

ping his hammer and throwing off his apron, says, "walk in, I want my children to read and examine, and judge for themselves. He could never believe his maker worse than himself or his creatures, as he certainly would be if he made people to destroy and torment them." He cut short my replies by adding, "all the talk and ministers in the world would not move *him*." Having bought books for each of his seven children, he returned to his anvil; and, as I believed, with more inward disquiet than his externals would indicate. There was at least encouragement to pray that the words spoken and the books left, might be as "nails fastened in a sure place," and like the "fire and like a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces."

Catholic Schools.—Called on a Protestant family who had sent their children to the Convent to "learn the accomplishments." A daughter was at home in her vacation. Said she knelt to the virgin, said mass, "and conformed to please the teachers." I set before them the danger and criminality of such a course, and gave warning from its results in other cases, some of which were known to them.

The Degenerate New Englander.—Found a father, mother, and eight children, inhabiting a poor log house in a small clearing. Only three of the number could read. They lived far from church. The aged father remembered attending meeting in his early days in New England. Said he was never taught to read, was poor, it was hard to get a living, but he wanted books; knew not where he would go after his life's journey was over, said this with emotion. After conversing some time, I gave him Pike's Religion and Eternal Life, a chapter of which he promised to have read every Sabbath in his family. At the next clearing lived a family like the heathen, without a bible or book of any kind; never attended meeting nor schools. Gave them Baxter's Call and tracts. Started on, and seeing a house at some distance off the road, it being late, I did not visit it; but putting some tracts in a slit stick, I set it up by the path leading in to the house. I afterwards heard they were scoffers. But, although I "drew a bow at a venture," an unseen Providence guided my hand to select appropriate tracts.

Novel Reading.—This pernicious practice is doing its death-work in many families. I sought to apply the best remedy—supplant bad by good and attractive works at a cheap rate. Gave a lecture on novel reading, to an attentive audience. One, offended, as I supposed, with my plain dealing, withdrew in the midst of the meeting. His family loved novels, and the Sabbath was his holiday.

Good books are needed and read. Met in one family a tract society publication that had been lent out till it had reached this place from Stanstead, forty miles away, and was still under a number of engagements. Books, as soon as bought, begin their travels, and are met with in their exchanges through the whole neighborhood. A travelling merchant testified also, that through the whole county where he had been accustomed to

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