

see no books, or nothing but almanacs, Tract Society publications were now found, and were read with interest.

*The Pure Essence.*—One old man and his consort seemed to have got beyond my books. He "had professed religion forty years, and had lived by faith twelve." He ran over my large supply of books in haste. Saw "little but leaves and branches—wanted the solid wood." D'Aubigne's History was set aside, as "a murder book," and as for Abbott, and James, and Pike, they were the "a-b-abs, and baker lessons of religion." Edwards was "pretty good." My interest was more excited by his exclamations, "I have found it now, here is the *pure essence*." "There, daughter, read that, and you cannot help being converted—it tears the sinner up root and branch." I found he was pleading for Baxter's Call, which, for an additional reason he thought it would be a piece of wisdom and good economy to buy, viz: the reading space was not as in some of the other books, taken up with pictures. The hardships of his first life had wrought in him, a severe taste, while he relished; as I believe, the kernel and root of religion.

*Steamboat Scene.*—After laboring two days at the outlet of Memphramagog, I took the steamer for a point twelve miles up the lake and on the west side. The nature of my mission was soon known, and my carriage was surrounded,—some curious to see and others to buy books. Many volumes were disposed of, the Captain himself leading the purchases. He gave me a free passage. I placed on the cabin table, tracts, and works of Baxter and Alleine. At one of the landing places two well dressed gentlemen came on board. On entering the cabin and seeing the books, one of them exclaimed, "hurrah, religion by the whole-sale," and then commenced reading from Baxter's Call, "Turn ye, why will ye die." He suddenly stopped, and in evident confusion laid down the book,—I knew not why. Scanning me very closely he paced the deck, and soon introduced himself, recalling to my memory an acquaintance made in the Spring. It is never safe to trifle with sacred things must have been the lesson he learned.

"*Church in thy house.*"—Called on a venerable man, a native of Scotland. He was full of pleasant Scotch memories, and love for old Scotch divines whom he had heard.—Dr. Chalmers among others. He took down to shew me the old, well worn Bible, brought from Dunfermline. I was sorry to learn that neither he nor any of his family attended meeting. In answer to my inquiries, he reminded me of "the church in their house," which St. Paul speaks of. This was his church, for he could not commune with any of the sects around him. I brought to his mind another passage from St. Paul, "Not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together, as the manner of some is." He was supplied with books, and I left with his "peace be with you."

Many more facts might be stated, but perhaps I have already exceeded the proper bounds of a report. Pages might be filled showing the advantages of Colportage. Numerous testimonials