

hand, which lays it gently upon the table, while it seems to say, "There, I have given the truth more wings, that it may fly abroad and fill the earth." The press on which the Messenger is printed, is compelled to roll around some fifteen or eighteen times a minute, for eighteen days, to supply the more than 140,000 families who welcome its coming. Nine of these oracular machines pursue their endless task, without weariness or suffering; preaching more of Flavel's sermons in a week than he preached in a lifetime—dreaming Bunyan's Dream over a thousand times a day—reiterating Baxter's "Call" until it would seem that the very atmosphere was vocal with, "Turn ye, turn ye; for why will ye die?" If one could follow the rills of the water of life flowing from this fountain along their course, and see how many who have been sickened or maddened by draughts from the corrupted streams of earth, have been induced to take the cup of salvation; how many who were fainting in "the land where no water is," have found a book or tract as "cold water to a thirsty soul;" how many have been cheered, or refreshed, or comforted, in their heavenly pilgrimage—if all the influences for good flowing from this "upper room," could be traced, what rapture, what gratitude would fill the heart of the beholder. "All for Christ, all for Christ," he cannot help exclaiming, as he looks around, and remembers, that no page was ever printed here that was not baptized with gospel truth.

"But let us hurry through the remaining apartments. There, in a snug corner of the printing-office, is the engraver's room, where the beautiful illustrations which add so much to the attractiveness of the Society's publications, are prepared. Just in a convenient place, a steam hoist-*way* does the drudgery of many men, and carries its burdens of paper or books from loft to loft. Descending the stairway of the rear wing, you pass the drying-room, the stamping-room, the cover-making and gilding room, the hydraulic-press room, the engine-room, the *recting-down* room, and the basements for storing paper, to the coal-cellars, the boiler-room whence steam passes through wrought-iron pipes into all the fifty three apartments furnishing a genial heat, and the vault for stereotype plates running the whole length of the edifice under the street.

"It is probably one of the most complete printing offices in the world; and when enlarged to meet the growing wants of the Society, it will be among the most extensive."

Now that this subject has been resumed; as an illustration of the power of Divine grace in subduing the sinner to God, and of the way in which He raises up instruments for accomplishing His own gracious purposes, as well as an evidence of the Divine blessing upon the work of faith in which the Society is engaged, we give the following graphic and Bunyan-like narrative of one of the Society's German Colporteurs.

Perhaps it may give interest and variety, to insert the narrative in the broken English of the colporteur himself, as the simple story was told in the hearing of the faculty and students of Lane Seminary, and reported *verbatim et literatim* by one of the number. To translate it into pure English would weaken its impressiveness.

Mr. I.—R.—was the first German colporteur in this country, and the success with which God crowned his labors, especially among Romanists, had much to do with the subsequent expansion of the system of colportage among all the immigrant classes. One of the most successful German Catholic colporteurs was the fruit of his early labors. Another of the number was led to Christ by this second convert, and a fourth by this third colporteur—all from the ranks of Rome

—all still in the field, and all winning souls to Christ.

The reporter remarks, that in reading his sketch, "you must forego all the effect and interest produced by the manly appearance of a large well-built converted German, with a full, open, serene countenance—a large, sparkling, dark eye, bespeaking at once intelligence and honesty, and best of all, a heart glowing with Christian benevolence and love."

#### A GERMAN COLPORTEUR'S NARRATIVE.

After alluding to his early life and habits in Alsace, on the borders of Germany, he proceeds, in stammering English, thus:—

"Vell, me come to dis country to make rich, and me work hart, and me drink blendy of visky, and den me git sick, and have to lay down on de bet, and me drink blendy of visky den, and me send for de docter, and de docter give me some *metsein*, and me drink visky all de dime. And den me send for de preas, and de preas come, and me confess'm de sins, and de preas dell me he forgive me de sin. Den de docter *metsein* not git me better, and de preas come agin, and me dell de preas, vy you dont forgive me my sin? You dell me you do, but you dont. Den me comes very sick, and de docter cant cure me mit *metsein*; and de docter dell my wife she may give me vat me want, visky and any ding, me not can come up any more from dis bet. Den my wife come and stan before my bet, and my boor wife cry, and dell me vat de docter say. Den I cant drink any more visky, kos me doo sick. Den me git *fruit*, and me begin do pray do Got, and me send for de preas, and ven de preas come, me dell him, vy you not forgive my sin? And de preas say, vell, now dell me all your sin, and me vill forgive em. But me dell de preas, me not can dink of me sins since me little boy. Vell den, dell me all vat you can. And den me begins, and ven me git don, den de preas dont forgive me. And den me *begin* do dink, *maby* you cant. And den me dell de preas agin, vy you dont forgive me? And de preas dont say notun. Den me tell de preas, maby you not can pardon my sin. And den de preas go right out de door, and go home.

"Den me pray to Got for his Spirit, and me fealt better, and den de docter not come any more, and de preas not come any more, and dey leave me mitout docter and mitout preas. Den me begin to git better. But, O me, sich a bit sinner and de preas dont come any more. Vell, dey git better every day, and ven me get mos vell, me go do see de preas. And me ask de preas: Vat book eas dat big book vat you preach from in de bulbit? and he say, de Bible. Den me dell him me want one. But he say, 'O no, de Bible eas for de preas, not for de heoble.' But me dell him me want one, and me mus have ene, and me dell de preas, me vill give him den dollar for one, but he say no. Den me say, Vell, me vill give you dwendy dollar for one; but de preas dell me, You mus not have one; come to de schurch every Sunday, and hear de vords from my lips. But me dell de preas, me hear de vord from your lips dirdy-dree (thirty-three) years, and me confess, and you none can pardon sin. Den de preas say, Vell, pray to Shesus Chris, and he vill forgive you. Den me dell him, for vat you dont dell me de be-fore? And den me dell dis preas, me mus have a Bible do read for mine self. And if you dont sell me one, me get me *Latern* Bible. But de preas say, de *Latern* Bible, heratic Bible. Vell, me dell him me mus have de Bible, and me vill have de Bible. Den de preas open de door, and take hol me and poosh me out, down doo or dree steps, and me fall down on de groun; but me *very weak*, or me not let de preas done dat. Me would dake de preas by de collar, and come him down along mit me on de groun. But dis not *would* be right. Den me go home, and me dink *all de time*, all de time about vat a big sinner me

be. And me pray do Got do dell me vat is de right Bible; and me pray do Got do give me de right Bible. And de nex morning me start do go all over de city do find a Bible; and purty soon me meet a woman mit a Bible under her arm. She be a Catholic, and me dell her, vat book you got? And she dell me, de Bible; and me dell her, vill you sell him? and she dell me, Yes, for fifty cent; but he is a *Latern* Bible *mit de Luter cut out mit de shears*. (Mr. R. and some other colporteurs cut the name of Luther from the title-page of the Bible, on account of Papal prejudice.)

"Vell, den me dake dis Bible, and look at him inside, and den me ask, cas he all here? and she dell me, yes, and den me buyt him right off—me dink heratic Bible wort fifty cent *any how*. And den me dake him home, and me read him. But my wife dell me, You got heratic Bible. Vell, me dell my wife, me read him, and if he not dell de *trute*, me sell him. But if de preas lie, me not can sell him. Den my freus come and dell me, You got heratic Bible, and you vill go to burgatory. But me not care; me read every day, and me pray do Got for de Spirit. And by and by me come to de New Testament, and me read about Chris, and den me pray to Chris for his Spirit, and dis make me feel better. Den me move do Cincinnati. Here me work hart day-dime, and read hart night, and me pray do Got all de dime for heas Spirit; and den get little *metsein* in mine house, and read de Bible do em, and den me begin do pray mit em. Den my wife not lik dis. She say do me, you heratic, and you got heratic Bible. And den my wife hurt me mit de preas, and den de preas dell me you heratic, and you mus be cut off from de schurch, and den you go do burgatory. But my wife dell me, you not can stop at burgatory, dis is doo goot for you, you mus go on do hell. But me dell my wife, mit her and de preas, and my oder freus, me not have do go do hell; hell come do me. Me have hell all de dime in mine house for six years. Den me dell my wife, for vat you dont like me? Me dont drink visky, me dont swear like me dit, me dont *leat*, you alone mit de chulder; me stay mit you, me only read de Bible, and pray; for vat you dont like dis? But my wife dont want do leave de Catholic fait. But after long dime my wife begin do dink and dink, and read de Bible; den comes big lole on her hart; dis is sin, and she confess him do de preas, but de loat get bigger, not littler. Den my wife begin do pray do Got, and purty soon de loat fall off, and my wife come convert, and my chulder come convert. Den me hold blenty *metsein*, and me read in de Bible, and me pray mit em, and some git convert, and den dey pray doo. And den poorty soon de brickbat and de stone come in do de window; but Got dont let em hurt. And me holt *metsein* all de dime. Vell, den dey call me convert Catholic. But me not convert Catholic, me *convict* Catholic, and me pray much every day. O, me got a big loat on my hart, and pray all de dime do Got for heas Spirit, and den de Lort fall off de loat of sin, and me fealt happy, and me fealt glad. Den me go out in de country, and me buy a dary, and me live dare, and me make money fas.

"Den me go to Sharmantown. Here me keep store, and me begin do holt *metsein* agin among de Catholic, and me have goot time. Some git convert, and all de dime me dink me mus go preach, and me dont want dis, but me dink about dis all de dime, and me dink me not can preach. Den me go and dalk mit a Universalien, and me pray mit em, and mit heas family. And so soon as me leaf de house, dis universal man dalk and pray mit heas own family, and poorty soon he and heas family come convert. Den me all de dime dink me mus preach dis Gospel do de Sharmant Catholic. Den me see a man in de roat, and dis man be Catholic; den me dell de Lort, Now you convert dis man, and dat vill be de sign: den me vill know my duty to preach de Gospel. Den me go and dalk mit dis man, but dis man not much feel. Den me dalk mit him again, and he come some convict; den me give him a Bible, and pray