

Let not the *Times* then, which has sowed the wind, be surprised if it has reaped the whirlwind. It expresses its hypocritical wonder at our "bile," and is puzzled to know what could be the cause of ruffling our temper so much. The poor innocent! It never gave us any provocation, nor did the dirty blue-roses of the *Guardian* squeeze out its foul venom on the most holy of our dogmas, nor did the Christian! Messenger hurl at us its message of Antichrist, nor did the poisonous *Post* discharge its cowardly darts at our expiring countrymen!

We should be either more or less than men, if we did not feel this accumulation of insult and take an indignant scourge in our hands, to flagellate the backs of this rascally band of bigots.

The *Times* has turned sheep-shearer, and glories in having stripped off some Catholic wool. We promise him we can use the shears with some dexterity also, and we know more of the tender parts of his "wolves in sheep's clothing" than he is aware of. Never was there a more unfortunate selection for him, than the scriptural quotation which he has given, as we may perhaps be tempted to prove.

Since writing the above we have been informed that during the debate to which it alludes, there was a regular passage at arms between Mr. Holmes, the member for Picton, and our talented County member Mr. Doyle. The former in speaking of Mr. McKeagney's motion, made use of the word "mushroom" or some disrespectful phrase relative to Catholics or the Catholic Church. Mr. Doyle rose instantly and denounced this impertinence in the most indignant language and dared the hon. member to repeat such an insult to his venerable Church, the Church of nineteen centuries, the mother Church of them all. When called to order by the Speaker, Mr. Doyle who was naturally excited renewed his challenge and dared the whole House to repeat the contemptuous language of the member for Picton. To his everlasting credit Mr. Brennan of Antigonish walked up to Mr. Doyle and said he would stand by him to the last. Our readers may imagine the scene, and the consequences of this determination.

Gentlemen, in and out of Parliament! we would recommend you to let Catholics and their religion alone. It is a very unpleasant, and dangerous game to meddle with either.

A PROTESTANT CONVERTED TO CATHOLICITY BY HER BIBLE AND PRAYER BOOK.

We have completed the publication of this interesting history in the Cross, and we are happy to announce that it has been printed entire in the form of a pamphlet. We would recommend our readers, and especially our Protestant readers to purchase this small volume, and to bestow on it an attentive perusal. Mrs. Pittar's case, is the case of thousands who are struggling between the prejudices of early education and the stern admonitions of conscience. No one could have been more deeply attached to the Protestant, or more bitterly opposed to the Catholic Religion, or rather to the gross caricature of Catholicity which had been always presented to her view. But when the light of divine truth beamed upon her, she did not close her eyes against its blest influence. We have been frequently asked, during the publication of the account of her conversion, whether any such person really existed and have been not a little annoyed at the stupidity of the enquirers. We mentioned before that our present Bishop Dr. Walsh was well acquainted

with Mrs. Pittar, and that he baptised her three children. We could name nearly half a dozen of Catholics now resident in Halifax, including a priest, who also knew her after her conversion. Her respectability has been also denied although the intrinsic merits of her book would prove that she was a lady of a strong and cultivated mind. However, we will, once for all, put a end to all doubts upon the subject by first stating that Mrs. Pittar is the sister-in-law of Captain Molesworth now stationed at this Garrison, whose good Lady may be well proud of such a sister, and secondly by giving an extract from a letter of Mrs. Pittar's received in last December by a friend of hers in Halifax, who stood sponsor to one of her children. We are enabled through her kindness to publish any portion of this letter which we deem useful for our purpose. It is dated

Quimper, (France,) 9th November, 1840.

"My dearest Mrs ———"

I have allowed so long a time to pass without writing to you that I hardly know whether you still acknowledge me worthy of your friendship, or accept with pleasure the news of my welfare. And what is worse than all is, that I have no real excuse to offer. One thing I know, is that my apparent neglect has not arisen through forgetfulness, but just through a certain difficulty one finds, to do what is not absolutely necessary, when every moment has its occupation. However it is my motto to repair past neglects as speedily as possible, and as I do not feel, *though I merit it*, that you will be entirely displeas'd with me, I am determined to venture on the goodness you possessed when I had the happiness of your friendship and society, and to let you know how your God-child gets on, and indeed how merciful our good God is to me, and my dear children at all times. My little trio are all well; they speak French with more facility than their native tongue. My boys are most admirably placed at a college held by a community of Priests, called the *Eudists*. This college is but lately established, and is patronized by the Bishop of Rennes. Next to the Jesuits nothing can be better. All the noblesse, and piety of Bretagne have their sons there, and no children are ever taken who have been at any other college for fear of the contagion which reigns so universally in the University colleges. Your God-child, Marmion Joseph, is called at college and at Quimper "a child of predilection." He has a most angelic mind, united to an uncommon piety and purity of soul. He gained five prizes last year, his first year at college, and the first prize at the First Communion which he made last year. His devotion was truly remarkable. The College is at Redon, to which I went for his communion; and the day after being *congee* for the First Communicants, Marmion spent the day with me, together with the other children and parents, as we were all at the same hotel — Whilst the rest were amusing themselves to the great delight of their parents, Marmion sat at my side whispering sweet things into my ear. He said: Oh Mamma! if I could tell you the bliss I felt yesterday and feel to day, in having received my Redeemer. Oh! how I love God. But dear Mamma, I have one sad thought, one fear in the midst of my joy—the fear of the time ever coming when, perhaps, I may forget this day and the love of God. Because, said he, you see so few young men devoted to God; and oh! I must pass *that time*, and if I should ever cease to love Him! It is not at one time only that he speaks it, but at all times. The other day, in taking leave of me to return to College after the vacation, he said, "You have too much sense, dear Mamma, to be offended with me for saying, I am glad to return to College. For, although I am glad to return, I feel great pain in leaving you. But I am glad to go for at College I never have *great sins* upon my conscience, and there I feel more sorrow for my faults, towards you; there I feel the reward of an industrious life, and there I do every thing and offer all my troubles to obtain a vocation, to be one day like the holy priests I am with. O Mamma! if you knew the happiness of being in a house with *saints*, far away from the world!" These, my dear Mrs. ———, are the sentiments of