

gotten so long?" The clergymen of the different evangelical denominations gave their influence to the work, and much is due to their aid and co-operation. With a circuit or parish, thirty miles in diameter, and a dozen or more preaching places, the families of which they could not visit; they acknowledged in Colportage a valuable and *indispensable auxiliary*.

Frost Village was my head quarters, to which I was obliged frequently to resort for books, and to despatch supplies to my brethren in the work.

I met on my field with almost every shade of religious belief,—Episcopalians, Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, and Congregationalists; and with every variety of error—Catholics, Infidels, Universalists, Millerites, and Nothingarians. In one neighborhood, Millerism, "smuggled in from the States," is deeply rooted. The victims of this delusion profess to expect their Lord yearly. They have violent "struggles" for sinners, in which they roll upon the floor, froth, and throw themselves about in the most frantic manner, kicking to pieces whatever comes in their way. By such means reproach and distrust are brought on all who profess religion, and infidels and scoffers are multiplied. Such may surely be called "*burnt districts*," which it will take half a century to convert to a "fruitful field."

Permit me to give some illustrations of my work, as taken from my journal in the field:—

*The Universalist*.—A young Scotchman, the head of a family, refused to buy and was loth to receive books as gifts. God was good, he said, and would save all, as he could prove from his word. Yet he did not worship him, nor would he risk his eternal happiness on his creed. Cautiously questioned him to ascertain whether he ever attended meeting, or read the bible, if he had one. But he shrewdly remarked, he supposed I had a book and would note all down to tell in Montreal. He wanted nothing to do with religious people in this world. Finding that he was only confirmed in his wickedness by controversy, and would not be won by kindness, I gave his children tracts and left him.

*The Backslider*.—He is often met with. One invited me to his house after Sabbath services. He had been member of an Orthodox Church in New England. Several years since he embraced Millerism, and was now an infidel. "The Sabbath was all a humbug," he said, and "religion was worth what it would fetch." Truly, "evil men and seducers wax worse and worse, deceiving and being deceived." His family gave proof of the ruin his principles had wrought.

Another said he had got far away, and it was hard—more difficult now to get back, than first to come to the cross. All around him was discouraging. Gave him suitable counsel and tracts, prayed with him, and left with his cordial thanks.

*The Universalist Blacksmith*.—I went into a blacksmith's shop by the way side. The smith had heard my account of Colportage the previous Sabbath, and gave me apparent welcome. He told me at once what he was, and what he believed; but drop.