

that he had no right to refuse it, but still, if he had to lose his place he would not mail it. On my way home I wondered if the Priest had taught that man such manners, and if the Church of Rome was above the law, or if she was the ruling power of our civilized country.

When I returned to Quebec, I went into St. Saviour to see the family who had received me so well before. The woman was alone, and she gave me the books which I had lent and told me to leave her house as soon as possible. I asked her what reasons she had for acting so; but she went and got the broom-stick and said that if I did not go out that minute she would help me out. I did not wish for any help just then, but left. I have learned since that the Priest, having heard of my meetings, went to visit that family and the above result was the success of his mission. These people, on hearing the Priest say that I was one of Chiniquy's servants and sent by him, were so angry that I had duped them in such a way, that they have formed a plot against my life, and I was told to be on my guard by a woman, a native of the same place as mine, who also related to me all that had passed. How can I live in peace when I see so many of my dear countrymen drinking of the poisoned waters.

JUNE.

I sold during this month 5 Bibles, 24 Testaments and 19 Portions. I spent the first part of the month in Quebec and surrounding places, where I sold a few books and met with very little success. I left Quebec on the 12th, on board a small sailing vessel and went to Rimouski, where I sold in 18 days, 5 Bibles, 20 Testaments and 15 Portions. I was at sea three days, and during that time I had a good opportunity to study and to know the sailor's life—and what a life it is! There can be seen old men, and even boys of ten or fifteen years of age, that are not only habitual drunkards but swearers and blasphemers to the supreme degree. On board, I went into the cabin just at the time as two sailors were about to rest, and I told them in a very friendly way that it was bed-time, and that we ought to have prayer together before retiring. But they answered that I might go to h—— with all my d——d prayers; that it was good for nuns and priests to pray, but that sailors had something else to do besides losing their time with such nonsense. I asked them if they had forgotten the early trainings of a loving mother who had taught them in their infancy how to pray. They said they did not want any of my sermons, and that I should let them alone. By this time one of their comrades came into the room, and I asked him to unite in prayer, but I was not more successful with him than with the others. I fell on my knees and I prayed God to have mercy on those poor miserable sinners—to change their minds and habits—and to bring them to a realizing sense of the course they were pursuing. When they saw me kneeling, they commenced to scorn and turn me into ridicule, but they soon became serious and did not speak to each other that night. I prayed again on the following morning, and this time with better success—my companions were both grave and thoughtful. During the day as I was walking on the deck, I felt somebody drawing me by my coat. I turned around and I saw the young man who the day previous wanted to send me to h——. It was the same face, but it was not the same character. That roaring lion had become a mild lamb. He said to me in a low voice:—"I was much touched last night and this morning with your prayers, and if you will come to-night in the cabin with me we shall pray together; but we must not let the others know it or else they will make fun of us." I told him that if he was ashamed to pray before men, it would be far better for him not to pray; but he answered that he would kneel no matter whether they would laugh or join us. I saw that I had made some impression, and I determined to pursue the advantage. I had found out the vulnerable part of this man's nature. I spoke to him of God's infinite mercy in sending His beloved son into this world to save sinners, of whom