

## COLPORTAGE INCIDENTS IN SPAIN.

The colporteur in Santander, Spain, has labored in that field for several years. Several times during the year, at the instigation of the priest, plots have been formed to waylay him, rob him of his books, and to maltreat him so as to make him afraid to return to the district. But in every case he has been providentially warned, or has been able to confront and confound those who have appeared on his path with the purpose to assault him.

He has a sense of humor that stands him in good stead, and with his kindly wit he often parries successfully a vicious thrust or a malicious attack.

A few weeks ago, in a remote village where he had been but once or twice before, he had sold several Gospels and other portions of Scripture, and the village priest became alarmed. He saw him approaching with the evident intention of stopping his work by some sort of an attack. As our good colporteur avoids a scene when he well can, he stepped into a dark corner and let the irate priest go by. Then he quietly followed to see what would happen.

Perplexed at having lost track of his man, the priest came up to a woman, one of his parishioners, and said to her:—

"Teresa, there is a fellow who wears a black cap and who carries a bundle of books in a handkerchief which he is selling. They are bad books, and I want to catch him and to stop his mischief."

"Yes," she replied, "I have seen him."

"Well, when you meet him again, stop him, and talk with him, while you send your boy running to the church and tell him to ring the small bell three times gently, and I will come at once, and we will catch that fish."

The priest goes on, and the colporteur thinks for a moment what he better do. It is plain that he will not be able to sell much, if any, more, in that village, but he does not wish to be hustled out of it too unceremoniously. He has it: "I will wait a little until the priest reaches his house where he will await the message from Teresa."

No sooner thought than done. He avoids the good woman, and slipping through the streets makes his way to the porch of the church where he gently rings "the small bell three times," places a copy of the Gospel of John on the stone bench at the end of the cord, and then sets himself to watch.

Presently the priest, one woman, and two men come out of his house and go to the porch of the church. There he soon saw them in a fine flutter, and then running out into the street and looking up and down for the sprite that had divined their thoughts.

From a safe distance he stood out in the middle

of the road that they might see him, and then he waved his handkerchief in farewell to the priest and prudently hastened away.

These episodes, grave and gay, are repeating themselves continually in his experience, but through them all he keeps his temper and loses neither courage, hope, nor faith.

The colporteur in the district of Zaragoza, disheartened on the afternoon of a feast day, because he had found it so hard to awaken any interest in the Scriptures, strolled out into the fields. Seeing a group of women seated on the grass under the shade of a tree, knitting, he approached and asked if they would not like to have him read aloud as they worked.

With the easy courtesy of such simple people they were much pleased with the thought, and for an hour he read from the Gospels and from the Acts of the Apostles. They were enchanted. They could not praise the book too highly. They wondered what it was, and where they could get it.

They were still full of their delight and of their praises when the men of the party arrived, and the conversation became a serious discussion of the Scriptures, and of religion in general.

To their surprise they found that they were talking with a Protestant, and that the wonderfully interesting and beautiful book was the Protestant Bible which their priest had been of late especially denouncing because "a man was in the neighborhood selling Protestant books full of immorality and of heresy."

The whole company returned together to the village in the cool of the evening, and at a later hour the men brought other companions to the inn where our colporteur was staying.

The result was that, instead of leaving the place the next day in despair, he stayed a week, made many friends, and sold a considerable number of Scriptures, and brought about a revolution of sentiment in the community respecting Protestants and the Protestant religion.—*Bible Society Record*.

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In an out-station at Nellore, India, is a village where a little handful of Christians have been struggling for a long time to get a little chapel and schoolhouse of their own. We promised them a door and window if they would do the rest, and when we went out to the dedication we could hardly avoid sharing the manifest pride the poor people had in showing us the house they had built to the Lord. It is only a mud hut covered with palm leaves, but we doubt if Solomon felt any prouder at the dedication of the temple. A church will be organized as soon as the people are able and willing to call and support their own pastor, which, we think, will be very soon."—DR. DOWNIE, in *Baptist Mission Review*.