

The work of our Bible woman, Madame Scott, continues to afford constant satisfaction and encouragement. Our hearts have been cheered from time to time by the narration of her untiring labors, and a few extracts from the report presented by Mrs. Therrien at our annual meeting may find a fitting place now:—

“The fact that through another year this Association has been instrumental, through the support of Madame Scott’s work, in offering the Word of God to hundreds of families who have it not, in reading it to many who scarcely know anything of its contents, in teaching it with saving efficacy to a few, and ministering to the wants of many a suffering one, should be regarded as a matter of gratitude to God.

We have mentioned in our quarterly reports, three families to whom Madame Scott first carried the Word of God, and who, this year, have been won to the truth, and that the heads of these families have all been united to our church by baptism.

We spoke to Mr. G., a man of intelligence, whose wife wept day and night on account of what she then called his perversion; also of this wife herself, who had promised that she would refuse Madame Scott admittance into her house, and how she felt unable to keep that promise, when Madame Scott pleaded with her at the door to be admitted but for a moment, and how this woman’s heart was won, so that two weeks after, she too, rejoiced in a new found Saviour, and was baptized one month after her husband.

Let us accompany Madame Scott in her daily round of labor.

We start Monday morning at nine o’clock from St. Lawrence Street, and walk at an uncommonly rapid pace to the north end of the city, near Logan’s Farm. Entering one house we find a very sick woman whose bed of intense suffering is surrounded by six children, the eldest of whom is but nine years old. We learn that Madame Scott has been there before, and has spent days and nights in nursing and comforting this woman, who recently embraced the truth, and who would be left to suffer alone, did not some Protestant friends come to assist her. Here we do a little house-work; administer a little spiritual and physical comfort to the sick one, and run off within an hour. We enter ten or twelve houses where we can stop but a moment at each, no opportunity being given us to do more than to offer our books, and receive a decided refusal to buy.