

class one meets with in our Mission meetings; low, ignorant, and degraded, full of deceit, who eat our soup and take our money, and then go out and boast that they did not pay the least attention to what was going on. So narrow was my view that I never dreamt that there were clever, keen minds, saintly characters, and intensely religious souls belonging to the Roman Church. I firmly believed what you wrote in your history of the Limerick Medical Mission that 'the word of God and the holy spirit of God alone can successfully overcome the power of Rome as a system full of arrogance and hypocrisy, of superstition and idolatry, of tyranny and darkness, and deliver from her paralysing slavery human souls, leading them into the enjoyment of the light and liberty of the children of God.' The scales have fallen from my eyes, and these words which I gloried in repeating to my friends now stand out before me as

Totally Devoid of Truth.

If the word of God and the holy spirit of God can deliver souls from Rome, then why do they not do so? On reading these Catholic books I see the word of God and the spirit of God doing quite the opposite. Men and women of the most exalted intelligence, steeped in the knowledge of the Bible, after years of the most earnest prayer for light and guidance, joining the Church of Rome by the hundred—I might say by the thousand—giving up home and friends, breaking the dearest ties of love and friendship, laying aside wealth and position and embracing lives of poverty and hardship. What could make great minds do this except the spirit of God? What could sustain them under the afflictions their change of religion brought upon them except the love of their Maker and the righteousness Christ implanted in their souls?

What has the spirit of God done for our side? I look in vain for converts from Rome from the intelligent or earnest classes of Romanists. I have looked over a number of annual reports of our Irish Church Missions, and in vain did I try to find any real return for all the expenditure of money and earnest work. It never struck me before how exceedingly vague is all the information given in these reports—even your own. A Roman Catholic comes to me, say, and puts before me his mighty list of most distinguished people who have publicly joined his church and asks me for my list of converts. I have none to give, at least none whose motives of conversion would for a moment stand investigation. I can only point to such statements as 'A large number of Roman Catholics were converted'; 'The light is spreading rapidly among Roman Catholics'; 'Several Roman Catholics now know their Saviour and have given up the superstitions of Rome.' Could anything be more unsatisfying than these vague statements?

No Names—No Particulars—

no proofs—just simple assertions, which convince no one. As to the Roman Catholic priests one hears of as coming over, an experience I had in Liverpool always makes me fight shy of these gentlemen. I was stopping with friends—Irish—and earnest workers in the cause of mission work among Roman Catholics. They were elated. A priest had given up his persuasion and was preaching against Rome in one of the city churches. My friends brought me to listen to him. He looked a coarse man, and to my mind a very dissipated one. But he could talk well. He aroused great enthusiasm by the usual tale of the wickedness of priests, monks, and nuns, and the blindness and ignorance of Roman Catholics in general. We went the next night. A number of hymns were sung—more than usual—but the ex-priest was not making his appearance. Then a young clergyman came into the pulpit to announce that the rev. gentleman had taken suddenly ill. There were murmurs of sympathy, but much louder murmurs of disappointment. When I look back on it all now in the light of my present knowledge I wonder how I, who considered myself a pure-minded woman, could sit there listening to this man's revolting descriptions of the alleged crimes of Roman Catholic priests and nuns, not only listening but keenly enjoying it, and then feeling disappointed

at not hearing more. So utterly blinded was I then by my

Ingrained Prejudice and Hatred

of Rome that I returned that night sorely disappointed. There came back with us a gentleman who was on the committee responsible for this 'Exposure of Rome.' He was in a very angry mood. We asked him what was the cause of the disappointment, for none of us in our hearts believed the 'sudden illness' explanation. 'Oh,' he said, 'the fellow is impossible—a drunken ruffian. We have had the greatest work to keep him sober enough to speak for the last few nights, and to-night when Mr. — went to fetch him he found him helplessly drunk. All these fellows who come over to us are the same.' In his anger he blurted out this damaging truth. At the time I did not see its damaging force; I only thought within myself that the Roman clergy were a bad lot altogether and the few specimens we got were an index to all the others. This was wrong and wholly illogical, but I did not realise it then. Now with shame I see its folly, its unrighteousness and unfairness. But I was blinded then by my life long training in

Hatred of Everything Roman Catholic.

I look back now over nearly thirty years of a mistaken life (I am not young). I see that life in the light I have received by my reading. Since I first picked up that simple life of Mrs. Ainsworth I have read many Catholic books, among them *Catholic Belief*, *The Question Box*—a simple penny catechism used in Catholic schools for children—and a number of lives of converts to the Roman Church, and a light has shone in on my soul, bewildering, yet enlightening; a deep sense of shame has settled down on my soul when I think of all I have done in my blind ignorance to draw souls from Rome, and I feel a thankfulness that my efforts were nearly always unsuccessful. With the exception of about a dozen

Unfortunate Children I Bought—

it causes me almost physical pain to write this—bought, I say, from drunken and disreputable parents, and sent into our homes, my whole life has been a failure as regards making converts. I thank the Saviour for this dismal failure of all my strenuous efforts, for I know now I was not doing God's work, but the work of God's enemy. I remember well nearly always employing Roman Catholic maids with the set purpose of making them

Give Up Their Religious Persuasion.

But nearly all of them, when they discovered what I was at, gave notice and left—'Got at' (as I said in my anger) 'by their Popish priests.' But now I know they were got at by the dictates of their righteous conscience and by the strength of the pure, living faith that was in them. Just two pretended to be impressed, but turned out utter failures. The first told me she had long doubted her religion, but that now she was certain she was wrong in remaining so long a Roman Catholic. She attended church and prayer meetings and read her Bible eagerly. I heaped favors upon her, gave her presents, and did all I could to make her happy and comfortable. I thought I had a treasure. After a time she said she had made the acquaintance of a respectable Protestant young man, a groom to a gentleman; he had asked her to marry him; would I allow her out a few evenings to meet him? I rejoiced. Once married to a Protestant she would be safe and her children would all be brought up Protestants. So I let her out any time she wished—but I was a fool. A lady friend came one day and told me Maggie was not the kind of girl I thought she was. She met her more than once walking with soldiers, and she seemed a very loose kind of a girl, indeed. I simply would not believe this. I trusted the girl, and said it was a case of mistaken identity. But, alas! my friend was right and I was wrong, for it all ended in the unfortunate girl having to enter a maternity hospital, and there, under fear of death, she sent for a Roman Catholic priest, received the Sacraments from him and got her child baptised a Catholic. I lost sight of her after that. The other was a most demure, meek

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