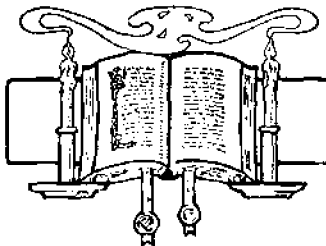


... The ...  
Book of Books



*The sword of the Lord endureth forever.*  
*1 Peter 1:25*

10 Cents Each — 2 for 15 Cents

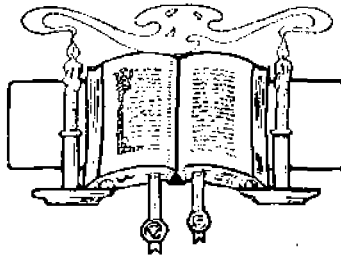
OBTAINABLE FROM

New York: Loizeaux Bros., 1 E. 13th St., New York City

Minnesota: J. A. Fleming, 214 Seventh St. South, Minneapolis, Minn.

California: J. W. H. Nichols, 414 Hurlingham Ave.,  
San Mateo, California

... The ...  
Book of Books



*The sword of the Lord endureth forever.*  
*1 Peter 1:25*

COMPILED BY  
J. W. H. NICHOLS

## THE BIBLE.

**THIS BOOK** contains: The mind of God, the state of man, the way of salvation, the doom of sinners, and the happiness of believers. Its doctrine is holy, its precepts are binding, its histories are true, and its decisions are immutable. Read it to be wise, believe it to be safe, and practice it to be holy. It contains light to direct you, food to support you and comfort to cheer you. It is the traveler's map, the pilgrim's staff, the pilot's compass, the soldier's sword, and the Christian's charter. Here Heaven is opened, and the gates of Hell disclosed. **Christ is its grand subject**, our good its design, and the glory of God its end. It should fill the memory, rule the heart, and guide the feet. Read it slowly, frequently, prayerfully. It is a mine of wealth, health to the soul, and a river of pleasure. It is given to you here in this life, will be opened at the Judgment, and is established forever. It involves the highest responsibility, will reward the greatest labor, and condemn all who trifle with its sacred contents.

“Verily, verily, I say unto you. He that heareth My word, and believeth on Him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life.” (John v. 24.)

## Patsy And The Squire

**P**ATSY O'BLANE was a poor, ragged boy, living on a wild Irish moor. He folded the sheep, stacked the peat, dug the potatoes, without hat or shoes, for he owned neither.

He also cooked the food and swept the clay floor while his father herded the cattle of the squire who owned all the land and cottages around them.

Theirs was a poor dwelling, with its one only window, and with the thatch falling from the roof; but it was *home* and therefore dear to them.

Dan O'Blane owned *one* book,—the Bible, which he and Patsy dearly loved, for it had raised them from the dust (1 Samuel 1) to be kings and priests unto God." (Rev. 5:10.)

One evening, as Patsy sat at the door, with his pet lamb at his side, and his Bible on his knee, awaiting the return of his father, he heard the loud voice of the blunt but good-natured squire.

"Pat, my boy," he shouted, "leave that great book for priests and bishops to read and go hunting with O'Rourke's boys."

"Plase, yer honor," said Patsy, "I'm forbid o' me father to go wid them same at all, for they takes the name of God in vain."

"But you can go hunting with them, Pat, without swearing," said the squire.

"Ah, sir, I know it's not asy to go into the fire without being burned," replied the boy.

"Well, my good boy, what do you find in this great book? With all my learning, I don't understand half."

"And now, yer honor, doesn't yer own word show how thrue the book is," asked Pat, "for it says 'He hath hidden these things from the wise and prudent and hath revealed them unto babes.' 'There's ye, sir, as rich as the King, and as wise as the bishop, and ye're no sure it's God's Word at all, and here's us, as poor as my lamb, Betty, and not much wiser, and we believes it all, every word



o' it, and takes it into our hearts and makes it our mate and drink. So, after all, begging yer pardon, squire, we is richer nor ye." "Only last night, sir, when ye and ye'r company was feasting and singing at the Hall, father said he was 'mazed at the grace

of God that had made him and ye to differ. This poor cabin was a little heaven, sir, when some of the poor people left the mass to hear father read how Jesus came to preach the Gospel to the poor, and open heaven for them.

"Don't you think, boy, Dan would change places with me soul and body?" asked the squire smiling.

"What, sir, sell heaven where mother and baby is, and give up Jesus? Och, no, sir! ye haven't got enough gold to buy the new heart out of Dan O'Blane," answered the boy, folding the Bible to his breast.

"How can such things be!" exclaimed the squire.

"Ye mind me, yer honor, o' the ruler of the Jews who crept to Jesus by night, like a thafe, and asked, 'How can these things be?' when Jesus told him, 'Ye must be born again,'" said Patsy.

"How can you prove a man is born again, as you call the change you speak about," asked the squire.

"Jesus didn't try to prove it to the ruler, sir, nor will I to ye. If ye see a man walking on the highway, ye don't bid him stand, and prove to ye he was ever born, for ye know he was or he wouldn't be there alive," replied Patsy. "So when ye see one like father, once dead in sin, now alive and walking on the road to heaven, ye may know he is born again, without proving it to ye, sir."

The scoffing smile faded from the squire's cheeks as he stood before the poor child, who, it was evident, pined him. "Pat," he said, "there was a time when I wanted this faith myself. I had nothing to ask for here, but knew I couldn't carry my riches to heaven, so I wanted something beyond, and asked for this new heart, and God didn't answer."

"Och, sir, likes enough ye went to God feeling ye was Squire Phelan and that it was great condescension in ye to seek His face, but ye'll never find the Lord so, sir!"

"How did you go to Him, Pat?"

"Me, is it, sir?" "I'm evil altogether," I said, "and ignorant as a beast before Thee, ignorant of all that's hooley, but wise enough in what is unhooley. I sin in ten thousand ways and has no claim on God's pity. If he sent my soul to hell," I said, "He'll do only right, but 'tis to heaven I want to go, where Jesus is, and there's no sin. If ye take me, Lord, it must be just as I am, for I can niver make meself a whit better."

"Patsy, my boy, you talk like a bishop, but after all you're only a poor herd boy, and may be mistaken in this matter. What would you do then?"

"Och, sir, that cannot be, for I have the Word of God Himself, and that can niver fail," replied the boy.

"But you can make a mistake in the meaning of the words," suggested the squire.

"Och, sir, when it is so plain, how could anybody help understanding it," asked the boy.

"And how did you bring your mind to believe this at first, boy?" asked the squire.

"Sure, I didn't *bring my mind* at all, sir. I just read the words o' Jesus and belaved them! I was lost, and He found me and bid me follow him; and so I do, and that is all I can tell about it."

"And you feel quite sure, Pat, you have a new heart, do you?" asked the squire.

"I tale it's not the same at all, sir. Before, I hated everybody what wor better off nor meself. When I'd be trudging, cold and hungry, through the bog, I'd often seen yer illigant young sons, and the heir o' Sir Robert on their fine horses, then the ould heart would cry out, 'Bad luck to ye, proud, young spalpeens!' Why warn't I born the gintleman and themselves digging in the bog and herding cattle? Once I mind me, I looked after them as they dashed down the hill, wishing the royal gray would toss your heir, sir, over his head, and bring down his pride."

"I never knew, Pat, there was so much malice in your heart," exclaimed the squire.

"Och, sir, it isn't all cleaned out yet intirely, but I gives it no rest, for I'll niver shelter an immy o' Jesus here in peace," said the boy.

"And how do you feel toward my brave boys now, Pat?"

"How do I tale, is it, sir? Och, yer honor, but I love the very sound o' the hoofs that brings them finent me. I cries out, 'Lord, love the jewels, give them ivery blessing. Thou hast to give, give them in Thy grace now and after this, a mansion better nor the Hall, one eternal in the heavens.' Deed, sir! I love the whole world now, and I'm the happiest lad in Kerry. I don't envy anybody, but mind my cattle wid a heart full of blessed thoughts. And, sir, if ye go to Jesus like the needy sinner ye are, not like Squire Phelan, He'll take ye fir His own, and make ye happy."

—FROM CHRISTIAN TREASURY.

## THE BIBLE SUPREME

In these days of infidelity, destructive criticism and modernism, much is said about the "sacred writings of the east" and "the Bibles of other nations."

By this is meant the religious books of the Oriental peoples, such as Rîj-Veda, the Vedic hymns, the law of Mann, the Pahlavi texts, the Zend-Avesta and others. These will be found in the libraries of the universities and colleges.

Professor Max Mueller translated many of these books, and his volumes profess to be faithful and liberal translations from the original texts. When his books were first published, it was discovered that a large part of the original portions had been left out. He was then accused of dishonesty for stating his works were liberal translations. His de-

fense was, that he certainly had left liberal portions of the text out as they existed, for the sufficient reason that had he translated them, he would have been prosecuted by every civilized government for publishing the vilest and most obscene literature in existence.

Think of it! These are the books we are asked to accept as equal in importance to our Bible, and their study is recommended in different institutions of learning. China and other lands give abundant testimony to the degrading character of these *so-called* holy books.

One book alone in all the world bears the unmistakable stamp of holiness, of Deity, and that is our precious Bible, the blessed revelation of the Mind of God.

# Japan and the Bible

The spirit of the Christian in Japan is often stirred within him as was Paul's at Athens, for there seem to be—as the Japanese themselves say—"eight hundred and ten thousand gods." In many places, you can hardly throw a stone without hitting something sacred. Modern civilization is spreading over the land, but the Gospel is not being received readily by the people. The Japanese

waves from the sea have swept away, at times, everything else with thousands of people, but the image has stood. Being so large and heavy, it has saved itself, *but it had no power to save the people.* So with the religion it represents, and all other false religions. There is no power at all in them to save souls from the awful power of sin, or from the judgment which sins deserve. The statute looks



will do away with candles and lamps and take to electricity, but alas! the "god-shelf" and its candles, with the spiritual darkness that it represents, they prefer to keep; rather than have Christ as the blessed "Light of Life."

But after all, are the multitudes in so-called Christian lands any wiser? Many of them worship images, and many more are slaves to pride, money, pleasure, power, and fame. And how much more responsible they are with the open Word of God and Gospel light shining upon them. The Japanese have a saying, "Just below the candlestick is the darkest place of all." The bronze image of Buddha at Kamakura, near Yokohama, is fifty feet high. It has stood over 600 years. Great tidal

solid, but it is hollow; herein also is something true of everything which men worship or strive after apart from the true God. "All is empty vanity and vexation of spirit," as Solomon says. The Lord Jesus alone could say, "Come unto Me and I will give you rest."

Beside Buddhism, Shintoism is the other prominent religion of Japan. Souls in the Buddha heaven are supposed to be sitting upon wide water-lily leaves in profound meditation, and feeling nothing, neither joy nor sorrow. What an empty contrast to the new heavens and new earth of Revelation 21!

Shintoism looks backward. Ancestor worship is its chief idea. Its "gateways" and shrines are in mountain and valley, all over the land; like the

heathenism into which Israel fell, worshipping strange gods on every high hill and under every green tree. Buddhism came from India by the way of China many centuries ago, but like all fake religions, there is no unity about it. Buddhism is one thing in principle and another in practice, and Buddhism today is not like Buddhism of old. Outside the truth of God, there is no such thing as "the faith once for all delivered unto the saints." And of Shintoism and Confucianism, the same can be said. Roman Catholics point to their saints and to the holy leadership of the Church, so do these priests of other religions, but you must not look too closely at the fruits of either.

Shintoism is said to be the oldest religion in Japan. The word "Shinto" means "the way of the gods." Confucianism, which is also in Japan, came from China.

These religions have innumerable sects. Some of the sectarian leaders are very hard-shelled, but the mass of the people are not as particular about their religion as their tea, for they like the latter as pure as possible, without ingredient, but their religion they like mixed with all kinds of mixtures.

Buddhism and Shintoism are pretty much alike in that all kinds of things are worshipped—sun, moon, groves, snakes and other creatures. The rice

tub also gets a place of high honor. Thickly over all the idols can be seen little lumps. Somebody has called them "spit-ball prayers." Petitions for good crops, for healing sickness, or other wishes, are written on paper, which is then chewed into a pellet and thrown at the idol. If it sticks to him, that is considered lucky, especially if to his head! Herein again, we are reminded of the emptiness and evil of false religions. Instead of joyful praise of full hearts to the true and living God, whose ear is ever open to the cry of those who call upon Him, the gods are looked upon as unwilling beings who have to be coaxed and appeased by the suppliant. But how remarkable that in the presence of the Bible, all religions (Romanism included) feel the need of cleaning house: So now the Shinto and Buddhist priests are imitating our Sunday Schools, even using our old familiar tunes, but using words in praise of the idols.

What a privilege to have the Word of God in our hands and to be delivered from gods which "have mouths, but they speak not: eyes have they, but they see not: they have ears, but they hear not: noses have they, but they smell not: they have hands, but they handle not: feet have they, but they walk not: neither speak they through their throat. (Psalm 115.)

—E. B. CRAIG.



THE LAST SURVIVORS—From a sketch by George Catlin.

## Nez Perce Indians' Search for the Bible

In the year 1832, four Nez Perce Indians left the State of Idaho for St. Louis, Mo., to find "the white man's book of Heaven."

How tidings of it had reached them we do not know. There were no trains in those days through the mountain fastnesses of these western states. It may have been some trappers had spoken of the

Bible, or a stranger journeying across the country to the coast; one thing is certain, God had caused the good news to reach them, and learning of the white man's book to Heaven, the tribe, determined to send some messengers to find it.

Think what such a journey entailed! What earnest longing for the book must have prompted

them to undertake such an arduous journey from west to east! They had to travel a continent either on foot or horseback, through a country occupied by hostile tribes who spared no one when it served their purpose to destroy their lives. They had no guide-book but the starry heavens, could only count the days by the rising and setting of the sun, and journeyed to find a people they did not know, to guide them to the spirit land.

When, after that long, wearisome journey, they at last reached St. Louis, General Clark (of the famous Lewis and Clark Expedition) was then governor.

He received them cordially, and spent some time with them on the banks of the Missouri. They told their mission, but alas! the white man little valued what these red men had journeyed so far to find, and could give little help.

Two died on the river bank and were buried there, and finally the remaining two decided they must return home—disappointed men.

Before leaving, General Clark gave a banquet, to which he invited them. One of these untaught, wild west men addressed the company something as follows:

"We have come to you over the trail of many moons from the setting sun. You were the friends of our fathers who have gone the long way. We came to you with strong arms and brave hearts, hoping to carry back much to our people. We go back with both arms *broken* and *empty*. We came seeking the white man's book to Heaven.

"You have taken us where you worship the Great Spirit with images, *but the book was not there*. You have taken us where you allow your women to dance—as we do not ours; *but the book was not there*. You have made our arms heavy with gifts, *but the book is not among them*. Two of our company have grown weary after many moons, and are buried on the banks of the river, and we return without them. When, at last, we enter the council and say we have come back without the Book, our old men and young braves will rise up and go out in silence. Our people must go the long way with *no white man to teach them*, and *no white man's book to guide them*. I HAVE NO MORE WORDS."

The speech was taken down by a young man and sent to the eastern papers. It immediately roused the enthusiasm of some Christians to supply the need expressed by these earnest seekers.

On their way back to Nez Perce country, they met the famous painter of Indians—George Catlin. In his two volumes, which can be seen in the great libraries, he gives this story and speaks of traveling with them two thousand miles.

One was known as "Rabbit Skin Leggings," the other as "No Horns-on-His-Head." Only the former reached his people with the sad message of disappointment. Soon, however, two missionaries crossed the mountains and found the rendezvous of the tribe, settled among them, and were much used of God. The remains of this work can yet be seen.

—"HANDFULS OF PURPOSE."



## The Jew, a Witness to the Bible

Frederick the Great once demanded proof in one word that the Bible was inspired. The answer given was—"THE JEW."

Among the many prophecies concerning this remarkable people, there are two which, on the face of them, seem so contradictory as to make the fulfilment of both appear utterly impossible.

One is, that if they did evil in the sight of the Lord and refused to obey God's voice, they would be "*scattered among the nations*" (see Deut. 4:27 and 28:64; Jeremiah 9:16; Ezek. 22:15; Zach.

7:14, etc.) The other is in Numbers 23:9, where Balaam, speaking under divine inspiration, said, "Lo, the people shall dwell *alone* and shall not be reckoned among the nations."

How utterly incompatible these prophecies seem! And yet there is probably nothing more manifest in the eyes of the world today that the *literal fulfilment of them both*. In accordance with Jehovah's oft-repeated warning, the Jews are scattered among the nations; but, unlike all other people on the face of the earth, they never lose their identity by assimilation.



lating themselves with the people among whom they dwell; hence, in equally strict accord with Balaam's prophecy, whenever they are found they always "*dwell alone*" and are not reckoned among the nations.

According to Sir Francis Montefiore (a Hebrew) there are about 12,000,000 Jews in the world whose very existence constitutes—what Sir John Kennaway recently called, "*the mystery and the miracle of the Jew.*" "Here," he said, was "a nation without a country, a people without a government, a race without a home, hated, yet indispensable,

despised, yet powerful." While the London *Times*, Sept. 25th, 1905, in a leading article on "Jews in Russia," said: In the midst of this vast imperial organism, there subsists one race of which neither assimilation nor elimination seems possible . . . His race, his religion, his customs are alike indestructible. So that even if every argument in favor of the inspiration of the Bible could be swept away, there would still remain this paradoxical problem, this unanswerable argument, conspicuous in every part of the habitable world —

THE JEW!

—SIDNEY COLLETT.

## The Bible in a Log Cabin

In the early part of the nineteenth century, the State of Michigan was very sparsely settled, and traveling had to be done, in many cases, at great inconvenience and discomfort. A traveler who had occasion to visit a remote district gives an interesting account of his journey. He says:

"I had at one time to go to a town in Lenawee county. I knew the name of the town and the name of one man in it, and that was about all.

"I reached Adrian late in the evening by stage, and spent the night at an hotel. The next morning, on inquiring for the town and how to get there, I was told it was twenty miles away, there was no stage or conveyance, scarcely a road. People usually went on horseback, but perhaps the best mode for one not coming back was to go on foot! The prospect of a twenty mile walk *alone*, through an unknown country, with scarce a road, was not pleasant, especially as I had a heavy valise to carry. But seeing no other way, I started on foot.

"After traveling a few miles, the road became very blind, and I called at a log cabin to make inquiries. I found it occupied by a family consisting apparently of father, mother, and several children, all poorly dressed, and evidently accustomed to back-wood life.

The man gave me plain directions as to my road, and then, casting his eye at my valise, said he himself was going thither the next day on horseback and would carry my valise.

I thanked him for his offer, but secretly hesitated about leaving it (burdensome as it was to me to carry) in the hands of a stranger in the woods. True, its contents were not very valuable, but the

loss would seriously inconvenience me. Yet, on the whole, and as he seemed to have an honest face, and as I thought how much more easily I could travel, I concluded to accept his offer. No sooner, however, had I accepted it than my fears returned. But I was too late to recall my acceptance and could only take the precaution to ask his name. Smith was the answer, and it gave me little comfort.

"While I was writing down the name of 'Smith,' he went to a rude shelf, made by laying some rough boards on long wooden pegs driven into one of the logs at the side of the house, and took down a Bible, and sat down to family worship. His family, also, who had just risen from the breakfast-table took their seats, as though always accustomed to read after breakfast.

"I at once felt relieved, and after I told him his name was really of no consequence, bade him good morning, and went on my way as much lightened in my mind as my arms had been relieved of their burden. True to his word, the valise was safely delivered to me in the city to which I journeyed.

"And now do you think he could have done anything else that would have given me such entire confidence? What if he had taken down a pack of cards and begun to shuffle them, or Payne's 'Age of Reason,' or some other infidel work, could I have felt such confidence in leaving my property in his hands? Everyone knows the Bible is a good book, and its influence for good on those who read it is always evident. "By the word of thy lips I have kept me from the paths of the destroyer. Hold up my goings in thy paths, that my footsteps slip not." (Psalms 17:4-5.)

## Bible Traducers

These comment on a book of which they know *nothing*, the object and import of which they have not even studied.

The book contains an immense scope of connected thoughts and system, reaching from Genesis to the melting away of *time into eternity*—all its parts hanging together and developing every form of relationship between God and man, historically pursued, yet morally and individually realized, in which every part fits into the other like the pieces of a dissected map, proving the perfectness and completion of the whole.

All this system, I say, making a complete whole, in *absolute unity*, yet written as it was (as the best testimony proves) at long intervals over a space of some fifteen hundred years, and pursued through every varying condition in which man can be placed—of ignorance, darkness and light, with principles brought out into intended contrast—as the law and the gospel—yet never losing its perfect and absolute unity, or the relationship of its parts—**ALL THIS IS PASSED OVER BY THESE OBJECTORS.**

They are not conscious, perhaps, of the existence of it. They have about as much knowledge of the Bible as a child who took a dissected map and would put together two parts of the antipodes, because they were *colored red and looked pretty*. The constant and laborious exercises of free criticism, the close and sitting examination the Bible has gone through for ages, the anxious feverish search after errors or contradictions within, prove anxiety to show it is not what it claims to be.

Why all this anxiety? Those not immediately under the influence of Mohammedanism are long satisfied *it is false* and leave it there, but these mi-

nute searches after a flaw continue—are repeated. Men take it up on every side. Geography is ransacked, history, antiquity, style, manuscripts of all kinds, foolish writings of the fathers, absurd writings of heretics, apocryphal imitations of its contents—*nothing left unturned to find something to discredit it*; wise sayings of philosophers are taken to prove they could do as well, or were even the sources of the good, or even the alleged absurdities of doctrines. Every influence sought out which could have moralized humanity, that the book may not be supposed to excel. Why all this toil? Why, if it be a doctrine like Plato's, should it not have produced its effect, and our philosophers be as cool about it as other things? It *has*, their conscience knows it *has*, God's claim, and God's truth in it, and they will not allow that the true God, that Christ is the source of it, for then they must bend and admit what man is. An infidel cannot let God and His truth alone, because he knows it is His truth. He is a zealot against it, for his will is engaged, he is *a bitter zealot*, because his conscience is uneasy.

Why, I say, is all this labor spent upon a book of which the contents are but the product of an ignorant age, a prejudiced people, and upon productions which are the grossest impostures, pretending to be prophecies but written *apres coup*?

Think of persons writing long introductions to the Sibyl oracles, which they believe to be a fabrication, or even to the Koran, which is only an imposture!

How mighty is the word of God! It not only flows deep, clean, fructifying, gladdening and saving for him who drinks its exhaustless waters, but extorting the inevitable homage of those who deny it.

—J. N. DARBY.

## EXCERPTS

Sir Walter Scott, after a brilliant career, when shattered in health and fortune, lay dying. Turning to his son-in-law, Lockhart, he said, "Bring me the book." "What book?" asked his son-in-law, to which Scott replied, "There is but **ONE** book."

Earl Cairns, successful and ablest of lawyers, was consulted by a father whose son wished to practice law. "Let him begin with *the Bible*, for there he will find the foundation of all law and morality," said Cairns.

Sir Matthew Hale says, "I have been acquainted somewhat with men and books and have had long experience. There is no book like *the Bible* for excellence of learning and wisdom, and it is want of understanding in those who think otherwise."

Dr. Sam Johnson once said, "Young man, attend to the voice of one who has attained some measure of fame and learning, about to appear before his maker, *Read the Bible every day.*"

# A STRAY LEAF

## *And the Rest of the Story*

A great fire blazed in the plaza of the little town of X——, in a South American republic, around which a lot of sullen, angry-looking men and women gathered, watching the gestures of a big, long-robed priest, and listening to his denunciations of the book he was passionately tearing in pieces and casting into the flames. A pile of these books lay at his side, some well bound volumes, and some in paper covers, but all destined for the flames.

The watching crowd did not quite approve of the proceedings, while the children chased and frolicked with the fragments that the wind ever and anon whisked out of the burning mass. Only a few days before there had come to their town a young man with winning ways and speech, who told a wonderful story, and he had persuaded many of them to buy these books, which—according to him—contained the very words of Christ, and told them how they might be saved.

The priest, however, had terrified them all by denouncing as false, wicked and dangerous the books which they had bought, and had ordered them to deliver them up, under threat of dire penalties for disobedience. What they had read of the book had not seemed very dreadful, but the priest assured them it was so, and as they listened to his bitter denunciations, some felt they had only narrowly escaped!

One by one, Bibles, Testaments and portions—for such they were—were torn in fragments and cast to the flames; and the breeze fanned the glowing mass to such an extent that the crowd was glad to fall back from the heat.

A gust whirled through the spreading crowd as a fresh handful of leaves was cast, with a malediction, to the fire, which seized them greedily—all save one—which, scorched and crinkled, was tossed aloft by the wind and whirled away over the heads of the crowd and above the housetops, till on the outskirts of a village it fluttered down a quiet street, where a puff of the sportive breeze sent it floating in at the open window of Dona M——'s little cottage.

She was a good soul and devout, and she read the fragment that had come to her in such a wonderful way, and it stirred her heart strangely. She showed the scorched leaf to her husband when he returned in the evening, and he, too, ignorant of its source, was deeply interested. But entirely ignorant of its origin, he gave it back to the wife, saying, "Keep it, for it must belong to a very religious

book, and *some day we may find the rest of the story.*"

A year passed away, and the village was visited by the missionary. He came right to the street where Dona M—— lived, and, knocking at her door, offered a book for sale, at the same time explaining its nature. "Oh," said she, "are you selling good books? Perhaps you can tell me about this one!"—and she hurried off and brought her treasured leaf.

"This seems to be some very religious book, and we should like to get the *rest of the story*; do you know it?"

"Why, Senora," said he, as he recognized the familiar page, "That belongs to this book that I am offering you. See, here it is."

He turned rapidly to the New Testament and showed her the precious leaf in its proper place, and where, think you, had that stray leaf come from.

It was a leaf from John's Gospel, and she and her husband had been reading part of that wonderful sixteenth verse of the third chapter. No wonder they wanted to hear the "rest of the story."

Gladly she bought the New Testament, and on the husband's return, she hailed him joyfully with the news that she had found the book for which they had waited and longed. Together they sat down and read the "rest of the story." Earnestly, reverently, they poured over the sacred pages until the light of the Gospel shone into their hungry souls, and they found peace and joy through believing in Jesus. One by one the whole family came to know God through the reading of the Scriptures, and a center of Gospel light and testimony sprang up in that little town through the very action of that fanatical priest, who thought to destroy the good seed of the Word; but only succeeded in planting it more firmly—in one family at least,—and thereby bringing gladness, joy and salvation to many hungry hearts.

Thus, in the vast Republic of Brazil and elsewhere in South America, God is using His Own Word in blessing and salvation to many. In many a far-away town in the Brazilian forests and in the Argentine plains and Peruvian Andes, little groups of men and women meet together who have been led to know God by reading His precious Word. Well might we say in the language of Scripture, "What hath God wrought!"

## The Bible in Persia

Mirzi Ibrahim greeted me with all the formality and courtesy of the Persian gentleman. Forty of Iran's burning summers had permanently dyed his white Caucasian skin to a dark tan, and a heavy brown mustache completed a distinctly oriental appearance, but the face was full of refinement. It was a cold day, and his long, brown cloak trimly set off his splendid figure, reminding me once again

under her arm. This she carefully placed on the table and asked if I could read it to her. I was surprised to see it was a Turkish Bible, and asked how she came by it. "It belongs to my son," she replied, "who is twenty-eight years old and a Cossack in the Persian army. He used to read it to us daily, and as he read, the veil of sorrow fell from our faces. But now he has gone off to fight



MISSIONARIES ON A JOURNEY

of a scholar's gown—an impression which Americans invariably get from the graceful Persian abah. Mirza Ibrahim had met me on the muddy path outside; at the door he slipped off his shoes and I my rubbers, and we settled ourselves before the soft coal fire in my study grate. Conversation was fragmentary until we had sipped two cups of tea, which custom demanded, then he launched forth into a graphic description of his recent visit to the city on the Caspian.

One day, my dear friend, when it had become known among certain people that I was a Christian, a woman and her young daughter came to my manzil. They were very poor, and careless about their veils, so that I saw that their faces showed great happiness. The old woman carried a large book

the *jangalees*, and we cannot read. O, Sir, if you know Turkish, will you not read to us?"

So I read to them, and day after day they came, always with the heavy book hidden carefully under the woman's veil. On one occasion she told me the story of her precious burden.

"Just now, Sir, we are living in a chamber belonging to the tomb of a wealthy merchant. Not a bad place for poor people, if we were not so afraid of the *jiun* at night. But, praise be to Allah, we were not always so poor. My husband was a farmer on a big estate between Zenjan and Kasoin, and our *erhab* was the kindest of landlords: May he rest in peace. He knew everyone in our village, and never robbed us of our portion of the wheat and flocks. When special taxes were

ordered by His Exalted Majesty, the King of Kings, our *erbab* paid them himself rather than see us suffer. Sometimes in the evenings, he called us all to his great house, and when we were seated quietly on the rug together, he would go to a small closet in the wall and take out a wooden box. We used to watch him breathlessly as he opened this box, untied a black silk cloth, and disclosed a big book to our eyes. 'This he read and explained to us far into the night. When, at last, the reading was over, he put the book reverently to his lips and eyes, wrapped it up in the cloth and replaced it in the box, and locked it carefully again in the little closet. None of us knew the name of the mysterious book or had heard it before, but we praised the *erbab* for the good news in the book. Once, my husband and son, who could read, asked him to let them see and read it, but he refused, telling them it was dangerous for anyone but himself to read the book.

"Those were years of happiness, but since then we have eaten much sorrow. My husband and the *erbab* died; soon after the great war began, and the Russian army marched through our village and drove us all out. We came down here, and I washed clothes to pay for our bread and cheese, while Hassan, my son, found whatever work he could. There was a sturdy lad named Ali in our village, who was a *hamnal* (porter). We were there about a year when, just after the fall of Ramajain, the Bolsheviks came from across the sea and plundered many homes of the rich. Early one morning, twenty-three of them with pistols seized our friend Ali and a number of other *hamnals*, and from dawn to time of lighting lamps made them move furniture from the house of some great man.

"When darkness came, these poor fellows asked for their pay, but the Bolsheviks only cursed them. The rest of the *hamnals* fled, but Ali persisted in begging his wages, so they knocked him senseless and went away. When Ali came to himself, he said, 'O, Allah, are all these things lawful for them and nothing lawful for me. Can I not take a door or window for my food?' But the burnt-fathered Bolsheviks had stripped everything as clean as a camel by the roadside. He found nothing except a tiny cupboard with a door. The door he thought might bring him a little, but when he opened it, he saw a big book inside. He could not read it, but decided the book would yield as much as the door and was easier to carry, so he tucked it under his arm and flew from the accursed place. After he told me, 'Nanna, I am hungry and beside Allah and you I have no other refuge. Only give me a little food and keep this book as a pledge tonight,

'Tomorrow I will sell it and pay you.' While I was boiling the samovar, Hassan was reading the book and finally I asked what it was.

"'Nothing,' he replied, 'it is a bad book,' and threw it carelessly aside. Ali ate his supper and went to sleep. In the morning he asked for the book, but Hassan said, 'This book—what's it? Of no value and it would be useless for you to try to sell it. Take these ten coppers and leave the book here.'

"When Ali had gone I upbraided my son for wasting his money, but he came close to me and whispered excitedly. 'Hush, Mother, this is the book the *erbab* used to read. How it came here I do not know, but surely God has sent it to us. Its value is tremendous, but if we try to sell it, they will kill us. God is in that book, the true Prophet, life and death and heaven are in the book, yet if we should tell Ali about it, he would call us infidels. When he asks for it, give him a few coppers and put him off.' I did so, and bit by bit, I gave Ali nine krans. Finally Hassan bought the book from him for two krans more and it became our property.

"Later my son joined the Persian army, but whenever he was at home, he had the book in his hands and read to my daughter and me. Finally, some months ago, his regiment was ordered to Ardebil against some rebels, and before leaving he brought me the book and said:

"'Nanna, if I take this book along and the Cossacks hear of it, they will kill me. I am going to war. I may die. My testament is, I die in the faith of this book, for the truth of this book. I wash my hands of Mohammed, of his world, his heaven, and his hell, and I hold nothing but this book and its Lord. In the mercy of God, I shall return and the book shall make us happy.'

"Not a word have I heard from him since, Sir, and I cannot read. If you will read me a little each day, it will help me not to grieve for my son. I, too, recognize only this book and its Lord, and wish to be numbered among the servants of Jesus. My greatest desire is that my daughter here may be taught and get wisdom from this book."

For several weeks I read to them daily. It was marvelous how much that ignorant woman and her daughter already knew of the teaching of that Book. Then one day certain officials had me arrested on some political accusation. You know the rest of my story, how I was brought back here by the police in an open cart, and spent days in jail with thieves before the charges were shown to be without foundation.

A terrible experience, you say. Not bad except that it occurred during forty cold days of winter,

and I wished very much for my *abbah*. It makes little difference about me any time, but praise be to God, that girl is now attending the American School in the Caspian city, and the old woman still treasures the unfettered book.

## THE STOLEN BIBLE

The following incident, from the pen of an unknown writer, gives fresh testimony to the power of the Word of God, and should encourage those who seek to serve the Lord Jesus to "sow beside all waters." (Isaiah 32:20.)

## NEGLECTED TREASURE

There appeared some time ago, in a New Jersey paper, a strange story of a neglected Bible.

In 1874, a woman died leaving her estate to a nephew, Stephen Marsh. One clause of the will was as follows:

"To my beloved nephew, Stephen Marsh, I will and bequeath my family Bible, and all it contains, with the residue of my estate, after my funeral and just, lawful debts are paid."

The "residue of the estate" amounted to only a few hundred dollars, which was soon spent, and for about thirty-five years his chief support was a small pension from the government. He lived in poverty, while riches were within his easy reach.

The Bible lay unopened, at times, doubtless, his hands handled it, and no doubt he thought that his aunt's gift was of little value.

At last necessity drove him to give up his house and move his belongings to his son's home, where he thought to spend the remainder of his days.

Packing away the Bible, he happened to turn over its pages, and to his amazement discovered bank notes scattered throughout the book amounting in all to about five thousand dollars. Had he only opened it before, his poverty would have been relieved, and he might have enjoyed his aunt's provision; instead of which his fortune had lain idle for nearly forty years! "Foolish man!" perhaps you say. Yes, dear reader, for altogether apart from the "bank notes," that precious Bible contained the secret of true and eternal riches.

These are, at least, open to *you*, bringing as it does, news of inexhaustible treasure, a treasure no moth can corrupt and which no thief can break through and steal (Luke 12:33). A bountiful God has lovingly put within the reach of all the secret of true prosperity, yet, alas! millions go on in the blindness of unbelief and soul-famine, unmindful, if not disdainful, of the precious book, the inspired pages of which tell of a source of joy and strength beyond and above all that the world's *best* can offer.

The source of all joy and strength, the fountain of eternal life, the one who is the theme of the Bible—CHRIST.

"Years have now passed since, while traveling, I fell in with a French professor, who had some employment in Spain. After insulting me before my traveling companions by telling them that I was connected with a secret society, which, under cover of Christian philanthropy, was engaged in smuggling into Spain what its agents called the Word of God, but which, as a man of learning, he detected to be a simple parody of the true Bible, he advised one and all to turn a deaf ear to the offers of sellers of the bad book. The discussion continued throughout the whole journey. Judge of my surprise when, getting out of the omnibus, the professor said to me: 'Though one may entertain different views, I must ask you to sell me one of your Bibles, for our conversation has made me desirous to read it.'

"*The most interesting part of the story has yet to come.*

"Some time ago, I proceeded to an inn in a small town where I intended to sell Bibles. I had been seated some time in a room, taking my meal, when a gentleman, who had been intently watching me in such a manner as to greatly annoy me, rose from his seat, and, without any preliminaries, said:

"Were you not in such a year selling Bibles in Barcelona?"

"Yes," was my reply, and on examining his face thoroughly, I recognized the professor, who at that time was living in Spain.

"Come into my room," he said, "for I have something astonishing to tell you about that Bible you sold me, on getting out of the omnibus."

"I did not need a second invitation, and I carefully followed. On being seated in his room, he related to me the following: 'Some time after our meeting I went back to Spain to resume my duties as professor of the French language, and likewise to resume my life of dissipation in the company of one I called my friend, though he was one of the worst characters that the world ever saw, but had more money than I, and he bore the brunt of our orgies. Very soon, owing to my bad conduct, I lost my pupils, and while waiting for fresh ones, I set to smoking from morning to night, and, in order to show my contempt for the Bible you had sold me, and which I had taken good care