

Exhibition. Mr. Monod asked permission to make a present of a Bible to every man who had acted as doorkeeper during the period of the Exhibition. Of course we gave him leave, and we shall hear of these Bibles one of these days. There was an Exhibition held in Paris some years ago, I forget the exact date—somewhere in the sixties—and at the close of that Exhibition the same thing was done. Some four or five years afterwards one of our colporteurs was walking through a village in the south of France and saw a poor woman standing at the door of a cottage and weeping bitterly. He asked what was the cause of her trouble and if he could help her. "No one can help me, I am weeping for my husband lying on his death bed and he cannot live many hours longer." The colporteur asked if he might go in and see her husband, and on being taken in began to speak to him as a Bible Society colporteur would naturally speak under such circumstances, about Christ and salvation, the forgiveness of sins and eternal life. "Sir," the dying man said, "thank God, I know all about that. I was one of the doorkeepers at the Exhibition at Paris and all of us men—forty of us—got a present of a book when we came away. I brought mine home and read it, and that book has taught me about those things of which you speak, and now, thank God, I am dying at peace with Him and in my own heart through what that blessed Book has taught me." That is the work of the Bible Society.

Shall I give you another illustration: Some years ago there was a little girl named Annie; her birthday was coming, and her mother asked her what she would like to have for her birthday present. "I would like to have two Bibles," she said. Two Bibles, what for? "I want one for myself, and one to send to the people in India who have no Bibles." Her birthday came, the two Bibles had been obtained, one in English, the other in Hindi, Telugu, or Tamil, to go to India, and after the little girl had received her own present, her mother asked her what she would do with the Indian Bible? "I would like to write a message in it before it goes." And what shall I write? "Put, 'From Annie, a little girl in England who loves the Lord Jesus Christ, to someone in India who, she hopes, will learn to love Him too.'" That was a good many years ago; Annie grew up to be a woman, and wanted to be a missionary. India was laid upon her heart, and to India she went, and after some time there, travelling up the country, she was introduced to a family in which there were ladies, and on entering into conversation they welcomed her as a Christian sister. "How came you to know about the Gospel," she asked? "We have got a Bible. It has taught us everything," they said, and one of the ladies went to another room to fetch the Bible; it was put into Annie's hands, and when she opened it—"From Annie, a little girl in England, who loves the Lord Jesus Christ, to some one in India, who, she hopes, will learn to love Him too." God had heard her prayer and blessed her gift; the Book had found its way to that home and was made the means of the conversion of those people, and she was permitted to go and see the result of her own love and her own prayer when she was a little child. And now Annie has gone from her work to her reward. We are always hearing of these things and how God blesses individual copies of the Bible that have been sent out through our instrumentality.