

the sense of Scripture, was completely vanquished by the priest in point of argument, acknowledged he had peculiar views of Scripture, that perhaps, no other man had; whereas the priest instead of disregarding, or not knowing Scripture, was so thoroughly acquainted with every line, and so established on every point, that he seemed to advance it with the simplicity, facility, and clearness of one who spoke the truth, in his mother tongue. My friend denied, once, or twice, he had said, what I with my own ears had heard him say; he would not assent to points, nor could he from Scripture prove a *nay* to them. Therefore, as a Protestant, before God, I dare but protest the priest was clear, stuck to Scripture in his arguments, and had to a perfect degree, the power of defeating his opponent *from Scripture*; that he was calm, unmuffled and christian-like; said, he came to speak truth, and that if he possessed it not, if the Protestant would convince him that he had truth, he would instantly become a Protestant; whereas my friend was agitated, confused, and bewildered, and ended in saying: *those are my opinions; and I care not what any other man living thinks!*" Alas! where was the care for the soul, we should look for in Christ's minister, and which I had hoped to find in mine? I blush to say, I saw it in the despised Catholic priest. I saw the composure of the conscious possessor of truth with him—a willingness to yield to conviction, if it could be produced, where it could not, a desire to convince. I therefore hereby declare, if I were to be guided by what I have this day heard, I should at once, become a Catholic; but I will not yield up my native faith, because one of my Protestant ministers proclaims himself incapable of defending my cause; no, but from this moment, I feel it binding upon me to search the matter before God, and I pray, that if in being a Protestant, I am what God has revealed in Scripture we ought to be, if we wish to dwell with him for ever, that He will strengthen me against all argument, and against all endeavour to lead me from what is pure and true; but if the reviled and despised Romanists be of the true Church of Christ then I pray, oh, my God, that all my prejudices may be overcome, that I may by the power and truth of God be persuaded, that my darkness, (which I thought was light) may be made manifest, and that my mind and my heart may be established in the way of truth, even to the loss of all most dear upon earth—my own flesh and blood. O my husband and my children!!!—but Christ be my all.

FANNY MARIA PITTAR.

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My mind being thus far relieved, I returned to where my friend was sitting, determining I would

not allow him to know or see by my manner, the effect produced within me. He was to leave Edinburgh that night, and I thought, if after I had made further search I should find it necessary to become a Catholic, it would be quite time enough to tell him what he had done for me. When about to leave me, his parting words were, "now, I hope from what you have heard this morning, you see the fallacy of these Catholic doctrines, and how unsatisfactory the meeting was," therefore, I beg that on no account you will ever go again into a Catholic chapel, or talk upon the subject again as it cannot do you any good." As I said before, for many reasons I did not wish him to know he had been the means of making me fear and tremble lest my own doctrines were fallacious, not the Catholic ones; therefore, I simply replied, Why not enter a chapel? Surely, the truth we hold if founded upon a rock, will only be strengthened by hearing and thus proving the errors of their creed. "Oh," said he, "you must not seek for truth where there is nothing but error." That, said I, I shall know and be able to judge of, when I know what it is they preach. We parted.

I now felt most anxious to find out, not what was not Catholic doctrine, (for that seemed to be all the progress I had hitherto made,) but what it really was, on the authority of a priest for, although I was most desirous to be able conscientiously to say, I thought them in error, still I had the candour to acknowledge (and act accordingly) that a priest, not a Protestant minister, was the person to apply to for this information, as a greater mistake or a greater injustice was never practised, than to condemn a creed, or anything else on the testimony of its adversaries. To discover the real belief of Catholics, I therefore devoted much of my time, and as I, each day and hour gave myself to my bible, I found I progressed more and more towards Catholicity. In fact, from my own examination of Scripture, together with some little assistance from other sources, I found, either, that I must act up to my conscience, and become a Catholic, or yield to the troubles and trials, I saw before me, and deny my Lord, to the eternal loss and misery of my precious immortal soul.

At this stage of my advance in Catholicity, I feel it due to my parents to acquaint them with what was passing in my mind, indeed I might say, was established in it; for, as I shall afterwards show by references to my Bible, I felt, that either I must become a Catholic or part for ever from that book which was always dear to me, but now ten times more so than ever. It may not be amiss to copy the letter I wrote to my beloved parents, at this trying moment, when I saw the awful necessity on me of, for the first time, acting in open violation of their