

fitness of this instrumentality for extensive usefulness, and shew that it has the blessing of God resting on it.

"In France, a poor man employed in mending the roads, said to a Colporteur who met him by accident, "Ah, my dear friend, if you knew with what happiness I hail every Sunday! because then I can devote the whole day to reading and meditating on the good Word of God. Formerly, after having amused myself at Mass, I spent the remainder of this holy day in public houses: now my Sunday is such a happy day, all for myself,—not for myself alone, since I am with my Lord. I have three good and sweet meetings,—morning, noon and night. I read and pray, read and pray again, and it does me more and more good, and it always seems new to me." He then related that the Testament which gave him so much happiness, had been sold to him long ago, by a hawk, with whom he had some conversation during a storm, in his hut on the high road."

"Some days ago, a Colporteur, weary and overcome by the heat, was walking on one of the roads of the Department d'Indre et Loire. He sat down under the shade of some large trees near the road, and placing his heavy bag, filled with Bibles and Testaments, at his feet, he had taken out a copy, and was refreshing his soul by reading it. Scarcely had he begun to read, when he heard a voice saying to him from the other side of the hedge, "I am also on your side." Turning round, he saw through the gap of the hedge the face of a woman expressing the greatest satisfaction. "Yes, I am on your side," said the woman, making her way through, and sitting near our friend. "I saw by your bag and by the holy book you have in your hand, that you are one of that small band of good Christians, who endeavour to diffuse the knowledge of the Saviour, by the circulation of his word. It is through them that my husband and I have been brought to Jesus Christ, believing all he teaches, and rejecting all he does not teach."

"While one of our friends at a market place, was about to shew his books to some people who collected round him, he fell in with a Gendarme. This policeman, with a frowning look and harsh words, bid the Colporteur shew his papers. Our friend opened his knapsack, in order to get out his authorization. When the Gendarme saw the Bibles and Testaments, he unbent his brow, and patting with much familiarity the Colporteur's shoulder, said to him, "The Bible, sir, is the best passport. I will certainly not prevent you from prosecuting your work; I know the Bible, I read and love it; it has done me much good,—would to God that it might be so with all the people around you."

We can only admit another extract:—

"A German Colporteur writes:—"In a house where I sold a Testament, I was shown a volume which had been bought of me twelve months before, and which was so worn out, that I could not help expressing my astonishment, and asked the people how it was possible for a Bible to be worn out in so short a time. "Yes," replied the man, "it is possible, if it is always in use."

We now submit a short statement of what has been done by the Kingston Society, through this kind of Agency.

In last Report it was intimated that the Committee had resolved, in conjunction with the Committee of the Tract Society, to employ a Colporteur, and had taken steps to obtain one qual-