

ter what I have produced from my Bible, can I be blamed for the change I have made? Happy, happy change!

But to give a clearer proof of how completely the Protestant system overturns the infallibility of scripture, and turns it into a floodgate of error and untruth, I will give a slight sketch of my own experience.

Born a member of the Episcopal Church I was happy, as such, for many years of my life, never dreaming but my Church was the true one, founded upon a rock; the idea of its not being such never once entered my head. Time passed, and I was obliged to change my residence, but in doing so, I found I must lose the best part of my religion not being able to bring my minister with me, for it seemed to me the best part of my religion centered in him, not in the Church. He was a good man, and I could find no piety like his. In distress about my soul, I looked about me for something to come up to my ideas of religion, and by chance fell upon a class of Protestants called "Wesleyan Methodists." Here I saw greater devotion, more frequent attendance at their Churches, greater helps to devotion and serving God, though differing widely from the interpretation of scripture I had heard in my former Church. However, I determined to use what they had to offer, until I could find better, not, however, to become one of them; the inducements were not quite sufficient for that.—Time rolls on, and I am again forced to move my dwelling. In this place, I could find no Methodist Church, or anything belong to them; here again I was all in a puzzle. However, I set upon a search again, and at last decided there was real religion in appearance at least, amongst another branch of the fruitful tree of Protestants called "Presbyterians." I followed this persuasion for a little time because I fancied they preached sounder gospel, than was to be had in the Episcopal Church of the place where I was, but the thought never crossed my imagination of becoming one of them, for I saw nothing to enable me to say, here is the truth which I can give a reason for professing.

At last I change my home again, (for I have seen a great deal of the world,) and am again in a puzzle, to know where to direct my steps, to the goal of truth. The thought naturally presented itself, truth is one, therefore, these three persuasions, that I have lately had to do with, cannot be all right, because they widely differed from each other. The Bible told me, Christ had left one faith, one Church, and one baptism, and the question is, where is this Church. The Wesleyan minister tells us his is it; that he had prayed and prayed again, and that God had taught him to understand scripture as taught by his church. The

Episcopalian minister says, "no, my church is it, for I have prayed as well and longer than he has and my church was an old one before his was in existence." Then says the Presbyterian minister, never mind either of them, for if they have prayed long, I have prayed better, and God has taught me that *I only am right*.

Now these are all Protestants, but they are only three out of 100 of other sorts of Protestants, who all draw their different beliefs from the Bible. Will you reader condemn me? If so, tell me, how am I to decide, which of these is right and which wrong? Does the truth of scripture depend upon the mind of the person, who declares it? God has not nor can He have taught them all differently, unless, as is blasphemy to suppose, He taught them lies and led them into confusion.—Whilst I am thus puzzled by the good providence of God, I suddenly light upon the original and true church, from which all these good folks have thought fit to sever themselves, and to become protesters against her, even 'the Catholic Church.' But then its being the Catholic Church is quite enough. Truth, I had been taught to believe, had never been there; and indeed of myself, I should as soon have thought of going to the moon for it, as to the Catholic Church, it was so universally spoken ill of, so universally written against; and more than that, its priests are declared to be the worst men alive.

In fact, if the stories Protestants tell, and Protestant clergymen too, were true, the priests could be nothing better than devils. This, of course could not be the Church of Christ, at least as I said before, if all this be true! Blessed be God, for this saving clause, though, at that time, I never doubted it was true; but like all other Protestants, my horror of the Catholic Church was built upon imaginary evils, flights of my own fancy, not things that I could either prove to exist, or prove to be evil.

However the question still remained unanswered where was the Church of Christ? I could not tell; however, having by the greatest accident come across the marks, which the Catholic Church boasts of as a proof that she is the only true church pointed out in scripture, I thought I would try how far she bore to be compared with scripture; for, that God had pointed out his own church in scripture sufficiently to direct earnest inquiries, I felt no doubt.

First, then I saw from the whole tenor of Scripture, as I before explained, the Church of Christ was to be One. The Catholic church only, I found to be that in all places. Go where you will, or to what land you like, there you will find the Catholic Church identically the same in its doctrine, practices, and belief, as at the fountain head, Rome