

though I saw he was only joking, I referred him to John, and added also a few words by way of explanation and juncture. Whilst I was speaking, all listened very attentively, and afterwards four copies of the Testament were purchased. I then asked them if I might go to the servants, and one of them conducted me to them with the greatest readiness. They were not a little surprised at my visit, examined my wares, and at once resolved to buy; one of them a Bible for 15 groschen; the other one for 10 groschen. An old woman sat in the corner, to whom I also offered a Bible, but she answered with tears in her eyes, 'I have never learnt to read.' I replied, 'But you can believe in the Gospel.' Then one of the servants said, 'Mother, shall I buy you one of these large Testaments? You can then get some one to read to you out of it.' She seemed greatly pleased, and whilst the tears streamed from her eyes, pressed it to her heart, saying, 'Now the book is my own.' 'Yes, mother,' said I, (old women are commonly addressed as mother, even by perfect strangers,) 'but you must have something else also as your own property, the Lord Jesus who died for your sins on the cross that you might be eternally saved. He, the Saviour, must become for ever your own.' The old woman seemed scarcely to comprehend what had passed, and though she kept on weeping, looked as cheerful as though she were going straight away to heaven. One of the servants, too, was so pleased that she brought me coffee and bread, which she compelled me to take. As I passed through the shop again, another of the attendants bought a Testament to give away, and said to me, 'You have done a good business, have you not?' I replied, 'Yes, but see to it that none of you fail to enter the kingdom of heaven.'

In *Switzerland*, during the year, the circulation amounted to 48,169 copies, of which 10,836 were Bibles, 26,808 Testaments, and 10,525 Portions. The following is striking:

"One of the Berne Colporteurs entered a three-storied house in which, according to the custom of the country, three different families lived. He began with the highest story, and sold copies in this and in the next. On enquiring about the family on the ground floor, he was warned not to enter, but he entered nevertheless. He found both the man and his wife at home. He offered his Bibles; his offer was replied to with abuse and a positive order to leave the house instantaneously; he however stayed, urging them to buy and read God's Holy Word. Then the man rose in a violent rage and struck him a severe blow on the cheek. Up to this moment the Colporteur had stood quietly with his knapsack on his back. He now deliberately unstrapped it, laid it on the table, and turned up the sleeve of his right arm, all the while steadily looking his opponent in the face. The Colporteur was a very strong man. Addressing his opponent, he said, 'Look at my hand, its furrows show that I have worked; feel my muscles, they show that I am fit for any work. Look me straight in the face; do I quail before you? Judge then