

The Colporteur was amazed. He said to Mr. D.: "Do you really believe that my feet are different from yours?" "Yes," answered Mr. D. "Well, then, I will take off my shoes." No sooner said than done. Mr. D. saw that the pedal extremities of a *Swiss* are just like those of other mortals, but he said little. But this act of the Colporteur set him thinking. The priest had stated that publicly; if the priest deceived them on this point might he not also on other points of more vital importance? From that time Mr. D. began to lose faith in his curé. Shortly after he accepted a New Testament, read it, and in a short time became a Protestant. *He is now an exemplary member of the congregation to which I minister* and I got the story from his own lips! I can just fancy some of your readers asking: "Are the French Canadians really as superstitious as that? Are they as easily hood-winked by their priests?" Well, this is the worst case of which I ever heard, and I suppose that the masses are growing less superstitious as knowledge is spreading; but it is still true that superstition is one of the great hindrances with which we have to grapple in this work. But the Gospel light will soon dispel the darkness that has so long brooded over this Province.

Let us work hopefully. Many thousand copies of God's Word have already been distributed. Many a time the Old Story has been poured into the ear of some hungry soul; the truth will sooner or later have its legitimate effect and the fruits will appear. Let us not only *preach* but *live* the Gospel. Our business brings us into contact with them. Let us speak the Word *in love*. People are more influenced by what we *do* than by what we *say*. This Province needs every Christian. Nothing would more quickly check the emigration which so greatly weakens our church than the conversion to the the Truth as it is in Jesus, of the French inhabitants of this Province.

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