

belonging to the Mission—cow, bullock, horse, or dog—gentle, amiable, and ready to do his best whenever asked.

Next morning, with seven little women to carry the goods I had left at Deva-Deva, and take on the load of the bullocks, I said good-bye to the Father, and crossed the ranges back again to Dilava, where the Sisters received me like a long-lost relative, cleaned and fed me (I needed both), and made me at home in their little stick house, till the horse came up again from the plains, and I started back to civilisation once more.

One went down quicker than one came up. I was at the horse-farm of Kubuna in two days. Here I stopped the night, had a swim in a river pool which was infested by an alligator, and did not enjoy it at all, though the Father in charge of the station assured me that the alligator was quite a gentle one, and would hurt nobody, pitched my tent in the paddock and put up a mosquito net, because somebody said the place was 'full of tiresome death-adders'; dined on part of the leg of an enormous cassowary that had been shot the day before, and was entertained with roast wallaby; got away in the early morning, and reached Bioto on the coast, twenty odd miles away, before noon.

Now Came the Last Stage.

One had to get back to the head station at Yule Island by boat, and the tide did not suit for a daylight start, and the natives of the village were all away hunting, so a proper crew was not to be had. . . . It ended in my starting in the dark of a moonless night, with a lame man and two small boys as crew, down a creek that is notorious for alligators. They had actually chased away the inhabitants of the village from the bank, where the town was originally built, and obliged them to build further inland—such were the nightly raids upon dogs, pigs, and children, and the frequent toll exacted of incautious men and women, going to get water out of the creek. They had eaten a Mission horse only three weeks before. And the dinghy was none too large, and the creek was winding, and it was pitch dark.

It took an hour or two to creep down Bioto Creek, cautiously avoiding snags and shoals, where one might be upset, and to get out into the big main stream, where, indeed, alligators were as numerous, but the chance of being swamped was much less. Then the tide began to fall and swept us, with our feeble oars, swiftly down through the starry dusk, between the stately shadows of the cocoanut palms on the banks, down to the open, fresh, salt-smelling sea. Yule Island was not an hour away now; we reached it by midnight. And when I knocked the convent up at that unholy hour, and brought half a dozen Sisters out of their beds to find a bath and a supper and a bed for me, everyone smiled as if it were just the one thing they loved best to do in the world.

It was pleasant to rest a day or so at Yule Island, before the steamer called; to see once more the beautiful open meadows where the Mission herd of cattle feeds, and the clean, white wooden buildings of the convent, and the schools, and the Fathers' house, and the little cottage, standing away by itself, that is known as the Bishop's 'palace'—to look in at the schools where nearly ninety little brown children were being taught, and to wonder again how fourteen or fifteen Sisters manage to teach, wash, cook, sew, and generally 'do for' the whole busy place (for that is all there are at Yule Island); to hear Mass in the small, simple, pretty church, and talk to the Fathers about the history of the Mission, and compare the Reverend Mother yet again in my mind to the great English General whom she so strongly resembles, in feature as in character; to go out and see the little school at the village, a mile or two away, where a Sister lives and works, bringing up the rising generation to habits of decency, kindness, and order; to see, in short, the heart of the Mission beating, here at the chief station, where work is arranged, workers sent out, retreats gone through, confirmations, ordinations held, and where the little, all too little, income is apportioned to its many needs.

The journey was over; my steamer was in the bay. I said good-bye to Yule, and to the Mission. The white light of the wonderful world in which I had lived for many weeks was growing dim in common daylight once again—the window opening on another world was closed. . . . But one will not forget.

CONVERTS: A CONTRAST

THE METHODS OF PROSELYTISERS

We (*Munster News*) have received the following copy of a remarkable letter from a well-known member of a religious Order in London. It was originally sent from Dublin to Dr. Long as a private letter, but the Rev. Father has got the permission of the writer to have it published, as he feels certain it will do good, as it shows up the hollowness of the Irish Church Missionary work. The lady, we understand, is at present under instruction, and will soon be received into the Catholic Church. The extract given from Dr. Long's history of the Limerick Medical Mission is enlightening. It shows the bitter anti-Catholic spirit that possesses him when he could write such a scandalous description of the venerable Catholic Church. Of course, it would be too much to expect that he or those of a like turn of mind would take his correspondent's advice and 'read up the other side.' Colossal ignorance of the Church's teaching is a characteristic of all such persons:—

Dear Dr. Long,—As one who in the past took a deep interest in your work and sympathised with you in your troubles, I write to tell you how fearfully upset I am in my conscience in reference to that work and my own efforts in the same cause. Some time ago I was buying books, and I chanced to pick up one entitled *Mrs. Ainsworth: Memoir and Letters*. As the shopman was busy and could not attend to me just then, I glanced over the pages of this book. As I read I grew fascinated by its simple style and evident sincerity, though all my natural repugnance was aroused and my life-long prejudices were up in arms. It was the life story of a convert to the Catholic Church. I had never before imagined that any refined mind or any person of real intelligence could see any claim in the Romanist religion to be the true Church of Christ. I never in my life read any book written from the Roman Catholic point of view. This one I had chanced on really aroused my curiosity, and I bought it. I brought it home; I read it, and it fairly took my breath away. The logic of stern facts met me on every page. Here was a high-born lady, an earnest Protestant, through no priestly influence embracing a religion that I always looked upon as a mass of superstition and nonsense—embracing it at the cost of estranging her dearest friends, giving pain to a father, mother, and husband whom she dearly loved. The story is a true one, as she was a well-known person in English society. Incidentally there are others mentioned who became converts like herself. It staggered my preconceived ideas. I grew anxious to read more, and so I bought a book called *Roads to Rome*. This again showed me the logic of facts. Here were people of great intelligence, of vast learning—Protestant clergymen, versed in the Sacred Scriptures, earnest thinkers, all ending by embracing the Church of Rome. As Mrs. Ainsworth wrote to her brother, who was an Anglican clergyman, lately received into the Roman Church: 'If you are right then I must be wrong.' I also said to myself: 'If all these earnest souls are right, then I must be wrong.' I saw Dr. Newman, who died

A Roman Cardinal,

mentioned in Mrs. Ainsworth's life, and keen curiosity made me wish to read some of his books. The book-seller told me his most interesting book was one called *Apologia*. I read it, and this book completely upset me. Here I read the religious life story of a wonderful man, told in the most beautiful English I had ever read. The only Romanists I had ever come in contact with were poor, ignorant servant girls, or the besotted

George Barrell

UNDERTAKER & EMBALMERS, Telegrams—'Barrell,' Undertaker, Chcl.
Funerals furnished Complete throughout the City, Suburbs, or Country.
Address—CORNER DUBHAM & ST. ASAPH STS. TELEPHONE 721.