

Let all our Presbyteries get to work in the same ways, and the first great step will have been taken toward a successful year of augmentation effort. Our people are sure to follow when our Presbyteries lead.

R. CAMPBELL, Convener.

RENFREW, 10th Aug., 1897.

A FRENCH COLPORTEUR'S EXPERIENCES DURING JUNE, 1897.

For the RECORD.

I visited all the above mentioned districts and also several outlying places belonging to other municipalities. Everywhere I have met souls ready to receive the Word of God with joy, and others who cast it from them, looking upon it as something new and not to be received.

I went into a house at St. ———, and was very cordially received, although the cure was present. I politely asked the woman of the house if she wished to purchase the Word of God, the Bible. "And by whom has your Bible been approved?" she replied. I showed her the approbation of the Bishop of the Roman Catholic Church and requested her to be good enough to ask the opinion of the cure.

The latter, a man of about thirty years of age, did not move; but took the book and then returned it to the woman, saying to her that it was a very good book, but that she had not the right to read it.

A lively discussion ensued, during which he was frank enough to say that everybody had the right to read the Testament of our Heavenly Father. This led us on to speak of other dogmas of the Church of Rome, and the discussion lasted upwards of two hours.

After he had gone, the woman kindly invited me to take a meal with her, after which I had the privilege of praying with them and of leaving with her a copy of God's Word.

It was soon noised abroad in the village that a Swiss was passing through and selling bad books, so that I was rather roughly received in the rest of the village. Nevertheless, I continued my way with joyful heart, stimulated more and more to do the Master's work.

I visited St. ——— last week, and sold a couple of New Testaments. The people are very obstinate and kicked me out a few times. Some say they have no money and that the priest forbids the reading of such books.

At S—— I experienced much difficulty upon entering into the first house. The father of the family, a little old man, dry and wrinkled, took the book which I

offered, opened it and read a few lines and then, abruptly closing it, threw it on the table, and began to abuse vigorously these Swiss who run about the country selling bad books.

I took up the book and tried to say some kind words to the old gentleman, and went on my way saddened at heart to think that the people are kept in such a state of ignorance.

In the next houses I was received very politely and had the pleasure of reading some portions of Scripture with the people.

It is plain that some of the people are getting very weary of the degradation in which they are held. There is a thirst for instruction, and their thoughts tend towards a higher state of things, but the hand which holds them is of iron. In such conditions progress must be very slow.

I have been greatly surprised, too, at meeting many who call themselves Roman Catholic and declare that they do not believe in such and such a doctrine of the Church. When I have said to them, "How can you practice these doctrines if you do not believe them?" "Ah, very well, you see we must do as others do, and with that they sink into silence and wish to speak no further. They are afraid of the opinion of their friends and neighbors and perhaps of losing their worldly goods.

I went into a poor-looking house at St. ———, and asked the father if he wished to procure a copy of the Word of God. He could not read, but the mother took the book and examined it. "Ah," said she, "it's the Bible that you are selling. The cure forbids us to read it, and ordered us to put you out if you came, saying that you are bad people."

"Then," said I, "the cure does not know that the good Lord teaches us to do good to our enemies and bless those that curse us."

That appeared to surprise her and the husband exclaimed, "That's the truth." Little by little I gained their attention, and after a good half-hour I asked again if they did not wish to buy this Bible so much despised by the cure. The husband and wife looked at each other for a moment and said, "it will be when you pass again."

I left them, but was scarcely two acres from the house when he ran after me to buy the book—my heart rejoiced that the Lord had put the desire into the hearts of these people to read the Book.

I passed the night in the home of another Roman Catholic, who is very much opposed to Protestantism. There I read a few chapters, which they found so beautiful that they bought the book at once. "We cannot read," said the mother to me, "but we have a niece who can, and she comes here often, and we will have her read."

I am joyfully pursuing my work in the hope that God will bless it."