

ness, of no public interest, the Presbytery adjourned to meet at New London, South, on Tuesday, the 2d October, at 2 o'clock, and in Charlottetown on Tuesday, the 23d October.—*Com. by Pres. Clerk.*

Fireside Reading.

THE BIBLE-WOMAN AND THE PRIEST.

In canvassing her district a Bible-woman had sold a New Testament to a little Roman Catholic boy; and he one day said to his mother, 'I am not going to give a penny a week to the priest any longer at my confession, for I find Jesus Christ forgives for nothing.' This having reached the priest's ears, the next time the Bible-woman called at the house and asked for the little boy, the mother replied, 'Oh, he is dead; he took the typhus fever and died of it.'

The Bible-woman expressed her deep sympathy, and rather wondered the mother was so calm. A few evenings afterwards she heard a knock at her door, and on opening it found her young friend. He was not dead. The mother, in concert with the priest, had sent him to the country to be away from the influence of the Bible-woman; but he maintained so firmly and boldly the truth he had taken hold of, that they were glad to get rid of him in the school to which he had been sent. He went to the Bible-woman on arriving in London, and begged her to take him to his mother, and make her promise not to send him away again, which she succeeded in doing.

But the priest was not to be outdone in this affair; he must try to frighten the woman, he thought.

As she went round to canvass her district another morning, she called at a house where a Roman Catholic lived, and asked her to buy a Bible. The woman replied, 'I do not want one; but my neighbour does,' pointing to the next door.

The Bible-woman walked confidently in, and there she found the priest waiting for her. As soon as she was inside he locked the door, and said she should not go out till she had promised him not to sell any more Bibles to his people. She told him at once that she would not promise him any such thing. He threatened, and she replied, 'She was not at all afraid of a man, yet, and she was not afraid of him.'

'But don't you know I can send your soul to purgatory?'

'No; if I am not afraid of what you can do to my body, I am quite sure you have no power over my soul; it is in God's safe keeping. Will you buy my book yourself, and see why I wish to sell it?'

Soon after the priest thus shut her up, in canvassing her district she came to his house without knowing it. A nun or sister of charity opened the door. The priest came out and again scolded her, saying she must indeed have nerve to come to his door; did she not know he could lock her up again? to which she replied, 'Oh no, I am on the right side this time.'

The next time she saw him passing, she was at her own door, and she called out to him: 'It is here I live, if you want to buy a Bible any time, sir.'

Again she met him in the street, and renewed her proposal that he should buy the New Testament; so which he replied, 'Do you not know that I might be turned out, if I were known to buy that book from you?'

'But then,' she replied, 'the day will come when you will have to give up your priesthood as it is.'

'When?—do you mean to denounce me?'

'No, I do not; but when the great High Priest comes, your priesthood must be at an end. Why do you not read to your people about Christ?'

He turned on his heel, saying, 'It would not answer for us to do that.'

The calmness and firmness of the Lord's servant made such an impression on the poor woman in whose house the shutting up scene took place, that she subscribed for a Bible at once, saying, 'It must be the word of God, since it made the Bible-woman not fear the priest.' What resulted in the mind of the priest himself the sequel will now show.

A few days after this last conversation he met our good woman in the street, and said, 'You offered me a New Testament the other day; now I will buy one from you.' He paid fourpence, and took the book away, the seller remarking that she hoped he intended to read it. He replied, that that did not concern her. She said, 'I wish you to see for yourself that there is nothing in that book that can do your people any harm.' He replied, 'I did not say you did my people harm; it is to me you are doing harm.'

A little time afterwards she met him again, and then he begged to change his New Testament for a five shilling reference Bible, and paid the difference. And now the Bible-woman had one more interview with the priest, and this was their last meeting. He shook hands with her very cordially, and bade her good-bye, saying, she would not see him any more. As she expressed great surprise, he said, 'Do not be alarmed, I am not going to do myself any mischief. I have a fortnight's holiday, and when I have two weeks' start of them, they shall never hear of me again. I have had no rest night nor day since you reminded me that