

At last an aged dignitary issued forth, a giant in size, with an immense beard. He took hold of a Bible, and turning over the pages thoughtfully, he said, addressing himself to his younger colleagues:—"Ah! if it were not for this book, not a soul in the world would know anything of the truth. God be praised for the gift of this holy volume." He then ordered four copies, requesting me to deliver them at his room in the inn. There I was favoured with an interview of two hours, occupied chiefly with the great topics of the salvation of God wrought through Christ; and I left the venerable man with a heart full of praise.

At P. during the market the Magyars and Roumans showed their great joy at the Word of God. A Rouman woman approached our stand with her son, and bought a New Testament, and when the boy read to his mother the story of the birth and death of Christ, she took the book and reverently kissed it in the sight of all the people.

Although the Roumans are so poor here that they are almost starving, yet most of the copies sold are in Rouman. It is delightful to see with what warmth of feeling these people accept the Word of God. In this respect they distinguish themselves very favourably from the German Roman Catholics, who can indeed for the most part read, but do not buy because their priests have forbidden them.

The following incidents are not without their interest:

In a town in the south of Hungary, a colporteur saw a poor crippled little fellow a beggar, sitting in the market-place, a small prayer-book in hand, from which he read aloud to passers-by, who then would sometimes drop their coppers into his cap. "Can you read, my boy," asked the colporteur, prompt to seize opportunity by the forelock; "here is a book for you," showing him a Psalter. "Would not that be a nice book for you to read?" After a little examination the beggar-boy asked what it cost; and when he heard 15 kreuzers, counted over the coppers in his cap; there were only 12. "It is all I have," he he said beseechingly. The colporteur could not withstand this appeal. The bargain was struck, and as he went his way the boy's voice rang clear over the square as he read the soul-quickenings accents of the Psalmist.

One of the men met a Jew, to whom he had sold a new Testament some years ago. The son of Abraham told him he had three times thrown away the book, and three times he had gone back to it again. At last to get rid of the spell, he sold it. But there was, he said, something in the volume that attracted him irresistibly, and now he felt inwardly compelled to buy another copy.

The same colporteur visited the birth-place of the well-known Jewish missionary, Stern, in North Hungary, and found there a number of Israelites under serious apprehensions of the truth of the Gospel, and he was able to sell a number of New Testaments among them.

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In a letter which we find in the last *Monthly Reporter* (Dec. 1876) Mr. Milard gives a vivid picture of the work in the south-eastern corner of his large Agency.

After stating the circumstances of the depository of Trieste, he speaks of the success of the Society in bearing in that city an

#### OPEN TESTIMONY.

"The Trieste Depot, with its window always besieged with readers, who get a fresh portion every day, and its huge placards right and left in one of the busiest thoroughfares, with the solemn warning: 'O earth, earth, earth, hear the Word of the Lord,' 'Search the Scriptures,' and other passages, is a standing testimony, holding forth the grand proclamation of Heaven, and so long as we continue this establishment, now the *only* missionary agency of any kind for Jew or Gentile, we must not grudge the expense."

The sales from this depot used to average about 4,000 a year; the present