

have been nothing surprising, had some of them been rather imprudent, or had they sometimes shown misplaced zeal, so as to injure seriously the holy work, which, it is desirable, should be accomplished everywhere with peace, tact, and prudence. But this has not been the case. Except two of them (who having through ignorance, neglected to conform to some police formalities, were prosecuted, imprisoned, and fined,) the whole have made their calling of Bible Colporteur, and their profession of the principles of Jesus Christ honourable, and that openly—in season and out of season. Several of them have received from Magistrates, at first ill-disposed towards them, positive marks of esteem, confidence, and respect. Indeed in many departments, the Agents of the Government after strict enquiries into the nature of the Bible Colportage work, have declared that it was a powerful means of calming men's passions, and have expressed sincere wishes for the abundant and complete success of such useful labourers. They have also received the affectionate approbation of the people whom they have visited. Their language always bearing the impress of peace and devotedness; their simple, sober, and modest habits, the lively and vivid exposition of their christian feelings, and their charitable eagerness to impart these feelings to others—all this has made them welcome everywhere. Many interesting narratives of the success of their labours are given, from which one or two incidents may be extracted.

In a certain place, one of the Colporteurs was entering an apparently respectable house for the purpose of offering his books to the inmates. The owner of the house, who happened to be Mayor of the village, stopped him, and informing him that he suspected him of propagating Socialist principles, ordered him to produce his papers as well as merchandize. "Take care that the first," said he, "are in good order, and that among the last you have no books that are prohibited." The Colporteur obeyed accordingly. His papers were, of course, acknowledged to be correct, and as to his knapsack, the Mayor found to his surprise that it contained only one kind of book, the New Testament, and nothing else. "I fear," cried the Mayor, "that in my haste I may have wronged you. So far from being a Socialist, you appear to me to be a worthy man; and the explanation you have given me respecting the object of your work, and the admirable contents of the book which you seek to distribute, are so satisfactory that I shall be happy to purchase one of your copies." Nor was this all: of his own accord the friendly Mayor drew up a certificate, in which he spoke in high terms of the character of the Colporteur, and of the excellence of the work in which he was engaged, recommending it both to the protection and aid of all into whose hands it might fall.

Another Colporteur writes,—“I have been in a commune (Ardennes) where I entered a house. The mistress had been looking about in a shop for some trifling article, which was given to her wrapped up in a leaf of a New Testament. Her husband, to pass away time, picked up the leaf and commenced reading it. ‘A man must be very wicked and profane,’ cried he, ‘to lay no store whatever by the Book to which this page belongs, for in it is contained an account of the most wonderful things that man can conceive.’ It was a fragment of the fourth chapter of St. Luke. ‘Poor as I am,’ continued the reader, ‘what would I not willingly give to become

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