

heard that, and I remember that when I recited it to them the tears rolled down their cheeks. When the bell gave the signal to go to Church, I shall never forget the people saying, "Oh, it is too bad; it would be better to remain here and hear those beautiful things!" for the priest of the parish was one who never preached. He was a Frenchman who had been condemned to death by Robespierre, and had escaped to England, and had gone from England to Canada. The poor people were quite ignorant of the Scriptures, and they were happy to hear that magnificent exposition of the mercies of God.

The Priest Wants to Burn my Bible.

Next day I was playing at the door of our house when I saw the priest coming. The priest had never come to my father's house before; he was not on good terms with him, though I did not know why; my father did not like him. I ran back in, and said, "Papa, here is the priest coming." "Well," my father said, "all right," and he came forward politely and opened the door to the priest, shook his hand, and said "Welcome, sir," and they began to talk. The first minutes of the conversation were very interesting, for the priest was a good talker, though he was not a speaker from the pulpit. I was standing by my dear mother, when suddenly the priest stopped, his eye having caught my Bible, which was on the table, and turning to my father he asked, "Sir, is it true that you and your son read the Bible?" My father said, "Yes, sir, it is true; not only does my dear boy read the Bible, but he learns it by heart, and if you like, Mr. Curate, he will give you a few chapters." "Well," said the priest, "I do not care to hear; I came here for a very different purpose. Do not you know that it is forbidden by the Council of Trent for any Roman Catholic to read the Bible without the permission of the priest?" My mother replied, "I have the permission of the Governor of Quebec, who gave