

care for them. A location ought to be made somewhere for them by the Government, and then make an effort to civilize them. I sometimes feel like going to find out how many families there may be, but I could not do this without your authority.

Missionary Readings.

A Remarkable Bible.

BY M. L. GORDON, M.D.

ON going to the chapel exercises of our Doshisha College this morning, I noticed a large, handsomely bound English Bible lying on the desk with the Japanese Bible which is commonly used at these exercises. While wondering what American Christian had been benevolent enough to send it, or what member of our faculty had been thoughtful enough to secure it, Principal Kozaki arose, and, putting his hand upon it, called the attention of the students to it *as the gift of one of their own number*. These last words, which I have italicized, put us all on the *qui vive* for the rest of the story, which Mr. Kozaki went on to relate. I give a few facts not mentioned by him, for the benefit of American readers.

More than thirty years ago, a young Japanese, while walking on the beach in Nagasaki, picked up a foreign book that the waves were driving in toward the shore. He could not read a word of it; but he learned from a Dutch interpreter that it was "a good book," and told about "God" and "Christ;" and he was filled with a desire to read it. He studied English a little, and, learning that the Bible in the Chinese language could be obtained in Shanghai, he sent there and secured one in the familiar Chinese characters, and at once began its serious study.

He was the *karō*, or leading retainer, of the *daimyō* of Hizen, and his duties soon led him to go back to his native town, two days' journey from Nagasaki. Here, with his younger brother and a few others, the study of the Bible was resumed. Feudal restrictions prevented their revisiting Nagasaki for many years; but their Bible study was kept up for a long time by means of two messengers, who "regularly went back and forth between teacher and pupils, carrying inquiries and explications as they came and went." This teacher was the Rev. Dr. Verbeck, and from him, or some other Christian, they received an English Bible in large print, and elegantly bound.

Soon, however, it became noised abroad that this man and his friends were Christians; and, as the public knowledge of that fact meant death to himself and family, and destruction to his house, he was prevailed upon, not to give up his Christianity, but to put out of sight the evidences of it. So this Bible was entrusted to a friend of whose Christianity there was no suspicion.

Twelve years after the finding of the first Bible in the waters of the harbor at Nagasaki—it had probably been dropped overboard from a foreign man-of-war—this man, Murata Wakasa, and his younger brother, managed to return thither, and, on the 20th of May, the day of Pentecost, 1866, Dr. Verbeck baptized them. In narrating his experience to Dr. Verbeck, he said: "I cannot tell you my feelings when for the first time I read of the character and work of Jesus Christ. I had never seen, or heard of, or imagined such a person. I was filled with admiration, overwhelmed with emotion, and taken captive by the record of His nature and life."

The two brothers returned with increased joy to their home. Fourteen years later (1880), a missionary in Nagasaki was visited by the daughter of Wakasa, who, with her old nurse, came seeking baptism. She told how faithfully the family had been taught about God and Christ by the father, who had died with great Christian joy eight years before. The daughter, after baptism, removed to Osaka, where she became a leader in Christian work for the women there. "The old nurse returned to her old home, organized a class of women, and (in the greater religious freedom now allowed) taught them the Bible, and then started a Sunday School with the members of her Bible-class as teachers; and

soon there was a Christian church organized in that place through her efforts, a son of Wakasa being one of the members."

"The promise is unto you and to your children." And now in 1890 comes a grandson of Wakasa as a student to our Christian school, bringing as a present to its chapel his grandfather's English Bible, for so many years secreted in his friend's house. May it prove a source of inspiration to the hundreds of young men gathered in this school!

The Religious Awakening in Russia.

THE *London Methodist Times* has an interview with one of the leaders of the great religious movement in Russia now going on. We have only room for the last question and the answer of this deeply interesting account:

"What is your opinion about the character of the Christians who have been led during this revival to accept Christ as their Saviour?"

"Many of them have afforded evidence of the highest Christian character in the patience and courage with which they have met the persecution of the Russian Government. I will give you one illustration of this. One of our converts was wrongfully accused of blasphemy for breaking his images. He was sentenced to transportation to Siberia. This involved trudging on foot one thousand miles in chains through the snow. A fellow-convert went to see him depart, and to cheer him as he left his friends and home behind. To his astonishment he found the prisoner full of peace and joy. 'Thank God,' said the exiled one, 'for the privilege of preaching Christ in chains to my fellow-prisoners.' A nobler example of Christian fortitude than this it would be difficult to find in any religious movement."

"Has the Government achieved any success in its attempt to crush the revival by persecution?"

"None whatever. The movement slips through their fingers like water. The work is of God, and they cannot withstand it."

With such a statement from "one who knows," our representative came away rejoicing that the Pashkoffski were as certain to triumph over the efforts of the Russian Imperial Government to rob them of a simple faith in a living Saviour as were the first Christians to hold to their faith in spite of the Emperor Nero and all the might of Imperial Rome.—*Methodist Times*.

Sowing and Reaping.

TWO young women many years ago worked together in a cotton factory in New England. As earnest Christians they felt deeply concerned for the salvation of the heathen. The younger was willing to consecrate her life to mission work; but, with her slender means, saw no prospect of obtaining an education which would qualify her for such a life. Her companion felt equal interest in foreign missions, but realized that she was not endowed for such responsible work. If she could not go, she could aid in preparing her young friend for the mission field. She reserved from her earnings, barely sufficient for food and clothing, often exercising the severest self-denial, and devoted all the rest to the education of her companion. She lived long enough to complete her task. Her friend, equipped for her mission, was ready with her husband to sail for Siam, and then the young cotton-spinner was laid in her grave. "She had done what she could." For fifteen years her friend shared her husband's toil in Siam and China. She helped him to give the New Testament to millions in their own tongue. She rejoiced with him as she saw the sheaves gathered from the harvest field. When they rested in their graves, their son took up the mantle, and is now in the mission field, gathering the ripening grain.

"He that soweth and he that reapeth may rejoice together." One must go and preach the gospel to the nations; another must send out and sustain the messenger. Both, in the great day of the harvest, shall receive their reward. That simple-hearted cotton-spinner will share the joy of her sister who gathered the sheaves.

You cannot go, but you can send. Men and women are saying, "Here am I; send me." Will you send, and share with the reaper the joy of the harvest?—*Miss. Reporter*.