

MIRACLES OF GRACE.

We are indebted to "Brazilian Missions" for numerous incidents illustrating the power of the printed Bible to arouse, convict, and enlighten men. Among other things it tells of a blessing that came to a family in Santa Cruz do Rio Pardo. Years ago Senhor Francisco was a municipal and political chief in that town, and Donna Emilia, his wife, a devout daughter of the Romish Church, was a leader among the women and beloved by all. She was devout, but the fact that his life was not pure gave her life-long sorrow. It was the Bible that eventually brought joy to their household, and this is the story she told about the change.

One day a young man came to our house to sell Protestant books. I had always supposed that the Protestants did not believe in God or anything holy; but I looked at the books spread out on the table and opened a pretty one with a clasp and gilt edges. When I read the title, "Holy Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ," I said to myself that it must be a good book, and when I heard that the price was only fifty cents, I wanted to buy it.

But I never did anything without consulting Sr. Francisco, and so I asked him first. I had money of my own, and when he said he had no objection, I bought it at once. And I never spent fifty cents better!

Well, sir, I could do nothing else but read that book. At first there was a great deal that I did not understand; but I came to the chapter that has the Lord's Prayer, and says that God gives His Holy Spirit to them that ask Him, and I asked Him to give me His Spirit to understand better what I read; and He did.

And then I wanted Sr. Francisco to hear the Book. He never had liked to read, and even his law-books he used to have me read to him. So I asked him to listen, while I read; after a little I looked up, and he was fast asleep. So I waited till another day, and found a place that I thought would be sure to interest him; but he went to sleep again, and I saw that he did not care to hear.

But one day I was sitting in the hammock reading, when he came in and sat down beside me, and I read him two or three verses. Something told me to get up, and I handed him the book, and asked him to go on reading till I came back. I went out of doors and prayed with all my heart that God would send His Spirit, so that my husband might read the book.

When I came back, he would not let me have the Testament, and for six days and nights he did nothing but read it. One night he read the sixth chapter of First Corinthians; and he came to me and asked me to forgive him all the wrong he had done me, and from that day he was a changed man. Soon after Mr. Landez came, and the first Gospel sermon in Santa Cruz was preached in our house, and the due time my husband and I and our two sons professed our faith in Christ.

This happened five or six years ago. Francisco became a most earnest Christian worker, and died in the faith, and his widow continues to live and labour, in a community where there are now sixty communicants. How many such cases attest the value of the Bible!

SEED AND FRUIT.

Twenty-five years ago the writer gave a New Testament, which was wholly new and "news," to a lad of sixteen, in the capital of Rio Grande do Sul, and forgot all about it. One year ago, upon revisiting Porto Alegre, he found that "bread cast upon the waters" in the shape of a school, in which nearly one hundred boys and girls daily listened to the reading of the New Testament from the lips of the same lad, now a married man; and had the pleasure of listening to the story of his conversion, and of his resolution to distribute his small loaves and fishes among the hungry.—*Brazilian Missions.*