

The professor grew suspicious. "You are a colporteur, I suppose," he said. The tone meant, "you are a low-down, mean, back door preacher."

"Yes," said the young man, sitting up straight, "I'm a colporteur."

"What's that?" said the aesthetic young lady.

"I carry about, sell and give away, Bibles, Testaments and religious tracts."

"Oh, is that all?" Her interest in him began to wane. "but why should they throw things at you?"

"Because they are told that the Bible is a dangerous book and will be their destruction."

"Only the very ignorant, I presume," said the professor, loftily.

"They are constantly told so by their priests," said the young man.

"Yes, yes!" said the professor, waving his hand, "we have often heard that, but the Pope's recent letter settled that question. The people are allowed to have Bibles and the priests are instructed to teach them the Bible truth."

"That is strange, indeed," said the young man. "What bad Catholics they must be in this village; the priest worst of all."

"Bad Catholics!" exclaimed the aesthetic young lady. "surely they are most devout."

"Yet, strange to say, they regard not the Pope's letter. They do not teach the people to read. They do not give them Bibles at all. It is very strange."

"What do you mean?" asked the professor.

"You come with me," said the young man warmly: "there are one hundred and seventeen families in this village. Last summer I sold thirty Bibles and Testaments and distributed more than a thousand tracts. To-day there are not ten Bibles in the village."

"How's that?" demanded the business man.

"The priest visited every home and demanded the Bibles left by the 'wolf heretic,' and every Bible given up was burnt in the stove."

"What about the ten left?" continued the business man.

"Most of the poor people denied having them, and a few told the priest they had paid for them and were going to read them in spite of him."

"That is, they lied to and defied their priest," said the professor, severely.

The young man was silent.

"Now, my dear sir," continued the professor kindly, "I think you must see that you are engaged in a work that is unworthy of any Christian church. What is your church?"

"Presbyterian," said the young man.

"Ah, that is my own; but I hope I can worship in any communion and find good in all Christian churches. Where were you educated?"

"Point aux Trembles and Montreal."

"Ah, that, I fear, accounts for it," said the professor, sadly. "Don't you see how unworthy it is to be attacking a great, historic, venerable Christian church?"

"And the dear old priests, you know," put in the aesthetic young lady, "and the sweet nuns."

Then the young man began to grow excited and to break his English.

"It is a great church, it is a venerable church, it is a historic church, and it is, too, a Christian church, but it is not good for me, it is not good for my people. It is not enough to be great, to be venerable—so is the devil." The aesthetic young lady looked much shocked. "It is not enough to be historique; Buddhism is the same."

"But, sir, it is a Christian church," said the professor, warmly.

"Yes, it is a Christian church, but it is a corrupt church. It does not teach the truth."

"The same God and Father, the same Saviour of all, the essentials are the same," said the professor, regaining his calmness. But the young man was on his native heath.

"Yes, God the Father; Jesus, but not Jesus the only Saviour; Marie, the Saints, the Apostles, the relics. There is not one Saviour, but many, and the top of all the Virgin Marie. The poor people cannot come to God the good Father; they must get the Virgin Marie. They cannot speak to the good Jesus; they must go to the Virgin Marie. The Virgin Marie, the Virgin Marie, everywhere the Virgin Marie! The Queen of Heaven! The mother of God! The great power on Heaven and earth! No! it is not a good church."

"But, my dear sir, after all they have the