

had been reduced to a written form when our Mission began."

When we remember that the Bible Society has never refused to print a new version or translation in response to a request from a duly accredited source, we begin to realize how vast is the obligation of the missionary church to its commissariat department, the Bible Society.

If it be true that as a man thinketh in his heart so is he, that language is a vehicle of thought: that the literature of a nation has a mighty influence upon its life and destiny; what shall we say of these noble men who, taking their lives in their hands, buried themselves in the fastness of some savage tribe, until out of a hideous jargon of almost inarticulate speech they have created a living literature and formulated this new creation in the moulds that contain the highest, noblest conceptions of truth that God has ever breathed into the souls of men.

And what should be our attitude towards a Society that has enabled these heroic pioneers to accomplish this Divine task and place in the hands of the poorest native in the tribe, the unsearchable riches of Christ in his mother tongue?

It is written in the Acts of the Apostles that when the Day of Pentecost was fully come the gift of tongues descended so that the Elamites, Medes, Parthians and others present heard prophetic words in their own tongue—we can cry with a deeper gratitude and the ring of victory in our own voices "when the Day of Pentecost is fully come!" translations in 436 languages so that seven-tenths of the race can read in their own tongue the wonderful love of the Father of all: "their lines have gone out into all the earth and their own words unto the end of the world:" "Heaven and earth shall pass away but my words shall never pass away;" "unto Him shall the gathering of the peoples be."

This blessed old Book has outlived the colossus of Rhodes and the gates of Thebes; has climbed the high places of Baal and the false God has fallen into fragments before the ark of God's enshrined truth; it has entered the portals of the pagan pantheon till among the myriad shrines of Eastern pantheism is heard the wail of hosts of priests "Great Pan is dead!" it has entered the