

REPORT.

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backwoods I found four dear children, the eldest about eight years, who had the care of the other three. I asked "Where is mother?" "Mother is dead." "Where is father?" "Out fencing." "Do you love Jesus?" "I don't know Him." "Does your father talk to you about Jesus?" "No." "Does father talk to you about Heaven?" "No." Can it be possible, thought I, that in our land there are children eight years old who do not know something of Jesus and Heaven? Thereupon the colporteur proceeded to tell the simple story of Jesus and His love. May God's holy spirit seal such teaching upon their young hearts. We expect such ignorance in heathen lands, but what heathen is there who forsakes utterly the worship of his god, though that god be a mere idol? Truly the ignorance of the heathen in christian lands is appalling. We dare not regard it with indifference or treat it with neglect.

1891.

There has been no special work, other than our system of colportage, carried on throughout the year. Away to the north along the rock-bound coast of Labrador; in harbour, inlet, and fishing station on the rugged shores of Newfoundland; on the coast line and in the interior of New Brunswick, to fishermen, farmers and lumbermen; in the beautiful fields of Prince Edward Island; in the romantic glens and sunny braes of Cape Breton, and around and across the fertile fields, fishing villages, and mining areas of Nova Scotia, our colporteurs have sailed, rowed, toiled and tramped. Those who journeyed in boats were often in peril of waters. Those who travelled by land were often shaken on rough roads. Over stumps, hillocks and hollows, till horse and wagon groaned in the misery of the situation, have our faithful agents contended in traversing an area of country as great as that of Great Britain and Ireland, and with a population of about a million, only a small proportion of which could be reached in a single year. Their reports tell something of their trials, but the daily repetition of hardships lessens their keenness, and while our men "endure hardness" like good soldiers, they have little to say of their privations. These are all known to Him in Whose service they labour. The story of our colporteur in his boat manned by himself alone on the wild shores of Labrador, contending with unknown dangers, inspires one with wonder at the marvels of