

faith in its ultimate diffusion, could sustain them. Says one:

"I went from house to house during the whole day, without selling a single copy; at last I met with two persons, one of whom took hold of a New Testament and tore it in pieces, at the same time making a loud and hideous noise. I tried to pacify him, and to make him see what a stupid thing he had done, but it was all in vain; and he threatened to beat me, and at last sought to kick me, but his foot struck my wallet, which was sent across the street. Without saying another word, I placed my wallet on my back and went away, which I was allowed to do without further molestation, although there was a multitude of persons collected together, who loudly mocked and cursed me. I visited Meersen, where I had sold eight copies, when a person came up to me, and said that both I and my books ought to be burnt. I looked steadily at him without uttering a word, which made such an impression on the persons who were standing by, that they restrained him from doing me any violence, and so I escaped his fury. In the city of Maastricht, I sold but one copy during the entire day. It is here most difficult to have any conversation with any one, for no sooner is a conversation begun, than others come up and interrupt it in various ways, and either from fear or shame the persons leave me."

In *Germany*, during the past year, 207,522 copies of the Word of Life, in more than fourteen different languages, or dialects were circulated. Twenty-two Colporteurs have been employed in the Cologne District, who have labored for periods varying from four to fifty-one weeks, and whose united sales amounted to 53,152 copies. Seventeen Colporteurs have been employed in the Frankfort District, whose sales equalled 40,174. One of them thus describes a visit paid to the house of mourning:

"In S— I remained some days in order to visit the houses lying scattered in the open country in its neighbourhood. I found many who had no Bible, and those who could, bought. I entered a small, wretched, almost roofless house. The children were in rags. I asked the eldest boy, a child of about seven years of age, where his father was. He said in the workshop, and then led me to him. I offered him the Scriptures. As he spoke, I observed that he was struggling with his tears. I asked what ailed him. He said, 'Four weeks ago I lost my wife, and am left alone with these motherless children.' Then bursting into an agony of weeping he cried, 'Why, O God, hast thou punished me thus?' I prayed God to give me the right words of consolation. I then said, 'The Lord says, What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter. God's only object in all He sends is to bring us to Himself. Hours of pain are not sent to drive us away from him, but to bring us nearer to Him.'