

make room for selfish policy, and priestly arrogance.

My mother was very young and very inexperienced when she became a wife. She knew nothing of experimental religion—had no fixed principles; and was of a highly imaginative temperament; and coming in this state, within the impetuous current of Romish influence, without either ability or inclination to resist its force, no marvel that she was borne along into the stagnant cesspool of superstition and error. The means generally employed to induce Protestants to abjure their religion, was, no doubt, resorted to in this case; and as these means are very plausible—well adapted, and employed with great prudence and dexterity, there is no reason to wonder at their success, though there is much reason to deplore it.

We resided for several years in Townsend Street, directly opposite to "the Parish Chapel," an old and unpretending edifice in the form of a cross; and which was attended by a very large and rather miscellaneous congregation. Among the notabilities that attended this popular place of worship, I have often observed the Earl of Fingal; Lord French; Sir Thomas Esmond; Daniel O'Connell; Sir Patrick Bellew, and others of less note. They inspired me, I must say, with a favourable opinion of their devo-