

turned heretic and become a Protestant. These words made a deep impression on him. 'A good Catholic turn heretic! that was strange.' One day he tried to convince a Protestant of his errors, and the latter replied: 'Why dispute about the matter? Let God's Word decide.' Well, he possessed a Bible, but was that really a faithful version of the Scriptures? To settle the question he went to the monastery to borrow a genuine Bible and to compare it with his copy. The first priest whom he asked for a copy had none: he knew it all off by heart, he said—at least, all that he needed. The second had to look a long time for his copy, and produced it at last from under a heap of old rubbish. 'What do you want the book for?' he asked, the man told him. 'I gladly lend it you. I know it won't do you any harm, you are a good Catholic.' Well the two copies agreed. The man read and read till he saw that he was wrong and the Protestant right. The end was that he left the Roman Catholic Church, because, as he said, 'I must stick to the very words of God.' He has to suffer much persecution, but he bears it with great joy."

Additions have been recently made to your staff of colporteurs, none of whom works better than Mr. Kantor, the depositary at Warsaw.

"On one of my journeys, the landlord of the inn where I always stop, a very earnest Roman Catholic, said to me, 'Well, sir, I esteem you as an excellent gentleman, but really I think it would be well if you put a stop to the sale of those books. They make a great stir, and they unsettle people's minds very much.' 'Have you ever read the book you judge so severely? It is really too bad to condemn a thing you do not know. Permit me to lend you this book, and let me entreat you to read a few verses every day.' The landlord did not much like the proposal, but he was too polite to refuse. 'Well, what about my Bible?' I asked, when I came back some few weeks later. 'Ah,' said the good man, 'that has been doing a great work in my house. My wife and I prize it highly. We should be sorry to lose it.' He now most willingly bought a copy, and when I asked, 'Well now shall I stop the sale of that book?' he replied, 'Indeed I was blind when I spoke those words. I now say sell as many as you can, and may God bless you.'"

AUSTRIA.

"FALSE GUIDES AND TRUE.

"A woman had been reading the New Testament and had come under deep impression of sin. She felt greatly alarmed, and feared there was no hope for her. Trembling for the salvation of her soul, she went to her own Protestant pastor, asking for advice. The latter turned her away, saying she was out of her mind! She then went to the Roman Catholic priest and endeavoured to unburden her heart to him. The priest advised her to give money for masses. She did so, but this brought her no peace. The priest then said he feared her sins were too grievous, and that she was beyond hope. In this state of despair the woman met our colporteur, who told her Jesus Christ was the Saviour of the chief of sinners."

Thus while the difficulties of the work increase so does the need for it. It is, therefore, cheering to find that even where the men are wearied at heart—where, for example, one of the "best and strongest" of them writes, that he has "for two days been travelling from village to village, yet not a single copy is sold," or again, "in these last days I have offered my books to hundreds of Roman Catholics, and have been able to sell only one copy"—they hold on bravely in hope of better times; and that in districts like Bohemia, where the pressure is greatest, the resolution of the people rises against it, "and a spirit of inquiry is awakened which greatly helps to overcome outward difficulties." Take the following for illustration, which was told by a woman to one of the colporteurs:—

"A few years ago a man came to this place and sold many Bibles. My