

the ministers of her former church, acted no wiser part than one, who found suddenly she had been drinking poison, when, instead of instantly having recourse to an antidote, she said as the poison was sweet, I will have a little more first. The one would have as good a chance to be saved as the other;—so I thought at least, and therefore I acted up to my convictions.

But, although the Protestant bishop would not come to my help, or rather, would not expose himself to the power of truth, (for if he possessed it himself, what need he have cared to face all the talents ever heaped upon man), I felt a great desire, knowing the effect truth had upon myself, that some of these good and sincere Protestant clergymen, should be induced under the plea for my sake, (but entirely for their own), to meet this so much dreaded Catholic bishop. Just at this time a good and pious Presbyterian lady, who felt truly concerned at my change, (she being the sister of my friend's husband), and who on discovering my religious tendency, had vainly hoped, I would have convinced her sister-in-law of the errors of Catholicity, instead of being myself convinced of its truth gave me the opportunity of doing my best to attain this end, by herself proposing there should be a meeting of clergymen holding different faiths.—She herself said she would be quite delighted to be present.

I then told her I could get no clergyman to meet a Catholic priest, but that any or all of the priests were ready at a call.

At hearing this her indignation arose, and she started off saying she would find plenty, who would be only too glad to come, men whose zeal for the salvation of souls was such that they would snatch with delight, any opportunity of rescuing one from destruction, and, she ended by saying, "if your clever Episcopalians will not come, you shall see what our Presbyterian clergy are made of."

She went away, and in all anxiety, I waited her returning, hoping to have to tell the bishop, I had some scores of Protestant Divines to meet him; but, lo! instead of herself and the clergyman, a note came to say, her clergy could not have a private interview with a Catholic clergyman, "for fear of dissension?" but that they would meet Dr. Gillis on a public platform. To the above I made the following reply—the proposal which I was authorized to make, by this good and zealous man, who shrank not to declare his Master's truth, and cause in any way or every way, wherein he could hope for His blessing.

"MY DEAR MISS,

"I deeply regret on your account, as you expressed so strong a desire to hear both sides of this

question, that these zealous gentlemen to whom you have been, cannot venture, even to save a soul on a private interview. In my humble opinion, a private discussion is less likely to breed dissension than a public one. Their very generous offer to come forward publicly, I must inform you has not so much in it as you may suppose, as they must all be aware, that Bishop Gillis has publicly and in print stated, that he would meet any individual or number of clergymen in any way, "except on a public platform!" His reasons for refusing this are many and good, however, for your sake he is willing to do much, and therefore, he authorises me to say, he will meet any number of clergymen you can collect, or that your brother's drawing rooms will hold, which will not be less than 200, and he will not require one Catholic to support, or be present with him.

"If I seem over anxious on this subject, you must forgive me; it is because I have seen in you a sincerity and desire, which possessing myself I have been unable to resist Catholicity. But I would just remark, that although I hold every doctrine and principle of the Catholic Church, as Catholics hold them, yet not one as Protestants conceive them. Believe there is something in this something worth your attention; and as a lie will always discover upon itself, surely a person professing (as they suppose) the truth need not be afraid to make the search.

Yours,

Most sincerely,

FANNY MARIA PITTAR.

To the above letter I received another negative. These very conscientious gentlemen would not meet Dr. Gillis—they must beg to decline doing so, since "he could only declare the truth in a corner!" that corner, however would have held more than all the Protestant clergymen in Edinburgh.—"But any excuse is better than to face the truth, when one is not prepared to embrace it!"

When I had reached this point, I could not but feel I had done enough to satisfy any reasonable being of my sincerity, and, therefore, I determined to trifle no longer, with the grace that was given me. On the 24th of February, 1842, *I became a Catholic!!* an undeserving, but a happy Catholic, my peace increasing with my days!

*A Catholic! I a Catholic!!* the thought is startling, and the idea, almost overwhelming! but lest my feelings should be misconceived, let me pause one moment in my little narrative, to indulge in the delicious thought; and whilst I think, oh! how shall I refrain from that power divine, by which I know and feel this wonderful change has been wrought in me.—Once so zealously and sin-