

ing to every one—and yet be one of those benighted Catholics?

Margaret was puzzled. She could only sigh, and give her attention to her studies in the public grammar school where already she had a record for cleverness and talent. And so the years passed on.

One Sunday she came home from her own church pale and excited. Breathlessly she sought her aunt, who was alarmed at her appearance. She loved the girl for her sincere, honest character and her affectionate disposition; she appreciated, too, her talents and her success in her studies. Anxiously she inquired what was the matter.

“Oh, Aunt Elisa! a dreadful thing happened to me today!”

“What is it, dear?”

“Why, I went to church as usual this morning and I leaned down when I reached my pew and covered my face and prayed silently before service began. I always do that, you know. In a moment, down in my deep heart, I heard a voice; and yet, I was not speaking! It was a heartfelt thrilling voice, resounding in my inmost soul—and it was praying—it said, ‘Lord, help Thou my unbelief!’ Instantly I exclaimed in my heart, terrified, ‘Lord, I did not say that! I have no unbelief! I have true religion!’ But the voice would not be still! Like a deep bell, it sounded again and again. It penetrated my soul, it forced me to make it my own; and like a dim light breaking into a mist, I found myself yielding to it! I uttered the words with my lips, ‘Lord! help Thou my unbelief!’ And then, aunt,” with shy hesitation now, she spoke, “then, something else happened.”

“What, my child?” whispered Aunt Elisa, whose heart was stirred and whose eyes were wet with unshed tears—ah! the sweetness, the mercy of God’s dear grace in souls! “What else happened, dear?”

“Why, I felt I must—I must come to you and ask you to take me to your Church! I felt as if the Catholic Church stood before me like a mother with outstretched arms! Take me, auntie! I want to go where all shadow of unbelief is unknown! I—I want to be a Catholic!”