

He said he would read anything I gave him. I told him I had done my best to get his bishop to meet the Catholic one, before I became a Catholic but that he would not do so. He said, if it was not treason (these were his words), to say so, he thought his Bishop had done very wrong, but that if I had gone to him before I became a Catholic, he certainly would have done anything to save me; for he thought I had done an awful thing, and he pitied me from his soul, being so misled.

This was all very good and natural, but now for the proof of his sincerity. "Will you," said I "come and meet my bishop, and prove your rule of faith before him?" "No," said he, "certainly not, you are past hope, therefore, why should I do so useless a thing? Had you applied in time to save your soul, I would have done that, or anything else, but not now."

Why I did apply to him was, I thought my friend Miss ——— had done so, for I knew he was a favorite of hers, although not belonging to the same form of worship, and although I do not know positively whether she did or not, I really believe she did—but that is nothing to the present purpose. Well, said I, that is just and fair, but one soul is just of as much value to you as another, especially as I never saw you before, but once in my life, and never may again, I come to you therefore in behalf of another, who has witnessed my conversion, who sees that I have failed to get any Protestant clergyman to meet a Catholic one, or to defend his faith, will you come therefore, for the sake of this person, who is no other than the husband of my dear friend, and who, I have every reason to believe and hope, will very soon follow my example, simply because he sees that you are all afraid to defend the faith you profess.

After some hesitation he said, "I do not think I am called upon to do so for Mr. ———, for if I did, I should be called upon by Mr. A———, and Mr. B———, and Mr. C———, and thus I should be taken up instead of attending to my own people, to whom I owe more than I can accomplish." I here urged his inconsistency and demanded if it did not strike him there was something the matter, when no Protestant clergyman would dare to face a Catholic priest. "Oh," said he, "it is exposing our truth, for we all know what a clever man Dr Gillis is." But said I all the talents in the world can never prove a lie to be truth; no you know it cannot, therefore come, in the name of God, if you think you possess truth and the moment you confound my Catholic clergyman, I cease to be a Catholic. I was very earnest indeed, for I hoped the man was sincere, and I felt if I could only get him to come, his own

eyes might be opened. I did not, therefore, stand upon any ceremony, and my importunity was so great, that he was constrained to meet me half way. "I will tell you then," said he, "what I will do for you. I will hear Dr. Gillis discuss with you the rule of faith, and I will go behind a screen, and when he is gone, I will prove all he said to be false!!!" Mr. D——, you amuse me, I am utterly amazed, and can hardly believe my own ears, said I, and can only say, I regret, indeed, that no one is present, but these walls to witness your words.

Whoever reads this, need not be surprised I did not give him the opportunity of giving me this proof! We parted.—My feelings of sorrow being much greater, for him, and better founded, than his for me. But I did not give him up. I knew him to be a good though deceived man, and I still hoped. I believe he was perfectly puzzled at my earnestness, for he promised to read two tracts for me.

Some days after I felt anxious to know the result upon his mind of the perusal of my pamphlets. I went, therefore to him again, and conversed for another two hours. To the best of my recollection, "The Church of Peace and Truth," he had nothing whatever to object, except there was some quotations from Scripture in it, which he did not think applicable. But in the other, he said there was a horrid blasphemy, which was quite sufficient for him, and that was, the Blessed Virgin, being styled 'The Mother of God.' I was so surprised at his denying this that I could say nothing, for I thought we must have misunderstood each other. So I left him, still begging, as a great favour, he would read Dr. Wiseman's lectures on Transubstantiation, as he objected much to that doctrine. He said, he would. However, when I got home I thought over all we had said, and all I might have said, and I thought I would make one trial more, by writing the following letter:—

"DEAR SIR,

"Once more I intrude myself upon your notice humbly hoping that the sincerity you have witnessed in me, will plead an excuse to you, in my behalf for such intrusions. Oh, why is it that I am so anxious—so solicitous about you? why?—but because, by the providence of God, I was directed to you, when a stranger in a strange land as his minister, and one on whom I felt I had a claim, as such, to solve a difficulty. Your reply was such, as to prove to me I was on an insecure foundation for my immortal soul, and that you were not yourself perfectly satisfied with every appointment of your own church. From thence as also afterwards from your own mouth, I learned; that although you feel quite calm, you feel quite certain that you have found a Saviour able and