

REPORTS.

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om \$5 to \$9.

Many a wounded soul is thus reached through the efforts of the Society, soothed, comforted, and refreshed by a tract, book, or word spoken in season, which otherwise would have to feed on his own sorrow,—'eating ashes like bread, and mingling his drink with weeping.'"

H. S., writing from P. E. I., says: "In my work I am looked for, and the people seem glad to welcome me with books, and to have me offer prayer with them. I often meet with the sick and dying, who prize very highly a visit and the tracts distributed. I pray night and day for God's blessing upon the good books sold and given away. It seems that I am every day in the way of doing good, by leading sinners to Christ, rejoicing the hearts of the aged and poor, and strengthening Christians. Books are often treasured up for years, and prized highly. I was shown a good book not long since that was bought 18 years ago. "Doddridge's Rise and Progress" was made the means of the conversion of a young man in E. A lady testified that a few words spoken to her at her father's house, eight years before, were the means of her conversion. Now she is training up her children for God. One tells me of a book being the means of the conversion of several now living good lives. Thus good influences expand and become infinite."

M. reports: "This month I am trying to visit the back settlements and mountains, and find it very difficult on account of the snow. On the mountains it is constantly drifting, so that I cannot make out the track between the houses. I called a meeting, and the people from the neighbouring hills and corners came together, so I had a chance of giving tracts to all. Those of them who were able to do so, bought books. The people are very kind, and willing to buy if they have money. In the house where I held the meeting, a young man is dying of consumption. I left "Gleaning for invalids," "Christ is all," and a number of tracts with him."

"Last week I visited — Mountain. On the side of the mountain are two families that cannot be reached easily by horse and sleigh. I took a friend and went on foot through the woods. The first of these I visited was very poor. The father and mother were not home. I asked the children if they had a Bible. They shewed me the only one in the house—a small pocket Bible sewed up with strings, and so black and finger worn that I could not read much of it. I asked them if there was any other good book in the house. They said 'There was one which they called my mother's book.' It was McLean's song-book. I left them a Bible, "Follow Jesus," and a good many tracts. The next one I visited was a little better off. When I asked for a Bible to have worship with them, two got up to search for it. At last they found it on the top of a door. When it was

Revised New Testament from 25 cents to \$3.