

Last summer, the little band of workers connected with our Church went to hold a meeting in the eastern part of this city. To our great delight and astonishment, about eighty Roman Catholics were present and listened to the preaching of the Gospel most attentively. Not a move was made, not a word spoken that was not in perfect harmony with the sacredness of the occasion. After the service such expressions as these were heard :—"Thank you sir, for your good instructions, we would be glad to hear you again,"—"Nothing could be better than that discourse, &c., &c." By a written request, a week later, we went to hold another meeting in the same place. We were told before-hand, that the priest had heard of our first gathering, and had instigated the breaking up of any future meetings. When we arrived, we found about a hundred and fifty people in, and around the house. Amidst considerable excitement the service was begun. When about to speak the missionary asked for quietness. He was answered by a volley of insults. When he tried to pacify the man from whom they came, the man leaped on him, while another kicked over the table upon which stood the only lamp in the room, and there was utter darkness, in which the missionary had to struggle with his assailant to extricate himself the best way he could. A good deal of noise and confusion followed, and amidst the jeers and taunts of about a dozen of characters such as those mentioned, the missionary and his friends were obliged to wend their way homeward. The great majority present would have been glad to hear, but their fear of being reported to the priest closed their mouths and kept most of them outside of the house.

Another instance in support of our assertion is the following :

A young, intelligent woman had bought from our lady missionary a Bible. After reading it some time this woman said to the missionary that the book could not be good, for, said she, it does not accord with the teachings of our Church. With two members of our church, she went to show her book to a Jesuit father. They had a conversation with him lasting over two hours. As they were about to leave, the priest holding the woman's Bible in his hand, asked her how much she had paid for it.—"Fifty cents," was the reply. "Here is your money," he said, giving her the amount named, "I'll keep this book," he added. The woman blushed and kept silence. Filled with holy indignation, one of