

disciples, "another comforter, even the Holy Spirit"? Does he dwell in the innermost recesses of your heart?—*Sol.*

### A STRANGE BOOK.

**L**ATELY I have been reading a very strange book. It is the strangest book that was ever published. Wherever it goes, it does strange things, and it has already gone into more regions, and to more people, than any other book.

Strangest of all, it has done its most wonderful work when it has gone to people who could not read, and who did not even have a written language. But this strange book has given them an alphabet; it has made them a written language, and has had itself translated into that language, and printed with their new alphabet, and then these people have sat down to study this book, which had done this strange thing to their old language.

This book has perhaps doubled the number of written languages in the world during the past eighty years. Whole tribes of savages and cannibals, who lived like animals fifty years ago, now wear clothes, and read this book. Is it not strange that a book should push itself around the world in this way, using a written language where it found one, or else creating one, and all to get itself read by every person in the world? No other book ever did such a thing.

But it was more than eighty years ago that the Bible—for that is the name of the book—as every one must know—began this work of making languages and clothing savages. Fifteen hundred years ago, our own forefathers were as barbarous and ignorant as many of the tribes that the Bible is visiting to-day. They lived in the woods in the northern part of Europe, and all their lives were spent in fighting with the climate, and with one another. But this book went to them much in the same way that it is going to-day into other parts of the world, and although it did not have the art of printing to help it, and although our forefathers were obstinate heathen, yet after many centuries, we see that we, their children, are quite different in our habits, our thoughts, and our advantages.

But it does not take the whole Bible to do these strange things. The Bible is a big book, and so when it starts on its travels, it does not always go as a whole, but sometimes sends little parts of itself, and these do what is as wonderful as that which is done by the whole book.

What a wonderful book, how much it has done for our own and other nations.—*From a Leaflet.*

### "WHAT IS PRAYING?"

**C**ONVERSATION between two pupils in Wilmina Girls' School, Japan.

A (who came in as a boarder the day before, to B, who has been in school some months): "What kind of girls are those room-mates of mine? They seem to be just a little—well—queer! Are they not different from the other girls?"

B. "No, I think not. They are very nice girls. Why do you think they are queer?"

A. "Why, they are so strange. Last evening, just before we went to bed, suddenly they stopped talking, and, as if they had quarrelled, turned their backs to each other, and began to talk the strangest kind of words I ever heard. I tried to understand, but I could make nothing out of it. I began to think they were not just like other girls, so I did not ask anything about it. Now, I would like to know why they do that. Is it some kind of a study, or what is it?"

B. "Why, they were praying; that is all."

A. *Praying! What is praying?*

B. (Not being a Christian herself, was a little puzzled by this straightforward question). "Praying is just—just talking to God and telling Him all about yourself."

A. "Well, I don't understand quite. I think I will just go and ask C.: she must know all about it, for she seems to be quite skilful in it."

(Goes back to her own room).

A. "Will you please tell me what you and D. were doing yesterday evening and this morning? B. calls it 'praying,' but I can't quite make out just what 'praying' is. I don't think B. knows much about it herself. You must *understand*, for you do it."

Then follows a long explanation of prayer.

A., listening intently, finally decides that prayer is a desirable accomplishment, and concludes by asking earnestly: "When I finish the preparatory class, may I pray too?"

Being assured that she may pray that very minute if she likes, she is delighted, and after that, morning and evening, in her child-like way, she prays to God of whom she never heard until a few days ago, and who will surely reveal Himself to her as He does not to the worldly-wise.

Do not think this story is imaginary. I assure you it all happened. The girl is not much more than a child in years, is indeed a very babe in worldly wisdom. She knows a great many things, but about God her mind is surely a blank. Pray that on it may soon be found an image of the true God.—*Missionary Record.*