

a venerable memento! Again, the Lector or Reader, who comes the next in order, may instruct the catechumen for the sacraments, a power involved in that which is conveyed to him, at his ordination, of reading the sacred Scriptures and other religious books in the Church. The relation again, if the Exorcist to the priest is derived from his office of releasing the possessed, and thus qualifying them for the reception of the Holy Communion, from which it is the great object of the evil spirits to debar them. And here again, we are recalled to the early ages of Christianity, when the accursed agency of evil spirits was of course, most busy; though reason enough there is to rejoice in the preservation of such a remedy throughout all ages. Practically, indeed, the work of the exorcist is merged in that of the higher orders; in the priesthood and diaconate to which is attached the office of baptizing. The exorcist can only discharge his proper functions by the express delegation of authority. As we ascend in the scale the bearing of the orders upon the priesthood is still more evident. The acolyte, who comes next to the exorcist, and immediately before the sub-deacon, obtains at his ordination, the right of handling instruments and vessels which are used in the Holy Sacrifice, (although not those which come in immediate contact with the Adorable Sacrament,) viz. the Candlestick which bears the light of Christ, and the cruets, which contain the wine and water before consecration. These last, however, are delivered to him empty that he may understand his especial duty to be that of filling them. It is properly the sub-deacon who ministers them, when filled, through the deacon, to the priest.

(To be continued.)

A PROTESTANT CONVERTED TO CATHOLICITY

BY HER

BIBLE AND PRAYER BOOK.

Continued.

Then, others, I am told, are ready to come to my succour, but when the danger draws near, they urge they cannot come privately, for fear of dissension, but they would come publicly and openly, by which, they knew, if they had not the advantage in argument, they would, at least, in numbers, as all these dissent from the enemy they dared not meet. And lastly, another offers his assistance, because he could not resist my importunity, but it must be behind a screen.

All this, on the one hand, whereas, on the other I find the greatest readiness to do everything, or

anything, that my soul requires, to make it at peace with its Maker. The true Shepherd says, "Yes I will brave danger for even one of my Master's sheep, even to the loss of all things, for life, to me is only worth having, as I can make it the means of succouring and protecting those, over whom I have been appointed a shepherd."—I have made my choice, and those who will condemn me, must.

More reasons I could give for this great, this glorious change, yes, this happy, this peaceful change. Many more, indeed I could give, but will the patience of the reader bear with me, in addition to the unnecessary? Will not every candid, unprejudiced heart, with one spark of sincerity or truth in its composition, pronounce me guiltless. To have resisted, would have been to have fought against God, and, though most unworthy of the great honour of being called upon to bear a reproached name, for Christ's sake, nevertheless, the grace has been given me, and I must declare it, though with fear and trembling, lest, as he has not spared some of the natural branches, so He might not spare me an ingrafted one. But through the power of that daily food, prepared for my soul, I will hope unto the end. I am happy, more than happy. I have obtained a possession for myself, and an inheritance for my children, as rich as it was unexpected, as satisfactory as it is secure.

My bible, is now a treasure to me beyond all price; it led me to Catholicity, and, as a Catholic, I can render it the honour due to it. To me, it is infallible, because, I have it from an infallible Church.

No more, to me, belongs the prerogative, of hearing my preacher condemn him. I know if he holds not truth, he never could be in the place where my instructor stands. And my bible is to me, like a beautiful picture, reflecting some renowned artist's sublime imagination. I can contemplate the light and shade with rapture, as long as I have them as he has left them, but let some presumptuous student bedaub it, with his unskilful touches, and I turn with disgust and dissatisfaction, from what was, originally, instructive as beautiful.

After feasting my soul till Easter week, in the dear land of my soul's birth, I returned to Dublin, but not the happy home, nor to the embrace of those dear ones, whom I had so lately left—A mother's love had weathered the storm—she came to meet me, but her love was changed. She came to mourn over her disgraced child—she came to conduct me to cold and lonely lodgings, and, to break to me the news, that I rendered myself unfit longer to be the guardian or protectress of my children, and, that those children could no longer gladden my heart with their presence, at least, not until