

how sinful it was to express himself so; read the Scriptures and prayed with him, when he exclaimed, 'I am a great sinner.'

Another writes:—I visit the sick and try to comfort them and pray with them, I found one poor old man afflicted with cancer, apparently drawing near his end, and, I fear, not prepared for a better world. After conversation, reading and prayer, he was much affected.

Another in the same County writes:—I have visited some on beds of sickness who have since gone to their rest, and while I have been endeavouring to speak to them of the love of Jesus, it has proved a blessing to my own soul. Last Spring I visited the house of an Indian, and sold a Testament to a young female who could read. This fall I found a young man, her brother, wasting away with consumption. He hopes that he is a christian, trusting in the Lord Jesus for salvation.

Another writes:—At P—— C——, I went into a house where there was a very sick woman. She had been ill nine years, had consumption and two or three other diseases. Her case was very sad. She seemed to have lost all hope and comfort and gave utterance to some fearful expressions, such as she wished she had never been born, &c. She told me all the Doctors round had been to see her, and could do her no good. I told her there was one she had not been to, I was very sure. She asked, 'which one?' I told her, Jesus the Great Physician, and showed her that there was no complaint of body or soul which he could not heal. This had the effect of stopping her almost blasphemous language.

In W. H., I visited a woman at the point of death. Her disease was consumption. She was more than eager that I should read God's word to her. I prayed with her, and talked to her some time, urging her to put her trust in Jesus alone, with a child-like confidence.—When I was done she took hold of my hand, and said, she trusted she would meet me in heaven. It was a day of discouragement to me. The people seemed indifferent, but in this hovel, I realized God's presence. I felt that God was beside that dying one, and I believe that a soul went home to heaven from that bed. I went back to my place of lodging with a light step and joyful heart.

The following remarks show

THE VIEWS AND FEELINGS OF THE COLPORTEURS respecting their work.

One in N. B. writes:—Colportage is indeed a good work; I feel convinced that as it has been the means of much good in other countries, it will also be so in our Province.

One in N. S. writes:—I believe that the work of your Society in placing wholesome literature before the people, and sending out men who love Christ, and labour for the good of souls is admirably adapted to the wants of the people.

Another writes:—I find that the work of a Colporteur is one of toil;

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