

God lies—that truth which declares itself to be of God, and leaves the soul that has been searching for it so long and so earnestly, though not for a moment conceiving where it was to be found, so ravished with its *beauty* and its *security*, as to be almost unfit to declare it to others, lest it should be said, as was of those of old, when influenced by Divine power—“Those men are full of new wine!”

The grace being given, I entered this faith, which I had sought so long with my whole heart, and in embracing it, I enjoy a peace I never knew before, a certainty I had in vain striven to attain as a Protestant, and daily and hourly means of serving God, which no Protestant need hope for, since his church thinks one day out of seven sufficient to devote to God, or at least to go to the trouble of public service to Him. Having all this I feel a burning desire to tell it to all—to every one, and they can judge for themselves from the reasons I shall give, whether or not they be sufficient for the change?

To each and every beloved member of my own family I address myself in particular, as also to each individual of that Protestant circle, to which, but a short time since I belonged; yes, and even to every Protestant, whose eye may fall on those lines, and who is, as I was serving God to the best of his ability, according to the rule of faith inherited from his parents, in sincerity, desiring to serve God as He requires, even to the sacrifice of all selfish and wordly interest—to such, and for their sakes only do I pen these lines.

To many it will be my privilege to communicate, in person, the reasons of this great change, but alas! to those, who are most endeared, and most closely connected, I fear not. The beloved child once honoured with her parents unlimited confidence and love, has by this act forfeited all claim to either; she whose word and example were once upheld, must now bear to be told she is incapable of judging aright on any subject. Well, be it so—all this and ten times more I can and will bear from such dear ones, who after all, are only pronouncing the very words I should myself have uttered hitherto. But if the privilege of explaining to these precious souls the reasons of my change be denied me, it surely behoves me to try and put them in a form, by which I may hope sooner or later to acquaint them of these reasons.—God deals differently with different people, and why I have become a Catholic may not be why another would do so. The following simple detail is therefore penned only for those, who may be circumstanced as I myself was, without either learning, talent, or any uncommon share of *brains*, (for had any of these been necessary to “ferret” out

truth from Catholicity, I should never have been a Catholic,) but with only a sufficient quantity of humility to feel it possible I might be wrong, and a very earnest desire to be right, trusting to the truth of God’s promise, that those who seek shall find, and feeling sure I should be right sooner or later, if I persevered to seek. I did so, and having sought, I am, able to say I have found, yes, all that any one could desire—all that my soul required! Now, as I know there are numbers who care for nothing compared to the salvation of their soul, and who feel the value of that rule of faith, which teaches them they are to search for truth, (thereby implying the possibility, that they may already possess it,) and who therefore need only be told where truth is, that they may instantly embrace it, to them my heart yearns, and for them I will make the effort of putting my reasons on paper. But should these lines meet the eye of any learned Protestant, who detects in them defects of style or composition, let him cast them aside as utterly unworthy of his criticism, and spare them, remembering they come only from a woman, and were never meant to display either talent or learning, but only to affect the heart, in as far, as they have truth to support them.

A PROTESTANT CONVERTED TO CATHOLICITY

BY HER

BIBLE AND PRAYER BOOK.

Early in February, 1842, under the good Providence of God, I left Dublin an humble but zealous Protestant to make a visit to a lady, a friend of mine in Edinburgh, (my husband being in India.) She and I had met in India, where we held the same faith, but by the power of Him, who willeth and no man can hinder it, she was converted to the Catholic faith, between our parting, in India the previous December, and our meeting in Edinburgh. However that had nothing to do with our friendship, except as it might make her love me better. I had got a slight inkling of her change, previous to my going to her, though not certain information, however, sufficient to arm myself with all the weapons I could collect from our Protestant armoury—books pronounced to be by a clerical friend “the cream” of argument against Catholicity, together with personal instructions on different points. Thus assisted, I started, earnestly imploring I might be made the humble instrument of leading my friend *back to truth*, little thinking the prayer I offered so earnestly for another’s benefit, would be so graciously returned into my own soul. A very short time