

as many Bibles as they will bring rubles." She went. The tidings circulated; and what was the consequence? In six weeks time, Mr. Knill sold *eight hundred* copies! Some persons came 60 versts to procure them, and were at his house by day-break, that they might not lose the precious opportunity.

About this same time, a young person, who had become pious, called on Mr. Knill, and in the warmth of her feeling, she said: "Next week will be my birth-day, and our people will expect a present. Now it is a remarkable circumstance, that all our servants can read. What can I give them so good as a New Testament? Nothing! nothing!" "Do you think you could get me some Russian Testaments?"—"I do not know. I have not applied for some months, and I always go in fear and trembling; for my friends are gone, and I am left alone." He went, however, and purchased two; and came away with one in each pocket, fearing lest he might be observed. He sent her the books. She gave them to the servants, and soon after came to him again, saying: "The people are delighted with the books; can you get any more?"—"I do not know, but I will try." He did so, and succeeded in procuring a small supply. A friend in Scotland supplied him with the necessary funds, and on application to the British and Foreign Bible Society, liberal assistance was received.

It is impossible to follow every copy of the sacred Scripture to its destination, and there witness its effects; but we know God will not suffer his word to return void. They who go forth weeping, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again rejoicing, bringing their sheaves with them. But we must not faint, nor weary of our long waiting—"Behold the husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth, and hath long

patience for it until it receive the early and latter rain."—"Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but though it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." Of the seed sown on the occasion, referred to above, little was heard for a considerable time; I believe nothing was heard, till——, making a short tour in Finland, with the intention of distributing religious books and the Scriptures two years after, met with the following incident:—They passed through a village, calling at every house, and leaving one or other of their books. When they had nearly completed their distribution, they were disturbed by a person running towards them, and calling out: "You have missed my house! You *must* come back." They assured the person that they had been to every house in that district of the village through which they had passed. "No," said the man, "you have been in all the houses but mine, and you *must* visit *mine* too." Being informed that the house of this man stood behind the other houses, they consented to retrace their steps, and found that they had indeed missed his house. They entered, and began to unpack their books; requesting, at the same time, if convenient, that he would supply them with something to eat. The man stood beside them until they had opened the parcel and he had received from them one of their books. It happened to be a Finnish Hymn book. He no sooner saw what it was, than he called out: "Wife! wife! Look—look," he exclaimed, and began to sing with all his might the hymns contained in the tract. His wife soon joined him, and every thing was forgotten but their newly acquired treasure. There they stood (some-what advanced in life,) gazing on the book with eyes filled with tears of joy, each of them having hold of it with one hand, while with the other they marked the time and cadence of the