



Bodleian Libraries

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

This book is part of the collection held by the Bodleian Libraries and scanned by Google, Inc. for the Google Books Library Project.

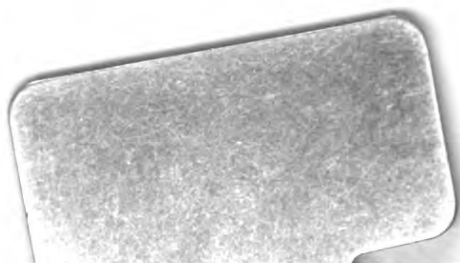
For more information see:

<http://www.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/dbooks>

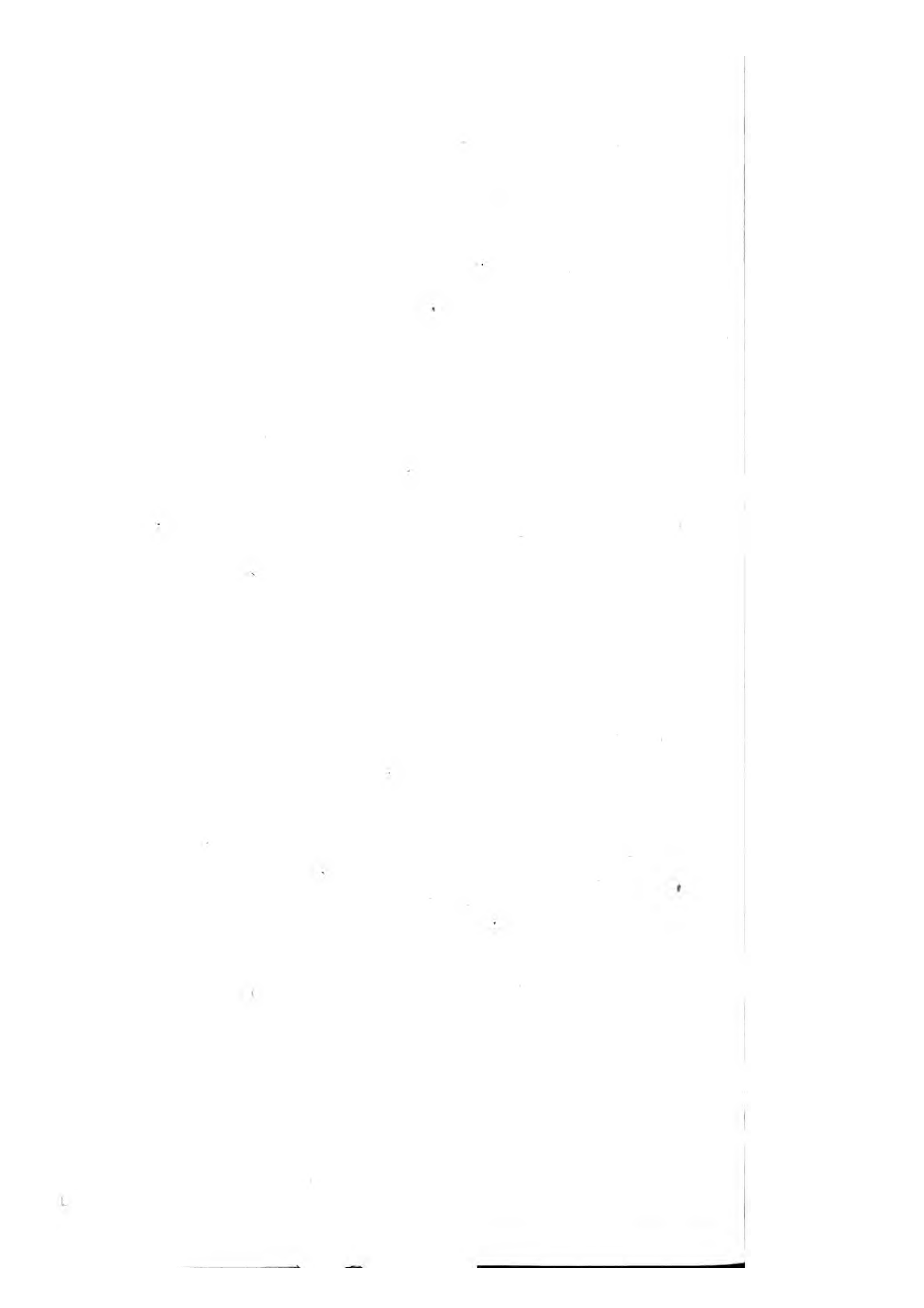


This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-ShareAlike 2.0 UK: England & Wales (CC BY-NC-SA 2.0) licence.

THE TRIALS OF FAITH.







ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.

THE
TRIALS OF FAITH,

BY

Anselm.

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,
AND TO BE HAD OF HIM ONLY, ON APPLICATION TO MISS DALY,
CATHOLIC BOOKSELLER,
74, GEORGE STREET, MANCHESTER SQUARE, LONDON, W.

The Writer reserves the right of Translation.

1859.

141. C. 130.



IMPRIMATUR.



Westmon. Sept. 8, 1859.

N. CARD. WISEMAN.

TO

N I C H O L A S ,

BY THE GRACE OF GOD, AND FAVOR OF THE HOLY SEE,

CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER,

THESE PAGES ARE HUMBLY DEDICATED

BY HIS EMINENCE'S

OBEDIENT SERVANT,

London,

Vist. Nat. B. V. 1859.

THE WRITER.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
I. The Sister of Notre Dame	1
II. The Officer's Widow	12
III. The Sister of Mercy	15
IV. The Naval Officer	18
V. The Ball Room	25
VI. The Anglican Curate	31
VII. The Governess	34
VIII. The Addolarata of the Tyrol	40



PREFACE.

THE eight Sketches given in the following are strictly true; but owing to reasons which will suggest themselves at once to reflective minds, it would have ill-become *us* to have published the *Names* or even the *Localities* concerned; suffice it to say that we pledge our word, though writing anonymously, that each of these Sketches is true, and in many, the trials endured by the parties are *underdrawn*, and not *overdrawn*, so as to avoid giving offence to those who are not YET of the Household of Faith. Other sketches as distressing, perhaps yet more so, might have been given of young ladies of eighteen, whose every wish had been (as it were) anticipated, and who had been cradled in the lap of luxury, being sent to private Asylums at the advice of men calling themselves *Clergymen* (?) in order that they might not *disgrace* their family by becoming Romanists. We

might also have referred to the death-bed of the Apostate, and shown the awful truth of the following passage, penned by one, who brought upon her soul the awful crime of Apostacy, but who was at the last hour reconciled to Holy Church.

“That step—submission to the Church of Rome—is a very awful one, very trying, full of unutterable damage; it is the throw of one great stake for ruin or salvation; it is as far as consciousness or convictions carry us, one that can never, never, never be recalled, without bringing the crime of APOSTACY upon the soul, and leaving it, if leaving reason, with reason, hopeless wretchedness, remorse and woe.”

May we, dear reader, by the Grace of God, that loving Grace which has led us into the Church, be preserved from the tremendous and awful crime of APOSTACY; a crime which the Apostle contemplates with horror.

The Sister of Notre Dame, de la D—

CHAPTER I.

IN May, 1846, an English family, consisting of the Paterfamilias accompanied by his better half and two daughters, of the respective ages of eighteen and sixteen, passed through the town of S. Servan. Having resolved on placing his youngest daughter (whom we shall call Emily) at school, in order that she might perfect herself in French, Mr. Gaitskell, M.P. for ———, sallied out to seek a school suitable to his daughter's position, and finding none so likely to accord with his ideas as that under the care of the Sisters of the Sacré Cœur, called on the good Superioress, and was (probably for the first time in his life) ushered into a convent parlour. After a brief delay, the Reverende Mère, accompanied by an English Nun, Mère Marguerite entered the room, and on our Protestant friend informing them of the object of his visit, they agreed to receive Emily as a boarder. "But, Madame," observed Mr. Gaitskell, "I require her to go to the Protestant church every Sunday."

"That is impossible, as we have no Protestant servant to accompany Mademoiselle to her temple."

“ Well I have no objection to her being present at your Popish prayers provided she may take her Bible and Prayer-book with her, and you promise that none of your Nuns will speak to her on the subject of religion.”

Mr. Gaitskell, after promising to leave his daughter at the Convent the next day, returned to the Hotel d'Angleterre. At tea he informed Emily of his intention to leave her during his and her mother's visit to Mechlin and other continental cities, at the convent school.

“ No, Papa, I shall not go to the convent school. What! do you want me to associate with idolaters? I shall not go, on that I am determined.”

“ My dear child, it is for your Mama and myself to determine what is best for you ; we have resolved to leave you at the school of the Sacré Cœur for a few weeks, until our return from Mechlin, as you are too young to accompany us.”

“ Well, Papa, give me till to-morrow to decide how I shall act ?”

CHAPTER II.

On the family assembling the following morning at the breakfast table, Emily's appearance showed that she had passed a sleepless night; her first exclamation (on the termination of morning prayers), was, "Papa! I have made up my mind to go to school; who knows, but that God is sending me to convert some of those poor Nuns, and to rescue them from their prison; for I have spent the night in prayer and reading the Bible; and I believe it is God's will that I should go. Accordingly, after breakfast, Mr. Gaitskell accompanied by his wife and daughters, proceeded to the convent, and left Emily in care of the superioress. During the first few weeks Emily Gaitskell lost no opportunity to introduce her views of Catholicity among her fellow-pupils and teachers; the latter merely smiled at the zeal of their new pupil, and, need we say, that they prayed all the more earnestly for her; while the former, (especially Madlle. Eulalie Benoit,) did their best to teach her the doctrines of the Church.

The time was now drawing nigh for the annual Spiritual Retreat, and a Missionary Priest, (now one of the French hierachy,) was engaged to conduct it;—the prayers for the conversion of Emily were re-doubled on

all sides ; for it had been observed that her Bible and Prayer Book were often closed during the Divine Offices, and that tears were frequently seen to bedew her eyes during the Elevation, and especially at Benediction, when our Blessed Lord descends to bless His people, and to remain with them awhile on the altar to hear their petitions, and to bear them to the throne of His Father.

As soon as notice had been given to the young ladies that their Spiritual Retreat was to commence shortly, Emily sought an interview with Mère Marguerite, who was entrusted with the charge of the children during the recreation, and requested permission to attend the spiritual exercises with her school-fellows. “But my dear child, that is out of the question ; you are a Protestant, and besides, Reverend Mother promised that your religion should not be interfered with.

“But, ma Mère,” replied Emily, “I am here to perfect myself in French ; and one of the best means of attaining that object is, to hear French sermons.”

The Religious, as in duty bound, on the termination of the Recreation, reported the conversation to the Superioress, who sent for Miss Gaitskell, and after listening to her reasons, granted her permission to attend the Retreat, as it would be too severe a punishment for her to be the only one NOT following the spiritual exercises of the good missionary Père Jean.

CHAPTER III.

The Retreat was coming to a close ; the day for the general Communion drew near, when all were to renew their Baptismal vows, and pledge their troth once more to serve their Lord more faithfully, and to contend manfully against the world, the flesh, and the devil.

One was there who had listened to P. Jean's exhortations and warnings with tears in her eyes. Oh! how ardently did she, (poor child), desire to enlist herself under Christ's standard, and to fight His battles against heresy, schism, and the world; but alas! how was she to obtain so great a gift, so great a grace, and Emily again sought the good Mère Marguerite. On joining her, her first words were, "Ma Mère, I want to go to confession."

"My dear child, you are still a Protestant, and cannot do so, besides, what do you know of confession?"

"Ma Mère, I am determined to become a Catholic; I am convinced that the Church of Rome is the Church of Christ, and that unless I become a Catholic, I shall not go to heaven."

Again was the Reverend Mother consulted, again did she send for Miss Gaitskell. Emily assured her that

she had made up her mind to become a Catholic, and had counted the cost, being quite prepared to suffer all for a generous and loving God who will assuredly reward those who suffer in this world for justice sake. The following day, Emily sought an interview with P. Jean ; he heard her story, and then informed her, that if she could get a friend to invite her into the town, he would receive her abjuration of heresy, and reconcile her to Holy Church at the Chapel of Notre Dame de Nazareth. Emily was accordingly invited to spend the day with Madame Benoit, and in the evening returned to the Convent a CATHOLIC. Oh ! who can describe the happiness, the joy, the peace felt by this child on laying her head on her pillow that night—at peace with God, and with the sweet knowledge that on the following morning, she would for the first time in her life receive HIM who had given Himself up to a cruel death to save her, and who had bestowed stupendous privileges on His Church for her sake.

CHAPTER IV.

The morning of the General Communion arrived, Emily, whose reconciliation to Holy Church was unknown to all, was proceeding with the rest to the Altar to receive "the Bread of God," even the very Body and Blood of the Lord Jesus Christ, when two or three of the Religious attempted to prevent her—but in vain—her calm assurance that she was a Catholic, induced them to repeat simultaneously, the beautiful hymn of S. Ambrose, as a thanksgiving for the recovery of one more erring lamb to the fold of S. Peter.

A few days after, Mr. Gaitskell and his family returned to S. Servan, and called at the convent for Emily. After kissing her parents and sister, she exclaimed "Papa, I am a Catholic, and so would you be, were you to read your Bible with prayer." "A Catholic! est-ce-vrai, Madame?" asked Mr. Gaitskell of the Superioress. But we will not, dear reader, defile our pages with the language used by this *Protestant* gentleman in the presence of ladies.

CHAPTER V.

1848, fraught with the revolutionary deeds of Ledru Rollin, Louis Blanc, Cabet and their comrades had dawned on the world; and it was in the month of June in that year, at the time that Cavaignac had quelled the *émeute* caused by the *République rouge*, that this narrative and the following continuation were related to us by Mère Marguerite.

Emily only left us yesterday to commence her novitiate at N. D. de la D—; poor child, she has indeed suffered for the faith, but suffered with the fortitude of a martyr; for it can be said of her with truth, that she was one who "*minas judicium non timuit nec terrenæ dignitatis gloriam quæsit.*" She was but sixteen when she left us, and on the morrow of her arrival at her father's seat, was sent for, and requested to give up the key of her trunk, from which every memento, even the pictures given her by her schoolfellows, were taken and destroyed, and she was desired to remember that she was a Protestant—her reply was "Papa, I am a Catholic, and a Catholic I shall remain."

"No Emily—no child of mine is a Papist, you are still under age, and therefore you are a Protestant, and shall go with me to Church, being under my control.

A Protestant you were baptised, and a Protestant you shall remain ; and to accomplish this, I am resolved to intercept your letters, to destroy these Popish toys, (among them was a crucifix), and to prohibit your having intercourse with any Papist.”

This treatment, harsh and cruel as it was, lasted for two years ; and during that period we were frequently told by strangers visiting our Convent, that Miss Emily Gaitskell was in the habit of going to the Protestant Church, and was a constant attendant at every Anti-Catholic meeting, and was about to be married to the Low-Church Vicar of her father’s parish, a man noted for his bitter opposition to the Church.

We had long ceased to regard Emily as a Catholic, and remembered her in our prayers as one who had returned to heresy. Judge then our delight a few days since, at seeing this beloved child claiming protection from us, as she had been expelled her father’s house.

On her eighteenth birth-day, her father sent for her to his study, and thus addressed her :—“ You are eighteen to day, and therefore, in my opinion, at liberty to act as you please. I wish to know if you are still a Papist ?”

“ Yes, Papa, I am a Catholic, I have never been anything else.”

“ Before you decide, Emily, listen to me. If you persist in calling yourself a Papist, you leave my house im-

mediately—there is money for you to go where you like, for you are no longer my child ; and I pray to God, if you still persist in your Popery, that the heaviest curse which has ever fallen on any child, either in this world or the next, may be your portion.—Can you bear this ?”

“Yes, Papa, and more ; I am a Catholic, and am resolved, by the grace of God, to remain so.”

“Then you leave this house immediately. There is money enough to take you to S. Servan, for I suppose you will go there.”

Mr. Gaitskell then rang the bell, and ordered the carriage to be got ready, to take Miss Emily Gaitskell to the Station, and also desired the footman to tell Fanchette to pack up her things. Mr. Gaitskell then left the room, locking the door after him.

In due time, Fanchette brought in her things, and the footman announced that the carriage was waiting for her. Emily, after putting on her bonnet and shawl, expressed a wish to take leave of her mother and sister, but was prevented by the servant saying to her—“No, Miss, Master’s orders when he went out were, that you were not to see the ladies, as they wanted no idolater near them ; and if you would not go away quietly, I was ordered to take you in my arms and place you in the carriage.”

On hearing this, Emily descended the stairs, and bidding an eternal adieu to her paternal mansion, arrived

a few days since, having travelled alone. After spending a few days with us, she left yesterday to commence her Novitiate as a Sister of N. D. de la D—.

It only remains for us to add, that Miss Gaitskell is now a Religious, and if our information be not incorrect, a member of some Community in her native land.

The Officer's Widow.

CHAPTER I.

The writer of this sketch was one bitter cold day in January, 1850, sitting at his window in the rue d'Asuesseau watching the flakes of snow, and having no better occupation was perusing on odd number of 'Punch,' when a mysterious letter was placed in his hands by the old concierge, it was from a lady—a stranger—who commenced with an apology, but feeling certain, having heard that the writer was a convert—that the communication she had to impart to him was of sufficient importance to enlist his sympathy,—requested an early interview. We immediately donned our goloshes and Mackintosh cape, and braving rude Boreas and the icy flakes hurried on to the rue Chaussée d'Antin, and were soon in a comfortable fauteuil conversing with as agreeable and lady-like a person as it has ever been our lot to meet. Miss Danvers after apologizing for her letter, informed us that having understood that we were a brother of S. Vincent de Paul, she had determined to confide to us the case of a Mrs. Montague, a convert to Popery, who was then actually starving.

We inquired for Mrs. Montague's address, and proceeded to her apartment in the rue Neuve St. Augustin. On our entering her room which was *au cinquième* we found Mrs. Montague sitting without fire and faint from exhaustion, and apologizing for our intrusion, requested her, as a brother of S. Vincent de Paul, to inform us of her actual position. The poor creature, with bitter tears, confessed that she had not tasted food for the last two or three days; on hearing this we placed our mite in her hand to supply her immediate wants, and reported the case in the evening to our Conference. We were requested to call on her the next day and to supply her immediate wants; a subscription having been most liberally entered into by the brethren present. At our interview the next day, Mrs. Montague, having been informed that the writer was a convert, placed in his hands a letter she had received by that morning's post from her mother, to whom she had applied for aid—stating that all would be forgotten and forgiven, and that her husband would again receive her and her child, an infant but two years old, who had been stolen from her on Captain Montague hearing that she was a Catholic, would be restored to her, provided she would return to her senses and abandon her Popish folly; but if not, she might starve as far as her husband and parents were concerned.

“ Well Mrs. Montague, what is your reply to this fond and affectionate letter ”? was our first inquiry, and never shall we forget her look when she said, “ my reply is, take this, (placing in our hands a handsome Valenciennes Veil) it was my wedding Veil, and is the only memento I have of my former position; take it and raffle it for me, I want a few francs.”

We got about £8 (200 francs) by the raffle, and in a few weeks after, through the kind interest of a friend, Mrs. Montague succeeded in obtaining a situation as *dame de compagnie* in the South of France.

The Sister of Mercy at —

WILL good sister Etheldreda Marie pardon our referring to her case? On 10th August 1845, the festival of S. Lawrence, we met the subject of this sketch, then a gay lively girl of some eighteen or nineteen summers, in a diligence *en route* from St. Briëuc to Ploërmel, under the charge of a Ministre Protestant; we had been travelling together all night, but not a word had been exchanged between ourselves and our fair vis-a-vis, when an involuntary exclamation on our part in English caught her ear, and she inquired if we were English and yet in *this* garb, pointing to our cassock, on replying that we were a convert and formerly an Anglican Minister Miss Perceval commenced the usual tirade so common with a certain class of Protestants. We parted at the Messageries Nationales at Ploërmel, not expecting to meet again, but a short time after our arrival, we were requested to attend the funeral of a brother convert who had made it his dying request, that we, and two other clerical converts, at that time residing at Ploërmel, should follow his remains to their last home. On our arrival at the Maison Mortuaire, the Executor introduced the writer to the deceased's medical attendant, with whom being an Englishman and a stranger we were requested to walk. On

our way to the Church, where a solemn Requiem Mass was to be said, we entered into conversation with Mr. Knox, who, after the funeral, requested us to accompany him home. On our doing so we were introduced to his wife and niece, and recognized in the latter our late travelling companion; an intimacy was the consequence of this singular introduction. About a twelve month afterwards on the Festival of S. Lawrence, Miss Percival and her Aunt had the happiness of being reconciled to Holy Church, and as a *result*, emanating from such a step, a *result* too common in the history of our converts, Mr. Knox deserted his wife. None knew where he had gone to, but suffice it to say, after endeavouring for a time to stem the tide of poverty, Mrs. Knox was compelled to request her Niece to visit an Aunt residing at Ryde; the poor girl obeyed, and arrived at Ryde one dismal night in November, after a stormy passage, from Jersey. On arriving at her Aunt's residence she was admitted, on being recognized by the Page, and ran up to the drawing-room to her Aunt who had retired for the night, but hearing of her arrival, came down stairs and thus accosted her:—

“Before you take off your things tell me if it be true that you have become a Romanist? as I understand from Mrs. Knox.”

“Yes Aunt. I am, thank God, a Catholic.”

“John,” turning to the footman, “turn that girl out of doors, she is no relative of mine.”

“Where am I to go to, Aunt? I know no one at Ryde;” objected the weeping girl.

“Go on the streets if you like” was the reply—“you do not sleep here to night.”

Miss Perceval thus dismissed by her wealthy relative, on a cold dismal rainy night in November, thought of him, who by his office as Parish Priest is *the Father* of his flock, and the friend of those in distress, and inquired her way to St. Mary's; the good Priest of Ryde was at home, and after hearing Miss Perceval's tale and fully believing from her manner that she was no impostor, introduced her at that late hour to one of his Parishioners, who at his request gave her that hospitality which her Protestant relative had denied her—receiving one who was suffering a living martyrdom for her faith.

Sufficient money was collected for Miss Perceval, and she was enabled to return to Ploërmel, where she resided until Divine Providence opened a way for her to enter the Novitiate of the Sisters of Mercy at —, where she now is, instructing and carrying consolation to God's poor; beloved by all who know her, especially by the dear little ones of Christ's flock who smile with joy and love on seeing Sister Etheldreda Marie enter their School, and in her quiet, calm manner catechise and instruct them in the way that leadeth to God.

The Naval Officer.

THERE resided in the year 1848, at Weymouth, a Naval Officer and his family, (whom we shall introduce to the reader as Captain Hopkins), i.e. his wife and only child, a daughter, about seventeen or eighteen years of age. Selina Hopkins having heard a great deal about Romanism and the (so-called) Tractarian movement, determined on seeing for herself, and was led one Sunday by—shall we say—curiosity? to enter the small Catholic Church at Radipole, dedicated to St. Augustine. She went there to jeer and mock, but as she afterwards remarked, she observed such apparent devotion in the worshippers, especially at the solemn and awful moment of the ELEVATION, when the Lamb of God, really and truly present on our altars, allows Himself to be elevated afresh, not on the material Cross, but in the hands of His Priest, to be adored by His people, as to be struck by it. She went again and again, and at last called on the aged Missioner to whom was entrusted the charge of St. Augustine; after two or three interviews with the aged Benedictine Father, (F. Dunstan) she placed herself under instruction, and was about to be reconciled to Holy Church, when, for the greater glory of God, and to display His love and power, it

pleased Him, who giveth grace to whom, and *when*, and *how* He will, to afflict His penitent child with a severe fit of illness; her life was despaired of, and F. Dunstan, on hearing this, called at her father's residence, in the Belvidere, and was thus accosted by Captain Hopkins—
“———, no —— Popish Priest enters my door; my poor Selina is now dying in consequence of your cursed humbug; so sir, leave my house; and I give you this notice, that if you, or any other of your —— crew, presume to cross the threshold of my door, I shall shoot him first and then myself, as no child of mine, living or dying, shall become a Papist; and for that purpose I have purchased this brace of pistols, which I have loaded in the hope of murdering a —— snivelling sneaking hypocrite of a Priest. Leave my house immediately, or else I will kick you down.

Poor F. Dunstan affrighted at this rude reception, left Captain Hopkins, praying for him and his poor dying child; and whenever the Holy Sacrifice was offered, most earnestly did the good Benedictine beseech that Gracious Redeemer who has bid us go to Him without fear or doubt, to bring about the conversion of this poor dying child.

Three weeks had elapsed since his last attempt to see his dying Neophyte, and to fortify her with the life-giving Sacraments of Holy Church; and he had just been informed by her medical attendant, that she could not possibly survive the night. What was he to do?—was he to allow a sinner to appear before the throne of her Redeemer unabsolved and unbaptized? In his perplexity he turned towards Her, who is indeed the “*Refugium*

Peccatorum,” and in the hour of need the “*Consolatrix Afflictorum,*” he knew that Jesus had never yet refused a petition presented to Him by His Mother, and to Her he now turned for aid—and aid he found from Her at the very last moment when all was apparently lost! The darkest hour is that which immediately precedes the break of day; the darkest hour in the history of the world was that which immediately preceded the dawn of the Sun of Righteousness, who came with healing on His wings; and every convert knows that the darkest hour of his spiritual life is that which immediately precedes his resolution to sacrifice all for the sake of Truth—ETERNAL DIVINE TRUTH, when, as it were, apparently forsaken by God, His sinless Mother, his Guardian Angel, and his Patron Saints, he is ready to exclaim with His Lord and Master—“*Deus meus, Deus meus, ut quid dereliquisti me.*” So was it with F. Dunstan. It was the Feast of our Lady at Nives; he had said his Little Hours, and was waiting for his humble repast, heart-broken at the fate of his young Neophyte dying without the Sacraments—about to appear before her Redeemer without Him as her *Viaticum*, when a ring at the bell announced a visitor, and the card of the Rev. F. Henry Jones, O.S.B., was given to him; he welcomed his new brother with pleasure, tempered with sorrow; oh how different would F. Henry’s reception have been, had F. Dunstan known that this good father was to be the instrument selected by God to lead poor Selina into the fold.

The stranger informed his venerable host that he had been furnished with due faculties by his Superior, to aid in the Weymouth Mission, until some vacancy occurred.

F. Henry observing during their slender repast, that F. Dunstan seemed much afflicted and troubled, inquired the reason, and had the case of Miss Hopkins stated to him.

“ Will you allow me, F. Dunstan, to call on her ? I have, as you are aware, the necessary faculties ; and being a stranger in Weymouth, have no objection to beard the lion in his den.”

“ You are going to certain death, F. Henry. Captain Hopkins will assuredly murder you.”

“ What matter ? I can die but once ; and what cause more glorious to die for, than that of reconciling a poor dying penitent to her Saviour ? Let me go, and in an hour from this, Miss Hopkins will be a Catholic.”

F. Henry then changed his dress and proceeded to the Belvedere.

On arriving at Captain Hopkins' residence, he inquired of the servant if Miss Hopkins was still living, and being answered in the affirmative, requested permission to see her, and desired the footman to tell his master that he was a physician, just arrived from Paris, and having heard of Miss Hopkins' case, had called to see her, fully believing that he might cure her.*

* The writer would beg to inform his readers that the Rev. F. Henry Jones had practised as a surgeon previous to his becoming a Catholic Priest.

He was admitted into the drawing-room, and was soon joined by her heart-broken parents. F. Henry expressed a wish to see the invalid.

“Oh, Sir,” said Mrs. Hopkins, “if you can be of any service to my poor child, all we have shall be yours — her sufferings are horrible.”

“Yes,” interrupted her father, “that — Popery has caused it all; I am sorry that I did not murder that — old hypocrite F. Dunstan, as they call him, when he came here the other day; but I have my pistols ready for him if he dares to come again—but he won’t do that—it is all very well to talk of Heaven and Hell when there is no danger—but I am too well known Sir, in Weymouth, as a fire-eater, for any man to dare oppose me.”

“Let us not talk about religion, Captain Hopkins—I wish to see your daughter, and feel assured that I can relieve her; and every moment is precious.”

F. Henry bearing in his bosom the true and only Physician of our souls, was conducted to the dying girl’s room, who seemed exceedingly agitated on seeing a stranger, but was immediately calmed on his whispering (as he approached her bed to feel her pulse) “I am a Priest;” and shortly after taking advantage of some frivolous pretext, he induced Mrs. Hopkins to leave the room. When alone with his patient he said—“Now my child, no time must be lost, I will hear your confession at once.

While F. Henry was administering the Sacrament of Reconciliation to the dying girl, the door opened, and the Curate of S. Mary's entered the room ; but on perceiving the stoled Priest standing by the bed, he instantly ran out exclaiming—" A Popish Priest is in the house Captain Hopkins, come up stairs immediately ; a Popish Priest is in the house." F. Henry, on being thus interrupted locked the door, first pushing the intruder out, and then proceeded to administer such Sacraments as the poor girl required ; and as he was about to give her the Body and Blood of our Blessed Lord to be her *Viaticum* in the valley of the shadow of death through which she was soon to pass, Captain Hopkins was at the door demanding admittance.

"As soon as I have done my duty, Sir, I shall admit you." F. Henry then proceeded to administer the last Sacrament of the Church—that Sacrament authorized by an Apostle, whose Epistle has been designated "*Epistola straminea*" by the Father of the Reformation, and which has been rejected as "uninspired" by one of the *soi disant* Bishops of the Establishment. As soon as the last words had been uttered by the Priest, in which he expressed a wish that "she might be restored to Holy Church in all desired prosperity," the door was opened by F. Henry, who stood prepared to receive the fatal bullet ; for Captain Hopkins, (followed by the Curate of St. Mary's,) holding in his hands a brace of pistols, entered the room, exclaiming—" Sir, you are a Popish Priest, and I have sworn to shoot the first Priest that would dare to cross the threshold of my door."

"Are you aware that I am quite prepared for death ?

but remember the probable consequence of your violence. It will assuredly accelerate the death of your daughter, and you will then, Sir, appear before your God guilty of a two-fold murder—that of your own child and of a stranger who merely came to discharge a sacred duty—Fire, if you will.”

But the arm of the infuriated father seemed paralyzed, and bursting into tears, he fell at F. Henry's feet, and to the surprise of the young Missioner said—“I am now convinced that your religion is true; and I shall, please God, become a Papist as soon as you think proper; for I am certain no Parson would have dared to act as you have done; and as for you, (turning to the Curate), you may leave my house as soon as you please, for I am resolved this day to become a Roman Catholic as soon as this excellent young man has instructed me. But, stop—let me show you both that I was serious in my intention. I now present you with this pistol loaded, (and drawing the charge from the other)—with its fellow; keep them as a memento of your triumph over one who, till to day, was a bitter opponent to your religion. Let people say what they may, I am now convinced that Romanism *is* Christianity, for no other sect could have induced her Clergy to act as you have this day done.”

Miss Hopkins had the happiness before her death, to witness the reconciliation of her parents to Holy Church.

The Hall-Room.

THE Venerable Bishop of ——, (from whom we heard the following narrative) was one day startled from evening meditation by hearing a fly stop at his door and a lady requesting to speak to him; scarcely had his Lordship granted permission, before Miss Quinn entered the room; and after asking the Episcopal blessing said—“ My Lord, I have been sent away by my father, and have no where to go to because I am a Catholic; will your Lordship give me protection ?”

“ I will do so, my child, through some of my people ;” and the good Bishop, though infirm with age, proceeded to call with Miss Quinn, on a family in his Cathedral city—a city where once in the days of faith sojourned one of England’s martyrs and Prelates, when persecuted by his Sovereign for his unflinching fidelity to the privileges of Holy Church; and who, in the hour of his persecution conferred a boon on the town which her inhabitants can never forget, though they have deserted the Faith for which he suffered—a martyr, whose name is still honoured—aye even more honoured and revered in foreign countries, than in his own Cathedral

city, where no shrine *now* exists, save that made by pilgrims, previous to the so-called Reformation, to mark his resting-place; the good Bishop's friends gladly gave Miss Quinn that protection which she sought at their hands.

And now for Miss Quinn's narrative:—Shortly after her relative, Miss Gaitskell's expulsion from her home, Miss Quinn happened to visit an uncle of her's, who smilingly said to her one day—"Lizzie, I expect a Clergyman here to dinner to day, to whom you must be particularly gracious, as he is a clever amiable man, and friend of mine."

Lizzie Quinn was accordingly introduced to the Reverend Mr. Hartley, and was soon engaged in conversation with him, being exceedingly struck by his gentlemanly deportment and sensible observations. After conversing for awhile on the scenery and vicinity, and especially of the neighbouring Cathedral of ———, and the extraordinary legend attached to a certain rain-loving Saint, Miss Quinn asked her companion's opinion of the "Tractarian movement," and whether it was really as Popish in its tendency as some imagined.

Mr. Hartley at first parried these questions with no little skill, and our heroine had just said—"Oh! Mr. Hartley, I should so like to meet a Popish Priest; I am told that they will rarely notice us ladies;" when her aunt, who had overheard her exclamation, whispered to Lizzie—"Mr. Hartley, my dear, is a Roman Catholic Priest, but a great friend of your uncle's; as he is such a clever man, and vastly superior to our Vicar."

“Mr Hartley, my aunt has just informed me that you are a Catholic Priest, do tell me what books I should read to obtain some knowledge of the controversy between the Anglican and Roman Catholic Churches, for since Emily Gaitskell became a Romanist, and suffered such cruel treatment from her father, I have felt a growing conviction that there *must* be some truth in Romanism of which we Protestants have no idea.”

“Should I not, Miss Quinn, be acting in an ungentlemanlike manner, were I to attempt to make you a Catholic? for you must be aware that I am only here on sufferance.”

“But, Mr. Hartley, is it not your duty to make proselytes at every sacrifice?”

“No, Miss Quinn; I must be prudent and circumspect in all I do.”

“But if Uncle allows me to read them, will you recommend me some books?”

“Yes, Miss Quinn, with pleasure, if your Uncle consents.”

Lizzie was not long in obtaining her Uncle's permission, with a caution, however, that she was not to become a Papist; and, accordingly, rejoining Mr. Hartley, she said—“Now then, you can recommend me some books to read; Uncle has given me permission.”

“I shall be most happy to send you Milner’s ‘*End of Religious Controversy*,’ and Challoner’s ‘*Lives of the Missionary Priests*,’ while the former will show you what the Church of Rome *really* teaches as matters *de fide*, the latter will show you what our martyrs, such men as Campian, Harrington, Arrowsmith and others suffered for the Catholic faith; and you will see in their sufferings, what it was that supported Miss Gaitskell in her trials, severe as they have doubtless been.”

The books were sent on the following morning, and eagerly devoured by Lizzie. She was soon *mentally* convinced by an attentive perusal of ‘Milner,’ of the truth of the Catholic faith, and her *affections* were ere long enlisted in favour of that Religion which had produced such glorious confessors as Pole, and such martyrs as F. Johnson and F. Campian. She now began to feel ashamed of her former hero, Cranmer and his perjuries and equivocations, when she read of the sufferings so heroically endured by F. Morse and F. Arrowsmith.

Repeatedly did she, ere it was dawn, on cold November mornings, wend her way to the Church at —, to be present at the Holy Sacrifice, and there to beseech her Incarnate God to direct her to the Catholic Church, for she felt assured that *there* and *there* ALONE could she obtain *that peace* of which the world *has not* and *cannot have* a conception. She felt that she could now DARE to be TRUE; a thing purely impossible in Anglicanism, because it possesses no truth, and therefore its followers, when “*daring to be true*,” are observed to renounce the shadow and embrace the substance, which

Lizzie now began to perceive could *alone* be found in Rome.

Her greatest difficulty was the devotion to our Blessed Lady ; she could not understand how S. Bernard could have said of Her that—"every grace granted to man, must pass first of all through Her Holy hands." Though willing to concede to Her every honor as the Mother of God, she felt a difficulty on this point ; and yet she was convinced—(*mentally* convinced—we would say), that the Church could not teach a falsehood, and therefore she tried to believe that MARY was, (as She **INDEED IS**), the dispensatrix of all grace on earth, and that without Her divine consent, the plan of redemption would have been incomplete, and the Church's work unfulfilled.

As soon as her Popish tendencies were discovered, her Uncle sent her home, and while there, feeling the misery of not being a member of Holy Church, and yet fully and cordially despising the antics of her Tractarian friends who would fain enact the part of Catholics without comprehending, or being able to comprehend, the real value of Catholicity, and the absurdity of that mock Christianity which would exalt the privileges of our Blessed and dear Ladye *in words*, while *in reality*, they were endeavouring in common with ultra-Protestantism, to hurl Her from that throne on which God himself placed Her, when He selected Her from all eternity as His Mother—she wrote to Mr. Hartley, requesting him most earnestly to meet her at the Ashenfagot ball at Taunton—as she wished to arrange with him respecting her abjuration.

On receiving Miss Quinn's letter, Mr. Hartley called on his Diocesan, and alarmed the good Prelate exceedingly as to his bearing a "*mens sana in corpore sano*," on hearing the good Missioner seriously asking permission to be present at the ball at Taunton.

Permission was at length given ; and on the following night Mr. Hartley found himself, for the first time, dressed as an Anglican Parson, in a ball-room. Shortly after his arrival, and while discoursing with a gentleman wearing a white-choker, who had come there with his daughter, on the coldness of the weather, &c., &c., Miss Quinn and her party arrived.

As soon as Lizzie recognised Mr. Hartley, who seemed to be ill at ease, she introduced him to her friends, whispering—" Ask me to dance the first quadrille with you ?" He acquiesced, though unacquainted with the figures, not knowing the difference between '*La Poule*,' and '*L'Été*,' but his partner promised to assist him ; and being naturally of a quick lively disposition, our friend managed to walk through the figures without evincing much *gaucherie*. At the conclusion of the final figure, and during their promenade, Miss Quinn arranged a rendezvous for the following morning at five at the Catholic Church. True to her appointment Miss Quinn met Mr. Hartley and was there reconciled to Holy Church.

As soon as it was known that she was a Catholic, she was sent away, and compelled (as we have already seen) to seek the protection of the saintly Bishop of ——.

She remained for a little while at ——, edifying all by her sincere and humble piety, until she obtained a situation as governess.

The Curate of ———.

AN ex-Anglican Parson having been reduced by poverty to very great straits, commenced business as a bookseller's agent at Darlington, hoping thus to obtain a means of livelihood for himself and family; two ladies of the name of Hughes, entered his shop one day and asked for a copy of Wilberforce '*on the Eucharist*,' and Newman '*on Anglican Difficulties* :—the books were shown them, and our friend imagining that his fair customers were of the household of faith, handed them a circular, which he had had struck off, for pupils, as business was not consonant with his feelings, and how could it be? Could a graduate of an English University be expected to haggle about the price of an envelope, or a sheet of paper, or a slate pencil? One of the ladies, after reading the circular, said "Were you then a Clergyman?—my brother would be so delighted to see you, and from the same University I perceive; he has had nothing to do since 'the Gorham Controversy,' and is in a wretched state of mind; I am sure Edward would be but too glad to see you;—I will tell him to call to morrow."

On the following day Mr. Hughes strolled into the shop to see the 'bookseller,' and they were soon deep in

controversy. Two or three Sundays after Mr. Hughes, accompanied by the 'stationer,' heard Mass for the first time in the pro-Cathedral of the Diocese of Hexham, and were in the evening, through the kindness of the Abbess of our Blessed Ladye of Mount Carmel, present at Vespers and Benediction. A few days afterwards, it was rumored about that Mr. Hughes had been seen at Mass and Vespers, was about to become a Catholic, and that another victim was about to be added to the machinations of the semi-Popish Tractarians; while he was still in doubt, his second sister called on our friend the 'bookseller,' and wished to be introduced to one of the Clergy at the pro-Cathedral, which was accordingly done, and an arrangement made for her instruction in the faith.

A fortnight after, two other of Mr. Hughes' sisters asked to be introduced to F. William, as they wished to know something about Romanism. On our friend inquiring the reason, Miss Hughes replied that they had observed with astonishment the patience and resignation displayed by their brother and sister on hearing the taunts of their friends—nay, not taunts only, but the insults of what we must term the *canaille* of the town, who have been hired to throw stones at their sister, and to call her idolater, &c., and that in consequence they had resolved to inquire for themselves, and to see what Rome REALLY taught. The sisters were introduced to F. William, who felt no little pleasure in instructing them in the faith which leadeth to life eternal.

Mr. Hughes made up his mind to go into retreat

at Woodchester—but before he left Darlington he called on our friend the ‘bookseller,’ and begged of him to see his youngest brother Henry, who, though a lad of sixteen, had contracted some strange ideas on the matters of religion from reading Francis Newman’s “*Soul: her affections and her sorrows*,” and other similar works. During Mr. Hughes’s absence, his three sisters was received into the Church; and Henry, shortly before their abjuration of heresy called on the ‘bookseller,’ and asked to be allowed to accompany him to Mass and Vespers the following Sunday. On the next day, one of the Miss Hughes called in after Mass, to inform our friend that Mrs. Hughes having heard from Henry how he had spent the previous day, had determined to call on the Principal of the Collegiate School to get him well flogged, “and I know Henry so well, (added the poor girl) that if Mamma carries her threat into execution, Henry and the Principal will have a fight, and he will be expelled. What is he to do then? As for ourselves, Mamma has threatened to turn us out of doors, and will doubtless do so as soon as Edward returns from Woodchester, if not before.”

In the course of the day, Henry called on Mr. —, and telling him that he had been expelled, expressed a wish to be introduced to F. William, which was accordingly done.

The sisters were turned out of their home, and are now (we believe) Religious, and their brothers Priests of the Most High.

The Governess.

THERE lived at Tunbridge Wells in 1845, a family of the name of Maxwell, remarkable for their hostility to the Church of Rome; Mr. Maxwell was the foremost in every anti-Popish meeting, and as the Incumbent of the Parish, his position was such as to give him considerable influence, his family was large, (six children) and his means but moderate. His eldest daughter Agnes having heard a great deal of the idolatry of Rome, and astonished as she might well be, at the accession to her ranks of such men as Newman and Faber, and not quite crediting the idea alleged as a reason, by some of her father's friends, that they were "given over to believe a lie," determined to follow a Retreat which she perceived was announced at the gates of the Catholic Church by a celebrated Father of the Society of Jesus. Agnes attended the exercises most diligently, and at its close was received into the Church unknown to any of her friends.

She had enjoyed the privileges of a Catholic for a considerable period, communing in secret with her God and holding sweet intercourse with the pure and spotless Virgin of Juda's royal race. But one day—it was the Festival of our Blessed Ladye of Dolors, an apt day

for the trials she was to be called on to undergo, she had been hymning forth the praises of Her who

stood “transfixo pectore
 Juxta crucem lacrymosa.”

and how fervently had she in the language of the Church repeated those thrilling words—

“Eja Mater, fons amoris
Me sentire vim doloris
Fac, ut tecum lugeam
Fac ut ardeat cor meum
In amando Christum Deum
Ut sibi complaceam.”

Little did Agnes imagine that her prayers was so soon to be granted, that she was about to be made to feel the “force of sorrow,” and to participate in the seven fold dolours of our Blessed Lady. Ah! who but those who have gone through the fiery trial of modern Protestant persecution, can tell the “form of grief” such feel, for

“——— A keener torture racks the soul,
A torture far severer than the pincers which
Were wont to tear
 With cruel spite
The quivering nerves apart.”

On her return home from Mass that eventful morning, bearing in her bosom as her guest her Redeemer, she found her parents hitherto so kind, so generous, so loving, cool and reserved; at last, after a short silence, a relief to poor Agnes, for she felt that her secret was known, and she prayed to her Patron, the holy Agnes,

to come to her aid, and inspire her with like courage to herself; her mother inquired—

“Agnes, I have just been informed that you are a Papist; is it so?”

“Yes Mamma.”

“Leave my house immediately,” exclaimed her father, and approaching the now affrighted and trembling girl, he took her by the shoulder and turned his own child into the street, without even a bonnet or shawl to shelter her from the piercing wind and the driving sleet;” at last actuated by the same feeling that had inspired good Sister Etheldreda, she remembered the Priest’s name, and though she had never spoken to him save in the Tribunal of Penance, now proceeded to his house knowing that, as a Priest, he was a friend to those in affliction. He received her as a father, as a fond and affectionate parent would a child in distress, and through his influence she had protection given her by a Catholic Family

Two or three weeks after this, Agnes was informed that a situation as Governess was ready for her acceptance at Besançon. Eagerly did she embrace this opportunity of obtaining her own livelihood, and before leaving her native land, called on her parents hoping that they would be reconciled, but the door was closed in her face and admittance refused; as “the Missus” (said the servant, a stranger to Agnes) “did not know her; that she had no darter Agnes; she once had, but Miss Agnes had died before she had come, and the

family were all in mourning; and I am to tell you from master, that if you do not go away quietly, I was to send for the police, as you were an impostor."

Just then her brother passed by, she called him by his name, but he took no notice of her. While returning to her temporary residence, again did the words of Holy Church (then rejoicing in the full glory of Paschal tide) used on the festival of our Ladye of Seven Dolors, recur to her memory, and she almost involuntarily exclaimed—

"Eja Mater fons amoris,
Me sentire Vim doloris
Fac, ut tecum lugeam."

On the following day she left England for Paris, and on her arrival at that city, leaving her trunk at the M^éssageries Nationales, in the rue Notre Dame des Victories, inquired her way to the Post Office, located in the rue Jean Jacques Rousseau, as she expected a letter. One was given her; it was from Besançon; a short note from the lady to whom she imagined she was going, stating that she had engaged a person the day before; poor Agnes, she had but five francs in her pocket, and knew not a soul in Paris; again did the words of Holy Church escape her lips:—

———"Mater amoris
Me sentire Vim doloris
Fac."

And again did she pray the Mater doloris to come to her aid; with tears bedewing her cheek did she return to the

Méssageries. Where was she to go? How to return to England? Where to remain till she heard from her friends? While these and similar thoughts were haunting her imagination, an English girl, apparently a servant, accosted her:—"Excuse me, Miss? you are English, and seem in great distress. Can I be of any assistance to you? The kind words of this stranger, as young as herself, awakened Agnes from her reverie, and to her she artlessly communicated her grief.

"Do not cry, Miss (was the sympathetic reply of the stranger), but come with me, my Missus will help you I am sure; I will go and tell them to bring your box to her house."

Agnes accompanied her deliverer, who she felt assured was sent by the Mother of sorrows to her aid, to the rue de la Ville l'Evêque, and was surprised to meet in the kind and hospitable English lady, an intimate friend of her mother's, to whom she related every thing.

"Grieved as I am, my dear Agnes, in hearing from your own lips that you have left Protestantism, still I cannot refuse you shelter; my house is at your service, and my French servant shall accompany you to Mass or any other service in your Church that you may wish to go to. I should also advise you to write at once to your friends at Tunbridge, and stay here as long as you like."

An offer of another situation was after a little while made her, which Agnes accepted; it was at Dinan.

1848 arrived; and at the commencement of the Revolution, which upset the Orleans dynasty, and for a time menaced France with the anarchical misrule of Red Republicanism, under the leadership of Ledru Rollin, Cabet, and Barbes,—Agnes was informed by Madame de Mirecourt that her services would be no longer needed, as they had determined to emigrate to America. Agnes hearing that a convert was returning to England with his wife and family, fearful of the havock that would assuredly take place, were the hell-hounds of Red Republicanism to obtain the rule, asked permission to accompany him to her native land, he kindly consented, and finding she had no home to go to, desired her to make his house her home until she obtained a situation. She had not heard from her mother since she had been in France, but she felt that she had *now* a mother, whose affection was yet greater than her's who had borne her, for she was her TRUE and REAL Mother, and she knew, no matter how great her trials, aid was at hand, and therefore she was happy.

On the eve of her departure from Dinan, a letter was given her;—it was written in a well known hand, but one which she had not seen for many a long year; it was from her Mother. Could she believe her eyes? Yes it was from her Mother—the fearful atrocities recorded in the '*Times*' had re-awakened the affection of a Mother, and she had enclosed £10 in her letter, begging Agnes to return home immediately, as every thing had been forgotten and forgiven. * * * She arrived at home on Saturday evening, and was welcomed—truly welcomed by all; and on the following morning (Sunday)

on preparing to go to Mass, Agnes was surprised to find her Mother and Sisters waiting to accompany her, for *they* were Catholics also. Oh! how truly did she enter into S. Bernard's feelings, and with him say *Si insurgant Venti tentationum, si concurras scopulos tribulationum, respice stellam, Voca Mariam*. She had in the hour of need called on Mary and found Her to be the '*consolatrix afflictorum*' the '*auctrix meriti*.' How had her faith and her prayers been rewarded? Her whole family converts to the Faith, for embracing which she had suffered a keener torture than the rack—even the '*martyrdom of soul*.' It had been indeed a '*thorny path*' for her,

———"through storm, thro' strife,
To face the hottest strife."

But she had succeeded, and the Victory was hers.

Agnes's prayers for her family had been answered in a way she little expected, for God is a bountiful dispenser of gifts, and delights in rewarding bountifully all who ask Him with Faith and confidence. Agnes is now a Religious, and may be daily seen leading little children to Him who died for her, happier, far happier, as the Spouse of the Lamb of God than were she the wedded wife of a terrestrial Prince.

The Addolarata and Ecstatica.

MANY and curious have been the means by which it has pleased the Divine dispenser of all Grace to rescue men from the meshes of Heresy and Schism, and place them in that Church with which He has promised to be for ever, even to the end of ages. We have heard of one, like Mr. Scott Murray, being led into the Church by the accidental (?) forgetfulness of leaving an umbrella in a confessional at the *Gésu*—of another—a poor Carpenter—meeting a convert by accident (?) at a Railway Station, and casually entering into conversation with him, and thus being led into Holy Church. And one (Mrs. Pittar) has told us that she went to Edinburgh, thinking and believing that her friend (to whom she was much attached) had lost her mind, designing to bring her back to Protestantism, and being herself caught in S. Peter's net, by the unwillingness displayed by certain *soi disant* Ministers of the Gospel, to meet the Vicar Apostolic of Edinburgh in controversy; and hence it is that we are not called on to apologize for concluding our '*Sketches*' with an account of the remarkable conversion of one who deceased a few years since, a Catholic Priest, and whom we shall call Mr. Strickland.

Captain Strickland, of the 76th Regiment, East India Company Service, had not long been at home, invalided on account of his wounds at Chillianwallah and Sobraon, when a letter was received from his brother, which caused no little confusion; as the Rev. James Strickland informed his father that he had made up his mind to resign his Chaplaincy, and become a Catholic, and in this step he was to be followed by his sister and wife. General Strickland was confined to the house by the gout, to which he was a martyr; (the only species of martyrdom known to Protestantism), Mrs. Strickland was severely afflicted at the threatened calamity, and our gallant Captain, so annoyed at the idiotey of that — snivelling fool of a brother, and confident of the plain manner in which he could prove that his brother and every other pervert to Popery were idiots, or lovers of change, or victims to highly imaginative minds; he would therefore start at once for Brussels, where his brother then was, pack him off to India, and bring back Emmeline. He started per next packet to Southampton, and thence, as fast as the Express train could take him to Hull, en-route for Ostend. He embarked on board the '*Undine*,' contemplating dire arguments against Popery and its perfect absurdity. The weather had become hazy as they were leaving the Humber, and in a short while it began to rain so heavily that our gallant friend was compelled to beat a retreat to the cabin, which was tenanted by another passenger; seeing a pamphlet, which his companion had just finished perusing, lying on the table, he took it up to while away his time, and soon became deeply buried in its contents; on finishing it, he threw it down with a contemptuous smile, exclaiming—"Are

there any Englishmen now a-days such great fools as to believe this absurd trash — this evident display of Popish Jugglery and Priestcraft ? ”

“Yes sir, I fully believe it,” calmly observed his companion.

“You are a Papist, I presume.”?

“I am a Catholic, and was at one time that being, termed an Anglican Minister.”

“Do you really believe the trash related in that pamphlet about these women ? It is all humbug ; worse humbug than that practised by the Hindoo devotees ; by —— Sir, the *faquirs* have more religion than all your snivelling Popish Priests ; but I shall expose this humbug, this thundering falsehood ; I will examine it myself ; I will see this Ecstatica and this Addolarata, and show up the thing.”

“Suppose, Sir, you find on examination that the circumstances related in that Pamphlet are true. What will you do ? ”

“Oh ! that is impossible. It is too great an absurdity ; it cannot be so ; it is all a humbug which you and other men are made to say that you believe.”

“But suppose Sir, you find that it is really true, what will you do.” ?

“Do? Don’t ask me, the idea is so absurd.”

“Yes Sir, it appears absurd to you, I doubt not; but it *may* be true. What will you DO, IF IT IS.”?

“I will do as you have done, and as my brother intends doing, for I have a — fool of a brother, who is about resigning his Chaplaincy to India, to become a Papist and I am now en-route for Brussels, where he is, to pack him off to India. I shall write to him from Ostend, telling him that I have changed my route, and go on to the Tyrol to expose this affair; for I feel, I know not why, that it is a fearfully awful thing to become a Papist, and should not be undertaken lightly.”

“Well, Sir, I shall certainly pray for your reconciliation to Holy Church. We are now at Ostend; good bye, may God direct you to the truth.”

“Amen:” replied Captain Strickland instinctively, and the fellow-passengers parted. Six weeks had elapsed and no tidings of Captain Strickland had been received, either at St. Helier’s or at Brussels. Strange fancies were haunting the aged pair of his having been way-laid and murdered, and they were reproaching themselves for having allowed Henry to leave the paternal roof for a Popish country, when a letter arrived from the fugitive, containing intelligence which caused the ‘*martyr*’ to kick his foot *for ease through a pane of glass*,—but why anticipate events?

It was the Festival of our Blessed Ladye of the

Rosary; a happy day in the history of an English family, who had then been reconciled to Holy Church. These strangers were Mr. (*olim*, Rev.) James Strickland, his wife and sister, who were expecting their good *Padre Confessre* to dinner. Just as they were sitting down to that meal a cabriolet dashed up to the door, and a pull at the bell announced an arrival.

“It is Henry, I am sure,” exclaimed Emmeline, “thank God I am a Catholic;” when the door opened and Captain Strickland was announced, without noticing his relatives, he went up to the worthy Priest, and to *his* (need we say to *their*) surprise, kneeling down asked for his blessing, and then informed his brother and sister that he too was, thank God, a Catholic; and after giving a brief sketch of his visit to the Addolarata and Ecstatica, said that he was on his way to *La Grande Trappe*, to make a retrêat previous to his entering College, as he hoped one day to be a Priest. A hope that was fulfilled, though F. Strickland laboured but a brief period in the Vineyard, ere he was called to his rest. But he had the happiness of administering the last sacraments of Holy Church to his aged parents.

Requiscat in pace will be doubtless our reader's involuntary exclamation for the Missioner; but good friend, while praying for F. Strickland's soul, might we ask you to say an *Ave* in our behalf, also, to the Queen of Heaven.

PATRONA NOSTRA SINGULARIS ORA PRO NOBIS.

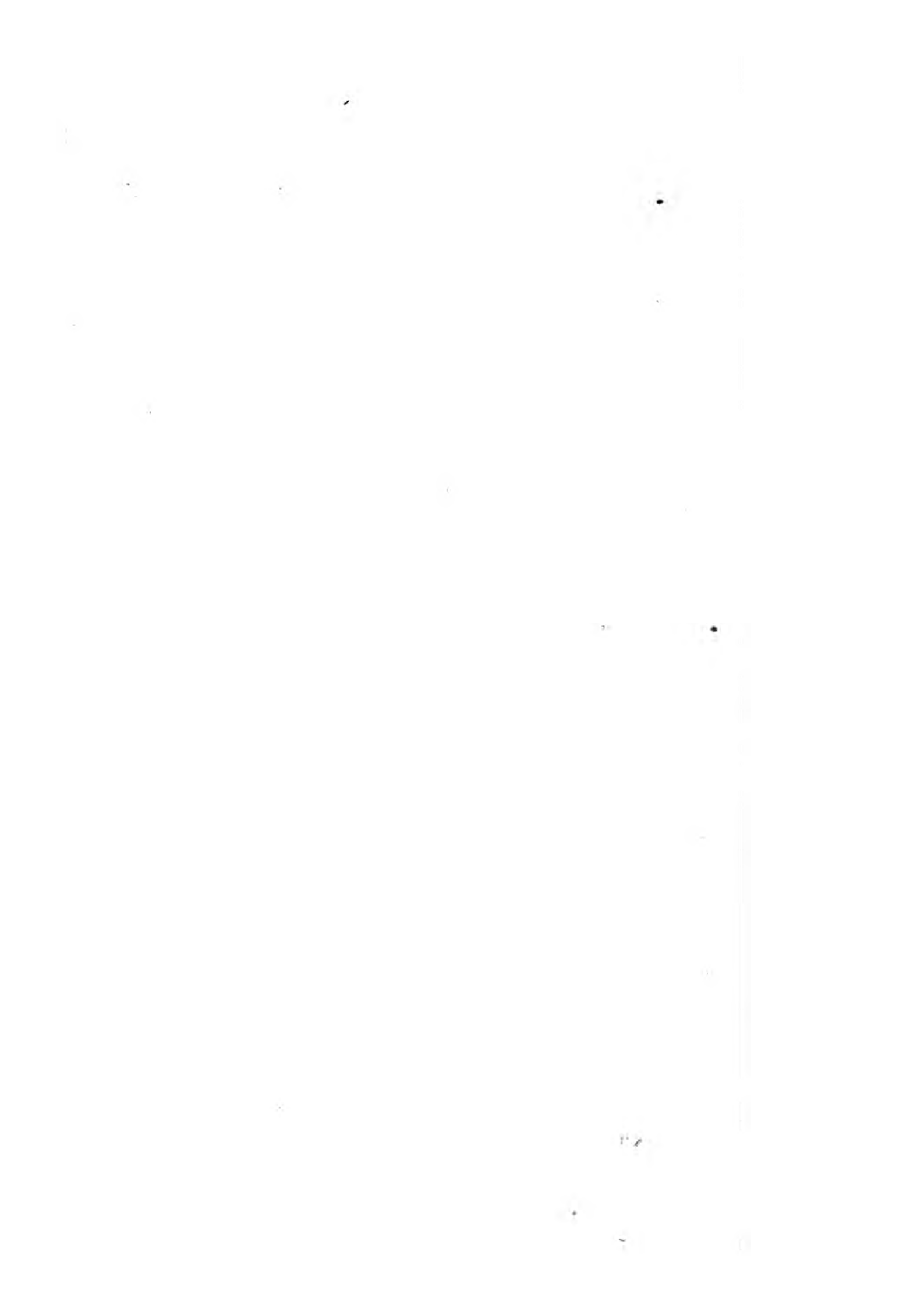
Corrigenda.

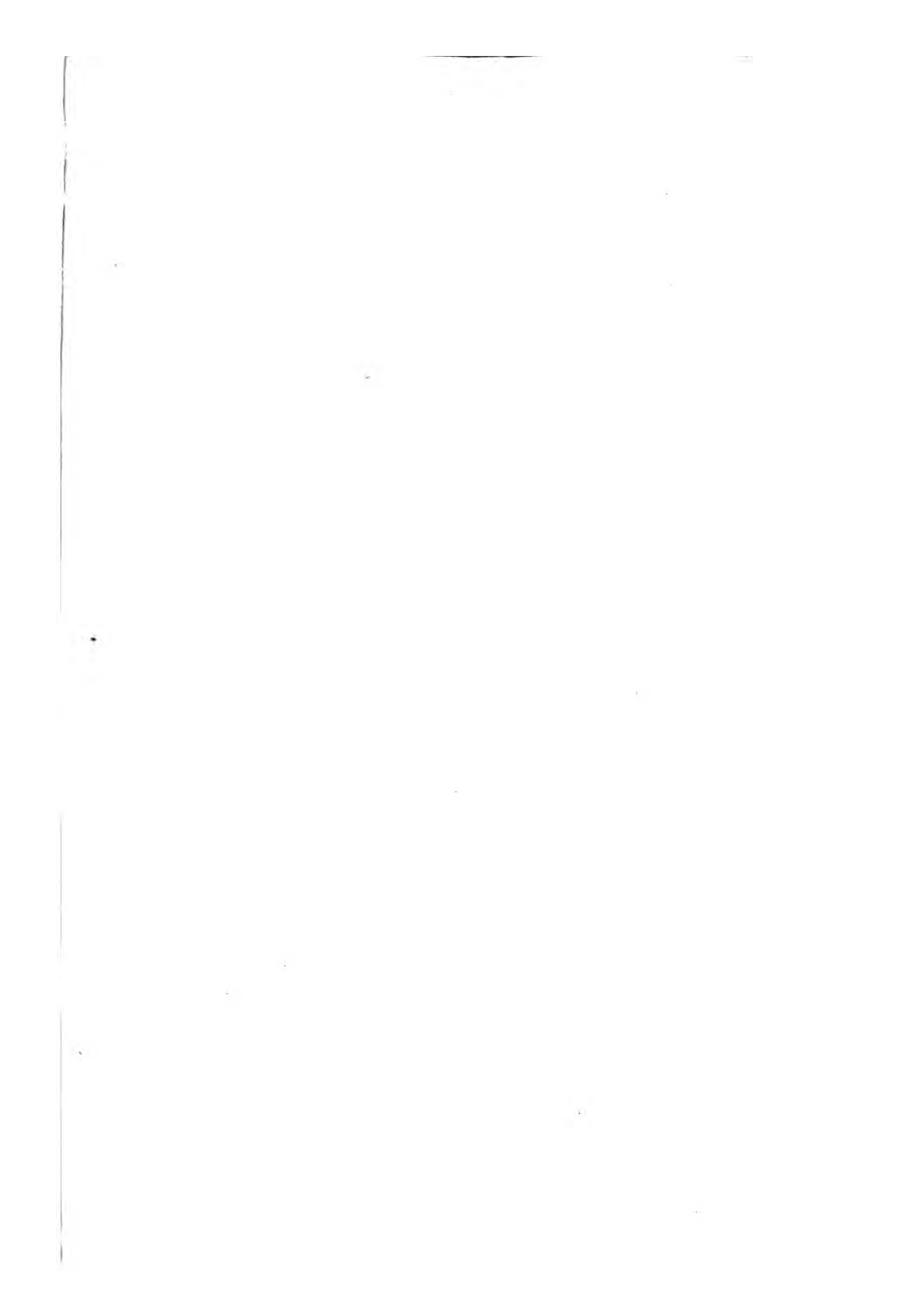
After page 29 had been worked off, the writer received a letter from a Rev. friend suggesting an alteration in a certain passage, which he willingly adopts.

Her greatest difficulty was the devotion of Catholics to our Blessed Lady; it seemed to her excessive, and beyond what was right. In reading Catholic books too, she had met with expressions from S. Bernard and other writers which appeared to attribute to MARY more than she had been accustomed to believe *would* or *should* be conceded to any creature, though willing to allow her every honor as the Mother of God, she yet felt a difficulty in going as far as Catholics usually went; and yet she was convinced, *mentally* convinced, that the Catholic Church could not teach what was false, or permit what was wrong on this any more than another point. And therefore she tried to persuade herself that the error must be on her side; and that if MARY is, (AS IN TRUTH SHE is), the Mother of the Immaculate God, she must hold a very important place in the economy of Grace, and be entitled to some especial reverence.

Vertical line on the left side of the page.

Vertical line on the left side of the page.







BOUND BY
EDMONDS & REMNANTS
LONDON



