

# **JUDY STEPS OUT**

## ***An Escape From Purgatory***

By

R. E. FINNEY, Jr.

### **FOREWORD**

This is a true story in its main features, just as Cam and Judy told it to me during several interviews. At first they did not know that they were telling it to me to be written in a book, but when I asked their permission to make use of it they willingly agreed, hoping that their experience might be helpful to others.

Their search for truth was carried out just as described. Nearly all of the Scripture references used were taken from the red notebook which Cam had compiled during the hours Judy and he had spent in study. He very graciously allowed me to copy all his references to use in making this story available to you.

THE AUTHOR.

## **Contents**

Page

I. GOOD-BYE AND HELLO	11
II. A VISION OF RED HAIR	15
III. CUPID MAKES A CHRISTMAS CALL	21
IV. SEARCHING FOR LIGHT	27
V. LOST IN THE WORD	33
VI. JUDY BREAKS THEIR AGREEMENT-	39
VII. THE CHURCH SPEAKS	45
VIII. A FUTILE SEARCH	51
IX. CAM AND JUDY FIND AN ANSWER	56
X. JUDY VISITS HER PARENTS	62
XI. JUDY MAKES A PROMISE—AND BREAKS IT	68
XII. MATTERS REACH A CRISIS	75
XIII. FATHER BRIEN TRIES AGAIN	81
XIV. CONCLUSIVE EVIDENCE	87
XV. ESCAPE—FROM PURGATORY	93

## CHAPTER ONE

### Good-bye and Hello

CAMERON LEA—Doctor Cameron Lea it would be someday he hoped—thrust his hands deep into his trousers pockets in exasperation. "Hitler would have to pull something like this, just as I'm getting into the groove here in school. I knew Chamberlain was making a monkey of himself and a donkey of all the rest of us with all that rot at Munich. Why—why can't Hitler and the rest of his gang settle down and be contented without trying to run the whole world? I'd like to—to—!" And Cameron Lea pulled at the embryo moustache adorning his upper lip, his black eyes snapping.

"Easy now, Laddie, e-easy. If you could handle Hitler all by yourself I reckon you'd do it and all of us'd be happy, but you can't and there's no use blowing a fuse over it." This from Malcolm McDonough, lean, sandy-haired roommate of Lea's. Never excited, Mac was the correct antidote for Cam's volatile nature. He never hurried and never worried and no one could fluster him.

"But Mac," Cam's voice almost squeaked as emotion still gripped him, "but Mac, look what it's going to do to us fellows; the army and all that. We'll have to go—all of us. Dad would disown any son of his who failed to answer the colours. I've seen it coming, and in spite of telling myself that it wouldn't happen, I've known all along what I'd do. And for that matter, I'll wager that you have too."

"Yes, suppose I have." Mac looked over the top of the newspaper that carried the bold black headlines that startled all of Canada with the news that again Germany was on the march for the second time in three decades; that again her borders had been crossed by her own troops bent on invasion and conquest. "But," Mac continued, still unruffled and apparently at ease, "there's no use in getting all worked up about it this evening. Let's wait and see what we ought to do. Maybe, after all, the government would just as soon have us finish our medical course if we want to. Looks as though there are going to be plenty of doctors needed—at least if it's anything like the last time."

"Sure, 'Let's wait and see—let's wait and see,' you haggis-eating Scotsman." But Cam dropped into a chair and grinned in spite of himself, relaxing. "Oh, I know you're right, but I do wish we could have grown up and got through school without quite so many 'alarums and excursions' off stage."

Yes, the war drums were beating in Europe again. It was autumn, and nothing more serious than exams, football, and hockey should have been troubling the minds of the medical students at Old Queens. And for a time it seemed as though Mac had been right—more right than he knew about waiting to see, for all that winter the armies in Europe seemed stalemated and people began to talk about the "sitzkrieg," and even London relaxed a bit and debated if this were not going to be a rather quiet war after all—as it there ever had been such a thing.

"Come on, fellows, time to relax," exclaimed Cam one early spring evening as he closed the big "Gray's Anatomy," which he had been earnestly poring over, with a bang that would have startled anyone less phlegmatic than Mac. In response

Mac looked up from his studying, slowly closed his book, stretched a bit, and pulled himself to his feet.

"O.K., Little Man, let's go."

The boys in the particular boarding house to which Cam and Mac belonged had long before inaugurated a custom to which every one of them adhered with almost religious regard. At 10:30 each weekday evening they gathered in the parlour of the rambling mansion which they called home, to listen to a programme of murder mysteries on the radio. When this ritual had been started it is doubtful if any of them could tell. However, for most of them it was seldom interrupted—even cramming for exams did not often interfere with it.

So it was that very shortly the old parlour was filled with its regular circle of medical students; some sitting on the comfortable Chesterfield, some in the easy chairs scattered about the spacious room, and a circle of them sitting on the floor immediately in front of the radio—Mac always accused Cam of trying to get one ear inside the grill that covered the loudspeaker. The lights were snapped off—a regular part of the ritual—and the programme began.

The evening's play was the usual sort of thing. The body had been discovered, clues pointed to practically all the principals, and the master detective was hot on the trail. Suddenly in the middle of a word, the programme stopped and a different voice broke in.

"We interrupt our regularly scheduled broadcast to bring you a special news bulletin. Word has just been received via London short-wave radio that at approximately four o'clock this morning the German Army invaded Holland by land and air. Panzer divisions are already well inside the frontier and are racing across the flat fields toward the interior, breaking the way for the infantry which is rapidly following. Ground movements are being covered by an immense umbrella of fighter planes, and Stuka dive bombers are accompanying the panzers to soften resistance on the ground. Several important air fields are reportedly already in the hands of German paratroopers who struck almost at the precise instant of the land invasion. Disquieting reports of fifth column activity about the airports of the larger cities have been received. Further reports will be brought you as dispatches are received. Keep your radio tuned to this station for later bulletins."

Immediately the big room was in an uproar. The mystery play was resumed, but no one listened to it, and presently someone turned the volume control, leaving just enough so that further news bulletins could be intercepted. Again the academic routine of the Queens medical students was disrupted by thoughts of war.

And, as the whole world knows now, war had begun in dead earnest. Holland was quickly overrun. Norway and Denmark were forced to bow to the Nazi might. Belgium was subjugated and the battle for France was begun as the whole world hung with bated breath upon the news of the hour.

Mac and Cameron Lea no longer wondered what to do. They applied for immediate enlistment. At the end of the year their medical course was speeded up, and in 1943 they both formally joined the Canadian Army—still medical men, and

still under special training for the job the government desperately needed them to do.

Months flew by, and it was the spring of 1944. Graduation time had come for Cameron Lea and Malcolm MacDonough, and a bit of sorrow too along with the happiness of getting through with classes, for they were to be separated for their internships. Mac was to go east, and Cam was westward bound to one of the large hospitals of the west-coast ports.

"Well—so long, Mac."

"So long, Cam. Take it easy."

There was much that each of them had intended to say to the other, but somehow now neither of them could think how to say it. After all, the years they had roomed together perhaps made anything more unnecessary. And besides, there were lumps in their throats that made talking difficult. Good-bye these days might mean forever—there were other students who had gone and would never come back.

So, there was just a quick hard handclasp, and with a wave of the hand Cameron Lea swung himself aboard the train that was to take him west, glad that the parting was over.

Cam lay on the narrow bed in his room at the end of his first day at St. Patrick's hospital, reviewing the day's experiences. "Pretty good looking bunch of chaps," he said to himself of the ten interns of whom he found himself one. "I'm glad to be here—a good big hospital—should learn a lot." Fatigue won a brief struggle with Cam's will power, and he was asleep.

## **CHAPTER TWO**

### **A Vision of Red Hair**

HAVE a slice of ham—do," urged Cameron Lea as he handed a platter of fragrant slices across the table to the young Catholic intern facing him. "Can it, Lea. I'll take some halibut, though, if you don't mind."

It was Friday again. In fact a number of Fridays had come and gone at St. Patrick's, and the ten interns had begun to get well acquainted. Well acquainted enough, indeed, so that Cam, who loved to tease, had begun to quietly persecute the Catholic interns. Just why he did so it is doubtful if he himself knew. Perhaps it was because the huge Catholic hospital made him feel that he was a part of a small minority group and that he had to assert himself. He was not alone in his campaign, moreover, for several of the other Protestant boys enthusiastically joined him. That is, with the exception of two who had taken their medical training somewhere down in California. They were quiet lads who mostly went their own way. They said little but were well trained, and very much in earnest about making good at St. Patrick's.

Cam passed the halibut with a sly smile and noticed with satisfaction that the receiver was slightly red about the ears. "Is it a venial sin or a mortal sin to eat meat on Fridays, I wonder?" he said aloud to himself, as a final barb to be left

rankling in the mind of his victim. With that he applied himself to his plate, and the meal was allowed to go on in peace.

There were other issues that arose in the minds of the Protestant interns between themselves and their Catholic companions. Certain of these had to do with their work as budding physicians, but in spite of them the general atmosphere continued to be one of mutual tolerance. There was a more or less constant interchange of jibes at one another, but these were seldom intended to really hurt.

It was not long, however, before Cameron Lea—Doctor Cameron Lea, as he was always called now—noticed that the two students from California did not join in the verbal sniping that went on between the rest of the Protestant and Catholic interns. Perhaps this was because, as Cam began to notice, they themselves exhibited certain peculiarities of conduct.

They didn't smoke. It didn't take Lea long to find out, for he was a chain smoker himself and often offered a cigarette to one of the boys before he thought. Later he did it just as he offered meat to the Catholic boys on Friday. Some of their other peculiarities he was longer in finding out.

Sometimes the whole group would stage a pitched battle, verbally. During these encounters emotions sometimes ran high and considerable heat was generated. Questions and challenges flew thick and fast, but the two boys from California never took an offensive part. If questions were asked, they answered their questioners readily and there let the matter rest. Eventually, they became a source of some wonderment to Cam, who naturally found it difficult to understand anyone who did not love a scrap.

Perhaps it was because of his curiosity that Cam took to dropping around, rather frequently, to the room which Dave and Gus, the two aforementioned verbal noncombatants, shared. He found them to be more than ordinarily friendly, and during off periods in the evening the three spent much time in discussing medicine, the differences in the training they had received in their respective colleges and matters pertaining to love and life in general, as young men are prone to do. Occasionally religion entered into these discussions. Generally the subject was brought up by Cam, who would voice his irritation at something that had ruffled him about the conduct of the Catholic hospital in which they found themselves.

There was always a Bible, generally two of them, on the table in the room that the two shared, and they looked well worn. On one particular occasion as Cam was chatting with Dave and Gus, he noticed, accompanying the two Bibles on the table, a thick, heavy-looking book handsomely bound in red and gold.

"What's this," he said, idly picking it up and turning it over in his hands, "another of your Yankee medical textbooks?"

"Why, no," answered Dave, a short, stocky, dark-haired lad, the more quick spoken of the roommates, "it's a sort of religious history. Very interesting, too, I think. I've just been looking up a reference in it."

"Hm—plenty of it, I'd say," mused Cam, turning it this way and that and allowing it to fall open at an occasional page. "Does look rather interesting."

"Take it along and read it, if you like," Gus suggested, without betraying his satisfaction that the book had caught the attention of their visitor.

"The Great Controversy Between Christ and Satan," Cam read aloud from the title page. "Yes, I believe I'll give it a look, if you don't mind. I'm on nights now, and I might as well be reading something worth while. Might do me some good—who knows? Well, be seeing you," and Cam left Dave and Gus, with the thick red book under his arm.

One reads rapidly and well by the time he gets through a modern course in a medical college, and the size and weight of the book he had borrowed from Gus did not perturb Cam in the least. So it was that before the first night's duty was over he had found enough time to burrow deep into the opening chapters.

The early part of the book was a history of the dawn of the Protestant Reformation with some discussion of the corrupt conditions then prevailing in some quarters within the Catholic Church. As he read, Cam became more and more interested in this angle of the book.

"Ha!" he said to himself. "Wait till I get a chance to tell my fine fish-eating Catholic friends about some of this stuff. Just wait!"

Perhaps it was because of this attitude of mind, or perhaps it was because Cam's own religious welfare never troubled him, that the message of the book did not impress him other than in an occasional academic sense. Cam had grown up in the United Church of Canada, and his parents were as strict as the Scots can be about things of a religious nature. His salvation, therefore, had never troubled him; he had taken it for granted along with his early membership in the church of his parents.

At any rate the two boys from California were disappointed if they had hoped that the reading of the book would work any transformation in the life of Cameron Lea.

He returned the book after a couple of weeks, merely remarking that he had enjoyed it and thought it well written and worth while. Dave and Gus probed no deeper than that into Cam's opinion of what he had read. They had long before learned that it is not always wise to press the issue in things religious. Besides, they quite naturally felt themselves apart in this great hospital, ran and dominated by a group of an alien religion, and they were, as a consequence, more than usually timid about advancing their religious views.

"Well, he said he enjoyed it, anyway." This from Dave, as he voiced their mutual disappointment that nothing more had been forthcoming from the usually volatile Cam.

"Yes. It's a start. After all, we had no right to expect much more. If he's honest, there'll be a way yet to get him interested." Gus was always quietly optimistic about everything. Just now he was more optimistic than usual, for it was only a matter of weeks until he was to be married to a sweet-faced nurse whose picture adorned his study table, and who was to come up from California in the very near future. Looking at the portrait on the table, it was impossible for Gus to take a gloomy view of any part of the future just now. Dave, too, had a pretty

definite heart interest, and he and Gus agreed that life for young M.D.'s was pretty wonderful, and viewed the future—even though it was wartime—with confidence. Just how cataclysmic and disruptive love can be, neither of them could have told Cam at that moment—even if he had asked them.

As for Cam, if he had had any very serious thought about the book he had just read, it would doubtless have been shattered into fragments anyway; for it was the very next day that it happened.

"It" or rather she, came into the picture just as Cam with another of his intern friends was leaving the door to the surgery to go across the areaway for lunch. They met her, a bright spot of colour in the gloomy hallway, just inside the door. Cam had a recollection of a heart-shaped face surrounding big greenish-blue eyes, a small trim figure, and the whole ensemble topped off by a fetching hair-do composed of hair of a vividly red hue.

"Z-z-z! Did you see what I saw?" This from Cam.

"Not bad—not bad at all. Wonder where she came from?"

"Where she's going is what I'm interested in. Well, I declare I thought sure the sun was shining for a moment." Cam grinned as he ducked his head and began to run to get in out of the steady rain that was spattering the areaway.

Nor was Cam's first impression an illusion, as he discovered to his profound satisfaction the next day, when he found the red hair atop a queenly bearing clad in a nurse's uniform. "Now I know why some patients never want to get well," he murmured to himself as he hastily tried to think of some excuse for speaking to the vision.

He was too slow, however, and she was around a corner of the hall before he found his usually too-ready tongue.

This situation was not allowed to continue. She had to eat, he told himself, and making full use of his license as an intern, he penetrated the nurses' dining hall, and there he found his quarry.

Doctor Cameron Lea himself was worth a second look from the feminine viewpoint, and more than one R.N. and nurse aid had sighed a bit inwardly at sight of his crisp wavy hair, his snapping black eyes, and his trim military bearing. It may well be supposed that the ever glamorous officer's uniform that he wore contributed to the over-all effect.

Be that as it may, it was not hard for Cam to find a way to an introduction to the object of his fancy, whose name he found was Judy. From the introduction it was only a step to a proposal of an evening of dancing, which was accepted; although if Judy were afflicted by any palpitation of the heart, no one could have told it.

## **CHAPTER THREE**

### **Cupid Makes a Christmas Call**

Even if the association of Cameron Lea, M.D., and Judy had begun as the result of love at first sight which it did not—Cam would have been disappointed if he had expected an easy conquest. No girl with the attributes that Judy possessed could have attained her years without knowing that she attracted the attention of those of the opposite sex. Therefore, Cam's early attentions were not particularly novel in her experience. Furthermore, she was a levelheaded girl with an independent habit of thought.

As we have already noticed, too, Cameron himself knew what it was to attract the attention of ladies, and was more than a little sure of himself in this respect. Neither of the couple, then, was inclined to be precipitate about the matter of their association.

And so they dined and danced and played together for several months without realizing that strand by strand Cupid was weaving his oft-used net about them.

"It's a dirty shame, Judy, but the chief of staff says I must be on duty—and when he says I must, that settles it, I guess." stated Cam just before Christmas. Cam and Judy, both far from home, had planned for several weeks that they would celebrate Christmas Eve and Christmas Day together. They would save all their presents and Christmas cards until they could open them together.

"Oh, Cam! Isn't that exasperating. And you've been working so hard too. You never gold-brick like some of the other fellows do. It isn't fair! It just isn't! Well, I suppose that's what you get for being a doctor and that's what we should have expected."

If Judy thought to herself, "And that's just what a doctor's wife will have to expect, too," we wouldn't know. Besides, she had often promised herself that if she ever married, she'd not marry a doctor. Well, maybe not.

"We'll do it the way we planned, anyway," Judy resumed after the first moment's disappointment. "We'll show 'em. We'll just pretend it's not Christmas until the day after. You are sure of having Thursday night off, at least."

"No, Judy! It's of no use to wait. You just forget our plans." Cam secretly hoped that she would not accept this invitation.

"I should say not! If you have to work, the least I can do is to wait for you. I can go out with some of the girls Christmas Eve. But for my real celebration, I've been counting on this. And besides, there's no one else—I mean—well, anyway, I'm going to wait, and that's all there is to it." And Judy's big gray-green eyes looked like two special Christmas-tree ornaments as Cam looked down into them.

"Judy, you're a brick. I know it's too much to ask, but if you're willing, why, I won't mind working Christmas Eve and Christmas night at all."

Three nights later Cam caught his breath in sheer delight when he opened the door into the small living room that Judy and the other nurses in her wing of



the big dormitory shared in common. There was a crackling fire in the fireplace, there was a miniature tree, exquisitely decorated—and there, more radiant than the fire, more exquisite than the tree, was Judy!

"Just like Queen Titania out of *Midsummer Night's Dream*," said Cam to himself, and his heart gave an extra quick beat.

Whether it was because Judy knew how hard Cam had worked, or because she just liked to appear at her best as any other girl, or because Cam meant something just a bit special to her, she had taken extra pains with her appearance this night.

She was wearing a special pale green, very feminine dress—a new one that Cam had never seen before. It was a storybook sort of thing—that's about all Cam could say in describing it to himself later—but it did make her look like a miniature queen. Her colourful hair was like burnished copper in the firelight. And her eyes had a starry quality that was partly youth and good health, partly Christmas excitement, and partly that light that comes to the eyes of every woman who knows that she is admired and loved—even when she has not admitted it to herself.

"Come in, Doctor Lea," she said demurely, lowering her long lashes in mock deference. She did not rise, but waited for him to come to her, beside the fire.

"Judy, this is—I mean you are absolutely gorgeous! This is really worth waiting for," and Cam crossed the room and took both her hands in his. "Really, it's lovely of you to do all this, just for me."

"I think it's worth it, Cam. And thank you. Do you really think I look nice—"

"Don't be silly." Cam's smile brought the dimple in one cheek that would never let him look as professional and dignified as he wished to appear. "Well, let's be about the business of the evening. We've all these presents to open, you know." And Cam sat down on the floor, just across the hearth, where he could look full into Judy's excited face.

The presents had been opened and there had been talk about home and their respective families. Sometime during the evening Cam had found himself on Judy's side of the fire and they were sitting side by side on the floor like two small children, very close together.

"Y'know, Judy, I've just been thinking— This seems a lot like home to me. Just you and I here, and the fire," and Cam looked tenderly down at Judy's piquant face.

"Ssh, Cam." Judy laid a soft finger across Cam's lips.

"Better be careful what you're saying. Don't let Christmas carry you away."

"It's not Christmas that's wrecking my judgment. It's Judy!" Cameron suddenly became aggressive. "Look at me, Judy! Tell me, if you dare, that it's Christmas that's made you different too, during the last few days, and more than ever to-night." Cam took her gently by the hands again and turned her toward him.

Well, even Solomon himself said that one of the things that he could not understand was the way of a man with a maid. So who am I that I should try to tell

you all that happened beside the fireplace that night, which was the night after Christmas—although Judy and Cam always said afterward that it seemed just like Christmas Eve to them.

"Well, Cameron Lea, you've certainly got yourself into a jam this time." Cam was home in bed. It was late, or early, as you please to view the matter, but he was still wide awake. The night had brought too much excitement, too much happiness, for him yet to be sleepy.

"So she's a Catholic. Yes, yes, I know. And I have always been told at home that Protestant and Catholic marriages just don't turn out happily. Matter of fact, I believe it, too. Am I a Protestant? Yes, guess I am; I certainly don't believe I'd make a good Catholic, ever. Even for Judy, bless her! What's to do then? I wish I knew. I really wish I knew!" So went the thoughts of Cameron Lea as he thought of himself and Judy. Deliriously happy, he was still greatly troubled about the whole situation. If one can be said to be happy and in trouble at the same time, that was exactly Cam's situation.

"Oh, if he were just a good Catholic boy. Why couldn't I have fallen in love with someone who was?" Judy's cheeks still burned with the impact of the offensive against the citadel of her heart that Cam had made that night; but she, like Cam, was happier than she ever before had been in her life, in spite of her perplexity.

Even the winter sun was not far from making his belated appearance when Judy in the nurses' quarters and Cam in his bachelor's rooms finally fell asleep.

Three nights later they met again. This was to be a meeting when they would lay aside romance and seriously talk over the things that had been troubling both of them. May we not be pardoned if we are a trifle skeptical of their success in keeping out so adroit a porch climber as Cupid?

"Surely, Judy, a girl with your intelligence and training should be broad-minded enough not to stay by the religion of your parents just because it is their religion."

"I am not a Catholic because mother and father are. I am a Catholic because I believe what the church teaches, and I believe that the Catholic Church is the only true church. It seems to me that anyone as broad-minded as you, and with as much training as you have had, would be willing to find out what the real beliefs of Catholics are, and if you did you might become one." Judy delivered herself of this with considerable dignity.

"Me—Cameron Lea—a Catholic? Not so you could notice it. Why, Catholics are too narrow-minded, too bound down by the opinions of the priest, too—Oh, I'm sorry, Judy—I—I just didn't think for a minute. I'm really sorry."

Judy was sitting very straight in her chair, and two bright spots of colour came and went in her cheeks.

"Yes, Cam, you're sorry. I guess you are. But you do feel that way about us Catholics. And it's just because you don't know—that's the reason the whole world looks at us in that way. And it isn't fair! And if you don't like me as a Catholic, you can just not like me—so there!"

"Look, Judy, I'd like you if you were a Mohammedan—no, I mean I'd love you. But I guess I'm just as Protestant as you are Catholic, and I just can't see myself a Catholic. I can't help that, can I?" Cam was not without considerable will of his own, and just now, realizing that he had been momentarily stupid, he was on the defensive. "You don't have to get stuffy about it, do you?" he concluded a bit lamely.

"I'm not being stuffy, Cameron, but I don't like being insulted because of my religion. No other man I've met has ever even mentioned such a thing. I—I think you'd better go—now."

Somehow, he never could remember just how he suddenly found himself outside the door of the nurses' parlour and heard himself saying in an injured tone, "But, Judy, just a min—" as he heard the latch click with a definite and conclusive sound.

"Say, I'll not stand for that," Cam knocked imperatively on the door. "Judy—Judy!" But all he heard was the fading sound of feminine heels clicking on polished hardwood as Judy strode decisively down the hall on the opposite side of the parlour, toward her room. Two big tears were splashing down her cheeks already, the vanguard of many to follow when she reached the seclusion of her room, but that he could not know.

## **CHAPTER FOUR**

### **Searching for Light**

"WHEW! I certainly opened my big mouth and put my foot in it that time," remarked Cameron Lea to himself, as he sat dejectedly on the edge of his bed and thought of the interview so abruptly concluded when he had essayed to talk religion with Judy. "Well, at least no one can ever say that Judy doesn't have a mind of her own! I'm not sure about myself, though. If I have a mind, I certainly didn't use it that time."

Ruefully analyzing the situation in which he found himself, Cameron Lea very soon came to the wise conclusion that the painful interview just terminated was real proof of what he had felt all along. Had the prophet Amos appeared before him and queried, "Can two walk together, except they be agreed?" Cameron would certainly have known the answer. No, surely, two people could not be really happy together unless they agreed upon religion, the foundation of any permanent home.

Cam was nobody's fool. His trained and analytical mind dissected the question that plagued him until he had exhausted all the possibilities and finally arrived at a conclusion.

"After all," he asked himself, "am I really a Protestant? Do I really know what I believe? If Judy should pin me down on some theological point, just where would I be?" Cam had a sneaking suspicion that Judy knew more about Catholicism than he did about Protestantism. At least she practised it more, he had to admit to himself.

Consequently it was with considerable humility that Cam presented himself at Judy's door, on his next night off. Whether it was this humble attitude, or the big box of dewfresh roses that he had sent ahead as a peace offering, or the fact that Judy had been so cruelly afraid that he might not come back at all, that caused her to be so forgiving, Cam neither knew nor cared. Suffice it to say that his approach to his problem—their problem—was exceedingly cautious.

"Judy, you know this 'religion' business we were talking about the other evening? I surely was a chump about the whole thing. Now, I think we ought to approach the whole question calmly and reasonably. I don't know exactly why I'm a Protestant—I admit it—and I admit that I could be wrong. I'm willing to investigate and find out.

"Now you feel that you do know why you are a Catholic, but have you ever really studied the matter to answer all the questions for yourself?"

"No, Cam, of course I haven't. I'm sorry I got so worked up about it. I was stuffy, too." Judy's contrition was sweet to behold.

Here we pause while Cupid again interrupts.

"So let's study together and find out why you're a Catholic and I'm a Protestant. What d'you say?" said Cam, after this brief interlude.

"I think it's a good idea. But who'll teach us?"

"If we're going to find out for ourselves, then we don't need anyone to teach us. Almost anyone we got would be prejudiced in one way or another. I'm certain that if I got one of our ministers he could not help having a bias on the subject."

"That's right," admitted Judy. "And I know the same thing would be true of any of the priests," she added honestly. Judy was mentally honest and forthright, and that, as Cam told himself many times, was just another reason why he loved her.

It was thus that the two decided to try to solve their religious differences for themselves. Furthermore, they agreed to use no books other than the Bible and a concordance. Since Judy had always been taught that it was a dangerous thing for a Catholic to use a "Protestant" Bible, they agreed to use the Douay, or Catholic-approved, Version. Cam immediately purchased a good one at a nearby church-goods house.

"I've heard Father Brien say that it is impossible for a layman to find the truth from the Bible for himself. What do you think about that, Cam? Do you think it is a dangerous thing to do" Judy wriggled excitedly in her place by the fire as she looked at the new Bible on the low table before them. Never before in her life had she studied the Bible; to her this seemed a very daring thing that sire was about to do.

"Nonsense, Judy!" Cam caught himself. "I mean, after all we decided that we'd let the Good Book speak for itself, didn't we? All right, let's stick to it and give it a fair trial. If it seems bad or dangerous to you then, you can always quit, can't you?"

"Surely, Cam. Well, where shall we start?"

"Why not start right where we are in our discussion? Let's see if we can find out if the Bible is a safe guide. H'm, now how do we go about it—'teach,' 'show' 'demonstrate,' 'reveal'—that's it, 'reveal.' I'm sure that word is in the Bible. Let me see the concordance. 'P,q,r,' yes, here it is 'reveal,' I Corinthians 2:9, 10. Find it, Judy."

Judy took the thick black book in her hands and let it fall open. "What did you say the reference was?" she asked. "Oh, Corinthians." She busied herself leafing here and there for a few moments.

"I might as well confess, Cam, that I haven't the slightest notion where to look. Here, you find it."

"To tell you the truth, I'll probably have a hard time to find some of the books myself," Cam rejoined. "If my Sunday-school teacher hadn't bribed us fellows into learning the books of the Bible when I was a little shaver I wouldn't know as much as I do now. First and Second Corinthians are what are called 'epistles,' and all of the epistles are found in the New Testament—see?" Cam, rather proud of himself, found the place. "Now, please read it."

"But, as it is written: that eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man, what things God hath prepared for them that love Him. But to us God hath revealed them, by His Spirit. For the Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God.' That doesn't seem to help us much, does it?"

"I'm not so sure about that," answered Cam. "Look here, 'But to us God hath revealed them....' This says that God speaks to us, by His Spirit. At least that indicates that it is not necessary for us to be taught by a minister or a priest."

"That's right, Cam," breathed Judy admiringly.

"Beginner's luck, I suppose," Cam confessed. "Where do we go from here? Doesn't seem to be anything else along this line. I'll look for the word 'Bible.' No, it isn't in the concordance. What does the Bible call itself, anyway? Let me think. Yes, I've heard preachers call the Bible the Word of God. 'Word,' here it is. Try this one, Judy, I Peter 1:23-25."

"Is that another one of those—those what-do-you-call-its?" "Yes, that's another epistle."

Judy's slim fingers busied themselves with the Bible. "Oh, here it is— 'Being born again not of corruptible seed, but incorruptible, by the Word of God who liveth and remaineth for ever. For all flesh is as grass; and all the glory thereof as the flower of grass. The grass is withered, and the flower thereof is fallen away. But the Word of the Lord endureth for ever. And this is the Word which by the gospel hath been preached unto you.' Say, that's rather pretty, isn't it—like poetry. What does 'Being born again' mean, Cam?"

"Means being converted, Judy. This is a good reference. Look, it says that we are converted—born again—by 'the Word of God who liveth and remaineth for ever.' And then a little farther on. 'The Word of the Lord endureth for ever.' If people are converted by the Bible, that means that it is a safe guide for them, doesn't it?"

"That's right. Now what do we read next?"

"Let me think a minute, 'Scriptures,' yes, that is another word that the Bible uses for itself, I believe. Sure enough, here it is—the reference is St. Luke 24:27."

Judy read, "And beginning at Moses and all the prophets, He expounded to them in all the Scriptures, the things that were concerning Him."

"That is another good text, too. I remember what it is about, from Sunday school. It is telling about the time when Jesus had been resurrected and with two of the disciples was on His way to a place called Emmaus. They were not permitted of God to recognize Him, and in the words of this text He is trying to explain that their Master was really the Christ, even though they had just about lost faith in Him after His crucifixion. And, you see, He was using the Scriptures to prove that He actually was what He claimed to be."

"If Jesus used the Scriptures to prove things, then it certainly should be all right for us to do the same thing, shouldn't it, Cam?" said Judy.

"That's exactly what I'm driving at. But say, I believe, come to think of it, that I did not see whether there were any more references to 'word.' Let's give a look. Sure, here's another—several of them. There are three in Psalm 119.

That's Psalm 118 in the Catholic Bible, Judy. Psalms is in the Old Testament. Just about in the middle of the Bible. Read verses nine and eleven."

"I know about the Psalms. I had to learn some of them in school. The Sisters made me do it." Judy giggled. "I'm afraid it was uphill work for them. Here it is, 'By what doth a young man correct his way? by observing Thy words.' Did you say verse eleven, too? 'Thy words have I hid in my heart, that I may not sin against Thee.' "

"Here's one more, Judy. The one hundred and fifth verse."

"'Thy Word is a lamp to my feet, and a light to my paths.' These are the plainest yet, aren't they, Cam?"

"Yes, Judy, and I'm surprised to find such plain statements in the Bible. It is really easier to understand than I imagined. At least it has been to-night. There's one more reference on 'scripture,' though. I wanted to find out if I had skipped any on 'word' before I went back to it. See if you can find 2 Timothy 3:16,17."

Judy's mind was as quick as Cam's and she did not have to be told the second time where to find many references. Furthermore, it was only a matter of a few days until she had secretly memorized all the books of the Bible, with the Apocryphal books included, since she did not know that they are not a part of the Sacred Canon. She had the reference in a moment.

"All scripture, inspired of God, is profitable to teach, to reprove, to correct, to instruct in justice, that the man of God may be perfect, furnished to every good work. "

"That's the best one yet!" Cam exclaimed. 'All scripture is profitable.' That ought to settle the matter for us, hadn't it?"

"Yes, Cam, I really believe it should. Why, I never dreamed that the Bible could answer questions as it has this evening. It's almost as though one of the saints were speaking to us," Judy breathed.

"It's been fun, hasn't it?" Cam answered heartily. "And I believe that if we keep on we may really find out where we are."

"I think so, too. And now you'd better go, 'cause I have to be on duty at seven in the morning. Good night, Cam."

"Good night, Judy." Cam waved affectionately from the courtyard walk as Judy's elfin face peered in farewell at him from the parlour door.

## **CHAPTER FIVE**

### **Lost in the Word**

I JUST wonder what would be the best thing to study next with Judy," mused Cam to himself, the day following the first study of the Bible he and Judy had had together.

Cameron Lea had always been a purposeful young man who made a practice of getting what he wanted. Just now he knew definitely what he wanted—that was Judy. The only catch in the situation was that this time he did not know just how to go about getting it, or her.

"Say, Gus," Cam addressed himself to his fellow intern, as Gus stopped near the table where Cam was eating a lone and hasty meal. "Say, Gus, sit down here, will you? Now, what would you say is the most vulnerable point in the theology of these Catholics, anyway? I know you read the Bible, and you certainly are not a Catholic."

"I don't know that I can answer your question, Cameron. At least I don't know what would be the most vulnerable point. But, I do know what is one of the key points of their doctrine—one of the points that binds Catholics to the church most closely, at least." Gus wondered what had inspired this sudden interest in theology on Cam's part, but wisely refrained from asking questions.

"You do? What is it? That's exactly what I want to know—at least it is one of the things I want to know."

"Why, I think it is their doctrine about the dead, purgatory, hell, and all that, don't you?" Gus rejoined soberly.

"I don't know. I was asking you. What makes you think that?"

"Well, the doctrine of purgatory and prayers for the souls of the dead certainly ties them to the church, doesn't it? You think it over yourself." Gus could have added a great deal more had he felt it prudent to do so. He had learned, however, that it is often better to tell less than a person wants to know than to overload an inquirer.

"Thanks, Gus. I'll do it," and Cam abruptly began eating his interrupted meal as Gus hurried on to an appointment in the pediatrics clinic.

"Wonder how much he knows about it all," Cam mused to himself as he bolted his pie. "Well, he wouldn't have to know much to be ahead of me. I suppose I might as well try that as any other tack."

"Judy, I think I have a good suggestion on the subject of to-night's study." Cam had just entered the familiar nurses' parlour two nights after the first study they had had together. He found Judy eager to get on with the task they had assigned themselves.

"What do you think we should read about?" she smiled inquiringly.

"Some things I've always wondered about, personally," Cam said diplomatically. "Heaven and hell and purgatory. What happens to a man's soul when he dies, and all that."

"Oh my, that seems so gloomy, doesn't it, Cam? Still, I'd like to know what the Bible has to say about those things myself. I know when grandma died mamma had ever and ever so many masses said for her so that she would get out of purgatory right away; although I can't imagine why she would ever go there in the first place, she was such a good old soul." Judy looked sober indeed, as she thought of the possibility of her grandmother having suffered any kind of punishment.

"Well, then, let's find out about it," Cam rejoined cheerily. "Perk up, little girl, we aren't dead yet—in fact I feel as if I had just begun to live." Cam's dimple showed in a manner that made it very hard for Judy to think of serious things.

"Do you know where to start?"

"Yes, I believe I do, maybe. I've been thinking about it, and I took a peek or two into the concordance."

"Naturally, I suppose, you started with the word 'dead,' " said Judy, as the fire began to throw out a cheery warmth.

"Yes, I did. And I don't mind telling you that the first text I looked up really stopped me cold. Just what it means I can't make out. Of course I've always known that when a person dies the soul goes right on living. I've always heard preachers say that it goes either to heaven or to hell. So this text just must need explaining."

"Well, what is it, anyway? I'm perishing with anticipation," and Judy poised a pink finger above the edge of the Douay Bible she held in her eager hands.

"O. K., read Ecclesiastes 9:5 and 6."

"For the living know that they shall die; but the dead know nothing more, neither have they a reward any more: for the memory of them is forgotten. Their love also, and their hatred, and their envy are all perished, neither have they any part in this world, and in the work that is done under the sun.' Whew! I'll say it needs some explaining. Why—why—that would do away with purgatory too. wouldn't it? Well, we certainly know that it can't mean what it says—you know that." Judy's face was really serious now.

"Right, Judy. I imagine we've just run into one of those seeming contradictions that you find in any book occasionally. I'm sure that when we get the other texts together we will see where this one fits in all right. Let's try Psalm 115: 17."



Here Judy had a little difficulty, for the numbers of the chapters in the Douay Bible are different from those given in the Authorized Version, for which Cam's concordance was designed. She finally found the text in Psalm 113:17.

"The dead shall not praise Thee, O Lord: nor any of them that go down to hell."

"I'm not sure that that helps us any—at least the first part," mused Cam.

"Well," rejoined Judy, "you wouldn't expect people in hell to praise the Lord, would you?"

"Am I dumb!" exclaimed Cam. "Of course that explains it. But I still don't see just what that other verse means. It'll ravel itself out, though, if we keep on. Here, try Psalm 143:3."

"M-M, let me see. Oh, here it is in Psalm 142. 'For the enemy hath persecuted my soul: he hath brought down my life to the earth. He hath made me to dwell in darkness as those that have been dead of old.' "

"That's not very conclusive, either, is it? In fact it leans the wrong way just like the first one we read. 'He hath made me to dwell in darkness as those that have been dead of old.' Might be hell, but it couldn't mean heaven. And the trouble is, Judy, it just says 'dead' and not the bad dead or the good dead."

"Come to think about it, Cam, the other text said, 'The dead shall not praise Thee,'" added Judy, still disturbed.

Well, let's try another one—let's look at this one in the New Testament, Acts 2:29 and 34."

'Ye men, brethren, let me freely speak to you of the patriarch David; that he died, and was buried; and his sepulchre is with us to this present day.... For David ascended not into heaven; but he himself said: The Lord said to my Lord, sit Thou on My right hand....' "

"What do you know about that!" cried Cam, almost exasperated. "This gets worse instead of better. 'David ascended not into heaven.' Look, Judy, wasn't David a good man in his old age?"

"Why, I always thought so, although I don't know a whole lot about it."

"Well, he was. I know he was. And if he was a good man, why wouldn't he have gone to heaven when he died? I'd like to know where I could find out. Do you realize that every text we have found yet indicates that the dead don't go anywhere—and that's preposterous."

"Well, Cam," answered Judy in soothing tones, "let's tackle it from some other angle. Isn't there some other word we can think of to look up that will give us the other side of the picture?"

"Maybe so. Let's see—dead—soul—immortal—that's it. Immortal, every Christian believes that we are immortal. Let's see what the Bible has to say about that. Yes, here it is 'immortality.' Look up 1 Timothy 6:15,16."

"Here it is: 'Which in His times He shall show who is the Blessed and only Mighty, the King of kings, and Lord of lords; who only hath immortality, and

inhabiteth light inaccessible, whom no man hath seen, nor can see: to whom be honour and empire everlasting. Amen."

"Right in the solar plexus again!" exclaimed Cam. "Did you hear that? It says Christ—that's who it is talking about, no doubt about that—it says that He is the only one who has immortality. Say, am I dreaming all this, or did I dream that I have always been told that we had immortal souls?"

"I've always been dreaming, too, if you have, Cam. I'm sure I don't know what to make of it. But let's not give up. There must be some more texts about immortality, aren't there?"

"Not as many as you might think, Lady. But look up this one: Romans 2:7."

"To them indeed, who according to patience in good work, seek glory and honour and incorruption, eternal life.' That doesn't have 'immortality' in it. Oh, I see. 'Incorruption' must be the word that the Douay Bible uses."

"That's right, but it doesn't say that we have immortality. It says that some people—good people, I suppose—seek for it. We still are not much better off then, are we?"

"No, it's true. If people had immortality, naturally, they wouldn't have to seek it. Do you find any more?"

"Yes. Read I Corinthians 15:53, 54, please."

Judy found the text, with some difficulty, but with no help, and began, "For this corruptible must put on incorruption; and this mortal must put on immortality. And when this mortal hath put on immortality, then shad come to pass the saying that is written: Death is swallowed up in victory.' "

"That is just what we got through reading about, isn't it? 'Must put on immortality.' You don't put it on if you have it on already, do you? Here, Judy, let me look at the Bible a minute." Cam searched the page earnestly. "Say—look at this: 'In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trumpet: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall rise again incorruptible: and we shall be changed. For this corruptible must put on incorruption; and this mortal must put on immortality.' Verses 52, 53. This actually says that we put on immortality only at the end of the world, for that is when the last trumpet shall sound. I tell you, Judy, I never heard anything like this before!"

"I'm sure I never did, Cam, for you know I've never studied the Bible before. All I know is what the Sisters taught me in school and what I've heard the Fathers say. It's all very bewildering to me." And Judy drew her feet up under her and looked like a small girl whose arithmetic problems had refused to come out right.

"I'm beginning to wonder if we are smart enough to figure this out by ourselves. Last time we studied, everything went so well that I thought this was going to be easy, but tonight—. Let's quit for this evening. My head's in a whirl. Every text we've looked up has been just the opposite of what I always thought the Bible taught," Cam concluded dejectedly.

"Yes, I think we should. But I don't think we ought to give up too easily. Maybe if we rest our minds we will be able to think it through more clearly. After

all, we know that these texts can't mean that people just stop—stop everything when they die."

Right, Judy." Cam had lots of bounce, and not a little self-confidence, and he smiled down at Judy now. "We've just got to find out what is right, haven't we, Judy?"

## CHAPTER SIX

### *Judy Breaks Their Agreement*

"SAY, I'm going to have to hurry—Cam will be here any minute now, if he has not been delayed," Judy admonished herself as she brushed her flowing hair to a coppery sheen before doing it into what Cam called an "up-do." She sat before a large mirror in the room she shared with another of the nurses, a smile playing around her lips as she thought of Cam's imminent arrival,

"Oh, dear. I wonder if we'll have any better luck to-night finding what the Bible says about things," she mused as her face sobered momentarily. "I think I have an idea that will help, though. I wish Cam had left the concordance with me. Maybe I could have found out some things by myself."

It must not be thought by our readers for a moment that Judy spent all her time thinking about theological problems. She was twenty and in love, seriously, for the first time, and Cameron Lea, the object of her affections, was just as much in love as she. Judy knew she had never before been so supremely happy, and it was impossible for her to keep her mind on serious things all the time. Still, her being in love had a very direct bearing on problems of theology, for she, a Catholic, had made up her mind that she could not—absolutely could not—ever marry a Protestant, and Cam was a Protestant.

"Why couldn't I have fallen in love with a good Catholic boy?" Judy asked herself more than once, at the same time knowing that one doesn't always find it possible to regulate the process.

"Oh, there goes the bell," Judy exclaimed. She gave her hair a last critical look in the mirror and darted for the stairway.

"Will, Cam, do you still feel optimistic about our search?" she asked anxiously when they were once more seated before the open fire.

"To tell you the honest truth, Judy, I haven't had time to think of it. This flu epidemic we've been having in the city has kept every one of us on the jump. Sonic of the cases have gone into pneumonia, and in spite of sulfa and penicillin we have had a tough time with them. But I am optimistic. We've just got to find out the truth, so that we can agree on this—haven't we, Judy?" and Cam laid a gentle hand on Judy's.

"Surely, Cam. You do look tired, you poor dear. Maybe we'd better not try to study to-night."

"Oh, yes,—I'm O.K. It's just being on the go that gets a fellow fagged a hit. It'll be good to get my mind away from pneumonia cases for a while."

"Well then, Cam, I've been thinking about our difficulty and I wonder if we weren't following the wrong line, maybe. We were just looking up 'immortality and immortal,' you know. I wonder if we shouldn't try finding out what the Bible says about the soul. We know the soul cannot die, after all, and the Bible must say so somewhere."

"A good idea. Let's get going. 'Soul.' Here's a reference in Psalm 89:48," said Cam, consulting the concordance.

"This must be it in Psalm 88:49, in the Douay Bible. Who is the man that shall live, and not see death: that shall deliver his soul from the hand of hell? Well, that sounds more like what we have been expecting, doesn't it, Cam? "

"Yes, and what a relief. You see, that tells us that when a man dies, if he has not lived a good life he goes to hell. That's what I have always heard people say. Now let's try Ezekiel 18:27."

..'And when the wicked turneth himself away from his wickedness, which he hath wrought, and doeth judgment, and justice: he shall save his soul alive.' "

"That harmonizes pretty well, doesn't it? If a wicked man turns good he saves his soul, certainly. I wonder just what it means by saving 'He shall save his soul alive,' when we know that a soul cannot die?"

"Probably just a figure of speech," hazarded Judy. "What else do you find there?"

"Here's another reference to 'soul' in Genesis 2:7."

"Genesis 2:7—'And the Lord God formed man of the slime of the earth: and breathed into his face the breath of life, and man became a living soul.' That's the story of the creation of Adam, isn't it?"

"Yes, Judy. But you know, the wording of that is a bit strange. 'Man became a living soul,' it says. Now that's funny, isn't it?"

"Why, what do you mean, Cam?" questioned Judy.

"Well, probably nothing, but I wonder why it doesn't say that God breathed a soul into Adam. Instead, it says He breathed the breath of life into him and he became a living soul. Sounds almost as if it means that a person and a 'soul' are the same thing. Try Proverbs 25:25, please."

"'As cold water to a thirsty soul, so is good tidings from a far country.' What do you get out of that, Cam?"

"Only that it ties right in with the one in Genesis. Souls like I've always heard about wouldn't get thirsty. They're just sort of—of—like an invisible butterfly that goes out of a person when he dies—a vapourlike essence or something. That sort of thing wouldn't get thirsty. But Genesis 2:7 said that Adam was a soul, and this text in Proverbs said that souls get thirsty. I guess we still are in a fog, Judy. Well, you might as well read Ezekiel 18:4. I'm prepared to hear anything but what I've expected."

"Behold all souls are Mine: as the soul of the father, so also the soul of the son is Mine: the soul that sinneth, the same shall die.' Cam, did you hear what it

said—did you?" Judy cried in amazement. "It says that a soul can die. I just don't believe the Bible can be understood, do you?"

"I'm beginning to wish it couldn't," answered Cam grimly. "My trouble seems to be that it is too plain; or at least that it too plainly contradicts what I expect it to say. But, after all, we agreed to find out what it says, didn't we? Well, let's get on with it. Read Revelation 16:3, please."

"Oh, dear, I'm almost afraid to. 'And the second angel poured out his vial upon the sea, and there came blood as it were of a dead man; and every living soul died in the sea.' "

"How many people live in the sea, Judy? That text is talking about the fish and all the sea creatures—and it calls them souls, for it says that they are going to die." Cameron Lea sat back in the easy chair with a resigned expression on his face.

"I'll have to confess, Judy, that I felt pretty superior when we started this search. I thought, because I had studied the Bible a little bit in Sunday school, that I knew a lot more about it than you did. But now I am wondering if I know anything about it."

"Well, Cam," answered Judy, "I know that I don't know anything about the Bible, only I supposed that what I've always heard about these things was true. They must be true, after all, or so many people wouldn't believe them."

"M-m-m. I wouldn't be too sure about that. Popular opinion can be awfully far from the truth. We find that out in studying medicine, you know. Let's stop for a little bit and think back over what we have found so far.

"First of all—let me look in my notebook a bit," and Cam flipped open a red-covered notebook in which he had been carefully tabulating the texts as they had found them.

"The first thing we found was that apparently when people die they don't know anything afterward. 'The dead know nothing more,' it says, and 'The dead shall not praise Thee,' and 'David ascended not into heaven.' "

"Yes," interrupted Judy, "and what did we find out about immortality?"

"Simply that the Bible doesn't say anything about people having it. It says that Christ 'only bath immortality,' and that men seek it. It says that people are going to 'put it on,' but there's not one word about anyone having it now."

"And then, to-night," continued Judy, "we find that people are souls, that souls are capable of being thirsty, and souls that we thought to be immortal, can die! Cam, we surely are in a muddle, aren't we?"

"You're absolutely right, Judy girl. And do you know what I'm going to do? I'm going to stop right now, and not look up another single text until I have time to think this out when I'm not so dog-tired. Really, I don't know when I have had such a hard time trying to see through anything. Reminds me of the way I used to get stuck on chemistry problems, when I read the instructions wrong and expected to get a reaction that couldn't be got with the substances that I was working with."

"Cam, do you think that that could be the trouble with us now? I mean, do you think that we are trying to make the Bible prove something that we have in our minds, rather than what it really teaches?"

"Well, maybe—no, Judy, surely we can't be entirely wrong about all this. I just can't believe it."

"Let's don't try, then, to-night," said Judy brightly, and patted Cam's hand. "I think what you need is about ten hours of good solid sleep." And with that, she soon bade Cam good night, as he reluctantly agreed that maybe he was tired after all.

It was the very next day that Judy broke her agreement with Cam. Not that she meant to at all, it just happened almost without her knowing what she was doing. It was about temperature-taking time on the floor and Judy was scurrying along the hall with a sheaf of chart-sheets in one hand and a bottle of alcohol and a thermometer in the other, when, rounding a corner, she almost bumped into Father Brien.

"Oh, sorry, Father," she laughed, thinking how embarrassed she would have been if there had actually been a collision.

"How are you, my child—your velocity would hardly make it profitable for anyone to collide with you," answered the genial priest, smiling broadly. Judy in a crisp nurse's uniform merited a smile from anyone.

"Father Brien—" It slipped out so suddenly that she didn't realize what she was doing until it was done. "Do you believe in the immortality of the soul?"

"Do I what?" queried the surprised priest.

"Do you believe in the immortality of the soul? I mean, do you believe that when we die our souls go to a reward of some kind—heaven—or—or? You see, I'm sort of in a mix-up about it, and I wondered what you think. Forgive me, if I shouldn't have asked."

"Most certainly I do—I mean I believe in immortality. After all, that's the teaching of the Church." Father Brien sobered. "If you really are troubled about the possibility of anything else, I'll be glad to give you some instruction on the matter," he added kindly.

"I—I—oh, no." Judy thought suddenly of her agreement to let the Bible speak for itself, "I'm afraid you're too busy. I really shouldn't take up your time with such things."

"Not at all, not at all. It will be a pleasure—and it is a part of my duty to instruct. Come to my office to-morrow afternoon at three o'clock. I shall tell Sister Theresa to let you off duty at that time," and still smiling, Father Brien went on about his duties as Judy stood desperately trying to think of some reason why she should not keep the appointment. It was of no use, though, for years of obedience could not be denied, and three o'clock the next afternoon found her timidly entering the priest's office.

## CHAPTER SEVEN

### The Church Speaks

GOOD AFTERNOON, my child," Father Brien smiled benignantly as Judy entered his office as he had bid den her to do the day before, after she had questioned him about the immortality of the soul. Just why she had questioned the priest on this point was a thing she had asked herself at least a hundred times during the intervening hours. So it was with considerable trepidation that she seated herself.

"How in the world did a slip of a girl like you get interested in so deep a subject as the immortality of the soul?" queried Father Brien, seeking to put his caller at ease.

He could not have chosen a worse question, for it was one that Judy had dreaded. Immediately she could feel the colour mounting in her cheeks.

"I—I—that is, you see. Well—," her voice trailed off weakly. "You see, it's this way, I've been reading the Bible, and there are some texts—"

"You've been reading the Bible! Most amazing. And pray what did you find?" Father Brien's blue eyes were wide with surprise and perplexity.

"Well, I found a number of texts that I just couldn't understand. They do not seem to teach that we are immortal, although of course I have always known that we are—or that our souls are." Judy was regaining her poise, and secretly congratulating herself that she had escaped a bad situation. Rapidly she told him of some of the texts that she and Cam had looked up together in their previous Bible studies.

"I see. Well, it should not be hard for us to set your mind at rest. Let me think a moment. Here—this is a book called A Manual of Theology for the Laity, by the Reverend Peter Geiermann, and the book is stamped with the imprimatur of Archbishop Farley. Listen to what it says here on pages 93, 94, 95: 'Created spirits, whether angels or human souls, are said to be naturally immortal, because they are simple or indivisible substances, or beings... The mind of man can discover many reasons why the soul should exist forever. Revelation, however, tells us absolutely and emphatically that it is God's wish that the soul exist forever, It is, besides, a historic fact, frequently repeated and verified, that souls have made their existence known after they have left the body. Reason asserts that the soul, as the nobler part of man, should not end its existence with the corruption of the body. There is, besides, a lurking desire, inborn in every human heart, to live forever. . . It must, then, be true, as St. Augustine says: "Thou hast created me, O God, and my heart will never be at rest until it rests in Thee." Man's soul must be immortal. . . Hence the anxious heart heaves a sigh of relief when it learns from the first chapter in the Bible that man is made "to the image and likeness of God." An image is a true representation. A likeness reflects the properties of the original. Man, therefore, is a true, though inadequate, representation of God and reflects His perfections.... The soul of man, the image and likeness of God, is, therefore, also a spirit that, by God's will, must exist forever.' " Father Brien leaned back in his chair with a triumphant smile. "Now you see that the soul is immortal. The

Church says so, as this book proves. I shouldn't bother a bit more about it, if I were you."

"Oh, I'm so glad to know," Judy exclaimed. The priest's pontifical attitude and the fact that what he had read was from an approved book made what she heard sound very logical and authoritative, and besides, she was still rather breathless from her narrow escape of a few moments before. "I wonder if I could buy a book like that?"

"You won't need to buy one; you may read this one and bring it back to me when you have finished with it," answered the priest, more than a little pleased that Judy showed such interest.

"Well, Father," asked Judy, growing a bit bolder, "if the soul is immortal, then it is true that there is a purgatory, isn't it? Could you show me something about purgatory, too?"

"Why certainly. There's no question about purgatory. Why else would we pray for the souls of the dead? Listen to this, from another book. This is an Advanced Catechism by the Reverend Thomas J. O'Brien. On page 213 I read: 'Purgatory is the state in which those suffer for a time who die guilty of venial sins, or without having satisfied for the punishment due to their sins. How do we know there is a Purgatory? We know there is a Purgatory from the constant teaching of the Church, and from Scripture. Can the faithful on earth help the souls in Purgatory? The faithful on earth can help the souls in Purgatory by their prayers, fasts, alms-deeds; by indulgences, and by having Masses said for them. "It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead that they may be loosed from their sins." 2 Machabees 12:46."

"Why, that's wonderful, isn't it, Father? And it even quotes from the Bible, too, doesn't it?" breathed Judy.

"Yes, although I should warn you that you must not depend too much on the Bible, unless it be interpreted by the holy Catholic Church. However, if it's Bible you want, I will give you a few more texts.

"In St. Matthew 12:31, 32 we read, 'Therefore I say to you: Every sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven men, but the blasphemy of the Spirit shall not be forgiven. And whosoever shall speak a word against the Son of man, it shall be forgiven him: but he that shall speak against the Holy Ghost, it shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world, nor in the world to come.' You see, in the reference to 'the world to come,' we have a definite allusion to purgatory, for no sins will be forgiven in hell, and there will be no sin in heaven, of course.

"Another reference is found in the first epistle to the Corinthians, chapter 3, verses 13 and 14. 'Every man's work shall be manifest; for the day of the Lord shall declare it, because it shall be revealed in fire; and the fire shall try every man's work, of what sort it is. If any man's work abide, which he hath built thereupon, he shall receive a reward.' Here, you see, is a reference to the purifying process of purgatory. Definitely."

"Just a moment." Father Brien held up a restraining hand as Judy's lips parted and she began to speak. "Let me read the clearest of all the texts on the



subject. 'Because Christ also died once for our sins, the just for the unjust: that He might offer us to God, being put to death indeed in the flesh, but enlivened in the Spirit. In which also coming He preached to those spirits that were in prison.' I Peter 3:18, 19. Now it seems to me, that should be enough to convince any reasonable person of the reality of the immortality of the soul, as well as the existence of purgatory and the necessity of prayers for the dead. I hope, Judy, that you have not neglected to pray while all these strange ideas have been going through your mind."

"Oh, no, Father." Just what Judy had been praying about of late she would not have liked to reveal. "Oh, no! And you have given me so much help. It all seems so plain and simple when you explain it. I—I think you are right; I guess I shouldn't try to understand the Bible by myself. Did you say I could read both of these books?"

"Yes, certainly. I'm really glad to have you read them. And then I'd advise you to put such gloomy ideas out of your pretty head. You are too young to bother with such things overmuch," and Father Brien rose in farewell.

"Thank you. Thank you very much, Father. I'll be going now, and not take any more of your time. Good-bye, Father Brien."

Father Brien watched Judy's trim figure disappear down the hall. "Now there's a fine girl, a good wife for some young man," he mused to himself. "And a good Catholic girl, too." Smiling to himself, he closed the door.

What the good priest might have thought if he had known just what young man intended to make Judy his wife, we cannot tell.

Judy was back on duty until five-thirty that afternoon, but, work over, she made her way forthwith to her room and presently was curled up in a chair curiously thumbing through the two books she had got in the afternoon's visit.

"I wonder just what Cam is going to say when I show him these? We agreed not to use any other books, nor to go to anyone for help. Well—I really didn't mean to say a thing to Father Brien about it—it just slipped out without my knowing it." Judy puckered her smooth brow and began reading the Manual of Theology.

The next night was Cam's night to come to see her again, and she awaited the meeting eagerly, because she loved Cam, and because she was sure this time that she had the solution to their problem. So it was with keen anticipation that she ushered him into the familiar living room when the time came. She had not "dressed up" for the meeting, having been delayed on duty, but had merely slipped into a soft street dress of greenish blue that set off her beautiful colouring perfectly.

"Hail to the Royal Canadian Air Force," she laughed as Cam came jauntily in, took off his overseas cap and bowed low. For some months now Cam's group had been taking basic military training during part of their time, and when not in the hospital on actual duty they wore their well fitted air-force uniforms. Cam had always walked with the ramrod straightness of many shorter-than-average men, and his trim figure, his crispy curling dark hair and his piercing black eyes in the blue-grey of the air-force dress caused many a heart throb among the nurses. Judy

was not at all insensible to the ensemble either, and although she rather enjoyed the envy of her sister nurses, she tried not to betray her pride to Cam.

"Cam, I've got a confession to make," she said when they were both seated before the open fire. Her hands lay folded in her lap and her eyes were downcast. She teases the picture of penitence, and indeed she was not feigning, for she really felt that she had wronged Cam in going to Father Brien.

"What have you been doing now, little girl?" Cam banteringly asked, very sure that he could not be cross at anything so lovely a creature could have done.

"Well—you see—I've broken our agreement. To-day I went to see Father Brien about our Bible studies."

"You did what?" Cam sat bolt upright in his chair in surprise. "And what in the world did you go and do that for?"

## CHAPTER EIGHT

### A Futile Search

FOR a moment Cam was indignant and was on the point of scolding Judy—Then he was struck with an even more serious thought. If Judy had told Father Brien that she was keeping company with him, a Protestant, what had been the priest's reaction, he wondered. It would surely not be favourable, he hazarded to himself.

"Judy girl, I thought we had agreed—"

"Now, just a minute, Cam. Let me explain." Rapidly Judy told of her chance meeting with Father Brien in the hall, and how, without her thinking, the question that they had been thinking about so much, had just popped out. "So he told me to come see him yesterday, and of course I had to go. But he never did find out why I was studying the Bible," and Judy giggled as she remembered the narrow escape she had had under the priest's questioning.

"And, Cam," she continued, "I really did get some help, too. In fact I think it's all clear in my mind now, and I believe that it will be in yours, too, when you hear what he told me, and what it says in these books. See, here is one of them: A Manual of Theology for the Laity, and it has some very good material on the immortality of the soul."

"Well—." Cam was interested in spite of the fact it was a Catholic book. He had been considerably disturbed by what they had read in their last two studies and felt quite baffled that everything they found seemed to be against their previous ideas regarding the subject of immortality. "All right, let's hear what it says. We don't have to believe it, after all."

Judy drew a long breath and began; "This begins on page ninety-three: 'Created spirits, whether angels or human souls, are said to be naturally immortal, because they are simple or indivisible substances, or beings—' "

"What does he mean by that?" interrupted Cam. "I didn't know that a spirit was a 'substance.' Does he quote any proof—Scripture or other reference?"

"No, Cam, but there is some Bible in it farther along. It says here that 'It is, besides, a historic fact, frequently repeated and verified, that souls have made their existence known after they have left the body.' "

"Does he give any footnotes on that—documentation or the like?" Cam asked eagerly. He was not seeking to defeat the argument, merely looking for proof. Long hours spent in the laboratory during his medical training had taught him always to look for verification for the most obvious facts.

"No—I don't see any. Yes, here is something a bit farther that sounds authoritative. 'It must, then, be true, as St. Augustine says: "Thou hast created me, O God, and my heart will never be at rest until it rests in Thee." Man's soul must be immortal.... Hence the anxious heart heaves a sigh of relief when it learns from the first chapter in the Bible that man is made "to the image and likeness of God." An image is a true representation. A likeness reflects the properties of the original.' "

Judy paused a moment to see what Cam thought of this.

"What St. Augustine says doesn't matter on this subject. He was not one of the authors of the Bible, but one of the early church fathers, if I remember correctly. There is a bit of Scripture there, though. Let's find it and see just what it means. I imagine that it is from the first part of Genesis. Here, let me see that Bible a minute."

Cam was right, and soon found the verse. "It's here in Genesis 1:27. 'And God created man to His own image: to the image of God He created him: male and female He created them.'"

"That doesn't tell so very much about it, does it, Cam?" Judy was indeed an honest-minded young woman, and without the overawing presence of the priest, her mind was much freer to work. "An image is not like the original. It is a likeness, but there may be a number of dissimilarities. I don't see that it necessarily follows that man is immortal because God is."

"That's good reasoning, Judy. And, say, we did find that God is immortal—in fact one text said that only God is immortal. (I Timothy 6:15, 16.) Well, can even God—or would He—make a living being that He could not control and stop if He wished? If a man is unconditionally immortal, then God has created something that He cannot control. No, I don't believe that this text actually proves anything about immortality at all."

"Neither do I, Cam," mused Judy soberly. "Oh my, I thought I really had something but I guess I didn't after all."

"Don't feel bad about it, Judy. It's not easy to analyze an argument in an ordinary conversation. Is that all he gave you?"

"Oh, no. You see, I asked him about purgatory too. I thought I might as well get it all straight while I was at it. Let me see what I have here on that."

Judy looked through the notes that she had thoughtfully written down after her interview with Father Brien.

"Well, here is the other book he lent me. It is an *Advanced Catechism*, by the Reverend Thomas J. O'Brien, and the reference says, 'Purgatory is the state in which those suffer for a time who die guilty of venial sins, or without having

satisfied for the punishment due to their sins. How do we know there is a Purgatory? We know there is a Purgatory from the constant teaching of the Church, and from Scripture. Can the faithful on earth help the souls in Purgatory? The faithful on earth can help the souls in Purgatory by their prayers, fasts, almsdeeds; by indulgences. and by having Masses said for them, "It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead that they may be loosed from their sins." 2 Machabees 12:46.' There! That has Scripture in it," Judy concluded, somewhat relieved to find a bit of proof in her reading.

"Well, it's a good thing it has," said Cam. "That first part doesn't mean much, so far as I am concerned. 'We know there is a Purgatory from the constant teaching of the Church.' That's no logic at all. 'It is so because I have always said it is so'—that's all that amounts to. But that scripture—read it again, will you?"

Judy dutifully read the quotation once more.

"What did you say that reference was? Second Machabees? M m—never heard of it." Cam leafed through the Douay Version of the Bible that they had been using. "Well, sure enough, here it is right in front of the New Testament. What do you know about that? I never learned that one when I learned the books of the Bible in Sunday school" Cam looked indeed puzzled.

"Say—wait a minute—I know what this is," he continued suddenly. "I have heard somewhere, or read, about some books that are like the books of the Bible that are called Apocryphal books. But I don't think they are really a part of the Bible at all. Let me look at this a bit. This note at the top of the first chapter just about tells the story. Listen: 'As to their authority, though they are not received by the Jews, saith St. Augustine. . . . they are received by the Church, who in settling her canon of the Scriptures, chose rather to be directed by the tradition she had received from the apostles of Christ, than by that of the scribes and Pharisees. And as the Church has declared these two Books canonical, even in two general councils, viz., Florence and Trent, there can be no doubt of their authenticity.' "

Cam scanned the words again to himself. "Well, here we are again. The Church decided that these books were to be part of the Bible. Wonder when the Council of Trent and the Council of Florence were, anyway? Say, I know where I can find out—the library. Let's go look."

In the hospital building there was maintained a small library with some reference books and a liberal sprinkling of Catholic books among them, of course. It did not take these two searchers long to find what they were looking for.

"Council of Trent 1545-63; Council of Florence 1439," Cam whispered to Judy. "Let's go back to the parlour."

"Just what I thought. It took the Church a long time to make up its mind that the Apocryphal books were a part of the Bible. And the whole authority of the Apocryphal books rests on the decision of the Church which was not reached until 1439 at the earliest. No. Not for me. Those books are not part of the Bible. So there goes the argument for purgatory so far as that reference is concerned."

"Dear me," said Judy. "It's all very disappointing, isn't it? But Father Brien gave me some more Bible references himself—and—and I'm quite sure they are in the Bible. Yes, here's one in St. Matthew 12:31, 32. Read it, Cam."

Cameron read, "'Therefore I say to you: Every sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven men, but the blasphemy of the Spirit shall not be forgiven. And whosoever shall speak a word against the Son of man it shall be forgiven him, but he that shall speak against the Holy Ghost, it shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world, nor in the world to come.' "

"Yes, I remember it now," Judy broke in. "Father Brien pointed out that where it says, 'It shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world, nor in the world to come,' it shows that there must be a purgatory in the world to come where sins can be forgiven. He said that of course no sins will be forgiven in hell, and there won't be any sins in heaven to be forgiven." Judy looked a bit triumphant, feeling that she really had an argument here.

"That's the best argument I've heard yet, even though it is only by inference that anything is proved. It would really take more than that in the face of all the texts we found on the other side, wouldn't it?"

"And here's another one, Cam," Judy broke in again. "1 Corinthians 3:13, 14. Read it please."

"Every man's work shall be manifest; for the day of the Lord shall declare it, because it shall be revealed in fire; and the fire shall try every man's work, of what sort it is. If any man's work abide, which he hath built thereupon, he shall receive a reward.' I don't see so much to that," Cam declared. "It is talking about our work; not us. I suppose that if there is a judgment, our work will be shown up for what it actually is then. It doesn't say anything about a man being tried by fire—merely his work."

"I have one more here. Father Brien said it was the best of all of them. It is 1 Peter 3:18, 19. Read, please."

"'Because Christ also died once for our sins, the just for the unjust: that He might offer us to God, being put to death indeed in the flesh, but enlivened in the Spirit, in which also coming He preached to those spirits that were in prison.'"

"See there," said Judy, "it says that Christ preached to the spirits in prison. So if the dead are unconscious and don't know anything, He couldn't preach to them, could He?"

"No, that's plain enough. This text really sounds as though it might give us something after all. Let me look at it —just at this juncture the big grandfather's clock in the corner started to strike eleven o'clock.

"I'm sorry, Cam, but I've got to be on nursery duty tomorrow morning at six; and I'm practically dead for sleep. Can't we wait until next time to study about it?"

"Sure, Judy," Cam's voice was tender. "I forget that you work just as hard as I do. I'll get along like a good fellow."

## CHAPTER NINE

### Cam and Judy Find an Answer

WELL, Judy, I think I know the answer to that last text that we ran into the other night."

Cameron Lea and Judy were seated in front of the fireplace once more. Three days had elapsed since their last meeting, and both had been so busy, because of the flu epidemic in the city, that they had not had time for another meeting together. But Cam had not been idle. His active and penetrating mind was always stimulated by a problem, and he was tenacious. In addition, his hard training in medical school had taught him how to make use of spare moments, and he had been using them to the fullest extent during the interim.

"You mean the text in First Peter?" Judy queried.

"Yes, I do. Let me read it again. 'Because Christ also died once for our sins, the just for the unjust: that He might offer us to God, being put to death indeed in the flesh, but enlivened in the Spirit, in which also coming He preached to those spirits that were in prison.' I Peter 3:18, 19."

"That's the one that Father Brien said was the most conclusive of all. Doesn't it mean that Jesus preached to people in purgatory, Cam?"

"Let's see if it does. By the way—I wonder if Father Brien really knew what he was doing when he read you that text?"

"Why, what do you mean, Cam?" Judy had never in her life doubted the character of one of the priests. Her parents were most devout Catholics and the priests with whom she had come in contact were conscientious men, according to their belief.

"Well, let me show you. You know, Judy, the way we have been studying the Bible is a bit foolish, when you stop to think of it. You wouldn't take any other book and just read a sentence out of it here and there with no connection between them, and expect to know just what the book taught on a subject, now would you?"

"No, that's certainly true," Judy agreed.

"Well, the first thing I did with this text was to read what comes before and after it. Now, what comes before it doesn't really affect it much, but what comes after it certainly does. Listen:

"'Because Christ also died once for our sins, the just for the unjust: that He might offer us to God, being put to death indeed in the flesh, but enlivened in the Spirit, in which also coming He preached to those spirits that were in prison: which had been some time incredulous, when they waited for the patience of God in the days of Noah, when the ark was a building; wherein a few, that is, eight souls, were saved by water.' Verses 18-20. (Italics ours.)

"Now look at what this text says. It says that Christ came 'in the Spirit' to preach to 'spirits in prison.' When did He do this preaching? In the twentieth verse, which Father Brien did not read, it says 'In the days of Noah.' But what you were told, and what it says in the footnote here in the Catholic Bible, is that Christ went

to purgatory and preached to the dead during the time between the crucifixion and His resurrection. Look at the note here, in the Bible: 'Spirits that were in prison. See here a proof of a third place or middle state of souls: for these spirits in prison, to whom Christ went to preach, after His death, were not in heaven; nor yet in the hell of the damned: because heaven is no prison: and Christ did not go to preach to the damned.' Judy, this footnote is in direct contradiction to what the verse actually says! Do you see it?"

"Yes, Cam, it seems to be, doesn't it?" Judy was honest, as we have seen before, yet she was being profoundly shaken by the fact that her childhood beliefs and faith in her church were being undermined by what she was now having revealed to her.

"Now let's get what this text actually says. I took the liberty, Judy, of bringing along my Protestant Bible, the Authorized Version that we all use, because when I looked up this verse in it, it made it easier for me to understand. O. K.?"

"Yes, Cam. What is the difference between the two?"

"The difference that is important to us is in verses 18 and 19. 'Being put to death in the flesh, but quickened by the Spirit: by which also He went and preached unto the spirits in prison.' The word 'Spirit' in verse 18 is capitalized in this Version, and that means the Holy Spirit. So it actually says that in the days of Noah Jesus preached to the 'spirits' by or through the same Holy Spirit by which He was resurrected after His crucifixion. In other words, He sent the Holy Spirit to Noah to tell him what to preach in those days. All the prophets got their inspiration through the Holy Spirit, I suppose. Do you think I'm right?"

"Yes, I do, Cam—and I think you're wonderful!"

"We'll leave that till later. Here is one more thing that I noticed: Where it says the 'spirits' that Christ preached to, through the Holy Spirit, it must evidently mean the people of that day—for it would have done only them any good. So it seems to me that the word 'spirits' here means the same thing that 'souls' means in some of the other texts—just simply another word for people, and not some mysterious essence' or something that goes out of you when you die."

"It—it doesn't look as if there is any purgatory, does it Cam?" Judy still felt that her mind was a battlefield.

"No, Judy, the Bible doesn't say a single word about such a place. We have found that Father Brien's arguments just don't mean much on that score, or on the subject of the immortality of the soul either. But I believe I know now what the Bible does teach about it—and it all harmonizes with what we have found. Want to listen?"

"Yes, Cam. I want to know the truth," said Judy bravely. She had almost forgotten that she had entered these studies to make a Catholic out of Cam. Now all that she wanted was to settle her own mind on the teachings of her church and those of the Bible.

"Well, I've really been bending my brain on this. While I was scratching around in the concordance I found I Thessalonians 4:12-17. I was looking up texts

about the word 'dead,' when I found it, and I believe that it is the key text to the whole situation. It just opened the whole thing up to me as though a door had swung open. I'll read it.

"And we will not have you ignorant, brethren, concerning them that are asleep, that you be not sorrowful, even as others who have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died, and rose again; even so them who have slept through Jesus, will God bring with Him. For this we say unto you in the word of the Lord, that we who are alive, who remain unto the coming of the Lord, shall not prevent them who have slept. For the Lord Himself shall come down from heaven with commandment, and with the voice of an archangel, and with the trumpet of God: and the dead who are in Christ, shall rise first. Then we who are alive, who are left, shall be taken up together with them in the clouds to meet Christ, into the air, and so shall we be always with the Lord.'

"See, Judy, three different times in this text the dead are described as being asleep. That harmonizes perfectly with those texts we found that said that the dead don't know anything. We don't know anything when we are asleep, do we? When we wake up we can't tell how long we have slept, unless we look at a timepiece. It says here that the dead shall sleep until Jesus comes the second time, and that then all the righteous will meet them and go to heaven with those who have been dead. So those who are dead now are not in heaven, nor suffering in hell or purgatory. They are all just as though they were asleep. That's not such a bad thought, is it?"

"No, it really isn't, in a way," Judy answered hesitantly.

"Now, just one more thing. This also harmonizes with those texts we found in 1 Corinthians 15. Remember? Let me read them again. Verses 51-55. 'Behold, I tell you a mystery. We shall all indeed rise again: but we shall not all be changed. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trumpet: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall rise again incorruptible: and we shall be changed. For this corruptible must put on incorruption; and this mortal must put on immortality. And when this mortal hath put on immortality, then shall come to pass the saying that is written: Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy victory? O death, where is thy sting?' Isn't that plain?"

"Yes, Cam, it really is—I'm almost sorry that it is. Do you realize what all this means?" Judy looked exceedingly sober.

"Why—I suppose I do. I know it means that all my life I have had an entirely wrong idea about what happens to people when they die."

"That's right. But to me it means a whole lot more than that. It means that there is no purgatory going on now—so all the masses and prayers that are said for the dead don't mean a thing. It means that—why, Cam, it means that even my own prayers have been entirely wrong—useless, maybe!"

"What do you mean by that, Judy?" Cam was puzzled.

"Why—if all this is true, the saints can't hear me when I pray. They're just—just dead, asleep! The Blessed Virgin has never heard one of my prayers! Oh, Cam, I—I feel so lost!" and Judy buried her face in her hands and began to cry softly.



"Oh, I say, Judy!" For once Cam was completely demoralized and did not know what to say next. Never before had he stopped to think of all the implications of what they had been studying, so far as Judy was concerned. To him, a Protestant, this simply meant that he had been wrong in his theology; but to Judy it meant that her whole system of worship had been shown to be built upon sand. "Judy, I'm sorry. I'm sorry, indeed, but after all, we were looking for the truth."

"I know, Cam. But it leaves such a vacant feeling in my heart."

"Judy, you may have been wrong in your thinking. Your church may be wrong, we'll let that be decided later; but your heart has been right. I am sure that your prayers have been heard. The saints may not—indeed they could not have heard them, but I know that God did. It has not been your fault, or mine, that we have been mistaken, but the fault of our instructors. And I truly feel closer to God now than I have ever before felt. Judy, dear, I believe that the good Lord wants us to know the truth and that if we're learning the truth there is a blessing in it for us—don't you?"

"Yes, Cam—I hadn't thought of it in that way. What you say makes me feel better. I'm sure I'll feel all right when I have had time to think about it more," and Judy smiled at him through her tears. "You know what? This is the last time we are going to have to study together until I get back from my holiday at home. So maybe I'll have time to settle my mind while I'm gone."

"Oh, dear! I'd forgotten that you were going away. It's going to be pretty grim around here until you get back!"

"Silly boy—it'll probably do you good to get a little more sleep for a couple of weeks," bantered Judy, for the moment quite her gay self again.

"Just the same, I wish she weren't going home to be with her Catholic folks right now," Cam thought to himself a bit later as he made his way back to his intern's quarters.

There was a feeling of foreboding in his heart that unaccountably marred the happiness that had been his since he had found Judy.

## **CHAPTER TEN**

### **Judy Visits Her Parents**

WELL, Judy, I trust that this wonderful young man of yours is really a good Catholic and not one of those careless fellows that goes to mass only come Christmas or Easter."

Judy was home for her vacation—the first time she had been able to be home in nearly a year. She had been home now for several days, and although she hardly realized it herself, her conversation had again and again included bits of information about young Doctor Cameron Lea. Of course she had written her mother about him, but she had never mentioned his religion. In fact, Judy had been so confident at first that she could win him over to Catholicism that she hardly thought it worth while to mention that he was not a Catholic. She had known other girls to fall in love with Protestant boys, and several of them had very willingly renounced their own religion for Catholicism. That this renunciation was

largely a matter of expedience with them, she had not considered. Neither had she at first realized that Cam was quite different from the common run of young men; that he had a very strong mind of his own, that his was an inquiring nature, and that he was very much in earnest about knowing the truth on any subject. Of course after she and Cam had got to studying together she had become so unsettled in her own beliefs that she dare not write anything about the religious side of the affair at all.

Just now the family was gathered in the comfortable living room of Judy's home; father, mother and Judy's two younger sisters. One looking in on the scene would have immediately seen that Judy was a young replica of her mother. There were the same blue eyes, brilliant hair and fair skin that had immediately struck Cam's fancy the first time he saw Judy. In fact, Judy's mother had been the belle of the village in her teens, and father was still inordinately proud of her. "A real Irish colleen, and a credit to the old sod," was one of his favourite introductions to strangers. Although mother would scold him privately for it, her heart was not in the scolding.

Judy's family had always been in modest circumstances. There were five children, all told, and there had always been lots of work and little help for mother. Perhaps it was because of hard work, perhaps because of some hidden imperfection of constitution, that mother's heart had grown weary of its task and the doctors had had to tell her that unless she used real care her life might be forfeited. No one need doubt that this caused the family real concern, and Judy's father anxiously shielded her in every way possible.

"What did you say, Dad?" Judy had been right in the middle of an enthusiastic narrative of which Cam was, of course, the hero, when her father had asked the question concerning Cam's Catholicity. She herself had got so used to the idea of his not being a Catholic that she had almost forgotten that her folks did not know it. So it was with a real jolt that she realized the implications of her father's question.

"I said that I hoped this young marvel that you seem to have taken a slight interest in is a good Catholic," he repeated.

"Oh,—well—that is." Judy floundered desperately for a long moment and then decided to brave it out. "The facts are, Mother and Dad, he isn't a Catholic at all!" Judy spoke rapidly, lest she lose her courage utterly. "But—but—he's an awfully good boy. Really, he is."

"Not a Catholic?" Judy's mother exclaimed in astonishment. "Why, why, I thought—"

"Yes, Mother, I know," Judy interrupted, seeking to soften the blow. "I have probably done wrong in not telling you before. You thought that he was a Catholic because he was interning at St. Patrick's, but you see, a lot of the interns there now are not Catholics. It's on account of the war—the government assigns them. Please don't feel too bad, folks. I—I'm not married to him, after all. Please, let's talk, about something else. I know I've bored you with all my talk about the hospital and about Cam,"

To Judy's immense relief, her father and mother asked no more questions along this line, and the conversation was shifted. Judy's two young sisters had been taking in the whole conversation with wide eyes and attentive ears, and it was doubtless for this reason that the parents said nothing more at this juncture.

However, they had not dismissed the subject from their minds, for a night or two later the younger girls were away at a school party and Judy found herself alone with her parents.

"Judy, girl, I think we ought to talk over your interest in this young doctor. Your mother and I don't want to have you do something you'd be sorry for later. And besides, there's the Church to think about."

Judy's father was a kind man, and Judy had never feared to have him know about her affairs. Just now, however, she remembered that he was also a very staunch Catholic, and that he had on occasion been very stern about religious matters.

"Of course, Judy, I know that you didn't become attracted to him on purpose, but it would be far better to forget about him—that is unless you can win him to the faith." Judy's mother longed to make things easy for her.

"Yes, Judy, although I'd rather you'd forget him. Have you ever talked to him about the Church—" questioned her father.

"Yes, Dad, I have. In fact he brought it up himself. And that's another thing that I've got to talk to you about. You see, after we talked it over we agreed that a Catholic and a Protestant could never be really happily married." Judy paused as her father nodded his head in agreement.

"Right you are, Judy," he added.

"Well, of course I thought right away that I could persuade him to my way of thinking. You see he—he likes me a lot. But it didn't work out that way at all. He's really very headstrong about some things and he said he would never be a Catholic, and I guess I'm just as headstrong, because I said I'd never be a Protestant. We just about had a quarrel over that!" Judy smiled ruefully as she remembered the episode.

"After we had both calmed down, we decided that the only way to settle our argument would be to study and find out which was right."

Judy rapidly related how she and Cameron had agreed to their plan of study. She told how amazed they had been at some of their findings, of her interview with Father Brien, and of their analysis of his arguments.

"And so you see," she went on, "according to the Bible the Church has been wrong all the time. And—and—Cam's still not a Catholic, and I really don't know what I am. I—"

"Judy!" Her father had risen from his chair. "Judy, you're my daughter, but you must never question the authority of the Church in my house! You've been studying the Bible, have you? And who do you think you might be to study the Bible without the help of the Church, and set up your judgment against her teachings? Mother, this would never have happened if we'd kept Judy at home!

This talk is sacrilege. I'll have no more of it. You'll give up all this nonsense immediately, Judy. I want to hear no more of it!"

At first as her father had started to speak Judy was frightened. She had never seen him look so serious. But as he spoke she gathered courage—how unreasonable it was, she thought, to condemn without studying for one's self. How she summoned words she did not know, but somehow she found her voice.

"Dad, maybe I've done wrong not to tell you all this before. I'm sorry I didn't. But I can't believe that I ought to believe what is not so. I don't want to disappoint you and mother, but I can't promise not to believe what I have found to be the truth. I wish I could, but I can't!"

"Dad—Judy—" Mother spoke decisively. "We'll not have a quarrel. Judy, I'm terribly disappointed, but I don't think we should talk longer to-night, nor at all until we can do it calmly."

Judy's mother was not given to hysterics. In spite of a quick temper she kept herself well in hand, and it had often been she who had averted household crises in the past. Just now, Judy was more than thankful for her seeming calmness. So it was that the conversation closed on a note of strain that was not at all happy.

"Judy, Judy. Wake up! Mother's taken sick—come see if there's anything you can do while I get the doctor."

It must have been near daybreak when Judy was rudely awakened thus by the sound of her father's frightened voice. She had been long in going to sleep after the foregoing conversation with her parents and so had heard nothing until just now. She had not guessed the profound shock that had come to her mother during the scene, nor that she had quietly wept after she had retired until finally her weakened heart had rebelled at the extra burden put upon it by her emotion.

Judy was wide awake now, and quickly ran to her mother's bedside. Deftly she tested her mother's pulse.

"Is she—is she—?" her father's voice broke and Judy saw the tears coursing down his cheeks. Never before had she realized how deep was her father's love for her mother.

"It's pretty weak, Dad, but she's still making it all right. Did you say you'd sent for the doctor?" Judy was indeed frightened at the revelation of her mother's condition that she was now witnessing. To all appearances she might have been dead, as Judy's father had feared. Her pulse was hardly discernible, and Judy had had enough training to realize the seriousness of her condition.

It seemed an eternity before the doctor arrived, and in the meantime there was not much that Judy could do other than to keep checking her mother's condition. At long last, though, he arrived, and before another hour had passed the crisis was over.

"Judy, dear, are you still determined to keep on as you said you would last night?" It was evening again and Judy had been with her mother all day, making sure that her recovery should be speeded in every way possible.

During the early morning hours of vigil at the bedside Judy had done some very serious thinking. To her father's demands, she had steeled her heart; they had only seemed to make her more determined. This was different. After all, might this not be a sign of the displeasure of God? Could she allow herself to be the cause of the unhappiness of her parents—even perhaps, of the death of her mother? It had been a severe struggle, but she had finally forced herself to a decision.

"No, Mother." Judy slipped her soft young arm about her mother. "No, Mother—I've been a bad girl, I'm afraid. I'm going to give it all up—and Cam too. I see that I've done wrong not to tell you—to study contrary to the teaching of the Church. And I would not want to hurt you or Dad for anything in the world."

Tears were rolling down Judy's cheeks before she finished her brave speech. They were for Cam, principally, for we must remember that Judy was young and in love. But her mind was made up, she told herself, and for the rest of her stay at home she did not mention his name. Her mother's recovery was rapid, and it was an outwardly happy family that exchanged good-byes as the west-coast train carried Judy back to training.

"Hi, there, Judy!" It was Cam, standing on the station platform, waiting to meet her after the two longest weeks he had ever lived through, he told himself. Judy gave him a brief smile and wave of her hand as she came down the steps and made her way quickly through the crowd.

"What's the matter, Judy—aren't you glad to see me?" Judy's usually merry face was unaccountably sober.

"No, Cam, I'm not—I mean, Cam, that I'm not going to be seeing you any more. It's all off. Please leave me now and let me get a taxi to the hospital." And with this, Judy turned decisively away.

Cam was thunderstruck. If Judy had struck him in the face he would have been no more shocked. For a moment he stood rooted to the spot as Judy's form rapidly receded in the distance. And then he was galvanized into action.

"Judy—Judy! Wait! Wait!" he called, oblivious of the crowded platform as he set out after her.

## **CHAPTER ELEVEN**

### **Judy Makes a Promise—and Breaks It**

TO SAY that Dr. Cameron Lea was thunderstruck by Judy's turning her back upon him on the station platform as she alighted from the train that had brought her back from her visit home, would be stating the case far too mildly. For a moment he was entirely at a loss as to what to do as he beheld Judy's form rapidly disappearing among the crowd.

Lack of decision, however, was never one of Cam's faults. His medical training had further taught him to act, and act quickly. Suddenly emerging from the fog of bewilderment that surrounded him, Cam set out at a rapid pace to overtake Judy.

"Judy—Judy. Wait a bit, will you?" This as Cam was still three steps to the rear. If Judy had been secretly hoping that Cam would overtake her, she had certainly not shown it by her actions, for she had been walking as rapidly as the weight of luggage she was carrying would permit. Now, knowing that Cam was a most determined young man, and that she could be no match for him, laden as she was, she paused and rested her load on the platform.

"What is it now, Cam? I—I wish you'd not bother me." In spite of her stern resolution not to show her feelings, Judy found it impossible to keep a plaintive note out of her voice—a note that brought Cam's heart into his throat.

"Look, Judy, what's the harm in letting me help you to a cab?" Here Cam smiled his most disarming smile and reached for the two cases. "Furthermore, I know that you must be hungry. Why can't we get a bite to eat, and you can at least tell me what's gone wrong;"

"Oh—all right, then." Later Judy admitted that she knew the battle was lost when she said those words. That she loved Cam with all her heart she had long since admitted to herself and to him. She furthermore knew that she would always love him and that she could not force herself to do otherwise.

There was more than this that prompted her action now, although it was not until later that Judy was able to analyze her actions well enough to realize it. For, although she had told her mother that she would give up her study of the Bible and go back to the Catholic Church of her parents, as the train had brought her closer to the city she had increasingly realized that never again would she be able to be truly a Roman Catholic. Already too many revelations of the discrepancies between the teachings of the Church and the Bible had been found in the studies she and Cam had been having together.

"Now, Judy, tell me what's the trouble. What have I done to make you not want to see me?" Cam and Judy were seated in a corner booth in a downtown cafe, and Judy was uneasily wondering how she could parry the onslaught of persuasion that she felt was coming.

"Nothing, Cam. It's not that I don't like you any more. It's my folks—my mother." Here Judy's eyes threatened to fill with tears, but she blinked them back and went on. "I tried to tell the folks about the things we've studied out together, and about you. Well, you know mother isn't well and it was almost too much for her," and Judy poured out the whole narrative of the happenings in her home that had led her to try to terminate her friendship with Cam.

"And so you see, Cam, it will be better if we just call quits and do not see each other any more."

"No, Judy, I can't agree that you are right about that," Cam answered earnestly, aware that he must weigh his words carefully.

"Let's reason this out a bit. I don't want to persuade you to do anything against your conscience, or against your mother and father. But when we started to study together we did it because we wanted to know the truth. I'll admit that I had other motives—as you know—but my preconceived ideas about religion have been upset about as much as yours have. Now, if we are going to do what is right

we are going to have to do it because it is right; not because it is what someone else does or wants us to do. Isn't that true?"

Judy nodded solemnly.

"Well, it's on that basis that I think you'll have to decide. But I think we ought to talk things over at least once more, no matter what you decide. Will you let me see you to-morrow night, after you're rested a bit and have had time to think things over calmly?" Cam concluded his plea soberly and waited for Judy to answer.

"Yes, Cam, I will. I'm sorry I tried to run away from you. I didn't mean to be rude—I just didn't want to do what I had said I wouldn't do, see?"

With this the two left the cafe and made their way to the hospital, where Cam parted with Judy at the nurses' quarters. To Cam it seemed a long time until the appointment on the evening of the following day, but hospital duties do not wait for even young people in Love, and the pressure of many duties made the time pass more quickly than either Cam or Judy had thought possible.

"Come in, Cam." Judy's quick smile seemed as bright as ever as she greeted Cam at the door of the nurses' parlour.

"I want to tell you something, Cam," Judy interrupted as Cam began to speak when they were seated in their accustomed place by the fire. "I've been thinking hard about what you said in the cafe, and I have prayed about it, too—it's wonderful to be able to pray to God for yourself and know that He hears you, isn't it? Well, Cam, I know now that I just can't do it—I mean that I just can't be a Catholic any longer. I will have to do what the Bible says I should do. So, Cam, let's keep on with our studying."

Needless to say it was not necessary to do any persuading on Judy's part to get Cam to agree to this. The happy interlude that followed Judy's declaration need not concern us. Following this portion of the evening's events, Judy ran to her room and returned with the Bible and the notebook in which they had been jotting down texts.

"What do you think we should study about next?" she inquired eagerly.

"You may be surprised. You know I've had such a shaking up in regard to my religious ideas that I wonder just how many wrong ideas I have had in the past. I suppose they're like the ideas a lot of people have about medical matters, and we know how ridiculous many of them are.

"Well, I've been thinking the last few days about these two intern chaps, Dave and Gus, who are neither Catholics nor regular Protestants like the average Protestant. You've heard me talk about them, and as we know now, they are Seventh-day Adventists. They have a lot of unusual ideas about religion and general practices in daily living, but I think the most unusual is the fact that they consider Saturday a sacred day instead of Sunday. A year ago I would have just dismissed them with the idea that they were a bit queer and that was that, but now I certainly would not want to say that without knowing what the truth actually is.

"The funny part about it is that I was telling them the other day about our discoveries on the question of life after death, and they said that that is exactly

what their belief has always been. Could be that they are right about this Saturday business, too, although I'll admit it sounds pretty queer."

"Well, I think I feel about the way you do, Cam. Where do we start?" Judy, now that her decision was made, was more eager than ever for a greater knowledge of the Bible.

"I suppose that we'll have to do it the hard way," answered Cam, opening the now familiar concordance. "Let's begin by looking for Sunday. Hm-m, isn't there, apparently. Let me think. Oh, sure) I remember learning in school that our names of the days of the week are all from pagan mythology. Naturally they would not be in the Bible. But I do remember that my grandmother always called Sunday the Sabbath. Let's see if Sabbath is here—yes, here is a whole list of references. Look up Exodus 16:23-26, please."

"And he said to them: This is what the Lord hath spoken: To-morrow is the rest of the Sabbath sanctified to the Lord. Whatsoever work is to be done, do it: and the meats that are to be dressed, dress them: and whatsoever shall remain, lay it up until the morning. And they did so as Moses had commanded, and it did not putrefy, neither was there worm found in it. And Moses said: Eat it to-day, because it is the Sabbath of the Lord: to-day it shall not be found in the field. Gather it six days: but on the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord; therefore it shall not be found.' "

"At least this is a start on what we are looking for. It says that the seventh day was the Sabbath. I think that this refers to the falling of the manna during the time that the Israelites were in the wilderness. As I remember the story from my Sunday School days, the manna fell only on six days of the week. I had never realized before, though, that it was particularly to teach the people which day of the week was the Sabbath. But, I guess that is what it was for."

"Which day did it say was the Sabbath. Cam?" inquired Judy thoughtfully.

"The seventh day is the Sabbath,' is what it says here." "H'm. Well, what's next:"

"Well, here's a reference in Exodus 20, verses 8-11. Read it, will you, please?"

"Remember that thou keep holy the Sabbath day. Six days shalt thou labour, and shalt do all thy works. But on the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God: thou shalt do no work on it, thou nor thy son, nor thy daughter, nor thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy beast, nor the stranger that is within thy gates. For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, and the sea, and all things that are in them, and rested on the seventh day; therefore the Lord blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it.' "

"This text says the seventh day of the week, too, Judy," remarked Cam thoughtfully. "Say, what day of the week is Sunday, anyway—"

"The next day, of course, silly—look at that calendar on the wall there," Judy giggled.

"Well, that seems to settle that, then. Oh, it can't be actually that simple. I mean if Saturday is the seventh day of the week, as it certainly is, and the Bible



says that the Sabbath is the seventh day of the week, surely everyone would observe Saturday as the Sabbath." Cam frowned thoughtfully. He well knew the danger of oversimplification, which this seemed to be, and he was not satisfied.

"What do you suppose it says in the New Testament?" Judy offered.

"That's it!" Cam snapped his fingers excitedly. "All the Jews still observe Saturday, don't they? And they believe only the Old Testament. The Christians observe Sunday, and they believe the New Testament. The direction to Christians to keep the first day of the week must be in the New Testament. Why, we shouldn't have even tried to find anything in the Old Testament, for I don't suppose that there would be a single text directing our attention to the first day of the week as a sacred day. It's funny, though; do you know, I never before had even thought which day of the week Saturday and Sunday were!"

"Neither had I, as a matter of fact. Next time, though, we'll know, and we will start right in with the New Testament," said Judy, closing her Bible thoughtfully. She and Cam had many things to talk about after her holiday visit home, and it was already getting late. Hence there was no more study on that particular evening.

## **CHAPTER TWELVE**

### **Matters Reach a Crisis**

TO-NIGHT, Judy, we're going to find out what the New Testament has to say about which day is the Sabbath, or holy day for Christians," stated Cam at the beginning of their next Bible study. "Before we start, though, I'll tell you that I've been doing a little reading about the days of the week, and I find in the encyclopedias that the week is the oldest measurement of time, other than the day itself, known to man. The seven-day week has been used by most of the world as long as we know anything about the history of man, and the order of the days is the same as it was in the beginning. Both historians and astronomers agree to this."

"It almost seems that God may have been protecting the week, especially, doesn't it?" asked Judy reverently.

"It really does. Anyway, whatever the Bible says is right about the Sabbath, we can be sure is right about the week to-day."

"What are we going to use as a starting point in the New Testament?" asked Judy.

"Well, in the New Testament we expect to find that the first day of the week is said to be a holy day—not the seventh day; so I think we ought to see what it has to say about the first day. Let's see what we find." Cam paused a moment as he opened the Bible and the concordance before him. "Here's a text about the first day, Matthew 28:1. Read it, please."

"And in the end of the Sabbath, when it began to dawn towards the first day of the week, came Mary Magdalen and the other Mary, to see the sepulchre.' This is about the resurrection, isn't it?"

"Yes," answered Cam, with a troubled expression on his face. "But it doesn't say anything like what I expected to find. Look—it says 'in the end of the Sabbath, when it began to dawn towards the first day of the week.' According to this, Matthew still thought that the Sabbath was the seventh day of the week, even after the resurrection."

"Let's not get too excited over one text—there may be a good many more," Judy counselled.

"You're probably right; you generally are." Cam allowed himself a glance of warm admiration at Judy's sweet countenance across the table from him. "Let's see what Mark 16:1, 2 has to say on the subject."

"And when the Sabbath was past, Mary Magdalen, and Mary the mother of James, and Salome, bought sweet spices, that coming, they might anoint Jesus. And very early in the morning, the first day of the week, they come to the sepulchre, the sun being now risen.' "

"Same thing," muttered Cam, who had already started to search for the next reference. "Seems funny to me, if the first day of the week were supposed to be sacred, that Matthew and Mark should not have said something about it. Try Luke 23:54-56; 24:1."

"And it was the day of the Parasceve, and the Sabbath drew on. And the women that were come with Him from Galilee, following after, saw the sepulchre, and how His body was laid. And returning, they prepared spices and ointments; and on the Sabbath day they rested, according to the commandment. And on the first day of the week, very early in the morning, they came to the sepulchre, bringing the spices which they had prepared.' "

**Parasceve. That is, the eve, or day of preparation for the Sabbath." From note, in the Douay Versos of the Bible.**

"Why, that's still worse," Cam cried excitedly. "Did you notice what it said? The women that were with Jesus at the time of the crucifixion certainly did not know that the first day was supposed to be holy—if it was—for it says that they were particular to rest on the seventh day. They even postponed part of the embalming of the body of Jesus on that account. It seems queer that these women who knew Jesus so well wouldn't have known that He had changed the Sabbath, doesn't it?" If Cam had been puzzled before, he was now doubly so.

"It certainly does," answered Judy. "And it seems funny, if they did find out later that they were keeping the wrong day, that Luke did not mention it here."

"Read John 20:1," said Cam, doggedly. "Let's get to the bottom of this."

"And on the first day of the week, Mary Magdalen cometh early, when it was yet dark, unto the sepulchre; and she saw the stone taken away from the sepulchre."

"Nothing new there. Wait, here's another one in John—chapter 20, verse 19. Please read it," Cam asked impatiently.

"Now when it was late that same day, the first day of the week, and the doors were shut, where the disciples were gathered together, for fear of the Jews, Jesus came and stood in the midst, and said to them: Peace be to you."

"That's a little different, but I can't see any light on the subject there either. If this had been a religious meeting of the disciples on the first day of the week, it would be interesting indeed, but it just says that they were gathered together, 'for fear of the Jews,' evidently with no thought of a religious meeting at all. Well, that takes care of the four Gospels. Here's a reference in Acts 20:6-8—that you might read.

"But we sailed from Philippi after the days of the Azymes, and came to them to Troas in five days, where we abode seven days. And on the first day of the week, when we were assembled to break bread, Paul discoursed with them, being to depart on the morrow: and he continued his speech until midnight. And there were a great number of lamps in the upper chamber where we were assembled."

"Well now," exulted Cam, "we're getting somewhere. There are two significant things in this text. It says that they broke bread, which probably meant communion, and that Paul 'discoursed,' or preached. It seems quite evident that the disciples must have thought that the first day was a holy day by this time."

"Yes, it surely does," agreed Judy. "But it seems sort of odd that we haven't read anything about when and how they learned about the change. Maybe we should study this text some more and see if it will help us on this point."

"You're right. Let's see. Suppose we find out for sure if we can—that this 'breaking bread' meant communion. Here's a cross reference where the same expression is used in the book of Acts, 2:46."

And continuing daily with one accord in the temple, and breaking bread from house to house, they took their meat with gladness and simplicity of heart,' Well. Cam, that reads as if they 'broke bread' every day, doesn't it?" inquired Judy.

"Surely does. So we're stalled on that one. If they 'broke bread' every day the fact that they did it on the first day of the week doesn't mean anything so far as the sacredness of that day is concerned."

"There's another thing that bothers me, Cam," interposed Judy. "Did you notice that this seems to have been a farewell meeting, too? In verse 11 it says, 'Having talked a long time to them, until daylight, so he departed.' "

"That's right. Well, we at least will have to mark this text 'inconclusive.' So far we have no inkling of a command to change to the first day of the week. The breaking of bread does not seem to have been necessarily significant, and this seems to have been a farewell meeting and not necessarily a meeting because it was on the first day of the week. Let us see if there is anything more." \*

"There seems to be just one more, Judy," continued Cam, "I Corinthians 16:1, 2."

"Now concerning the collections that are made for the saints, as I have given order to the churches of Galatia, so do ye also. On the first day of the week let every one of you put apart with himself, laying up what it shall well please him; that when I come, the collections be not then to be made.' "

"H'm-m. That's another hard one. Do you get it? Paul says that everyone was to put money 'apart with himself' for the saints. Surely if they had been having church services on the first day of the week they would have taken up a collection there. Doesn't that seem reasonable?"

"It surely does, Cam. It really seems that we were just as far wrong about this matter as we were about life after death, doesn't it?" said Judy earnestly.

"But I tell you it can't be. And I don't believe it, either!"

**\* Author's note: Later, when they became better students of the Bible, Cam and Judy learned that this meeting was on what we term Sunday today, actually on Saturday night. This is indicated by the fact that the text says, "He continued his speech until midnight. And there were a great number of lamps in the upper chamber." In Bible times there was only one dark part of each day—that portion beginning with sundown and extending until sunrise. In other words, the days of the week extended from sundown to sundown. Since this was during the dark part of the first day of the week it was actually what we would term Saturday night. Had it been the following evening it would have been the second day of the week, according to Bible reckoning. (See Leviticus 23:32 and Mark 1:32.) Any Jew today will tell you that this is the Biblical way of reckoning time.**

Cam's religious background was now coming into conflict with his findings in the Bible, and although he did not realize it at the moment, he was now going through somewhat the same emotional upheaval in that respect, as had few weeks before.

"Just a moment, Cam—not so fast." Judy slipped her small hand under Cam's, on the table top. "We're going by what the Bible says, and what God wants us to do, aren't we?—and not according to what we think or the world thinks. Isn't that what we agreed, Cam?" and Judy looked earnestly into Cam's eyes. She sensed the inward conflict that was now raging, and wished to help Cam over the hurdle that was confronting his mental processes.

"Sure, Judy, you're right—absolutely right. I think you always are! BUT—" and Cam's fist hit the table a resounding blow—"What I'd like to know, what I'm going to know, is how it happens that everybody seems to think he is supposed to keep the first day of the week holy when the Bible says nothing about it!"

As it happened, it was not Cam at all, but Judy, who found out the answer to this question. And in a most surprising way.

## **CHAPTER THIRTEEN**

### **Father Brien Tries Again**

WELL, my child, how are you this fine morning?" It was Father Brien speaking as he smiled down at Judy, fresh and vivid in tier crisp nurse's uniform. "I'm just fine, Father Brien, and it seems good to see you again. I've been gone on my holiday, you know," answered Judy

"Aha! I thought I hadn't been seeing you around here lately. Step inside my study just a bit. Surely you have time to visit a minute," and the priest opened the door with an inviting smile.

"What has become of your deep studies in theology?" Father Brien queried, as Judy sat down across the desk from him. The priest had noticed several things about Judy that had given him some concern of late. He had not dealt with human beings intensively for a score of years for nothing. He had deduced that she might be in love with one of the young interns—that would certainly not be anything new in the history of the hospital. But in the back of his mind he had also her queries about the Bible, and in addition to that he had noticed that she had not been as regularly to mass as usual. It had been a long time, too, since she had been to confession. Since Judy had been in the past a very devout Catholic, these lapses were the more noticeable. "Did you find the books that I lent you helpful in answering your questions?"

"Oh, yes, Father. I found all the answers very clearly." This time Judy was much more poised and sure of herself than during the first interview. As we know, she was exceptionally quick-witted, and just now she parried the first question while at the same time conceiving a bold plan to gain more information.

"You know, Father, you helped me so much about that question that I would like to ask you about another matter. One of the Protestants here in the hospital says that there is nothing in the Bible that says that Sunday is a sacred day. I'm sure this must be wrong, but I don't know how to prove it. Can you tell me what is the answer?"

"See here, Young Lady, you haven't got yourself mixed up in a discussion with one of these Seventh-day Adventist interns, have you?" Father Brien frowned as he asked this pointed question. Could it be that this was the solution to Judy's unaccustomed behaviour during the past weeks?

"No, Father Brien, I surely haven't. It was not one of them who told me about this," and Judy looked demurely at her shoe-tips, hoping that the priest would go no farther into the matter of personalities.

"That's good. Well, as a matter of fact—to answer your question about Sunday—there is nothing in the Bible which says that Sunday is sacred. The sacredness of the day was transferred from the seventh day of the week, which the Jews called Sabbath, to the first day by the authority of the Catholic Church. One of the marks of the only true Church is her God—given power to do such things. Protestants are to be pitied in that, while they deny the power of the Church and claim to follow the Bible alone, they follow us in observing a day which has no sacredness other than that conferred upon it by the Church that they profess to despise. A good Catholic is of all people most consistent, my dear girl. You should be glad to be able to say that you are a Catholic."

"That's certainly very interesting and helpful, Father Brien, but what proof is there that I could refer to?"

"Proof? Plenty of it! Do you still have those books I gave you? Look in them. And here are several more. Keep them. It will do you good to read them through. You're a bright girl, and it won't hurt you to read a bit—but be sure you read the right books." The priest reached into a desk drawer and produced two paper—bound pamphlets which he gave Judy.

"O, thank you so much. And now," glancing at her watch, "I'm afraid I must hurry or I'll not get my ward done in time for lunch."

"That's quite all right, my child. Run along. I'm glad to know that all is well with you. Come and see me any time," and Father Brien led the way to the door, thinking with satisfaction that he had strengthened Judy's faith in the Church.

"Cam, I've done it again! Look what I've got." Judy was noticeably excited as she deposited on the table the two books that Father Brien had given her, with the other Catholic books she had obtained in her previous interview.

"What's this, Judy? What have you here?" Cam was immediately interested as he gathered that Judy had information bearing on their last study together.

"Well, you remember when we got stuck on the question of life after death, we found in those Catholic books that Father Brien gave me, that apparently the Church is responsible for some of the wrong ideas people have about that question. Yesterday Father Brien called me into his office for a visit and I asked him about this question of Sunday being a sacred day. Well, he told me that the Church is responsible for Sunday being sacred instead of the seventh day of the week, and he said I would find the proof in the books that he lent me the time I asked him about the teaching of the Church on the state of the dead, and then he gave me these two additional books. So, let's see what they actually say about it, shall we?" Judy paused expectantly.

"Sure thing," Cam answered eagerly. "It surely seems that we wouldn't find anything in the Bible about a change in the day of worship; yet we know that the world worships on the first day of the week. Every effect has a cause; now let us find the cause!"

Cam reached over and picked up a little book bound in orange-coloured paper. "The Convert's Catechism of Catholic Doctrine," he read from the cover.

"Let me see," Cam continued, opening the catechism to the index. "'The Ten Commandments.' That's probably what I'm looking for. Let's see ... 'third commandment'"

'Which is the Sabbath day?' Say, listen while I read this; it seems to be exactly what we're looking for. It reads like this: 'Saturday is the Sabbath day. Question: Why do we observe Sunday instead of Saturday? Answer: We observe Sunday instead of Saturday because the Catholic Church, in the Council of Laodicea (A.D. 336), transferred the solemnity from Saturday to Sunday.'" (Convert's Catechism of Catholic Doctrine, Geiermann, p. 50.)

'Actually the fourth commandment. Catholic books leave out the second commandment, thus making the fourth commandment the third. The tenth commandment is divided to provide enough divisions to make ten.'

"See there, Cam, that's exactly what Father Brien said!" Judy exclaimed excitedly. "The reason we did not find it in the Bible is that it's not there!"

"Huh! Certainly sounds as if the Father knows what he's talking about. I'm still wondering, though, how it is that the Protestants worship on Sunday if it was the Catholics who were responsible. Well, let's see what's in some of these other books."

"Here's another catechism, the Catechism of Christian Doctrine. Here's what we are looking for, on page 61.

"Question: Are the Sabbath day and the Sunday the same.' Answer: The Sabbath day and the Sunday are not the same. The Sabbath is the seventh day of the week, and is the day which was kept holy in the old law; the Sunday is the first day of the week, and is the day which is kept holy in the new law. Question: Why does the Church command us to keep the Sunday holy instead of the Sabbath? Answer: The Church commands us to keep the Sunday holy instead of the Sabbath because on Sunday Christ rose from the dead, and on Sunday He sent the Holy Ghost upon the Apostles."

"That's not quite as plain as the other one, is it Cam," suggested Judy. "But still it does say that the Church made the change, doesn't it?"

"Yes, indeed. And I can't see that the fact that Christ rose on the first day of the week, or that He sent the Holy Spirit on that day, has much to do with making it the Sabbath, unless the Bible says so. And, you remember that when we read about the resurrection we did not find anything about the first day being made the Sabbath, but rather the contrary."

"That's right, Cam. And after all, we want to know what the Bible says, don't we?"

"Well, there are still some more books. Let's have a look at this, Manual of Theology for the Laity, by Geiermann. Here we are, on page 310.

"By His positive law, however, God insisted on the sanctification of the Sabbath, or seventh day of the week. On this day He Himself rested after the six days of creative work. From the beginning of the world till after the introduction of Christianity the Sabbath was specially sacred to God's people. . . . The Church decreed in the Council of Laodicea (A.D. 336), that all Catholics should keep holy Sunday as the "Lord's day." . This change the Church was authorized to make by the power conferred upon her by Jesus Christ when He said, "All power is given to Me in heaven and on earth" (Matthew 23:18) : That looks like more of the same. I presume that the Geiermann who wrote this is the same man who wrote the Catechism, and this is about like what we found in it."

"Here's one more, Cam, that I'd like to see. Find what it says," requested Judy.

"This 'Question Box' you mean? Oh, yes, here on page 179." Cam scanned the page briefly and then whistled in astonishment. "Just listen to this, will you?"

"What Bible authority is there for changing the Sabbath from the seventh to the first day of the week? Who gave the Pope the authority to change a command of God? If the Bible is the only guide for the Christian, then the Seventh-day Adventist is right in observing the Saturday with the Jew. But Catholics learn what to believe and do from the divine, infallible authority established by Jesus Christ, the Catholic Church, which in Apostolic times made Sunday the day of rest.... Is it not strange that those who make the Bible their only teacher should inconsistently follow in this matter the tradition of the Church?"

"Ha! I should say it is strange—it's more than that, it's downright fantastic," exclaimed Cam, snapping the book shut vehemently. "I tell you, I never heard anything like it!"

"Well, that's just what Father Brien told me, isn't it? And we certainly did not find anything in the Bible that said the day had been changed." Just at this point Judy was not nearly as puzzled as Cam. She had always been accustomed to recognize the authority of the Church, while Cam, a Protestant, had always believed that his church followed the teachings of the Bible.

"What you say is all very true, Judy, although I'll admit it is a little hard for me to swallow. Say! Do you know what I'm going to do?" asked Cam, his face lighted by a sudden thought.

**1 "The Question Box Answers:" by Rev. Bertrand L. Coney. The Paulist Press, New York. Edition of 1915. (This quotation is not found in newer editions.)**

"No, Cam, what:"

"I'm going to ask the chaplain out at the air base. He's a well-educated chap, and as a Protestant he ought to know the answers to some of these things. Surely the Protestants don't admit officially, that these things are so."

## CHAPTER FOURTEEN

### Conclusive Evidence

HELLO, Doc. What can I do for you:" Canadian Army Chaplain Donlevy looked up from his desk as Dr. Cameron Lea paused at the threshold of the room.

"Hi, Padre," answered Cam, in the familiar term of the army. "Mind if I bother you for a minute or two?"

A part of Cam's day was ordinarily spent at the army air base near the outskirts of the city, for he was still under army orders at all times. Routine clinical work was divided up among the interns to give them practical experience and at the same time relieve the army doctors of routine work that was distasteful to them.

Donlevy's welcome to Cam was immediate and sincere. He had a real regard for the men of the air force and never neglected an opportunity to become better acquainted with them. "What's on your mind?" he inquired.

"Well, you'd never think it to look at me," Cam halt apologized, "but I've got tangled up in my theology. You see another—another person and I have been thrashing out some things in the Bible, and lately we got interested in the origin of the sacredness of the day of rest—Sunday as it is to most people. Tell me, Padre, what's the reason people keep Sunday sacred, anyway? Is the reason Biblical, or is there some other explanation?" Cam paused expectantly.

"Well, to tell you the truth, I've never spent a great deal of time studying that particular question. As I think of it, though, I don't believe you will find it in the Bible. After all, the Bible was written by Jews, and the Jews have always observed the seventh day of the week."



"That's what we seemed to find out," Cam rejoined. "Of course I know that the Bible was written by Jews, but after all, it was written for the whole world, wasn't it?"

"I suppose it was. At least it is the best book on religion that we have up to the present time. However, to get back to the question that you started with, I don't think it matters particularly whether you find the basis for keeping Sunday in the Bible, or not. After all, the custom is well established all over Christendom. It gives us a day of worship and relaxation when we can turn our thoughts to the better things of life. That's really all that matters, isn't it?" And Chaplain Donlevy directed an inquiring glance at Cam.

"I—I'm. Well—I don't know about that. You know there are so many ideas about religion in the world that I've just about decided that the only way to know what is right and proper is to go entirely by the Bible." Cam knew that there were "modernistic" preachers who did not believe in the literal truth and inspiration of the Bible. Up to this time, however, he had never really troubled his mind as to just what their attitude of mind might mean in practical Christian living. Just now he felt more than a little shocked by Donlevy's casual attitude toward his question.

"Well, of course, if you are going to be a Biblical literalist I imagine that you will find very little basis, Biblically, for keeping sacred the first day of the week. I don't mean to disparage your attitude, but I do think it's unnecessary," and Donlevy smiled tolerantly.

"That brings me to another question, if you will permit me to ask another. If there is actually nothing in the Bible saying that the first day of the week is sacred, and the churches—or at least the Protestant churches—merely keep Sunday as a matter of custom, then how did the custom start?" And here Cam related his and Judy's findings in the Catholic books that Father Brien had lent them.

"Really, Padre, what I want to know is, Did the Catholic Church do what these books say it did, and do the Protestant churches admit it? There's always the possibility that what is in those books is not true, of course." Cam was very much in earnest now, and intensely interested in any answer he might get.

"Well, Lea, offhand I really couldn't answer your question. I have never concerned myself with theological controversy about these points of dogma. I'll be glad to lend you any of the books here in the office, though, and perhaps you can find the answer to your question yourself. I'm very sorry not to be of more help. Let's see what's here that might bear on such a matter," and Donlevy led the way to the bookshelves around two sides of the office, glad to be able to terminate an interview that seemed not to be to his credit with the young air-force doctor. "if you'll be so kind as to excuse me I have an appointment at Staff Headquarters in five minutes," he concluded.

"Certainly, Sir. I'll browse around and see what I can find," Cam respectfully answered. "Seems he's in a bit of a hurry to get away," he mused to himself as he heard the door close behind the chaplain.

Cam busied himself at the bookshelves, taking out several volumes and examining the indexes. Finally he left the office with a number of them under his arm, intending to go through them before his next meeting with Judy.

"Well, Cam, any luck: I've been wondering all day what you might find out from the Padre," Judy asked excitedly as Cam was being ushered into the parlour the following evening.

"Yes, I think I found out some things of interest. The first thing I found out was that my Protestant chaplain was not nearly as well informed as Father Brien, nor was he as much interested, or at least it seemed that way. But he did give me permission to look in his library to see what I could find."

"And did you find anything that would help us?"

"Yes, I did. And to me, what I found is most astounding. Listen to this. It is from the author of the Baptist Church Manual, Reverend Edward T. Hiscox, —and it reads like this: 'There was and is a commandment to keep holy the Sabbath day, but that Sabbath day was not Sunday. It will be said, however, and with some show of triumph, that the Sabbath was transferred from the seventh to the first day of the week, with all its duties, privileges, and sanctions. Earnestly desiring information on this subject, which I have studied for many years, I ask, Where can the record of such a transaction be found? Not in the New Testament, absolutely not. There is no Scriptural evidence of the change of the Sabbath institution from the seventh to the first day of the week. I wish to say that this Sabbath question, in this aspect of it, is the gravest and most perplexing question connected with Christian institutions which at present claims attention from Christian people.' "

"That certainly is emphatic," observed Judy, "but it does not say anything about the Catholic Church's having been responsible for the change."

"No, it's true that it doesn't. However, it does point out that the author had the same experience that we did in searching through the Bible for authority for the change from the seventh day of the week to the first. And, if a change without Bible authority has been made, then some human agency is responsible. But wait—here's another reference.

"This is from the Lutheran document, 'The Augsburg Confession of Faith,' section 10, part 2. Listen: 'The observance of the Lord's day (Sunday) is founded not on any command of God, but on the authority of the Church.

.. They [the Catholics] allege the Sabbath changed into Sunday, the Lord's day, contrary to the Decalogue, as it appears; neither is there any example more boasted of than the changing of the Sabbath day. Great, say they, is the power and authority of the Church, since it dispensed with one of the ten commandments.'—Article XXVIII."

"That certainly agrees exactly with what our Catholic books tell us," nodded Judy.

"Right," emphatically agreed Cam. "The Bible says nothing about the day being changed, the Catholic books say that the Catholic Church is responsible for the change, and now these Protestant sources agree with the claim. For instance, here's another one— This is from a book called History of the Christians, page 418. by Professor N. Summerbell, a prominent minister and author of the Christian church. It reads as follows: 'It [the Roman Catholic Church] has reversed the

fourth commandment, doing away with the Sabbath of God's Word, and instituting Sunday as a holy day.' "

"Are there any more?" inquired Judy. "That's really enough to convince me—of course I thought from the beginning that the Catholic Church was probably right in saying that it did it."

"Yes, I have one more, 'The seventh-day Sabbath was ... solemnized by Christ, the apostles, and primitive Christians, till the Laodicean Council did in a manner quite abolish the observation of it.. ..The Council of Laodicea [about A.D. 361] . first settled the observation of the Lord's day.' From Dissertation on the Lord's Day, by William Prynne." Cam concluded reading this last quotation and sat a moment in deep reflection.

"I'll have to confess again, Judy, that I have been just as far astray in my thinking along religious lines as you have—yes, even farther. I have flattered myself that because I am a Protestant I knew the Bible, whereas I have merely had the opportunity of knowing the Bible but have never before taken advantage of it. And what little I did know was not right," Cam concluded a trifle bitterly. He remained silent a moment, and then taking Judy's hands in his across the table he said, "Judy, I owe you an apology. I have been an ignorant egotist. In my own mind I thought myself to be much better, religiously, than the average Catholic. Forgive me for having had such thoughts—will you, Judy?"

"Surely I will, Cam. Shouldn't we both be honest and admit that after all we only thought we knew what is right? The thing that matters, after all, is that we found out what is right—before it was too late. And ..." here Judy spoke more warmly, "isn't it interesting that this wonderful knowledge came to us just at the right time?"

"And brought us closer together than we ever could have been in any other way!" exclaimed Cam.

## **CHAPTER FIFTEEN**

### **Escape — From Purgatory**

THIS is the biggest thing in the world! Do you hear, Judy? The biggest thing in the world!" Cam, Judy, Dave and Gus were seated before the familiar fireplace of the nurses' home parlour. As was quite typical, Cam was leading out in the conversation now taking place.

Thoroughly convinced, after his conversation with Chaplain Donlevy, that the true weekly rest day is the seventh day of the week, Cam had suggested that he and Judy get better acquainted with the two Seventh-day Adventist interns. "We know that they are right about life after death, and the Sabbath, when almost all the rest of the world is wrong. If they are straight on these things, it's likely that they are on the rest of their doctrines, whatever they are," Cam had said, and Judy had agreed. Thus it was that the two interns were delighted to receive Judy's invitation to join Cam and her in a discussion of religion. Without knowing just what was taking place between the two, they had guessed that Cam and his erstwhile

Catholic girl friend had become involved in some sort of serious religious discussion.

For the past hour now the four had been talking. Most of the talking had been done by Dave, who had been kept busy answering the rapid fire of searching questions asked him by the eager Cam.

Through this method Cam and Judy learned that more than a half million earnest Christians all over the world faithfully observe the seventh day of the week. That they believe the Bible doctrine of the mortal nature of man and his unconscious state in death, Cam and Judy already knew. Just now Cam had been asking questions about the organization of the church, and Judy and he had learned that a world-wide programme of evangelism is being carried on by the church and that this is being done in the belief that in so doing the church is fulfilling the command of the Saviour in Matthew 28:19, 20: "Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you away, even unto the end of the world. Amen."

With this text Dave coupled another: "And this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations; and then shall the end come," Matthew 21:14. In so doing he pointed out that the church also believes that as soon as the true gospel is preached to all the world Jesus will return in literal person to set up His everlasting kingdom.

This belief, Dave explained, gives Seventh-day Adventist missions great impetus and has carried representatives of the church into the far corners of the earth, until now more than four hundred countries and islands are occupied for the Master by Seventh-day Adventist missionaries. These loyal workers include evangelists, teachers, nurses, and doctors, Dave said, and he further stated that both he and his fellow intern intended to give their lives to the furtherance of the gospel.

It was when Cam realized the prophetic significance of what the church is doing, as well as the magnitude of its work, that he uttered the words recorded at the head of the chapter.

"Of course there are many prophecies concerning our times and the beliefs of the church that you have not discovered thus far," Dave said. "But you have done so remarkably well in studying out what you have learned thus far that I have no fear for your future success in learning the system of truth to be found in the Bible."

"Does the fact that you boys do not use tobacco, and do not dance and play poker like the rest of the interns, have anything to do with your religion?" asked Judy, adding quickly, "I feel sure that it has."

"I wondered when that question would come," laughed Dave. "In fact, I'm surprised that it did not come sooner. Yes, our religion does keep us from doing those things; or I should say that it teaches us better than to do them. We think that we are far better off without them, even if we did not base our abstinence on religious grounds. But our reasons make quite a long story that perhaps should wait until some future time."

"Probably so," agreed Judy, "although I can see that if the Saviour is coming soon we must be living right to be able to meet Him gladly when He comes. Some of these things seem pretty small in comparison, don't they?"

"That's just what I was thinking, Judy," Cam said in an awed voice, as the four stood in preparation to their breaking up for the evening.

The conversation just recorded was only the first of many engaged in by the four. Although Cam and Judy did not give up their personal searching of the Scriptures, nor relax their insistence on basing any beliefs they adopted upon the plain commands of the Bible, they found that they progressed much more quickly with Dave's guidance. The little group became closely knit together as the weeks went by until each one felt almost as though all the others were a part of the same family.

Autumn had come again, and with it cold evenings that made the crackling fire in the fireplace seem very friendly as Judy entered the parlour to await Cam's arrival. For some reason, known only to her own feminine heart, Judy had dressed with unusual care to-night, and she had dressed exactly as she had on the previous belated "Christmas" when Cam had first told her he loved her.

"The same old white magic," exclaimed Cam delightedly a moment later as he stood in the doorway and looked into

Judy's eyes. "You look just as lovely as you did the first time I saw you in that dress. Lovelier, if possible!"

"I'm very glad you think so, Cam," said Judy. "You look nice, too."

"You think so, young lady?" Cam assumed a commanding air. "Come and sit down—I've something I want to talk to you about," and taking her by the hand he led her to the hassock by the fire.

"A few months ago you were a Catholic and I was an ordinary Protestant," Cam began when they were seated across from each other. "Tell me, Judy, what are you now?"

"There's only one answer to that Cam, that I can give. Although I haven't joined any church yet, in belief I am a Seventh-day Adventist. Aren't you too?"

"Yes, Judy, I am." Here Cam paused a long while.

Harvestime Books Resource Library  
<http://www.remnant-prophecy.com>  
<http://www.Harvestimebooks.com>  
<http://www.bible-sabbath.com>