

very painful circumstances. On entering an isolated dwelling, he found a father and mother in a state of deep sorrow standing by a cradle, in which lay an only and beloved child, who had but just expired. The mother was the very picture of despair; and the father, a peasant in the full strength of manhood, looked upon the sad scene with a sorrowful countenance. At such a moment it was not for a Christian to be silent. Our friend, therefore, went up to the couple, and, in compassionate terms, expressed his deep sympathy with them. At first they listened to him with astonishment, and then with interest. However, when his words began to give expression to religious sentiments, both the man and his wife became impatient, and bitterly exclaimed against the injustice of God. The Colporteur gently stopped them, and, turning to the Bible, he read to them various portions in every way so suited to their circumstances, and so consolatory to hearts afflicted as theirs were, that they were not long before they ceased uttering their unbelieving complaints. In fact, as a result of reading these passages, of offering up an earnest and ardent prayer, and more especially through the goodness and mercy of God, this afflicted couple fully and unreservedly accepted the consolations which descended upon them from above; and it was with evident tokens of sincere joy that they provided themselves with a copy of the Scriptures 'for,' said they, 'it was through them that God, and not man, spoke to our souls.' 'Never,' writes the Colporteur, 'did I dispose of a Bible with so full a conviction, that it will be the means of producing fruits of conversion and sanctification.'

"One of our friends describes the success he met with in a mansion, where, from the basement, in which the kitchens are situated, to the first floor, the residence of the owners, and up to the garrets, where are the sleeping apartments of the servants, he had succeeded in selling the scriptures under the most favorable circumstances. One day, lately, while the same friend was leaving one of the houses referred to, where he had been well entertained, he perceived, close to the gate, a very infirm old man, who was seated on the edge of a ditch, and who, on seeing our Colporteur approach, got up as quickly as he could, exclaiming, 'It is you I have been waiting for; I hope I am not too late, and that they have not quite emptied your wallet.' 'What do you mean?' 'Don't you know? Why I'm speaking about the Bible; of what