

MAY.

I sold during this month 22 Testaments and 29 portions. I met with bitter opposition in some places, as for instance—I started from Becancour station and went along the Becancour river as far as Three Rivers, a distance of about 35 miles. That part of the country is well inhabited and I had to walk a week before I reached the end of my journey. I only sold one Testament and four Gospels. One Colporteur had passed there two years ago with good success, but the Priest hearing of it visited soon after every house of his parish, and he forbid them under penalty of excommunication to buy any more of those “cursed books”; *burning* at the same time, all those that he could find. That people would be ready to receive the word of God, but for the Priest who is ready to tread it under foot. If I met with trials, I had also encouragements. I found a great number of persons ready to listen to the Gospel, and to receive it into their houses—but money is very scarce; those that had none went to their neighbour's houses to borrow some—and when they could not get any they offered me sugar, eggs, or butter, which I could not carry very well. I did not lend them any book or give it away, as I know that they have suspicion, and it is always the case, that they go and show it to the Priest, who always throws the holy volume into the fire.

I am sure that if Colporteurs did not throw away Testaments or lend them to the people, we should succeed better than we do now in our mission work, for I met with many families where books had been given away or lent, and was told that they went and showed them to the Priest. Many of them asked me if I also gave my books for nothing, and being told to the contrary and that I had only one price for them, they replied, “That's right, we don't think much of peddlars who throw their goods away.” At all those houses I sold something.

I met with a woman who did not want to buy *any of my Protestant books*; but she asked if I had some “Christs” (crucifixes) for sale. I said to her: “Why, madam, don't you believe that Christ having been sold once by Judas for thirty pieces of silver, was enough; would you want me to sell him again?” She said that she did not mean Christ himself, but his resemblance. I asked her how she could compare two pieces of wood in the shape of a cross, together with a piece of lead in the shape of a man fastened to the cross, with the Almighty and Holy God, Creator of the universe and Redeemer of souls. She could not answer anything, but seemed to be thoughtful. I showed her that the crucifix which she was thinking so much of, was nothing but an idol of ancient times, and before I was done speaking she was of my opinion; she only remarked that after the Priest had blessed it, it was good—but she thought otherwise when I told her the value of the blessings of the Priests. By this time she wanted to buy a Testament, and after she had it she told me that the Priest would not have it except he could show her what was to be in it.

In the village of St. Sophia I offered the Scriptures without effect, doubtless owing to the sermon of the Priest on the preceding Sunday, as he took for his subject: “The Swiss and what he intends to do.” He told the people that he had seen in the paper that eleven “*Anti-Christs*” from Montreal were to run the country to pervert the Canadians during the summer months, and that the end of the world would soon follow them; he had seen in the revelation that they would sell books so as to make them leave their religion, and he put them on their guard and told them to look out for the “*devils*.” I could not tell in what part of the Gospel that gentleman took his text—I was quite a stranger there. I went into a Post Office to mail a letter, addressed to Rev. C. Chiniquy, and I was very much surprised to see that the *Postmaster would not take it in*. On being asked the reason, he said he would not mail any letters addressed to the *apostate* Chiniquy; he stated