

It is a blessed thing when little children are taught from their infancy to begin every day with God; and if any boy or girl who reads this knows that he or she has not done so, it is a good time to begin. Let to-morrow be the day for getting up early, for secret prayer to God, and for reading the Holy Scriptures.

Peter Waldo.

This rich Merchant of Lyons lived about seven hundred years ago; his name was Peter Waldo. He had become a man of wealth by his industry, but his money and his merchandise could not satisfy his mind as to the great question, "How shall a man be just with God?" He knew he was a sinner, his conscience told him so; he knew he was not fit to die; and when he asked, "What must I do to be saved?" he was not satisfied with all the answers that the priests of the Papal church gave him. The Bible would have told him; but Waldo had not that holy Book. Rich as he was, he had not that best of all treasures; the few copies which then existed were shut up in the houses of the priests. Besides, they were all written in Latin, so that a person had to be learned in order to read a Bible, provided he could by any means get sight of one. At length Peter Waldo was so happy as to own a copy of God's word. It taught him the "new and living way of approaching God, through Jesus Christ, the only Saviour and Mediator. It told him that a contrite and believing heart is what God requires; it was *heart service* that was the "reasonable service." Before, he was perplexed and troubled; now, he was peaceful and glad. Peter Waldo felt like a new man; the burden was gone from his soul; light was there, and comfort, for he had found mercy through faith in Christ Jesus. When the people came to him for alms, men, women, and children, he not only supplied their bodily wants, but he opened the Scriptures and in-

structed them in the blessed truths of God's word. He went out among the cottages of the poor, the sick, and the dying. He taught them about the great and precious work of Christ Jesus.

There was one thing which he now desired more than any thing else; that was, to get the Scriptures translated into the language of the people. The Bible in Latin was no book for the people, and the priests did not wish the people to have it in their own tongue. They had rather have the people ask them what was in it, and then they could deceive them. "The people *must* have it in their own tongue," said Waldo; and he set about the work of translation himself, and got able persons to come and help him. It was a very great labour, but was at length completed; and this was the *first translation of the whole Bible into a modern language*; it was done by or at the expense of this rich merchant. Did ever a rich merchant do a better work? Having been translated, it could not be printed and immediately circulated, because this was before the art of printing was known. Written copies had to be made with the pen, demanding long and patient labour; and, when finished, a complete copy was worth a large sum of money. How different it is with us, who can have a beautiful Bible for twenty-five cents!

But this great service was not enough for Peter Waldo. He was not only the founder of a *Bible Society*, but he began to form a *Missionary Society*. Great numbers had learned to love the Saviour in his neighborhood, and these he sent out two by two, into all the region around; they even carried the gospel into other lands, and multitudes came to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus, through the humble efforts of these "poor men of Lyons," as they were called.

It is not to be supposed the priests looked quietly on all this time. The