Readers of the Bulletin are indebted to a loyal and distinguished friend of the University, a Chicago Bulletin fan, for the inspiration of the following letter. Anne, New York artist, writes to another artist, Jane of Chicago, who, at the time contemplated entering the Catholic Church.

"Dear Jane:

"Your letter which came this morning made me so happy that I am not going to let the day go by without telling you so.

"I love the Catholic Church. It has helped me over lonely, discouraging places in my life, not only in Europe but in this country, and I owe her a debt of gratitude.

"Don't bother too much about theology, you will find so much inspiration, comfort and beauty in the Church, that I believe, confidently, you won't find the small things of much account.

"It is a wonderful thing, when life is unkind to you, to go into a quiet chapel and look at some lovely Madonna, so calm and remote, yet so near in her gentleness. And the lighted candles always mean that the prayers of others in sorrow, or unhappiness, are keeping your own company.

"That alone, that feeling that there are others who have come as you have, to ask for guidance or strength, or just comfort, will help you in an indescribable way. You will sense divine love in a Catholic Church, even an humble one, in a way that Protestants know nothing of.

"I often go into St. Patrick's Cathedral to refresh my soul. I kneel first near St. Anthony's altar, where there is always the loveliness of flickering tapers.

"The beauty of the Church gives me a peace and a sense of being lifted up away from this drab, ugly world, and some old lady, who may be saying her rosary in the next pew, conveys a sense of unspoken companionship; or it may be my joy in the spontaneity of the young girls and boys who come in and kneel down before a quiet altar to say their brief prayer. God and Christ and the Madonna are part of their every-day life. The Protestants reserve Sundays.

"If you have gone to church for ten months, you will never be happy in another church -- I believe so.

"Do not consider your family in this matter. It is too serious -- your inner life with its relation to your outer every-day life. And your decision concerns only yourself.

"You are the artistic type who is searching for beauty. It was your sort, the religious craftsman, who built those heavenly cathedrals; and it was your spiritual brothers in time who painted their enduring dreams for the altar pieces. That was why you felt at home in Europe, you felt a spiritual kinship with the minds and souls of the past. And that is why you are being drawn now.

"To me the most wonderful thing is that the Catholic churches are always open. You can go in for a few moments and you know how differently you feel when you leave. I sometimes am bewildered when I come out of St. Patrick's and find myself in the noise and confusion of Fifth Avenue, -- I have been so far away.

"My best wishes to you dear Jane. Even if you do not take the final step, I know you will always love the Church.

"Will you write me soon?

"Very affectionately yours,

Anne,"

"Last Sunday, May 20, Jane was baptized."