

or elsewhere. Whereas, I saw that to which I belonged, had come out of the Catholic Church, and and on its new rule of faith had divided itself into a hundred different beliefs. Besides, what more common than to hear people talk thus: "Oh, is not Mr. Blank a beautiful preacher; I like him because he preaches High Church." "Oh," says another I like Mr Suchabody better, because he is Low Church in his doctrine." Then a third will say, "I like neither of them so well, as some other Mr.—they don't either of them preach the Gospel; but come and hear him, and, and for the first time you will hear the truth," and so on. But, such divisions told me that the Church to which they belonged could not be the true Church of Christ; for His own words are, that "no Church or Kingdom divided against itself, can stand;" and most true those words have proved as regards the Protestant faith, for her own people have done more to undermine her foundation, than even the Catholic Church with all her perfections.

A second discovery I made was that the Church of Christ should be evil spoken of and His true disciples universally despised; for when Christ was called a wine bibber, a deceiver, and even a devil, he did not rebuke his slanderers, but mildly turned to His faithful followers, and said, If they have called me, your Lord and master, all these things, how much more you; this is your heritage! By this very reproach, this scorn, these bitter things, am I at last directed to the true Church of Christ; for who can be at loss to find those men, whom all the world (who know them not) agree in abusing? None, none, who ever saw a priest of the Holy Catholic Church.

O, yes, happy priests and Holy Church! glory be to God, I have found you both out, for ye are one, and the very things, which made me once abhor you both, by the grace of God, now lead me to you and my respect for her sacred priests, set apart for God's service only, is as unbounded now, as once it was wanting towards them. Yes, happy priests those who speak ill of you, must resort to lies: but let the fulness with which your earthly heritage is heaped upon you, be an encouragement and security for that, which is to come, and which surely awaits you with increasing brightness, in proportion as your fame in this world is deteriorated. Yes, this is the Church of Christ, this is the faith, and the only faith, which will sever a child from his parents, and Christ knew that, when he told us, "Ye must not love father nor mother more than me, else ye shall not be worthy of me; yes, and this is the faith, that even a husband's authority must yield to, and it is that faith for which all must be parted, even the right eye if required; and, lastly, it is the faith which brings with it a cross to

bear, by which Jesus Christ marks us for his own.

Oh, yes, I have found it at last, and the question which presented itself to me so often as a Protestant and which I never could answer, is at last answered. The Catholic faith is the faith which will produce these results, and it is that faith also upon the truth of which, a man will stake his immortal soul.

Yes, yes, here will I live and here will I die.—I have found the rock a sure resting place, a harbour to anchor, where, though varying winds may ruffle, they can never uproot my peace, and it were as unavailing to urge a poor weary mariner, who suddenly finds his ship all leaky, her helm gone, and himself unable to stem the tide, to avoid land which he sees within reach, and which offers him shelter and repose, as to try and persuade me to discard this faith. No, like the mariner I hear no words, I have no concern, but how I can soonest leave the ship which has failed me to reach the land. And if it were hopeless to urge him before, how still more so, when he has reached the land, and finds it offers him a pleasant shade, rich and delicious food, all in fact, that his soul could wish for to live, and delight. Would any try and persuade such a one to return to his leaky ship again? then neither need they me, for our cases are similar.

With all these convictions upon my mind, I felt there was but one effort more to be made for the satisfaction of my friends, before I became a Catholic, which was to get a Bishop professing each faith to discuss their rule of faith before me and other Protestants, to decide, which of these men in equally exalted stations, could prove his church to be founded upon a rock.

At this point of my little history, I wrote off to my parents to tell them exactly the state of my mind, and to beg they would send for a sister I had brought with me, for I felt that though I might act for myself I had no right to influence their other child, at least without their knowledge.—Having done this I called upon the Protestant bishop, to make my request to him, but I could not see him, he was from home; however I wrote to him to request he would meet the Catholic bishop, to whom I had first made application, and finding him ready to do anything to establish my peace and security, I never doubted for a moment I should find my own bishop equally ready.

I was necessitated to make this request of him, because I found, that in conversation with the Catholic bishop, the learning, reading and result of the meditation of my whole life, were uprooted and destroyed. Therefore, I felt the only way to come to a just, fair, and lasting conclusion, was to go