

Naples, a young man was walking in the Villa, when his attention was arrested by some lads who were tearing books to pieces, and scattering about the leaves. He was puzzled to know the reason of this, when some torn leaves were blown near to him, and thence his curiosity led him to pick up and begin to read. They contained weighty words, and he sought a secluded spot, so as not to be disturbed. But what were these torn leaves? They were portions of the New Testament which good Christians distributed gratuitously at the door of the Exhibition, and which the boys tore up for their amusement. The pages which this young man, Andrew R—, had picked up contained the 10th and 11th of St. John's Gospel. At the time when he gathered the great treasure despised by others he was a rigid papist, and led an immoral life. This account he settled by going every week to confession.

"In 1874, when I was worker in tortoise-shell, I used to know this youth, for we lived near each other, and then it was that he narrated to me the story of the leaves, which he carefully preserved. Riva's confessor ordered him to give the leaves up to him, and refused to give him absolution until he did so, in consequence of which he went no more either to confession or Mass. I invited him to accompany me to hear the Gospel preached. He promised, and promised, but did not come. After this he had a serious illness, but the old man was still strong in him, and seeing that I could make so little impression on him, I seldom went near him, for he continued to live in sin. Three years have passed away, and now I see him admitted as a member of the Methodist Church at Naples. I asked why he did not accept my earnest invitations to hear the Gospel preached before, on which he said he could not part with his cherished sins, and did not know that Christ would give him strength for this. On the morning of the day he was admitted to the Communion, he went to his mother and sister to ask pardon for all the sorrow he had caused them during the past years. His mother was amazed and said: 'My son, when did you ever before speak to me in this way?' He replied that he was going to take the Communion. His mother, who with her daughter went to Mass every morning, asked him to what church he was going. He said he was going to an Evangelical Church, for he had been going to a Roman Catholic church he need not have asked for pardon, for the priest would have given him absolution. 'Go,' said the mother; 'may you long retain these holy sentiments.'"

An instance, very instructive, of a son gaining his mother for the truth will touch many hearts.

"When Borgli was at the camp at Lonato some men were hesitating, afraid to purchase. But a young soldier now joined us, and urged his companions to buy the Scriptures. He said that in Turin he had bought a Bible, which his mother urged him to destroy. Curiosity, however, impelled him to keep and read it secretly. One day he persuaded his mother to let him read it to her on condition that he burned it if she did not like it. She soon regarded the book as more precious than gold."

A circumstance narrated by Godin, a colporteur labouring in Corsica is so touching in itself, and so interesting in its details, that room must be found for it.

"In Bonifacio, as I was selling my books, I saw a person who was deaf and dumb watching me. On hearing from a bystander that he could read, I opened a New Testament, and showed him a verse in St. Matthew, where a deaf and dumb was healed. He expressed his pleasure most sensibly, and as he was examining the book, I took one soldo, and opened my hand twice. He immediately gave me ten soldi, and so bought the volume.

A ROMAN CATHOLIC BIBLE FOR THE ITALIANS.

The *Cristiano Evangelico*, of June 18th, 1883, informs us that the prominent publishing house of the brothers Treves, of Milan, brought out, in the first instance, an "edition de luxe" of the translation, made by Monsignor