

such mysterious ways, to the purchase of a few tracts, which he found exposed for sale, in the Armeno-Turkish language. He began to read them, for it was a new and curious thing to see a printed page of his native language. But the matter in them he found to be still newer and more wonderful than the form; they were pleasant and profitable to his heart. He perused them through all his homeward journey, and he afterwards continued to read them, and they became very precious to him, and he loved them much. The Spirit of God must have accompanied them, and made them a great means of saving grace; and thus the Lord, as it now appears, had mercy on this poor wandering sinner, causing the light of his eternal truth to shine within his soul. It was for this purpose that, in the midst of an otherwise most profitless and superstitious journey, God threw these tracts in his way, and sent him back with them to his native place, to carry the true light of the gospel to those in spiritual darkness.

He was entirely ignorant of the authors of those tracts, and remained so for years, until the word Protestant began to be sounded for alarm, and anathemas were forth from the churches against the Protestants and their books. He still retains them in his possession, and when he showed them to the first missionary he has ever known, they were found to have been printed a great while ago, so that now they are quite out of print; but so far as could be known, they were published under supervision of the Rev. Mr. Goodell, more than twenty years ago in Malia. So long had the seed lain hid; so long had the bread-corn cast upon the waters remained without any known return. But God was still watching; over it and blessing it. The writer of the tracts, the printer and the seller, have perhaps alike forgotten the work of their hands; but lo, it springs up before them, its influence at length is traced, and will, by the blessing of God, go on increasing, and be conspicuous through eternity.

Some ten years after this memorable journey of the pilgrim in search of the Holy Fire, when indeed he found it on the way, and carried it back, as the gift of God, in his heart, the evangelical priest Vertannes journeying through Armenia, came to a monastery at Marsovan, where he was a guest for one night, and the pilgrim brother was present that evening. The two children of God understood each other; but at that period in the presence of the Vartabed, they dared not speak together openly. It was even with difficulty, and with much fear and trembling, that they found an opportunity of uniting together in prayer under the trees of the garden, but without reading, or otherwise even speaking together. The next morning the two separated, and that was the first evangelical prayer the pilgrim brother at Marsovan, whose heart the Lord had open-

ed by the tracts, had ever in his life listened to, and from that time, some eight years more, he never saw a preacher nor a Christian brother till the spring of last year, when Mr. Powers made his first visit to Marsovan. From that visit the revival of God's work commenced in that town.

Such historical tissues of Divine Providence and grace are wonderfully instructive and encouraging. What a host of them will there be, what immortal volumes of them unrolled,

When God makes up the blest account
Of natives in his holy mount!

What may not God see fit to accomplish by the smallest instrumentalities we set in motion! The leaves of a single tract, floating, as it were on the wings of the wind, may light where they shall prove the regeneration of a nation.

(From *Camel's Missionary Record*.)

METIS MISSION.

To the Editor of the Record.

METIS, August 17th, 1852.

DEAR SIR,—

Having been requested by the Secretary of our Students' Missionary Society, to send you a few lines for the September number of the *Record*—though I have little news to interest or gratify my fellow students, and others who feel interested in the evangelisation of our poor benighted fellow-countrymen, the French Canadians—yet it may be some satisfaction to the friends of the Students' Missionary Association, to see a few extracts from my Journal.

May 10th. Arrived in a schooner at Metis.

14th. Went up to see the school—heard the children say their lessons, and was pleased with their progress. The scholars were six French and one English.

16th. Sabbath. After the English service, held a meeting in the school house, in French, in the afternoon. Present, four French Canadians. I was a little surprised to see one of them. After the meeting I had an opportunity of speaking to others, who came in. Had occasion to see awful Sabbath desecration. Met several carts on their way down to the beach for herring from the fisheries; spoke to them as I passed.

17th. Visited a person who has been for some time reading the Bible, and has, I trust, been delivered from the soul-destroying power of Rome. May he now find Christ. He told me of another who was desirous to get a Bible; he gave him his own, and I told him to get another in its stead from the schoolmaster.

20th. Visited three houses—was not long in the last of the three which I visited, till three or four men came in and sat down, while I continued my conversation. Soon after several others came in. I now changed the subject to the simple Gospel. During the time I was reading the 53rd of Isa-