

Empire, was allowed perfectly free access to these poor prisoners and distributed amongst them 5,000 copies of the Scriptures. Not all Bibles, but Testaments and portions. And he went this year to Siberia, and visited the greater portion of the prisons in Siberia and the convict settlements, being received with open arms; and one of the last things that happened before I left London was an intensely interesting report he gave us in Committee of the work he had been doing in Siberia.

And then, dear friends in Toronto, remember this is *your* work; it is yours just as much as it is ours. You have sent us \$17,000 towards it and I think we have made good use of your money. I have given you a good account, I think, of what we have done with those dollars. Send us as much more as you can, and you may depend upon it we will make an equally good use of the money and give you a faithful account of every dollar that you send us.

Would you like to hear a little about one or two other Continental countries? There is that lovely country of Italy. We had a valued agent in Italy, a dear old Scotchman. Some years ago God took him home to his rest; he has been succeeded by a Waldensian pastor, a friend of mine living in Florence. He took up our work there at a circulation of 40,000 copies in the year. That was pretty well for a country like Italy. But he wrote my daughter a private letter the other day in which he said "Your father will be very glad to know that our circulation this year is the largest we have had in Italy. It has reached up to 153,000 copies." Is not that magnificent work, under the very shadow of the Vatican. There has been a great deal done in Rome. Some of you know Rome, I have no doubt. When you are there again, go and visit the Bible Society depot and see what is being done. In Florence, I have often gazed at the tower of the Palazzo Vecchio in the centre of the city, and remembered Savonarola—I think I am not mistaken that a Canadian author has just published a Life of Savonarola—and I never looked at that tower without remembering how Savonarola, after being cruelly racked and tortured, was dragged up to the top of it in order that no attempt at rescue might succeed, and next morning was burned at the stake at the foot of that tower; and now, within a stone's throw of that spot, we have a Bible stall where Bibles and Testaments are being sold freely to the Contadini, the country-people that come into the city. We have as handsome a shop almost as any you have in Toronto, devoted to the sale of the Scriptures, in the very centre of that city. Throughout the whole of that country there is now no difficulty in selling the Bible; the priests of course oppose, but the Government guarantees perfect civil and religious liberty. A year or two ago in the Italian Parliament some one was foolish enough to stand up and complain of this freedom, when Signor Bonghi, well known as a statesman and an author, a man who the Speaker of our House of Commons told me is one of the ablest men in Italy, and a personal friend of his own, rose and delivered an address impromptu, in which he spoke about the reading of the Bible as being the greatest thing for any country, for the advancement of civilization, for morals, for education, for everything that makes a country great, noble and strong, and he was applauded to the echo. Signor Meille—that is the name of