

corely opposed to everything Catholic, now as it were, living and feeding upon it, to my soul's unspeakable delight. Once a respected member of a respected society, a devoted child to the best of parents, a beloved wife of an incomparable husband, a doting mother of a lovely offspring, now, severed perhaps, in every one of the above relations, and and yet resigned, contented, possessing only Catholicity! Oh, mystery worthy of being solved, how shall I endeavor to unfold the secret, which God himself could only have revealed to me!!

Need I here increase my own deep feeling of what I owe to God, for this wonder he has wrought in me, or the amazement of those who may, with unbiassed feelings, trace the path I have lately trodden, by recalling or adverting to the appeals made to me, by those I almost held dearer than life, at that trying moment when first the thought the immense thought, forced itself upon me, that the Catholic Church was the true and only Church of Christ, and that if I would save my immortal soul, I must enter its fold, even at the loss of all those dear ties? Need I revert to the heart-rending appeals made to me by a mother whom I adored, and to whom, till now, I had ever been a consolation, not to break her heart, not to inflict the severest pang she had ever felt, by taking the dreaded step of declaring myself a Catholic; or first to the importunity, prayers, arguments, entreaties, and, then, threats of a father whom I had never before offended? Or, need I hint at the thousand hopes and fears, which alternately rushed upon me, as to the effects the news might have upon my absent husband, whose love and fidelity, though I had once thought them stronger than even death, I now, almost fancied might yield? Need I revert to all this, and a thousand other real and imaginary woes, which rent and tore my heart, until then, almost a stranger to real sorrow? Yes I will just allude to them, (paint them as they really were, I never can,) that like myself, was reared in ignorance of that truth by which only the soul may be assured of happiness, yet still possessing that sincerity for his salvation, as to enable him even to part with all for its sake, he may see I did not embrace Catholicity without a struggle, and keen and sharp as that struggle was, he may know still further, that it was worth enduring, yes, if it could have been ten thousand times more acute than it was, for the treasure, I know and feel I possess in it in consequence.

Oh, let me close my eyes to the dark side of this little sketch and if ye paint for a minute the peace and calm, the security, the delight, the ecstacy of having come to truth, truth that can never fail, truth, that will be the same, when all that now exists shall have passed away for ever,—and that

truth too, revealing, bestowing, and manifesting to me Jesus Christ, the Redeemer of my soul, who said, "I will show you what great things you must suffer for my sake;" and again, "If ye love father, mother, husband, or children more than me, ye are not worthy of me."

(To be continued.)

General Intelligence.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

SCOTLAND.

On Sunday the new chapel built by Sir William Stewart, adjoining the Murthley Castle, Perthshire the residence of the baronet, was consecrated with all the imposing ceremonies of the Catholic Church. On the occasion there were present the Right Revds. Bishops Caruthers and Gillis, and assisting clergymen from Edinburgh, Perth, and Dundee, besides the Rev. Mr. Mackay, the officiating priest in the district. The chapel presented a scene of the most dazzling and grand description. The blaze of candles mingling with the many-coloured lights from stained windows, and all reflected from the profuse gildings of the altar the mouldings and decorations, produced a gorgeous effect while the bishops and priests in their splendid robes, harmonised with, and threw a solemn grandeur over the whole. On entering the chapel, the Right Rev. Bishop Caruthers sprinkled the portal and all around with holy water.—There were present amongst others the Duke of Athol, Marquis of Bredalbane, Earl of Traquair, &c. The building is delightfully situated on a beautiful rising ground overlooking the Tay.

CHINA.

The Gazette du Midi announces the arrival at Marseilles, from China, of Abbe Charrier, priest of the seminary of the foreign missions of Paris. "This ardent missionary," it says, "has endured cruel sufferings for the cause of the gospel. Arrested by the tyrants of Tong King in 1841, M. Charrier was loaded with chains, subjected to the frightful torture of the cangue, and so unmercifully flogged that he was left for dead on the spot. His torturers vainly endeavoured to obtain from him revelations which would have compromised the neophytes; and he was actually under sentence of death, when the French Corvette Heroine delivered him from a captivity that had already lasted 17 months, and liberated with him four of his colleagues. M. Charrier has been recalled to Paris, to replace one of the directors of the missions.