

The following cheering facts are selected from a few of the Colporteur's Reports:

I have had some very interesting conversation with many young and old, who seemed to be anxious and wished to know the way of life. There is one young man in a district I visited, who I have every reason to believe is a sincere christian and who was led to Christ by the agency of the Society this summer. He seemed very happy, and, as I learned, is doing what he can to influence others to come to Christ. Another, in Cape Breton, writes,—In the morning, when leaving a certain house where I lodged, I gave a small book to one of the inmates. An old man asked the name of the book, to which I replied "Believe and thou shalt be saved." The words went by the power of the Spirit like an arrow to the heart of a woman in the house, and proved to be a nail fastened in a sure place. Now I think she is a hopeful convert.

One in the Eastern part of N. S. writes,—I met a pleasing incident in W——. A young man who called to see me told me he was from A—— Co. I asked him if he knew Mr. McG. the Colporteur. He said he did very well. I then asked him if he knew the young man Mr. McG. mentions in his Report as coming to God without Christ. He said, "Oh yes, very well." Something in his answer made me ask him, "Are you the young man?" He said "I am." Here was quite a providence; a young man who respected Mr. McG. and was benefited by him, came to seek me when he heard I was in the place. I believe he is a child of God.

Another in C. B. writes,—As I was visiting a section of my field, I was informed that there was a young girl in the neighborhood dying. In a few minutes, I was at her bedside. She was very weak and a great sufferer. In reply to my questions she said, "I know that this is my death bed." I asked her "are you prepared to die and meet God? Are your sins forgiven." She answered "no, no, no" in a lamentable tone. I conversed with her, about her state as a sinner, and Jesus as the Saviour. I found her very ignorant. All that she knew was that she was not prepared to die. There was a Bible in the house, but it was very little used. I think I can say that I never felt so much as for her. I believed I had a message from God for her and was burdened till I should deliver it. All the powers of my soul seemed to be engaged in telling her the *good news*. I felt assured that God wished to do her good. I knew that all I could do was no more than a breath of air, unless God would send the power. The faith I felt in God's mercy towards her, strengthened me in my efforts and gave me boldness at the throne of grace pleading in her behalf. I thought that the depths of God's love were echoing *MERCY*, when the depths of her wants cried for *MERCY*. Methinks I could understand what was meant, when the Prophet said, "As soon as Zion travailed, she brought forth her children."

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