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saw two men cutting stove wood. I hailed them in the usual way, saying, "Can I sell you a Bible or good book?" They said, "We need none, but go upstairs at the back of the building and you will find some women, may be they will buy some." I accepted the advice, and on arriving at the head of the stairs, I met a young woman who asked for a large print Bible for her father. I sold her one for \$1.00, the weight of which was between three and four pounds. The next sale was a large family Bible, for which I received \$8.50. After that I sold Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress and Holy War and other works, the total value being about \$14.00, with much regret that my spirit had been so much disturbed, but purposing in my heart to no more distrust the providence of Almighty God. One more experience in the same place. I had walked twelve miles through snow in some places up to my knees, carrying three or four family Bibles, besides other small Bibles and books, without any cash in my pocket. I was exhausted with my long tramp and resolved to tarry the night with a man I knew, but he was unable to accommodate me. However, they kindly furnished me with supper, and I was refreshed. When the workmen on the Soo branch of the C. P. R. came in I asked them the condition of the road to the camp. They said it was good. So I then concluded to continue my journey with my pack on my back. My first stop

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