

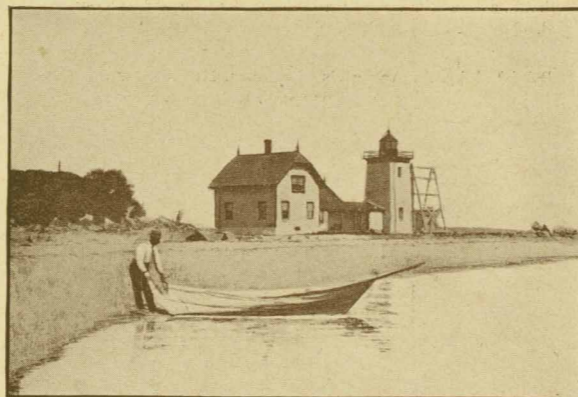
the English were given permission to obtain supplies. He frequently went out at night to make sure that everything was secure and on one of these vigils, he saw a small Book floating in the water. Upon examination, he found it to be unlike in binding, print, and language, anything which he had ever seen. His curiosity was aroused when he found it was about the Creator and the Christian religion.

He kept the Book and made inquiries and learning that it had been printed in Chinese, he sent a man over to China to obtain a copy and began with the Chinese translation, a study of the New Testament, for such the Book was. Some parts of it he could read and understand quite readily; but when he came to other parts he felt very much like the man riding the chariot whom St. Philip saw and asked "Understandest thou what thou readest?" and who answered "How can I except someone guide me?" (Acts 8: 26-39). Murata and the "man of Ethiopia" were both alike in that each wanted a teacher and God helped each in much the same way, for he sent St. Philip to the Ethiopian, and Guido Verbeck, the great teacher, to Murata, for he became a pupil, indirectly at first, of this wonderful man.

In May, 1866, Murata and two others were baptized in Mr. Verbeck's parlor, Murata telling the story of his conversion by the little Book drawn out of the waters twelve years before and knowing that he was facing death in so doing. Murata was not killed for becoming a Christian, but lived to be sixty years of age, when he died praying that the message of the Book might find victory in Japan.

The Second Book : Being a story of the founding of the Universalist Church in Provincetown, Massachusetts, *now closed.*

Provincetown is situated at the narrowing cape which "stretches its shrunk arm out to all the winds, and the relentless smiting of the tide."



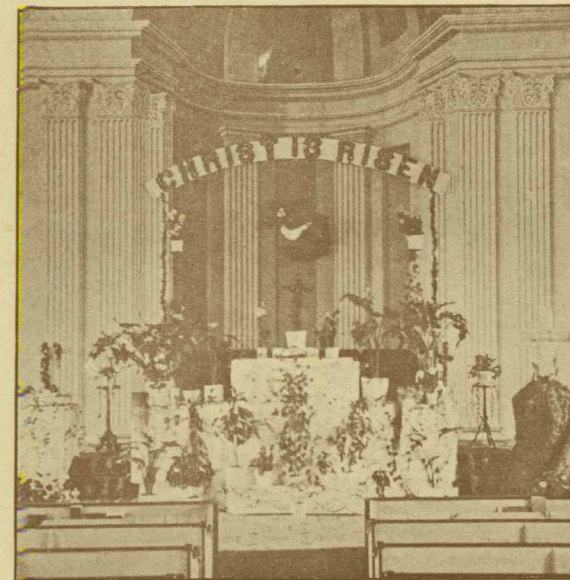
LONG POINT, WHERE THE BOOK WAS FOUND

The Provincetown of today was formerly Province Lands owned by the Commonwealth but now deeded to the town. Its harbor lies flashing, blue, and teeming with fish, just as it lay when Leif, son of Eirech the Red first saw the sand dunes of the Cape; as Thorwald in 1004 saw it and gave it its earliest name "Keelness" or "Cape Keel"; just as it lay in 1602 when Gosnold, the sassafras hunter, called it "Cape Cod" and departed in disgust. It is landlocked and safe, just as in 1620 when the Mayflower sought its shelter and waited while the men explored the coast to Plymouth. Rocked on its waters, the first white child, Peregrin White, was born. Under its waves sank Dor-

othy Bradford, the wife of the Governor, and the first of the Pilgrims to die. There in the cabin of the Mayflower, while she lay at anchor was signed "The Compact", the first attempt to establish a state where the people govern themselves. The harbor is almost encircled by the land, lying so low that it looks as if the storms would wash over it, but they never have. Since the earliest times fishermen have lived on its shores. About a hundred years ago, forty families removed from the town to the very tip end of the land, Long Point, which measures only a few feet across, with the harbor on one side and the bay on the other, near where the lighthouse shows its nightly warning light. Good children playing at dusk go home when they see the Point Light lighted. The forty families on the Point were nearly all related and many of them were named Freeman, descendants of Major John Freeman and Mercy Prince, daughter of Governor Prince, a descendant of Elder Brewster. The name Prince Freeman is often found on the Cape, and Freemans, wherever found, always love to read. Little enough they had to read where a man on horseback brought the mail once a week. Nevertheless they had a school-house and a good school.

Sylvia and Elizabeth Freeman, daughters of Prince Freeman, went "wooding" one day. They went every day for it was a part of their daily task to gather driftwood. You would not believe how many things and what strange things wash up with the tide and drift in to land. People who live on the shore are always watching to see what may come in with the tide and Sylvia and Elizabeth saw in the

seaweed, floating just beyond their reach, a book. A barrel hoop makes a good hook and Elizabeth waded out and hooked the book ashore. It was "The Life of John Murray", leather-covered, and water-soaked, but legible. The girls did not tell of their prize, but dried the book, read it, believed it, and were con-



CHURCH INTERIOR

verted to Universalism, the first converts in a community strictly orthodox. Such a change was not long to be kept secret. They showed the book to their father and mother who also saw the new light, and they loaned it to cousins and neighbors, to all the "P'inters", and to