

came to administer the Sacrament to a sick person in the neighborhood, and afterwards came in to confess her. She refused to confess, and said she would 'let him know when she needed his services.' This she could not have said had she not found, through the Word of God, that Christ is the great and only Confessor to whom we may at all times go.

A discussion occurred in a certain house as to whether or not the New Testament I wanted to sell them was "good," as they expressed it, several persons present insisting it was not good. "Well," I said, "I'll let the book speak for itself." While I read to them I overheard them say among themselves, in a whisper, "That cannot be the book the priest forbade us to buy; it is surely a good book." But, in the meantime, a woman from an adjoining house had entered, while they were preparing to buy three copies of the New Testament. "Don't you buy those books," she said; "the priest has forbidden us to buy them, and they don't contain a single word about the Virgin Mary." I said to her, "You have evidently not read them, madame, for they do speak of 'Mary, the Mother of our Lord,' and I opened my Testament, and read in the first chapter of Luke and elsewhere. She looked surprised and said, "They must be good. Will you come with us to the priest, and if he says they are good, I'll buy one, too; so that you will sell four of them instead of three?" I did my best to sell them the Testaments without going to the priest, but in vain. Finally I agreed to go, hoping that the twelfth priest I was to visit, with the same view, would be found honest enough to acknowledge one of their own versions of the New Testament. We went, but with the same result as before; and I returned home with an aching heart at the sight of such dishonesty.

In a certain family I was at first refused admission, but having somewhat insisted, I was finally allowed to go in. I was at once told they did not want any of my books; that they were "bad books." "My books are not bad," I said; "read for yourselves." "I cannot read," said the man, "and my wife has sore eyes." I laid my books aside, and began to talk about the woman's eyes, which seemed to be perfectly well. I afterward asked for the permission to read a chapter, to which request they assented. I read about the raising of Lazarus. "Why, that's beautiful," they exclaimed, "the book is worth buying," and they bought it. They also invited me to come again.

I
Scott
ally, a
invited
the Bil
point y
so stro
especia
L
that ou
the Lon

At
of us a
else in c
for his
around
amounti

If i
gladly n
and devo
larger en
and even
much lar

On
of perma
sudden b
increase o
tisms, ha
near futu
of this p
some of
thoughts,
God of th