

us as Protestant and Catholic. We had conversed but a very short time when I could perceive that Mr. V—— was a very candid man; for, although we differed widely at the outset, we were very near each other at the close of our little discussion. When I asked permission to call at his place that we might resume our discussion, he frankly told me that he could not permit me to call just then, as he had a daughter at home who was very grieved even at my coming to the place. "She had spent over two years in a nunnery and expected to resume her studies shortly, with a desire to take the Veil after six months; and he thought it would be very wounding to her feelings if she saw me in the house." &c. I said no more. It was about a month later, on a Sabbath afternoon, that I saw several young ladies entering Mrs. S——'s house. I wanted no better opportunity; so, taking my Bible, I went in, where I found myself in the presence of no less than ten strangers. After the "*comment vous portez vous,*" and the general shaking of the hands was over with, Mrs. S—— asked me to read a chapter. When I began, several faces looked rather scornful; but I had read and spoken only a few minutes, when all apparently forgot that I was an "Apostate," and frequently nodded the head in approbation to what I said. Having spoken to them and with them for about three hours, I shook hands all around and asked Miss V—— if I might not have the pleasure of calling on her some day? "Certainement Monsieur, vous me ferez beaucoup d'honneur," was her answer. On Thursday following I called, and found her able and willing to converse. Her great point was the words of "Christ to his disciples: "Whosoever sins ye remit," &c. (John 20: 23). I left with her several books on controversy, which, from that day, as she afterwards told me, she searched diligently, praying that God might show her the truth. "And ye shall seek and find me, when ye shall search for me with all your heart." Her mind became progressively enlightened; and, being able to consult the Scriptures, she increased in the knowledge of the Lord, till she found Him precious to her soul.

Two months had passed before she returned any of my books. But I had suggested that she should study them *thoroughly*, and she was bound to do so. When they were returned, I found on the fly-leaf of one of them, the following words beautifully written in French: "Having lent me your books, you have given me that for which I can never be able to reward you. I was blind and miserable, but now I am happy. I have found, in your books, the way of Salvation." In another was found these words: "I prefer trusting to the

Word of God than to the word of man."
"Let God be true and every man a liar."
(Rom. 3: 4.)

"Should all the forms that men devise
Assault my faith with treach'rous art;
I'd call them vanity and lies,
And bind the Bible to my heart."

JOY AND INDIGNATION.

The joy I experienced in receiving this confession, you can imagine better than I can express. Suffice it to say that my heart was full. So I hastened to Mr. V——'s residence, where I found Miss V—— busy reading to her three younger sisters, who, by the way, were quite convinced of the same truth. A half hour was quickly spent. And Miss V—— said she had something of a singular nature to show me if I would remain a few minutes longer. So she went to her room and brought back the "Holy Relic." It was wrapped up in a little envelope made of paste-board, and then nicely covered with blue silk on the one side, and with pink on the other. This Relic, given to her by the Mother Superior of the convent, was said to be the bones of the "celebrated St. Zene." I presented my knife that she might rip it open. But when the younger sisters saw that she was indeed cutting the thread, they looked as if "some spirit, disturbed by murderous hands, was about to wing itself to heaven." But, alas! what deception! to the amusement of all, Miss V—— drew out a little piece of white cotton, which she unfolded and unfolded until the cotton was stretched out on the table before her, but no bone could be seen. "Some invisible hand had snatched it from before her eyes," some one would dare say. No! no. The Mother Superior had told an unqualified falsehood, and every one of us felt it. Miss V—— exclaimed: "Is it not terrible the lying wonders they have taught us to believe!" You can easily imagine the rest. Suffice it to say that her faith was much strengthened, and the "would be nun" soon began to tell to others what the Lord had done for her soul. Her father was also convinced; but a little pride and too much fear of his neighbors, prevented him from following "the little flock." Such are the marvelous effects the Bible produces on the hearts of those who yield to it. Nor is this all; it does not only teach people how to live, but it teaches them how to die.

BALM FOR THE SAD IN HEART.

During the month of July, some one informed me that there was an old sick gentleman, twenty miles above the Falls, who was daily expected to die. I proceeded at once to the sufferer's residence, and found him in a spasm, which seemed to convulse