

may well regard with envy, It is this: The English Society, which is in a state of perpetual eruption: with its Bibles in every shape, distributes, independently of its little Portions, a plan of the Exhibition, which gives the visitor no further indication than a red line showing the direct way from the Trocadéro to the Depot of the Society in the Exhibition, and the shortest way out to the Railway Station. Not a thing besides. One might imagine from this plan that the Exhibition possessed no attraction beyond the Depot of this Society. Once see it and get an old book, and nothing remains for the visitor but to return home as fast as he can."

An interesting feature of our work inside the Palace was in connexion with the large number of Roman Catholic priests that passed in our neighbourhood; not less than 268 stopped to examine our books, and with each of these we had some conversation, in which they gave their opinions about our work, some blaming, others approving, but all receiving a Gospel, and a copy of the "Specimens of Languages."

The experiences of M. de Haen, who attended at the show-case, were somewhat similar to those met with at the chalet. A few passages from his journal may be given.

A priest, having looked at the Gospel he had received, asked if we really gave such books gratuitously. "That is a noble work," he said, and asked for a copy of each of the Gospels; there was no end to his thanks. In the considerable number of Portions given away this week I have seen only one destroyed; an English clergyman, who witnessed the fact, seemed much depressed, but when I put it in contrast with the whole number of Portions given, he acknowledged that there was no ground for fear.

Early last January I received a letter from a young pastor whom I had requested to let me know what was going on in a small village of the Lot named S—. There was not a Protestant, either layman or clerical, in that Department a year ago, and what do we hear now? He writes:—"The Lord has done great things on this Roman Catholic ground. The affair began by a quarrel with the curé; but it was overruled for the winning of souls. Nothing of politics—neither the Maire nor the Deputy nor the Republic nor the Monarchy—has had anything to do with the movement, which is exclusively a religious one. There is a cry through the whole village for the Gospel, and nothing but the Gospel. The people feel their sinful state and natural misery, and thirst after the salvation that is in Christ Jesus. I urge upon our Evangelical Societies to send an evangelist, if not a pastor. A well-qualified colporteur would have plenty of blessed work to do here." . . . And he adds that 150 persons attend the religious meetings, and that 22 children were present at the first Sunday school.

But how came it that these people, who decided to abandon their curé, knew there was a Gospel? It arose from the fact that during two successive winters our old and faithful colporteur, Lafargue, had as'ed to be sent into the worst part of France, and I had direc'ed him to travel in the Lot, where his sales of the Scriptures, an unknown book to all, had been abundant. Here is the least of all seeds, which, when grown, is the greatest among herbs.

The colporteur Tourn, who works chiefly among the weavers of Marseilles, does not neglect the working people of the city. He was much encouraged one day by being called out of the street into the house of a shoemaker. It appeared that the man had bought a Bible from him some two years before, but had made no use of it until his little boy to whom he and his wife were passionately attached, was taken from them by death. The father who had hitherto spent most of his time drinking in the publichouse and quarrelling with his wife, took up the neglected book one day just, as he said, to pass the time away (*pour se désennuyer*). He found in it such a source of comfort that he wished his wife to partake of it; and now they never begin nor end a day without reading from its pages.

From a small town in Vosges, another man J. Jaquet, writes:—