

of my reason, I seized that of the Spirit, the Word of God, and replied in these words, "If our gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost—in whom the god of this world hath blinded the minds of them that believe not, lest the light of the glorious gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine unto them."

"Yes, yes," replied the young man, "that is what your book says, but where is its authority? That is the question."

"If any man will do the will of God, he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God, or whether Christ speaks of Himself," I said.

"That is to say," answered the young man, "every man of sense and judgment in society is a villain, or infidel, or rather athiest, because he cannot subscribe to the mysteries, not to say the absurdities of a book scarcely known to any but the lowest people."

"The faith of the Christian," replied I, "stands not in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God, who hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the things that are mighty; and, as to the unbeliever, God says that he is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only-begotten Son of God; and the gospel adds, that such a man shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him."

"Very well, sir," replied the young man with bitterness, "my portion, according to your opinion, is quite settled; and it is," added he with a sneer, "it is hell, with its eternal flames, is it not, that awaits me? and along with me all the flower of the

human kind. I thank you for your charity."

"It is not I, sir," I replied, with calmness, "it is God Himself who says the name of Jesus is the only name under heaven given among men by which they can be saved; and it is Jesus also that says to you, as to every sinner, that whosoever believeth in Him shall not perish, but have everlasting life. You hear this—you hear those words of love and of kindness."

The young man said nothing but frowned, and he remained for a long time silent. Night came on and he remained silent, and I supposed that His discontent would last till he had fallen asleep; when, turning suddenly towards me, he said, with deep feeling, "Where could I procure a copy of the book you have been reading? for—yes—I ought to read it; I begin to believe that possibly I may be wrong, and you right. I regret, also, sir, the very inconsiderate language that—"

"O, sir," said I, interrupting him, "I beg you will make no apology; and since you already feel that the Word of God is superior to that of the philosophers—of Voltaire, for instance—let us have some talk, if you please, about that Word, which you will allow me to present to you as soon as we arrive at Bourdeaux."

From that happy moment our conversation was easy; and it was not till after we had discussed all the vital doctrines of Christianity that we resigned ourselves to sleep.

The next day my young companion was serene, cordial, and perfectly frank; and before we parted, he took me by the hand, saying, "You re-