

wanted to be near to them every where, and in every circumstance of life! "Abide in me; and I will abide in you."

"Is it possible, said one of them, that Jesus does love us so much, and that He has said these very words: 'Abide in me; and I will abide in you?' Will you please allow me to read those words myself?"

I handed him the book of the gospel, and slowly, with a very intelligible voice, but with surprise he read: "Je ne vous appellerai plus mes serviteurs, mais mes amis." "I will not call you any longer servants, but friends!" He gave me back the book, and with a voice trembling with emotion, he said to his companions: "It is so; Jesus does love us so much that He does not want us to be called his servants, but his friends!" And he stopped: but there was an eloquence in his silence, his emotions of surprise and joy seemed too great to be concealed: his lips were trembling and seemed to say: "How sweet Jesus is to those who love him!! How can we refuse to love such a friend!"

One of the young men, at last broke the silence and said: "How is it then that our Priests never show us Jesus as our constant friend; but that they represent him so angry against us that we cannot even speak to him ourselves; but that we must go to the saints to speak to him for us?"

Before I could answer, another one said: "I have, long since, suspected that our Priests do not preach us the religion of Christ. Perhaps it is on account of that, that Father Chiniquy and his people have left our church; our Priests forbid us to speak of him—this shows that they fear him—but I would like to see and hear him."

C.—"Now, my young friends, would you like to have a gospel book to read it, and know more about the love of Jesus for you?"

*Young Men.*—"Oh! yes, Sir, please give us the gospel."

And I gave a volume of the gospel to every one of them. No words can sufficiently tell the pleasure they had in receiving that divine book from the hands of their unknown friend; with an accent of determination that I will never forget, they promised me that they would read and follow the divine lessons of the holy book.

Then I said: "As one of you, my young friends, has expressed the desire to see and hear Father Chiniquy, I want to know if you have all the same desire: if you have it, allow me to shake hands with you, for I am Father Chiniquy."

And such a hearty and respectful and joyful shaking of hands I never received, as from these ten dear young countrymen.

But the moments were very precious and short. My heart was full of joy and hope, I was praying in the secret of my soul, the dear Saviour to allow me to give to those thirsty souls some drops of those waters of life which He had so abundantly given to the woman of Samaria, near the well of Jacob.

C.—"Will you allow me to put to you a few questions and to sow into your young hearts some of the words of Jesus which are to give us eternal life?"

*Young Men.*—"Yes! yes, Sir—do speak to us on the love of Jesus for us, they all answered; we are so happy to meet you! and our parents will be so glad to know that we have met you! For, though the Priests have repeatedly forbidden even to mention your name in our houses, we do not pass a day without expressing the desire of hearing you talking of the gospel."

C.—"Well, my young friends, do you believe that Jesus and Jesus alone has paid your debts and saved you, by his sufferings and his death?"

*Young Men.*—"Yes, Sir, we do believe it."

C.—"Do you believe that Jesus is your best friends to day, to morrow