

simply telling the truth, although, by so doing, I am very well aware of the pain I must inflict on your charitable heart, at the unavoidable reference to some characters therein alluded to. Yes, I know you will be distressed at it, but be assured my Lord, we are mutual on that point, for I am truly distressed at it myself. But when, I would ask your Lordship, is the acceptable offering without sacrifice? Most truly I must calculate on considerable sacrifice, but when such thoughts depress me, I think of my former danger, and of my narrow escape. Only think, my Lord, had these well-meaning but deceived gentlemen, only dealt a little more cautiously, a little more reasonably with me, I might have been lost to truth for ever. But blessed be God, their dealings with me ended all my ramblings in the dark. It might not be so, however, with others. Shall I, therefore, to spare those poor deluded men, towards whom I feel nothing but gratitude, neglect to warn others.

My Lord, believe me, I have mourned over the distance between us, which prevented me from having your particular advice upon this matter: but I have thought it over well, and every day I neglect to "throw in my mite," by telling how I was led to truth, I expect to be judged at every step I take. Had I had you near me to correct and revise, truly this little work would have been a different affair; but, perhaps, My Lord, it is better as it is. I am nobody, and consequently there is nobody to blame. You could not have touched it, without your pen telling upon itself, whereas it is now ungarmented truth, and when that will fail to reach the heart, it can be set down as beneath notice, which advantage it would not have possessed, had you meddled with it at all. Accept therefore my dear Lord, this little tribute from a heart overflowing with gratitude, both to God, as the first great cause, and also to yourself, and the other individuals, whom He used as instruments to deliver me from doubt and inconsistency, and safely lodge me in his own most glorious Church, "without spot or wrinkle, or any such thing," where truth speaks for itself, and the peace of her children knows no uneasiness.

Allow me, therefore, to implore your Lordship's prayers and blessings upon this narrative, and believe me in all sincerity your Lordship's truly indebted and thankful child in Christ, . . .

FANNY MARIA PITTAR.

April, 1845.

#### PREFACE.

With the truest sincerity, humility, and natural timidity, I take up my pen to trace, for the first time in my life, lines, that are to meet the public

eye. I have done my best to argue myself out of such a project—I have felt and urged upon myself my utter inability for the task—I have left no method untried, by which I might frighten myself out of it. My efforts are in vain. I feel urged on by an influence, I have no power to control and I feel utterly regardless of the personal contempt and scorn, I may most justly expose myself to, from my attempt. The effort must be made, let the result be what it may; not that I am regardless of consequences, when I can and ought to avoid them; but my present effort I feel to be of such vast importance, if I only succeed, so as to bear a message to *one* dear soul, that all nice feelings, all fears of personal inability, all doubts as to the results it may produce, *all*, and *every thing*, are to be disregarded, and cast aside.

At once, therefore, I go to my task, keeping in mind as a stimulant, those most comforting words to me, who feel so completely nothing:—"The foolish things of the world hath God chosen, that He may confound the wise; and the weak things of the world hath God chosen that he may confound the strong. And the base things of the world, and the things that are contemptible hath God chosen and things that are not, that He might bring to nought things that are." It may not be forbidden me here to hope that He will not refuse me His aid, in an effort that has nothing to recommend it, but as far as it is intended for His greater glory, and the advancement of His truth. Nor will it have ought to boast of, save the simplicity, truth, and sincerity, which will dictate every line. With the learned and great I have nothing to do, but I do feel I have a message to every humble and sincere Protestant, who values the salvation of his precious and immortal soul, and that message, to the best of my ability, I will deliver. It is simply this—I feel, that to many I owe a reason for having in the short space of one month abjured the faith, in which I was reared and lived, and lived, not as many do, with only the name of Christianity, and without any vital principle within; but upon the testimony of others which I have "in black and white," I am able to say, I was a sincere Protestant, believed I possessed the truth of God, or, at least that I was in the Church, where it was to be found, having sought it earnestly and with many tears, caring for nothing else in comparison, for at least the last twelve years of my life. Persevering in the search of truth, by the grace of God, I suddenly find it lies, not where I had formerly conceived, but in a church, which I had been taught from my cradle to believe as the sink of all iniquity, the concentration of all error and untruth—even in this church I discover, that the *infallible truth* of