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Jeremiah Sullivan	0	1	3	
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(Further Subscriptions next week.)

A PROTESTANT CONVERTED TO CATHOLICITY

BY HER

BIBLE AND PRAYER BOOK.

Continued.

From thence he proved the Protestant nation had not their every day devoted to God, but thought by heaping all their devotion on a Sunday, they served God admirably. A few days certainly were devoted to the honor of some saint or holiday, but devoted to them only to condemn them. For, from what authority or source could Protestants acknowledge such things as saints' days? They who hold no rule of Faith, but the Bible could not dream of a St. Valentine, or a Shrove Tuesday, or an Ash Wednesday therein. "Do Protestants know," he enquired, "why or whence they hold these days? No, they either do not know, or knowing, they dare not say, for it is from the Catholic Church they received them, and to say so would proclaim their inconsistency. For instance let any Protestant present, if such there be," (and there was one to whom he was, at the command of heaven, bearing a message, though he knew it not,) "let him go and ask his clergyman what the approaching Wednesday means (Ash Wednesday.) He will see it in his prayer book, and in his calendar too, and the day after, he can, from the same source send Valentines, or commence fishing in the Tweed with nets or rods; but will he see anything of it in his churches, or hear anything from his ministers to tell him, why the day is so called? No, he will not, because they can only give him a Catholic reason. On the contrary *every day* in the Catholic Church and calendar is devoted to some holy recollection. The Catholic Church and it only, is open every day for devotion. and every day provides for the souls of the people 'daily bread' a means of offering the first of each day to

their creator, and of sanctifying their secular employments. The pure Sacrifice and clean Oblation declared by Malachy i. 11, as a thing, which should be offered, daily, from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same, even for ever more, is daily offered from the Altars of the Catholic Church, and it only." He said much, very much more, that I am utterly incapable of attempting to repeat and much, that I then wished he had kept to himself, and most truly did I regret that all he said was so much to the purpose, and so convincing of this one point, that the religion of the Catholic Church taught and influenced men from Sunday morning to Saturday night. All this I heard with very great astonishment, and all he said was alarmingly and hatefully true. In fact, such a powerful sermon I had never before heard, and coming from a Catholic priest or bishop, it made no matter which, I was utterly puzzled, and when my friend inquired what I thought of her preacher, I knew not what to say. I wished from my soul, that the man who could so metamorphose a lie into truth, had never been born, or else, that I had been born to know *that truth*, which I had always conceived a lie. His subject, which commenced so anti-christian, as I thought, closed with Christ as its beginning and its end, its all in all. I confess I was thoroughly bewildered. The idea that perfect truth could be in the Catholic Church, almost deprived me of the power to proceed, and yet, *I felt* the preacher's words were true. However, I had no idea of allowing either to my friend or myself, that I was in any measure conquered. It was very true, he had it all in his own way in the pulpit, and so far I was bound to credit him right till I had proved him wrong. But I would do as he desired, I would put the question he proposed to a clergyman, and I felt no doubt his eloquence and apparent truth would both vanish before the answer I should get. For although to my shame, I could not give a satisfactory explanation of Ash Wednesday, still I would go to one whose business and delight I felt it would equally be, as a preacher of the Protestant Church, to enlighten me.

Ash Wednesday soon came, I went to hear Mr. ———, celebrated alike for learning and piety, an Episcopalian, and altogether the man for me. — I listened, all anxiety, to his sermon, hoping I should hear what would enable me to silence my friend, without any personal application being necessary, and to prove to her she had made a mistake, or at least her bishop had, in supposing our clergy could not give a reason, and a good one too for every thing in their church. The sermon commenced and ended, but not one word of, or about "Ash Wednesday." What was I to do? I was a total stranger to the preacher, and still, I felt this was no time to stand upon ceremony. It was a