

you Colportage is one of the greatest blessings ever conferred on Cape Breton. The desire for knowledge of the Word seems almost universal among Protestants; some Roman Catholics also, buy Bibles and accept tracts.

I am treated everywhere with unvarying kindness, and feel sorry that old age will soon compel me to give up the work; but the Lord will prosper our Society, and continue its operation after we are gone to rest.

I would mention in conclusion, that the thoughtfulness of the Society in providing me with Gaelic books, is very heartily appreciated by many people here, many of whom know no other language."

Mr. G. T. writes:—"The Statistics of my labour are as follow: Time employed in the Society's service seven months twenty-two days. Number of miles travelled 980. Value of Bibles and religious books sold \$844.99. Value of Bibles, books and tracts granted \$19.66. I have taken part in 32 Prayer and other religious meetings. I have sold 626 Bibles and 836 Testaments; total Bibles and Testaments 1462; also 720 Pilgrim's Progress.

I have supplied 22 Sabbath Schools with books; made 1984 family visits; and conversed on personal religion or prayed with 1250 families.

Going through the woods to R. Settlement South of P., I felt that God was with me, and while visiting the last two families I was satisfied that it would prove a blessing to them. In both houses they were melted to tears and said they were glad I came.

While travelling in one of the back settlements, East of W., I went into a house where lay a poor man sick of consumption. Finding him in an unreconciled state, I entreated him to look to God by prayer. After talking with him a while he asked me to read a chapter in the Bible with him. After I arose, the old man sat up in bed and grasped my hand, and with tears streaming from his eyes, he said, 'I believe the Lord has sent you here to see me in my poor and lonely state.' He was loath for me to go away, but as I left he asked me to pray for him. Another time as I was on my way home, I met an old coloured woman with her wheelbarrow getting sticks for her fire. Asking her a few questions, she told me that she could read and that she hoped she was a christian. But she said, 'my poor husband is sick, and I am afraid he will not live long. He is not a christian. He swears sometimes. We are very poor, but O, will you stop and see him and talk to him?' I was soon there, and entered the little cabin. The poor man lay in one corner on his bed of straw. At the foot of his bed was a few potatoes for their food. He was suffering pain. I tried to recommend Christ to him as the only one who could do him good. He would sometimes ask me what my name

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