



SCATTERED SEEDS OF TRUTH.

THE agents of the Bible Society in Bombay sent a colporteur, with his stock of Bibles and Testaments, to visit the mountain villages. To those who have never seen these mountains of Western India, it is difficult to give an idea of the grandeur of the scenery, with its noble forests, tremendous ravines, and wide-stretching prospects; but the Christian mourns to think of the moral darkness that hangs over this land—

“Where every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile.”

These scenes might well lead up from nature to nature's God; but never is this the case where the mind has not been enlightened by revelation.

The Hindoo villagers received the native colporteur but coldly; few purchasers came forward, and he was about to go away in despair, when an intelligent and educated man saw the books, and selected for himself the most important purchase he ever made in his life—a Mahratta Bible. I believe it was at the same time that he got a few pages of a tract; this was all his teaching.

It would be easy for imagination to trace that earnest-minded heathen in his study of the blessed book. One would like to know where he began to read, and when and where he began to feel that this was no common reading; one would like to trace the progress of the dawning light upon a mind wholly unaided by human teaching, as he persevered from day to day, till conviction was followed by conversion. I can only state the final result of the study of this Mahratta Bible, which was that the man came down from his mountains to Bombay, his precious book in his hand and the truth in his heart, and presented himself to the missionaries, with the request of the Ethiopian of old: “What doth hinder me to be baptized?”

It was an interesting and peculiar case for them. This man had never conversed with a Christian in his life, and yet by the study of the word of God alone he had attained a wonderfully clear and accurate knowledge of Christian doctrines, especially the great doctrines of the divinity and the atonement of our Lord, as I was assured by the Rev. Dr. Wilson, who examined him. Having given good evidence of the sincerity of his conversion, it was with great pleasure that the missionaries baptized him.

The case affords encouragement, not only in itself, but as giving us reason to hope that many good fruits may spring in this way from scattered seeds of truth, unknown to man. These Bibles were not translated, these tracts were not composed without many a secret prayer from the faithful missionary labourer working in his study most truly in the “burden and heat of the day;” he sees not the result, but it is written, “the word shall not return void.”



WHAT TO DO WITH CARE.

“CASTING all your care upon Him, for He careth for you,” is the language of the Bible.

Not some care, not *much* care, but *all* care; yes, every care, however small or overwhelming, we are directed to cast upon Him who is able to succour and to save to the uttermost.

Well then may every child of grace, out of the depths of every affliction, every calamity, sing aloud with the chastened Psalmist, “Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise Him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God.” Such hopeful, trustful, restful feeling it is plainly the privilege of the Christian to enjoy at all times.

But all who are in trouble, in distress, in temptation, or in fear of evil, cannot be too faithful in the exercise of all the appliances which Providence places in their reach. The Apostle Paul, after exhorting to put on the whole armour of God, continues, “Having done all, to stand.” Yes, dear reader, having done all on our part, we may stand, committing all the care of results to Him who will surely cause all things to work together for good to them that love God.

Oh, how perfectly is here met a deep and felt want of the soul! Who, among the uneasy throng of mankind, does not often feel a strong desire for such quiet repose? The world, through all its giddy rounds, can never satisfy this hungering and thirsting of soul.

Oh, ye sorrowing, suffering ones, whose eyes may scan these lines, listen to those sweet words: “Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.” “Be of good cheer.” “Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee.” There is rest for you that is worth the having. There beats for you a bosom upon which to lean your weary head, not to “weep hot tears,” but to find sweet relief—“every longing satisfied, with full salvation blest.”