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Gives Her Experiences as a Ro-
manist.

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(CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK.)

that there are many, many women in lunatic asylums who have been driven there through priestly persecution of Roman Catholic convents; and is it right that in this land of liberty, this land where we have given freedom to the African slaves, that there should be so many thousands of white slaves enclosed within these living tombs that no money is going to be made and that Protestant purses are always open to help build up in this country? (Great applause.)

Allow me to say just here also, that in these inclosed orders, such an order as the one that I was in, it is not necessary to have the body of a sister buried in the cemetery. The community cemetery is right there. They may die, or they may not die; it is not necessary to have a doctor's certificate; they can be buried in the ground of the convent and nobody be a bit wiser whether they die by being strangled or poisoned, or whether they die of natural decay. The walls of a convent, I think, have no right to exist in the enlightened nineteenth century. (Loud and prolonged applause.)

Now, we have a great many penances to perform in these convents. Don't think it is all very nice and easy. Here, one young girl, who was a child, was sent to a convent because the nuns always looked so beautiful and so peaceful; they have such a nice face: it is nice, it is so holy, it is so sanctified, there is such a romance that surrounds the nun and conventual life. But I tell you, it is one thing to have a view of a convent in a romantic novel. It is another thing to experience it within the walls of the Roman Catholic convent.

So we have these penances to perform. There is one particular penance that I should speak to you about this evening, namely, the penance of the organ. Every sister has to use this discipline. It is an instrument of penance made with a brown wooden handle and with nine hempen cords; nine pieces of hempen cord are twisted, and thirty knots in those hempen cords. We use this discipline over our left shoulder, and on the way we use it is this: We retire to the church, the gas is turned down very low, one of the sisters sits down at the organ to play the Stabat-Mater. Then the

her sisters take off their habit from their shoulders and lay their hands on the organ, the other sisters commence singing the Stabat-Mater, and take this discipline and strike themselves over the shoulder with it, and as the music becomes quicker, so the singing becomes quicker, and the sisters excited, it were, and they strike themselves much harder with the lash until the blood pours down from their left shoulder, and this is called appeasing the anger of Jesus Christ, or in other words, they are appeasing the Father for the physical suffering he endured from the scourge he received the night previous to the crucifixion. And remember, the church of Rome believes that Christ received five thousand strokes of the

When we have the hair shirt, that is made of the very coarsest horsehair, we wear it next to our skin. It is in the form of an undergarment. When I first put that horsehair garment on you, it has a most peculiar sensation. It is like a thousand needles running through the whole of your body, then that changes into a tingling sensation, and in a few minutes it seems as if needles are entering into every portion of your body, and the agony that you endure is something intense. When you come to put on a hair shirt over a raw back, you must remember the garment comes into contact with the raw flesh, and is burdensome to the shoulder.

Then, we are not supposed to eat everything that is put before us. I remember on one occasion, when it was my turn to read the lecture, after the dinner was over, the nun in charge of the refectory said to me: "Your dinner is in the larder." I went to the larder to look for my dinner, but I couldn't find it. I came back and said: "Dear sisters,

ter, I can't find any dinner there," She said: "It is there, dear sister, if you look for it." I went back again, and came back again, and said: "It is not." Said she: "There is a pail in the larder; put your hand in the pail, and the first thing you take, put it upon your plate; that is your dinner." I went into the larder, and I put my hand into the pail, and took up a large piece of boiled fat, and I had to eat it. I wish some of you girls that are so fond of convent life had been there, and could have eaten that dinner for me instead. (Applause.)

One of the ordinary penances in a convent is that of kneeling down and kissing the floor. Every time that we enter into the presence of Mother Superior to ask her a favor, or to confess to her some sin, we must kneel and kiss the floor. It is necessary for us to kneel down and kiss the floor. Now, the Church of Rome says this is simple, in token of humility. It is nothing of the kind. It is the system that the Church of Rome adopts to crush every bit of will power and pride out of the heart of the nun or monk; or, in other words, it is to bring them under the crushing influence of the Roman Catholic Church. Mother Superior is God's representative as long as she holds that office. It is not the woman, they say, you are bowing to, but it is because you are trying to cultivate the grace of humility. Take a woman with a very haughty spirit, and ask her to kneel down and kiss the floor, and see how the whole of her nature will revolt against it, and yet such a woman can be so crushed that she will bow down with the Mother Superior is, whether she is a vulgar and illiterate woman or not, the moment that she sees that Mother Superior she will go right down upon her knees and kiss the floor, and will be willing to lay here and let Mother Superior put her foot upon her back and stamp upon her, or by so doing she would believe that she was cultivating the grace of sanctity. Some of the haughty spirits, sanctified by the Holy Spirit, have been crushed through this cruel system of kneeling down and kissing the floor.

I remember on one occasion when Father Superior said to me, "Kneel down and kiss the floor." I said, "I shall not." She said: "You will." I said: "I won't, I laugh at her." I didn't know I was put into a cage and there was no light in the cell, and I heard the rats running about the cell, and I was very glad to come out of that and kneel down and kiss the floor, after a few hours. I didn't want to be bitten to death by rats. I said: "I won't, I laugh at her." I didn't know that they would scare me into it now. (Applause.) If I was inside of a convent all day-to-day, and if they were to say to me: "You have been standing upon the platform and scandalizing the church, by and unless you retract you are going to be expelled from the church." I would say: "I won't, I laugh at her." I didn't know that they would scare me into it now. (Applause.)

ever as much as you like, but you are never going to get me to repent." (Applause.) And that is just what I would say to that gentleman, that detective that wrote to me, and said to me: "You are a scoundrel, a scoundrel, a scoundrel, a scoundrel, for if you do I will expose your crime." And what did I say to him? "Expose all you want to expose." (Applause.) "And if you don't tell everything, I will finish it." (Renewed applause.) I will finish it, by denouncing my tongue, as far as Mayor McGreever or anybody else in politics is concerned, if it is right that he should be known as a corrupt politician, and as an man unworthy to occupy such a position. I will finish it, by denouncing myself, and ten times blacker, and the blood of Jesus Christ had cleansed my soul, I would stand up in the livery of the Lord Jesus Christ and I would tell you to do anything that you wanted to do. I would tell you that there isn't a detective in the United States, there is no individual in the United States or in the whole world who can make me swerve from my path of duty. I would tell you just depend upon that, I am Irish enough for that. (Laughter and applause.)

ow, Roman Catholic sisters may appear to have very peaceful faces, but I assure you to-day that if the Roman Catholic sisters were to come out of the convents, they might come out of the convents, and that they need not fear persecution, I believe that at least 80 per cent of the sisters in those convents would gladly avail themselves of the opportunity to come out and be useful women for and for their country. But remember, I do not want you to think that the Roman Catholic sisters in those convents are all bad women. They are not. Many of them are good, kind, intelligent, conscientious, pure-minded women. I say so because they believe continuously that God has called them to

life, and after they have got in
the world, they are to be
pious, chaste and obedient, they
believe in the Church of Rome, and
they leave the Roman Catholic con-
fession, they believe they have committed
the sins against the holy cause,
and they are to be pious, chaste,
and that their sins cannot be
given in this world or the world to
come. So that the confessional is the
thing that keeps the Roman Catholic
from being a Protestant.

It would be for a Sister of Charity
of St. Joseph, who goes out
from the streets, to get away from the
confession if she wanted to do so; but the
confessional is a lock and key
which possibly be used to keep the
inside of that convent.

ad been two years and three months in convent, and it was my duty to go to the convent and dust the reception-parlors. I told you a little while ago that I did some beautiful needlework in the convent. Samples of this needlework were kept in little glass cases in the reception parlors. Visitors could see them.

home and look at those articles, and if they wished to order any kind of needle-work they would leave their order with the Sister Portress, and she would bring it into the community. After four o'clock the novices would take it in turn to go and make the beds of the sisters, and then be ready for visitors the next day. It was my turn to do it this afternoon. As I entered into the room I found a little book lying upon the table. I picked up the book hastily and put it into my pocket, thinking it was the order of the sisters. I then went into the church to make my meditation, and from there I immediately went into the refectory, and had my supper. We were of course in perfect silence. As I was leaving the refectory, one of the sisters, Alice, our Mother wants you." I went in to Mother Superior, and there she had some work for me to do. We had a lot of Easter or Christmas cards that had been sent in, and it was necessary to have these cards sent to the refectory. I understood that work a great deal in the convent myself, so that those cards were given into my hands, and they had to be sent out that evening; consequently I was not able to go into the community room during the notice of the Lenten season, and to read the Lenten proverbs. There are a great many people who say that the Bible is not an inspired book, but I am here to-night to prove to you that the word of God is inspired, and that there is a reality in religion. Now, I want you to notice that I understood that work a great deal in the community room. That night when the silence bell rang I went to the church to say my Office, just the same as the other sisters, and then from there retired to my own room. I had received permission from the father superior that I should have my meditation every night. When I retired to my room I knelt down before the crucifix, and put my hand down at my side to take up my rosary beads. As I did so my hand knocked up against this book in my pocket. I took it out, this evening, and I found that it belonged to one of the sisters, and that I might find some prayer in it that would assist me. I opened the book, and as I opened it and looked into it I found that it was not a book of Catholic devotion. I turned to the back of the book, and instantly it came into my mind that this was a Protestant Bible. So with great fear

are trembling I took the Bible and
 threw it across the cell; I reached up to
 the vial of holy water, sprinkled myself
 with holy water, and blessed myself, and
 I called upon the Virgin Mary. I am all
 alone here, and I am being crucified. Now,
 there may be Roman Catholics who will
 say to you: "She need not have been so
 terrified, because we have the right to
 read the Bible if we want to do so." I
 remember Cardinal Gibbons, about three
 years ago, when the Catholic Congress
 met in Baltimore, do remember that
 Cardinal Gibbons said in Ireland said it
 as the duty of the church to make all
 America Catholic, but just before that
 Cardinal Gibbons stood up before an
 American audience and said: "I en-
 courage you Roman Catholics to read
 the Bible: I want you to buy it and read
 it." Cardinal Gibbons said that.
 Cardinal Gibbons himself. Why Cardinal
 Gibbons himself has been encouraging
 Roman Catholics to purchase the Bible.
 My friend, Rev. James O'Connor, a con-
 victed Catholic himself, who had been
 in prison in Chicago quite a number of
 years, told me himself that six months
 ago he had been in the hands of the
 police. These words he went around to the Catho-
 lic booksellers and asked them if they
 could send a greater number of Catholic
 Bibles during the past six months.
 They said no, nothing out of the usual
 quantity. "We sell very few Bibles; in
 fact so few that we do not keep more
 than a few on hand." I am sure that
 I am aware that there are only two plates
 of the Bible among Catholic booksellers
 only just two sets of plates. One book-
 seller will use those plates, and then
 the other will be sent down to another book-
 seller. One edition of 3,000 of the Catho-
 lic Bible printing in New York, and
 sent out for fifty years. He said: "There
 are no more Bibles sold." Father O'Con-
 nor said: "But Cardinal Gibbons was
 encouraging Catholics to read the Bi-
 ble." The Catholic bookseller said:
 "Yes, yes, we know that; but our Bibles

to any more than the next one. "Why was it," Cardinal Gibbons knew exactly what he was talking about, said this: "I encourage you to read the Bible, and I want you to buy the Bible." He said that so that everybody could hear him, and then he said finally, practising the doctrine of the Bible: "Yes, I encourage you to buy the Bible, to purchase the Bible. If you get permission from your confessor to do so. He understood what he was

men's sake like that granted, for the Roman Catholic Bible. Of what use is that to the Catholics? They must accept the definition given in the foot-notes of the Bible and say, "I believe in Jesus Christ was the *one* mediator between God and man," that Roman Catholics would be told that for believing in *one* mediator, his soul would go to hell for all eternity. If the Roman Catholic said, "not believe that a little wafer out of a batter of milk and water is the body and divinity of Jesus Christ I don't believe that," the rest of Rome would say, "If you believe it, then you are going to hell." The Catholics would say, "We're the Bible as we define it, and your private judgment defines it." The Bible might just as well be a book in the hands of Roman Catholics.

Now the Bible away at first. When a little less agitated I became a more curious. You know, gentlemen that women are very curious. When we had a practical illustration of how when you put up your hands to what I said in the ladies' meeting. (Laughter.) So that I became rather s, and little by little, as my fears perhaps superstition became less, I said, I like to look at the Bible, and that book. So I picked up the and opened it, and the first chapter my eyes fell upon was the 5th chapter the second book of Kings, and the chapter of the cleansing of Naaman the leper, and as I read that, these

wards. "Wash and be clean," came before me. I wondered what they meant. I went on reading that book, and read it until I was aroused to a realization of what I was doing by the sounding of the trumpet. I had been in the cloister all the morning. I had forgotten where I was; I had forgotten what I was doing and was so thoroughly interested. I rose up with great fear and trembling, wondering what I should do in this book. I had no time to carry it around with me. Glancing around, I happened to see my scissors and pin-cushion attached to a string by my side. The thought came to me, "Open your mattress and cut the string." I did so, and lay down to my morning meditation, but the only thought that was in my mind was this, "Wash and be clean," and as I walked down the cloister that day, every time that I came before my father, I thought the thought, "Oh, perhaps she will find out about the Bible." I felt guilty. I knew that I had been doing something that my church was opposed to, and all that day I walked down the cloister and went to my father's room, and I thought of his sentence. When night approached, after I had retired to our rooms again, and everything was quiet, the thought came to me, "Oh, I would like to see what there is in that book," and so with great eagerness I commenced reading it again, and for three months after that, every opportunity that I had to read that book I read it. I read it, and became thoroughly interested in it. Would you believe that I was the first to read the second commandment, and as God delivered it to Moses,

“Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath. . . . Thou shalt not bow down to them, nor serve them. . . . I had never read that commandment until I like this. The Roman Catholic Church has taken that commandment out of our catechism, and she has made out of the full complement of the commandments by dividing the tenth commandment into two portions. Why has she done this? Simply because God there in the commandment to Moses expressly forbids the making of images or bowing down before them, and if that commandment is taken out of the catechism, Rome could not conscientiously uphold the making of these images and bowing down before them.

that my faith—not my faith, but curiosity, was aroused. Then I thought I would like to see where the church of Rome got her authority for the doctrine of the immaculate conception. I looked all through the New Testament and I could not find it. Then, ignorant of the Bible as I was, I thought perhaps it might be somewhere in the Old Testament—perhaps the Lord spoke to Moses about it. I looked through the Old Testament, but I didn't find anything about it. Remember I was very ignorant of the Bible. Then this thought came to my mind: "Surely if God or if Christ had said that Mary was the mediatrix between the soul and him, I would have heard him mention something about it in their epistles." I read through the Apostles, and there was not a single word mentioned about Mary. On the other hand we find that when the jailer was in fear and trembling he fell down before Paul and Silas and said, "Sirs, what must I do to be saved?" They did not refer to Mary, but they only said, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." Now, if the doctrine of the immaculate conception had been current at that time, how comes it

Paul and Silas did not mention it to the jailer and say: "Believe on Our Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, ask our mother of God to intercede for you, confess your sins to us, and we will pardon you in the name of the Father and the Son and the Holy Spirit." There were no words of confession, not one word of merit, only the good old gospel that Jesus Christ himself preached to Nicodemus, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ." The gospel that Jesus preached to Nicodemus, they preached to the jailer.

My faith began to shake, and yet I was a teenage Roman Catholic. I loved the Mass, the sacraments, the prayers, the excuse for every doctrine. Then I read the Bible and I would look into the dogma of

transubstantiation, and I looked out and there in the 9th and 10th chapters of the Book of Hebrews, the whole content of transubstantiation is utterly denied. There it is expressly shown that transubstantiation was not a sacrament instituted by the Lord Jesus Christ. Transubstantiation is the miracle-changing of a little wafer made of a batter of flour and water into the body, soul and divinity of the Lord Jesus Christ, still under the form of wafer retaining the substance and appearance of the wafer. Never the more ridiculous a dogma may seem, a Roman Catholic had to accept it

the pain of eternal damnation. I have been in India. I have seen the Brahman kneel down before his God; I have seen the Hindoo kneel down before his God; I have seen the Mohammedan enter into the mosque and kneel down there; I have seen the Jew kneel down and worship his God; I have never seen any class of heathen bow before their God after they find him (applause). And here we find the church of Rome making a God out of a man. That God has to grow in the earth, it has to be planted there, it has to grow, it has to be fed, it has to be watered, it has to be cultivated, it has grown there and bequeathed, it is plucked, then it is sent to the millers and ground into flour. Afterwards it is kneaded by hundreds of hands, baked in the oven and sent into a God and swallowed. (A voice: I have it in my pocket.) What a God!

of these little wafers with me
Chingyu made and blessed
there are two sizes. The little
about the size of a twenty-five
cent piece. That is the wafer that is
used for the priests. The other
is his wafer it is about that size
(three inches). That is charac-
teristic of the priests. He always wants
the finest piece (laughter). If you
offer him a dollar or five dollar
note, he will take the one
in his left hand and hold the other
in his right hand for the other (laughter). He
will be content with dividing it, but
he will not take both. I
saw that there was a cat

in the Bible that the Church of Rome did not teach, and a great deal that the Church of Rome taught that I couldn't find in the Bible; and I was then debating in my mind what I should do. I thought, "The Church of Rome says the Church of Rome was a fraud. God was preparing my mind, though, for the reception of truth. One day about three months after the discovery of the Bible, Mother Superior sent for me, and she thought to herself, 'She has four children, and I don't know how to get her mind prepared for the reception of truth. When Mother Superior sent for me, I thought she surely has found out that I have got the Bible. I went into her presence. I knelted down and said, 'Mother Superior, I don't know the Bible.' She said, 'You are a Sister Magdalen Alice, the Mistress of Novices gives me very gratifying reports of you.' Oh, I thought, she hasn't found the Bible. That is the first thought that came to my mind. She said to me: 'The young girls that are going to be priests, they pass through the same time that you did have now made up their minds to take their final vows. I want to know if you have made up your mind to do the same?' She saw that I hesitated, and she said to me: 'Well, don't answer me just now. I want to know your mind at five o'clock and give me your decision. In the meantime I will excuse you from going into the community room. You can go into the church for the rest of the day.'" I was very glad to avail myself of her offer. I went into the church, and there I knew that I had found some. I would have to acknowledge to Mother Superior that I had been reading that Bible, but I was not a Protestant. I had not made up my mind to give up the Roman Catholic religion. So when I entered into the church that evening, the first thing I did was to kneel down and pray. I thought to myself, "I don't know how to pray to another—I couldn't tell you how it occurred, but I began to pray, and there for the first time consciously I omitted to pray to the Virgin Mary, and simply prayed to God through Jesus Christ (apostle)." I knelted down there, and I said, "Lord, I am a great sinner. Thank you about that, can't help me, but you, I want you to tell me what to do." I knelted down and prayed as well as I possibly could. Then when night came and when I had retired to our own rooms, when everything was quiet, I took the Bible out of its hiding place and before I went to bed I read it and I tried to train very earnestly, and then when I opened the Bible the first chapter that opened to was the 14th chapter of John's Gospel:

Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me." "I believe, O Lord, but I did not believe in Jesus Christ as a personal savior. I read until I came to the thirteenth verse: "And whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may glorify in me." I did not grasp anything in my name. I will do it." As I read these words it seemed to me to me with great force: "This is Jesus Christ telling you to ask him for anything in his name, and he will give it you." I did not grasp the words suddenly, and so I put the Bible down and said: "Oh, Lord, you have told me to ask for anything in your name. Tell me what I am to do: Lead me to the condition which I have fallen into, know all the past of my life. You know all its misery. You know all my sins, and you know my repentance also." And so I prayed very earnestly, and continued to pray, and I came to these words:

And I will pray the Father, and he will give you another comforter, that may abide with you forever; even the Spirit of truth, whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him.

And Jesus said to myself: that is just exactly what I want, the Spirit of truth, and I found myself asking the Lord the same question that he had asked him 1900 years before: Lord, what is truth? What is truth?

I picked up the Bible, after praying again, and opened it, and it was the same old story. I found I had come to Timothy, and there in the 2d chapter and the 4th and 5th I read these words:

to him will have all men to be saved, and to come unto the knowledge of the truth. For there is one God, and one Lord, Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the man of Israel.

I read those words I said: "If this is truth, there is no necessity for me to go to the Virgin Mary and ask her to come. There is no necessity to ask her to come. I will go to the Father and say to Christ for myself." But still I could be in doubt, and I could not understand what was the matter; and I thought to myself, if I do give up Roman Catholic religion, if I go out of the Church, I will have nobody to help me, and nobody to care for me. I shrank from going into the world. I had been very unhappy in it before, and I was now to go into it again. But of all these words came to me: "Whoever loveth father and mother and houses and lands, for my sake and the gospel's sake, shall in this time reap one hundredfold, and the life everlasting."

and said, yes, that is the truth, in willing to give up everything for the Lord. But I have a brother who is dear to me. He has been very dear to me ever since he was born in my life when I had a very, very experience, and a very great trouble, and when he also turned to the Lord. I felt that my heart seemed to cling to my brother because he was the only living thing that bound me to the memory of my mother. And I thought I would give him up, but my spirit warring against the flesh. I prayed again very earnestly, and the Lord to help me, then I said to myself, I will never have anybody near me. Then these words came to me: "I will never leave thee to forsake thee." Then I said: "I am willing to do everything for the Lord, but to forsake my brother, I will not." And I received an earthly brother, if by the will of God, I shall gain an eternal brother." And as if before me there was a tragedy of Calvary once more, I saw the cross between two men on the cross between two males, and saw the blood pour from the

And I saw the crown of thorns upon his brow and the spear rent in his side. I remembered the words of Jesus Christ, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." I thought of the great love that Jesus had for me when he died for me, and I thought of his glory in heaven and to come down and die upon the cross for me. I thought of the sins of my past life. I thought how I had sinned against the Lord, and I had then repented of them to a great extent, and I was as the spiritual knowledge of the Lord allowed me to see. I seemed to me as if something came and I repeated the words, "God be merciful to me a sinner," and as I repeated those words all the darkness seemed to pass away and all the burdens went, and I seemed to be a great light shining within my soul, and I thought how that light came, or how the burden passed away, but I know one thing, that from the time that that voice spoke to my heart to the present time, I have always been conscious of the presence of the Lord in my soul. I threw myself right down and I prostrated upon the floor of that cell, and I cried out in my joy that I had found the Lord.

Jesus Christ. But before that I was so weak and so cowardly that I was only longing for the courage to come when I might have been so comfortable. I was a mother and I sell both of my great joy, and before ten o'clock the next morning I carried into the oratory; and, remember, dear friends, I was in that convent helpless, with the Mother Superior and the nuns and the priests, but oh, there was no more joy, no more comfort. I was given a new courage that had been given to me, and so with the Bible in my hand I entered into her presence, and I held her book up and said: "Mother Superior, I am no longer a Roman Catholic" (great applause). She said, "What do you mean? You are a Roman Catholic." I said, "I am no longer a Roman Catholic." That book tells me that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." She said: "What is this book?" She took it out of my hand, and when she saw what it was she blessed herself, she said, "I have been a Roman Catholic all my life and everybody else to help her just as I had done [laughter]. She said, "Where did you get that dreadful book?" And then I told her and how long I had had it. She asked me if I had given the book to any of the sisters, and I said no, I had kept it to myself. She said, "The turned round and spoke to me; she threatened me, she coaxed me and said to me, "Don't you think that this is only a temptation?" I said, "No, Mother Superior, it is not." At last she said, "You had better go into the church and I will send for Father to help you." She said, "I will send for Sister Magdalen Alfco, to ask Our Lady to help you." I looked at the title page of Mother Superior and said, "No, Mother Superior, I will go to the church; I will go into the confessional, but I have said the last prayer I said in my life." That was the end of it (great applause). And thank God I have kept my promise from that day to this. When I went into the confessional, Father Doyle was there. Father Doyle says, "What's this you've been up to?" [laughter]. I said, "I have been reading the Bible." He said, "What's that?" I said, "I told him." He said, "What did you read in it?" I began telling what I had read in it, and I said, "Father, why didn't you tell me that the Bible says there is only one mediator between God and man?"

to me, he said, "I'm laughing." And I began to laugh and in quoting the Bible to him and in a little while I found out that I knew more of the Bible than the other Father did himself (laughter). I was just as well acquainted, I think, with the Bible as he was with the best of his friends (laughter and applause). Then he began talking to me again and he says, "Sure, it is the devil we've got into ye" (great laughter). He said, "No, it is not, Father." He said, "No, yes, you have," and he talked to me a little more. Then he said, "Get out of the room, you have done a good deed come back again until you've got the devil out of you." I said, "All right, I'll go," and I went, and I have never been back since (laughter and applause). He told only say to poor old Father Doyle, "The devil hasn't got out of me yet." He said, "You're outside of professional box; I went to the door of the church, and two of the black vell were there waiting for me. They took me into a very dark room. I went into that room and sat there for some time. I was waiting for some one, the Roman Catholic priest, to come to see me—Father Doyle and Father Hayes and Father Gillan, and I don't tell you how many more. I have to keep on for another half hour repeating their names, and I don't know if I shall finally announce to me just about that time. I came to me and they talked to me, but never answered them in my own words but I answered them from the heart," and he said, "You are very good, and I am glad to hear of it." And do you know why it was that

the Bible so well? Simply because I was studying it I was led under the guidance of God's Spirit. Remember there was no one to tell me, though many a time I would have helped me if they had been present to do so, but it was my own conviction. He knew my reason, and I just characterized it as my friends' mistakes. "Mrs. Shepherd charged me to tell you that I was not for herself, or she will never be. That is just me. A person come and tell me that a man or woman is a hypocrite, and I would not believe it. I do not the whole world are against this I see it for myself (again). Why do I do this? Simply for conscience: I have gone through the sea of doubt, and I know that I am not for me to judge anybody. I have weighed, calculated and driven things that I otherwise never have done except through persecution so I suspect my judgment is sound. I have seen much evidence. Remember, friends, sometimes it is through our being able to believe evil of an individual we drive them away from society and from God. Rather let us study to hold out the hand of friendship and to win them back again."

instead of crushing them under the
heels of persecution and calumny.

So I had learned the Bible, and do you know that that is the reason that I am so thoroughly acquainted with God's word to-day. If you could have seen that old Bible, where it was marked with my pencil, chapter after chapter, verse after verse, and how it seemed as if the very words themselves were written in tablets on my brain, so that they could never go away.

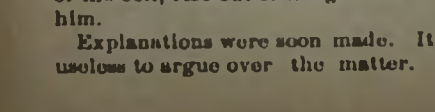
Now, they talked to me a great deal. My aunt came to see me, my brother came to see me, but I didn't care anything at all about that. I wanted to get away from that convent; I wanted to be away from it altogether, away from all the people that were in it. So I said to them, "I insist upon going out of this convent." Remember, dear friends, that I had not taken the final vows. Therefore the bishop of the diocese could not keep me. He dare not have kept me. If I had taken the black veil and the final vows, then I would have been a nun, but as it was, I had not taken the final vows, and so I was a novice and they could not keep me in the convent.

And again, I suppose they thought Alice Well, let her go out and we will persecute her so that she will be glad to get back again into the convent; and I really believed so until the Mother Superior would have looked into the future and realized that I would have stood upon the rostrum in the United States of America warning the people against the aggressions of the Church of Rome, instead of letting me out of that convent. With that I had to go home. But God was there, and he had work for me to do, and he was preparing me for it. That was the education. After talking to me a very great deal, she said: "Well, you can go out of the convent, but you go out without a cent, and with nothing but a good name." That last conversation that I had with Mother Superior, when she said that to me, she standing in the parlor and I by her side. She knew what difficulty I would have. She knew what persecution I would have. She knew what it meant to go out of the convent without a friend, without a home, a penny in my pocket. If she had had the love of the Lord Jesus Christ in her heart, if she had had any sort of womanliness in her heart, she never would have done it, but she would have put me in charge of somebody outside of the convent. But you know the Church of Rome has no mercy and no sympathy for anybody that leaves it. So they turned me right out of the convent, gave me a wretched apology for a dress, five or four shillings in my pocket, an awful pair of boots, and run down in the street to get a new pair of boots. And she said, "You can go now." They thought that I had a great deal of pride, and perhaps it would be an awful thing to turn me out like that. I went out, and I shall never forget the sensation that I came to me as I stood on the door of the convent, where the Mother Superior says I am able to dress nicely before that. I can't see my face for nearly three years then. We have got no look-alikes in the convent (laughter). The looking-glass that we have is the professional (laughter). So I went out, where on the street I met a man who is very nervous. It seemed to me a terrible thing that I should have to go in the world by myself, and as I said, so nervous and fearful and I thought snaps, after all, I had made a mistake.

[illegible]

was persecuted by Roman priests. Nay, so far did the action go that one Roman Catholic accused me of forging his name to obtain when the cause came on in the process of Lord Chief Coleridge and pleaded my own deed and acquitted by the jury (praise).

to suffer. Nobody will ever was to tell me to-night what of persecution and of hunger in the streets of London, I simply be surprised. Times I almost would have gone and myself into the Thames if it had not that there were some who kept me from doing it. I was in the day and I was perverse night. The most infamous hold about me by the Roman priests. No matter where I went my friends I had to make to this invincible power would I would lose all my friends. I was almost driven to despair. I didn't know what to do. I was a woman without a friend, and as I said before, there when I was hungry. I know to walk the streets of London knowing where I should lay my night, and without having a pocket. Not that I could not (continued on third page.)



was at once recognized by those who knew him. He has controlled on several occasions, so that he was fully identified. This fact the members of the entire club

Kalaninuiabillapapa is the name of the pretty little heir apparent to the Hawaiian throne.

Chicago, Ill.