

denouncing the Bible, like most infidel writers he had never read any part of it. These fugitive leaves contained the prayer of Habakkuk. Being a man of fine literary taste he was captivated with its poetic beauty, and hastened to the club-house to announce the discovery to his associates. Of course they were anxious to know the name of the gifted author, to which inquiries the elated infidel replied, 'A writer by the name of Habbakook—of course a Frenchman.' Judge of the infidel's surprise when informed that the passage he was so enthusiastically admiring was not produced by one of his own countrymen, nor even by one of his own class of so-called Free Thinkers, but was penned by one of God's ancient prophets, and was contained in that much despised book—the Bible."

LA BONNE MARIE.

In one of those straggling villages so often met with in the South of France, there lived, several years ago, a poor woman, known among the neighbours as "La bonne Marie," the good Marie. At the time of which we write, she lived alone. Her hearth had once been gladdened by childish mirth and loving hearts; but sorrow and sickness came to her home, and one after another, husband and children were taken from her, and she was left dependent on her own exertions for bread.

But chastened as she had been, Marie was happy. She had become a Protestant and a Christian. A colporteur, in passing through the village, had given her a Bible. It was not long before she became deeply interested in its pages, and every leisure moment found her poring over it. But she was not permitted long to enjoy her gift, for within two months the Bible was taken from her by the parish priest. But though it was lost to her forever, she had learned many texts, which she repeated to herself, and she never forgot to pray daily "that some time God would send her another Bible."

While selling some articles in a neighbouring town, she saw a torn book lying on the counter. One glance told her what it was, and she easily persuaded the shopkeeper to sell it to her for a trifle.

Trembling with joy, she hurried home, where, gathering her neighbours together, she read it to them. At first they scoffed and laughed at her, but she persevered in her good work; and had the comfort of knowing that she had been an instrument in God's hands of doing much good.

Years after, when the colporteur next passed through the village, the turf was green on Marie's grave, but her memory was still fresh in the hearts of her simple friends, and he was astonished at learning from the lips of old and young, that through the instrumentality of the poor woman and her "torn Bible," many souls had been gathered into the fold of Christ.

Bible Society Recorder.

TORONTO, 15TH NOVEMBER, 1873.

QUARTERLY MEETING.—The October Quarterly Meeting of the Board of Directors, was held in the Board Room, on Tuesday evening, the 14th ult. beginning at the usual hour, 7:30 o'clock, A. T. McCord, Esq. V.P., in the chair. The Scriptures were read, and prayer offered, by Warring Kennedy, Esq., Director. After the reading and the acceptance of the Minutes of the