

wishes, and the fearful possibility of incurring the displeasure, and, perhaps, more of a most devoted husband. This communication may prove, at least, I did not lightly yield up my former opinions, but had a most bitter struggle before doing so; for, indeed, it was like tearing out my heart's core to wound such parents as mine, especially in the matter of religion, where I knew they considered me so firm. But I had the comfort of knowing, if I should cause them pain, it was in the only matter I could do so, and still be blameless in the sight of God, the only authority I acknowledged superior to theirs and therefore, I could not, if I would, but obey its call, to come into the fullness of truth.

*Edinburgh, Feb. 20—42.*

"MY BELOVED PARENTS,

"The search I told you in my last letter I was about to make, and which I dare not neglect or postpone, has been made and what is the result? I find them proof beyond a doubt, and that from my precious Protestant Bible, that the Catholic religion not only looks likest Christ's religion and Church, *but actually is that Church.*

"What then am I to do? You have ever, I trust found me a dutiful child, to the best of my ability willing nay, anxious to show you both that obedience you deserve; in this step, therefore, I hope you will still find me yielding, as far as I possibly can, to your wishes. I must now appeal to your reason. Have you not, on numberless occasions, applied to me for advice, nay, even direction in temporal matters, nevertheless, matters of importance to you, proving thereby that you considered me capable of some judgement and reason, and have I not, for the best part of my life, manifested an earnestness and sincerity for one thing more than all others, "religion," which insured for me more or less respect from you? Well, then, I ask you candidly, what has come over me now? Believe me, I am the very same in mind and body, as when I was with you, save that God has opened my eyes to a wondrous truth. Indeed, I am not mad, nor more a fool than when with you, but if you would not turn from one that is the same as risen from the dead, you would at least, hear me, before you condemn me.

"For many years, (as many as twelve, for I remember what first drew my attention to it,) I have been earnestly desiring to find the God of the Bible, that he would become my father, and all the blessings He has promised His children become mine. Well, I did seek Him, and sometimes very earnestly, and with many tears, but I did not find Him. Sometimes I thought I had just attained a certainty, when lo! it was gone. I neither felt it was with me, nor had I what is promised, and

without which I could not be happy. I kept my secret and went to India, every one supposing I was supported by a power which I felt I had not, and was further from it than ever. There, where all around me was dead and cold, I still felt the burning thirst for a sure and certain Saviour. I never ceased to seek, still I did not find. I knew I had as much of Christ, as my neighbours had, but I felt I had not as much of him, as would satisfy me, and as I felt he was willing to give us when he said He would manifest himself to those who sought him; therefore, I did, as Protestant ministers told me, and also, as Presbyterians directed, and so on, but no peace for me. The voice at last sounded in my ears, How do you know you have sought him in the right religion? I saw some hundred religions around me, all differing widely *and yet all drawn from the Bible!* Now what was I to do? I took my bible in my hand, and knelt down before God, and on the truth of that word I supplicated He would sooner or later, manifest himself to me as He had promised He would to those, who persevered in seeking. I bound myself to pray the words of Scripture, till God should answer me, and show me where the truth really was I returned to England, and soon after came to Edinburgh, with Protestant books and Protestant arguments to lead my friend, to whom I was going from darkness, (she being a Catholic;) but lo! in defending my own faith, which I did as well, and better than hundreds could do, I saw, that instead of darkness, she had found that light, which will shine more and more unto the perfect day. I resisted for a time, but I can do so no longer. I see what I have been so long in search of, I feel, at last all my prayers are answered. The truth is so perfect that it manifests itself, and I am so full of joy I can but pray and praise. All that was dark to me before in Scripture, is now as clear as noon-day. I have found the pearl of great price, I see its beauty, I experience its value, and I reckon it will pay me for all I may have to suffer. Indeed you might as well expect a man starving with hunger, seated before a banquet richly spread, to refrain from eating, lest the food might not satisfy him. I see the marks, Christ said should follow his people and church, in Catholicity and in Catholicity alone, although it is despised, a very scorn to all men; for as He was called Beelzebub, how much more they. These marks are with none but Catholics. Protestants are respected, every where they go, particularly their clergy, and they are unanimous in but one thing, *the abuse of Catholics and their priests.*—This, then, cannot be a mark from Christ to them.

(To be continued.)