

man. I went to say my Mass, but tears were running on my cheeks. My heart was broken because I was shaken. I was shaken like a ship which is suddenly taken on the ocean by a storm. I was tossed here and there, and I found there was no power left in me.

#### **My Meeting with the Bishop.**

After I had said my Mass I went to table with the Bishop Prince, the coadjutor, who had invited me to breakfast. He said to me, "M. Chiniquy, what does this mean? You look like a man who has spent the night in tears. Your eyes are reddened; your face is furrowed. What is the matter with you?" I said, "My lord, if you find on my face the tears of desolation, you are correct. I am desolate above measure; my heart is sad." "What is the matter?" he said. "Oh! I cannot say that here," I said. "Will you please give me one hour in your room alone? I will tell you a mystery which will puzzle you." After breakfast I went with him and said, "My lord, I will tell you why my tears are rolling down my cheeks this morning as they were last night. Yesterday you paid me great compliments because of the address I gave to prove that Jesus had always granted the petitions of His mother; but, my lord, last night I have heard another voice stronger than yours, and my desolation is that I am tempted to believe that the voice I have heard is the voice of God. That voice has told me that we Roman Catholic priests and bishops preach a blasphemous falsehood every time that we say to the people that Mary has always the power to receive from the hands of Jesus Christ the favours which she asks. This is a lie, my lord—this, I fear, a diabolical and damning error."

The Bishop then said, "M. Chiniquy, what do you mean? Are you a Protestant?" "No," I said, "I am not a Protestant." Many times I had been called a Protestant because I was so fond of the Bible. "But I tell you in your face that I