

sits down among her household things and asks her "if she is a Christian;" "if she expects to become one;" and "why she is not one now?" will constantly hear those questions, like murmuring echoes in the hall of memory, which will forever repeat themselves till they are answered.

The labors of a Colporteur exert a valuable influence upon Christians in the community. While it encourages them, it also imparts a silent but powerful practical lesson of Christian duty. The minister will say, "I must water these seeds of divine truth that they may bring forth fruit;" and the pious layman will say, "this Colporteur work is very simple; why have I not thought of it before? If a stranger comes hundreds of miles to speak of Christ and to distribute religious books and tracts among my neighbors, why should not I be doing the same, who dwell upon the field?"

In still another respect the system of Colportage is peculiar. It is the surest and, indeed, the only successful means of combating the influence of a corrupt and poisonous press. We must supplant an enervating and polluting literature with the elevating influence of a Christian one.

In such an encouraging department of Christian effort it has been my privilege to labor a few weeks in September and October under the auspices of your Society. The Eastern Townships were my field, viz, Brome, West Bolton and Sutton. A few subjoined incidents will give you a view of the work.

Soon after entering upon our labor, my comrade and myself fell in with a pious gentleman, who, beside many acts of personal kindness and hospitality, very much comforted us by an account of his feelings in regard to our mission. He said, that as soon as he heard that two young men had come to his town for the purpose of visiting the people with religious books, before he knew who we were, or the details of our plans, his soul was melted into unusual tenderness, in view of Christ sending us to seek the spiritual good of his friends and neighbors; he was affected to tears in his private devotions; he had an unwonted gush of emotion—his heart was like that of a child. He said, he felt that God would bless our labors; it was just what was needed among them, and some hearts, he thought, were prepared to receive us.

Met a Universalist woman one day, who boldly affirmed that she had always done her duty, and that she loved God with all her heart, and all her mind, and all her soul, and all her strength. When pressed with the question in various forms, she always insisted that she had never done anything wrong. I told her I would not utter such language for the wealth of the Province.

Another Universalist woman told me that she did not think it constituted a Christian to belong to a religious society. I assented; and then asked her, what she thought did constitute a Christian? and received for an answer, "I should think that was rather an impertinent question for a stranger to ask me."