with the missionaries, that he might read to them the wonderful things which he found in the Bible.

I might repeat the oft-told story of Wakasa, part of which was narrated in the Mildmay Conference of 1878, the first Japanese to receive Christian baptism; whose attention was called to Christianity by a Testament in a strange tongue which he picked up in the harbour of Nagasaki in 1854; and who came twelve years afterwards to the missionaries with a request that they should baptize him. Fourteen years afterwards, his daughter presented herself at the mission house in Nagasaki, and asked for baptism for herself and her attendant, reporting that her father had brought her up in the Christian faith; and in 1883 another of the family appeared, who said that for seventeen years he had carried the Bible with him and he read it daily, and that he wished to have his daughter received for baptism.

How marvellous the permanence of a record and its power to perpetuate facts and transmit them to other lands and other generations! A friend of mine from Michigan, walking by the shore at Iscanderoon, had his attention attracted by a scrap of paper on the beach. Strangely enough it proved to be a fragment of the New York Evangelist, and what was still more remarkable, it contained his own name and the record of a wedding at which he had officiated months before. What more unlikely than that he would be thus confronted in another continent with the imperishable record of his own act.

Litera scripta manet, and the Word of the Lord endureth forever!

That Word is mighty, but it is not needed that every jot and tittle be understood. It sharp imperative may be told in a single line. Its keen cutting edge may be too thin for the eye to discern. Its word of promise may be but a mere suggestion of the things which God has prepared for them

that love Him.

Mr. Haffenden, in the Bible Society Reporter (April, 1888), testifies that a missionary whom he knew, travelling in Burmah, hundreds of miles in the interior, where no white man had ever been before, having encamped at night near a small village, heard prayer going on in Burmese. He listened and distinguished, not the name of Buddha, or of another idol, but the name of our Lord Jesus Christ. He asked how that came to pass, and learned that years before, the head man of the place had brought from a remote village some food wrapped in a Burmese printed paper, which happened to contain one single chapter of the Bible. The reading of that piece of paper had led him and his neighbours to put away their idols, and for six years they had been praying to Christ as the Saviour of sinners.

I do not vouch for the truth of the story; but if not true, it might well be true, for the Word of God is quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword. It is the sharp point of the sword that does execution, and one chapter of the Bible, nay, one verse of the Scripture, may pierce between the soul and spirit, and open the way for the entering in of the light.

Some years ago a Corean version of the Lord's Prayer was sent me by Rijutei, one of the first converts, beautifully written out by hand. A facsimile of it was printed in the Bible Society Record, in May, 1885. In the month of August following, a copy of that number of the Record reached one of our colporteurs in China, a thousand miles from the coast. The same day he happened to meet at the inn five Corean merchants who were selling ginseng, 1,500 miles away from their own land. He could not speak Corean, nor they English, but he cut out this little slip of printed paper, three inches by four, and gave it to them with the Gospel of Matthew in Chinese, that they might read in their own tongue the prayer which our blessed Master taught His disciples in Palestine eighteen hundred years ago. Who knows but some day a missionary in Corea will overhear the voice of prayer, and will find some company of believers praying to "Our Father" for the coning of His kingdom, and asking for their daily bread and the pardon of their sins.