning, how glad he was to have one day in seven for rest, how hot the weather was in summer, how bitter cold in winter, how he could not afford to dress as he would like to dress when going to meet his neighbors in church, etc., etc. So the priest's visits and exhortations, and his better of him in the morning, how glad he was to have one day in seven for rest, how hot the weather was in summer, how bitter cold in winter, how he could not afford to dress as he would like to dress when going to meet his neighbors in church, etc., etc. So the priest's visits and exhortations, and his better of him in the morning, how glad he was to have one day in seven for rest, how hot the weather was in summer, how bitter cold in winter, how he could not afford to dress as he would like to dress when going to meet his neighbors in church, etc., etc. So the priest's visits and exhortations, and his better of him in the morning, how glad he was to have one day in seven for rest, how hot the weather was in summer, how bitter cold in winter, how he could not afford to dress as he would like to dress when going to meet his neighbors in church, etc., etc. So the priest's visits and exhortations, and his better of him in the morning, how glad he was to have one day in seven for rest, how hot the weather was in summer, how bitter cold in winter, how he could not afford to dress as he would like to dress when going to meet his neighbors in church, etc., etc. So the priest's visits and exhortations, and his better of him in the morning, how glad he was to have one day in seven for rest, how hot the weather was in summer, how bitter cold in winter, how he could not afford to dress as he would like to dress when going to meet his neighbors in church, etc., etc. So the priest's visits and exhortations, and his better of him in the morning, how glad he was to have one day in seven for rest, how hot the weather was in summer, how bitter cold in winter, how he could not afford to dress as he would like to dress when going to meet his neighbors in church, etc., etc. So the priest's visits and exhortations, and his better of him in the morning, how glad he was to have one day in seven for rest, how hot the weather was in summer, how bitter cold in winter, how he could not afford to dress as he would like to dress when going to meet his neighbors in church, etc., etc. So the priest's visits and exhortations, and his better of him in the morning, how glad he was to have one day in seven for rest, how hot the weather was in summer, how bitter cold in winter, how he could not afford to dress as he would like to dress when going to meet his neighbors in church, etc., etc. So the priest's visits and exhortations, and his better of him in the morning, how glad he was to have one day in seven for rest, how hot the weather was in summer, how bitter cold in winter, how he could not afford to dress as he would like to dress when going to meet his neighbors in church, etc., etc. So the priest's visits and exhortations, and his better of him in the morning, how glad he was to have one day in seven for rest, how hot the weather was in summer, how bitter cold in winter, how he could not afford to dress as he would like to dress when going to meet his neighbors in church, etc., etc. So the priest's visits and exhortations, and his better of him in the morning, how glad he was to have one day in seven for rest, how hot the weather was in summer, how bitter cold in winter, how he could not afford to dress as he would like to dress when going to meet his neighbors in church, etc., etc. So the priest's visits and exhortations, and his better of him in the morning, how glad he was to have one day in seven for rest, how hot the weather was in summer, how bitter cold in winter, how he could not afford to dress as he would like to dress when going to meet his neighbors in church, etc., etc. So the priest's visits and exhortations, and his better of him in the morning, how glad he was to have one day in seven for rest, how hot the weather was in summer, how bitter cold in winter, how he could not afford to dress as he would like to dress when going to meet his neighbors in church, etc., etc. So the priest's visits and exhortations, and his better of him in the morning, how glad he was to have one day in seven for rest, how hot the weather was in summer, how bitter cold in winter, how he could not afford to dress as he would like to dress when going to meet his neighbors in church, etc., etc. So the priest's visits and exhortations, and his better of him in the morning, how glad he was to have one day in seven for rest, how hot the weather was in summer, how bitter cold in winter, how he could not afford to dress as he would like to dress when going to meet his neighbors in church, etc., etc. So the priest's visits and exhortations, and his better of him in the morning, how glad he was to have one day in seven for rest, how hot the weather was in summer, how bitter cold in winter, how he could not afford to dress as he would like to dress when going to meet his neighbors in church, etc., etc. So the priest's visits and exhortations, and his better of him in the morning, how glad he was to have one day in seven for rest, how hot the weather was in summer, how bitter cold in winter, how he could not afford to dress as he would like to dress when going to meet his neighbors in church, etc., etc. So the priest's visits and exhortations, and his better of him in the morning, how glad he was to have one day in seven for rest, how hot the weather was in summer, how bitter cold in winter, how he could not afford to dress as he would like to dress when going to meet his neighbors in church, etc., etc. So the priest's visits and exhortations, and his better of him in the morning, how glad he was to have one day in seven for rest, how hot the weather was in summer, how bitter cold in winter, how he could not afford to dress as he would like to dress when going to meet his neighbors in church, etc., etc. So the priest's visits and exhortations, and his better of him in the morning, how glad he was to have one day in seven for rest, how hot the weather was in summer, how bitter cold in winter, how he could not afford to dress as he would like to dress when going to meet his neighbors in church, etc., etc. So the priest's visits and exhortations, and his better of him in the morning, how glad he was to have one day in seven for rest, how hot the weather was in summer, how bitter cold in winter, how he could not afford to dress as he would like to dress when going to meet his neighbors in church, etc., etc. So the priest's visits and exhortations, and his better of him in the morning, how glad he was to have one day in seven for rest, how hot the weather was in summer, how bitter cold in winter, how he could not afford to dress as he would like to dress when going to meet his neighbors in church, etc., etc. So the priest's visits and exhortations, and his better of him in the morning, how glad he was to have one day in seven for rest, how hot the weather was in summer, how bitter cold in winter, how he could not afford to dress as he would like to dress when going to meet his neighbors in church, etc., etc. So the priest's visits and exhortations, and his better of him in the morning, how glad he was to have one day in seven for rest, how hot the weather was in summer, how bitter cold in winter, how he could not afford to dress as he would like to dress when going to meet his neighbors in church, etc., etc. So the priest's visits and exhortations, and his better of him in the morning, how glad he was to have one day in seven for rest, how hot the weather was in summer, how bitter cold in winter, how he could not afford to dress as he would like to dress when going to meet his neighbors in church, etc., etc. So the priest's visits and exhortations