

averting the disruption then threatening the Army. Besides, my bewildered spirit could not help exclaiming as I watched the sufferer visibly nearing her end, 'she is dying like a Catholic saint, not like a Salvationist' The constant acts of contrition, the perpetual ejaculatory prayers—'Mercy, my Father! My Jesus, mercy!'—the steady disclaiming all personal merit and the longing for strong authorised aid such as she regarded my own and that of my Salvationist brother-in-law were also Catholic. And I rejoice to-day to recall that from many Salvationist deathbeds the delusion of 'sanctification' seems to pass. Mrs. General Booth herself begged us to sing, beside her's, a song taboed in Army meetings—

'The mistakes of my life have been many,
The sins of my heart have been more.'

My mother was the sweetest and most instinctively Catholic soul I have ever known. She had never entered a Catholic church, nor read a Catholic book. But she spent hours each day in prayer, and had to be held back, like St. Elizabeth, from stripping her wardrobe for the poor. She always prayed for her dear dead. She said once, hearing my sister declaim against a crucifix of mine, 'I do not understand how Lily can speak so. It can only help us to see representations of our Lord on the Cross in every room.'

After her death I prayed for her still, I spoke to her in God, not knowing how I verged on Catholic doctrine in so doing. And a week after she went away from us, a longing to 'come close to our Lord,' as I put it, in Holy Communion, woke in my heart, and was never soothed until He came to me one stormy morning of last March, in the Pro-Cathedral at Liverpool.

After my Mother's Death

I went back to New York. I was a 'Brigadier,' head of the 6000 'Auxiliaries,' and selected as a sort of controversialist-in-ordinary, in a warfare against Salvationist repudiation of the Sacraments by leading sectarian ministers of the city. I studied Barclay's Apology—the Salvationist Authority—and my New Testament, and wondered what these ministers were contending for. The New Testament alone offered no ground for their own views. The New Testament interpreted by tradition, in whose light the General said we were to read it, even when one accepted his definition of tradition as 'the consensus of Christian belief,' taught the doctrine of the Catholic Church.

I drifted, one November Sunday, into the Jesuit church in Fifteenth street for Benediction, and realised, for the first time, that our Lord was present in a different way to that in which He may be spiritually present with His people anywhere. I believed, because I discerned Him. Still I took no action. Belief like mine was still a different thing from living faith.

Next I learned that my dear friend, Hon. Mrs. Drummond, of London,

Had Been Received Into the Church

in August. She had been my sheet anchor of Protestantism, and the embodiment of all that gave Salvationism an intellectual right to exist. I wrote, entreating her to give me the grounds for her action; but the line of argument which had convinced her did not appeal to me. It was based on a reverence for Scripture authority which I had never felt. She begged me to consult Father Searle, the noted Paulist, and to read his book, 'Plain Facts.' Pressed by a determination to know at least just what I did believe, I went to him. Father Searle refused my cry for 'more books,' saying that I had read enough, thanks to St. Joseph's library, and that my one crux, 'Did our Lord intend to establish a visible Church on earth?' could only be met by the illumination of grace. I was to go away and pray—to make prayer a constant undercurrent of life, and to offer up all my work as prayer for light. What Church He founded, if any, did not need considering. I had settled that years before, and re-settled it when Purcell's 'Life of Cardinal Manning' brought the Gorham controversy to light again. (I am not aware that the said book was ever of benefit to any living soul besides myself.)

This was on December 26, 1897. I asked my American leaders for three months' leave to think, pray, and 'settle some spiritual difficulties.' They refused absolutely. 'Might I be excused from my next lecturing tour?' I might not. No word was said in reply to my complaint of spiritual difficulties. The Salvation Army is established to care for the souls of those outside its ranks, at what cost to the souls within, who are found able to extend its domain, it matters not, unless they make utter moral shipwreck. I had previously written to Mr. Bramwell Booth, telling him that Mrs. Drummond's conversion had shaken me and pleading tacitly for help. He had none to give, and he never answered my letter. By New Year's Eve I needed no help from him. I saw the Church as Christ's creation in the pages of my little red Army Testament as clearly as I saw

Himself to be the Incarnate God. I had stolen that night for God and my own soul, and shut myself into my room promising Him to read that Testament unbiassedly, and to act on what He might show me through it.

Next Day Came the Real Agony.

I believed my conversion would literally kill my father and my friend and leader, Emma Booth Tucker. I had no single Catholic acquaintance on all that continent; Father Searle had left the city. The bed I slept on was Army property, the clothes I wore were Salvationist uniform, my home was my sister's Salvationist headquarters. New York police would probably not allow me to sit on a doorstep and enjoy the luxury of being a Catholic, and how would flesh and blood and woman's nerves ever endure the clash round me of all that had made life for so long?

I slipped away and found Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, Nathaniel Hawthorne's convert daughter, down at her wonderful Damien-like work of caring for cancer patients in the slums, and she took me to Father Van Rensselaer, S.J.—a man who had heard that clash himself of a world falling round him. He sent me to the Archbishop—the Salvationist convert seeming to present herself to everybody as a curious anomaly—and finally I turned back to the Paulists. There is no need to tell of all the storms and tempests and excitements the next weeks held.

'I wish I were an apple woman or a crossing-sweeper with no responsibilities in the world but my own soul!' I used to wail, wondering if I had a right to my own salvation when it seemed likely to cost the spiritual wreckage of many.

Then I was called to England at three days' notice to give an account of my intentions. I dared not go unbaptised or unabsolved, and two days before I sailed I flung myself into the office of the editor of the 'Catholic World,' Rev. A. P. Doyle, C.S.P. His sympathy and wise helpfulness had never failed during the weeks in which he had been instructing the most irregular and terrified of catechumens, who had always before her the fear that an enterprising journalist might be on her track. I said that day, 'I've come, and I can only possibly stay an hour; can you take me in now?'

And he did.

Oh, the bliss of it! As I jogged up town on the 'Elevated,' clutching still that first worn little copy of 'Catholic Belief,' bought in the Old-World Paternoster Row, the words of an Anglican hymn rang in my ears—

'Forth from the dark and stormy sky,
Lord, to Thine altar's shade we fly.
Forth from the world, its hope and fear,
Savior, we seek a refuge here,
Weary and weak, Thy grace we pray,
Turn not, O Lord, Thy guests away!'

Of all the baptismal service the words I longed to hear were 'Ingredere in templum Dei.'

'Is there any particular saint whose name you would like to take?' asked Father Doyle at the font, and I opened wide mine eyes.

'Teresa of course.'

Her help and her friendship had been as real a thing to me as Mrs. Drummond's or Mrs. Lathrop's or his own; and the thoughts kept uppermost in my mind through severance and loneliness and—hardest of all—apparent uselessness and idleness is 'After all I, too, am a child of the Church.'

At this season everybody is liable to Coughs and Colds. Avoid all danger by taking TUSSICURA.—***

The attention of our readers in the Auckland district is called to the advertisement of Mr. A. Kohn, the well-known jeweller, of Queen street, Auckland. Mr. Kohn is a manufacturer and importer of high-class jewellery of all kinds, and his establishment is always stocked with the latest novelties. A visit to 178 Queen street will convince intending purchasers that they will get excellent value for their money.

Messrs. Parkinson and Co., monumental sculptors, Victoria street, Auckland, invite inspection of their new and varied stock of marble and granite monuments, and headstones, iron railings, etc. This firm have been noted for their high-class and artistic sculpture, and have been entrusted with such works as the Westland War and Coronation Memorial, N.Z. Battery Commemoration Statue, and the Reed Memorial (Auckland), and the War Memorial (Rotorua), all of which reflect the highest credit on the establishment.

A little wonder is the Broadcast Patent Seed-sower, sold by Morrow, Bassett, and Co. For sowing turnip, rape, grass, and clover seed it has no equal, while for oats, wheat, and barley you have only to see it to know its value. A boy can work it. Sow four acres per hour, and any quantity up to six bushels per acre. Price only 20s.—***