

"There is another fact I must state. These great cities are filled with readers. Passing through the streets at night, you see the male population spending their evenings in the tea-shops. We frequently find at the end of the room a man who, with a clear and distinct voice, reads some Chinese novel. When he comes to the plot of the story, he folds up his book, puts it under his arm, and says, 'If you do not pay me for my trouble, I shall go away.' They then make a collection instantly. He says, 'That does not pay me; you must make another collection;' and when he has got as much as he desires, he finishes his story. We were one night passing along Shanghae, and saw one of our native converts reading a book. We listened: we thought surely he is not reading a novel. What was it? It was our Lord's Sermon on the Mount, which he was explaining to the people. We caught the idea, and sent this man to the tea-shop with tracts; and there, night after night, you will find him reading one of your interesting tracts, and when it is finished, he distributes a few copies to the more respectable class around him."

BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.

Conversion of a Roman Catholic.

The following account of the steps by which a young woman, a native of Ireland, has been led to renounce the errors of Popery, has been drawn up by a minister in Canada West:

"When she was about fourteen years of age she went to the priest and was confirmed, and was afterwards a partaker of the Lord's Supper, as dispersed in the Roman Catholic church. Having been taught to believe in the doctrine of transubstantiation, she was surprised to find that the wafer tasted like 'flour and water;' and she questioned whether it could be, as represented, the body and blood of Christ. On going home, she told her doubts to her mother, who at once accompanied her to the priest; and he, on hearing them, said that Satan was busy with her, and prevailed on her to believe, even against the evidence of her senses, in the *real presence*.

"In a short time after, she left her native land for America. She was taken sick, and sent to the hospital on Grosse Isle. In the orderings of a gracious Providence, there was in the berth next that in which she lay a Protestant girl, who was visited by a minister of her own denomination, while the subject of our narrative was visited by a priest; and she was forcibly struck with the difference in the conversation of these two spiritual advisers. The Protestant girl received a tract from her minister, entitled, *A Dying Thief and a Dying Saviour*, in which was that beautiful hymn of Cowper, commencing with—

"There is a fountain fill'd with blood,
 Drawn from Emmanuel's veins;
 And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
 Lose all their guilty stains."