

that book,' he said, 'or you will be lost.' 'Be lost!' said the young man, 'for reading a book which the Lord commanded us to read?' 'Ah! but you cannot understand it aright; the priests alone have authority to explain it.' 'Then will you kindly explain a few passages to me?' But for this the priest was not prepared. 'Come,' said he, 'give me the book and let me burn it.' It was burnt; but the result has been the sale of many more copies.

**HOLLAND.**—Van Dorp of Rotterdam is one of the Society's finest colporteurs. He is 84 years old, has been engaged in his present work 33 years, and during that time has put into circulation no fewer than 119,000 copies of the Scriptures. His sales last year were 4,361 copies. People come from far and near to buy at his dépôt, and have a word from him. In Holland 8 colporteurs are at work. One tells of the wife of a shoemaker, who some years ago spent almost her last cent in buying a Bible from him; but recently she met him and said that it had been the joy and blessing of her home. The Dutch circulation stands at 84,069 copies, an increase upon 1875 of 4,282.

**GERMANY.**—In this important agency 339,039 copies have been circulated, or nearly 42,000 more than in 1875. This has fairly astonished your Agent, the Rev. G. Palmer Davies, when he considers the depression of trade, the strife of ecclesiastical parties, and the terrible development among the working classes of atheistic socialism. His colporteurs are a finely organized body of 75 men, who have shown unexampled zeal, fourteen having sold more than 1,000 whole Bibles each, independently of Testaments, and two having sold between them 17,000 copies of the Scriptures.

They are drawn from all parts of the country. At one of their conferences, one said to his comrade: 'Where do you live?' 'In Strasburg,' was the reply. 'Ah! I saw Strasburg, for I served in the Prussian artillery, and had to bombard it.' 'And I and my family,' said the other, 'had to bury ourselves in a cellar to save our lives from your cannon balls.' Yet now they sat together, soldiers in the army of the same great King, and rejoicing in faith in the same Saviour.

One of the men who labours in Saxony tells how he spent an evening in the common room of a village inn, and