

"The soul doiled with sin, what real-worship pays it?
The pot unclean, the cookery, who este it?
The heart impure, though it essay devotion,
Can Duty receive it? Nay, nay. Be pure, O man."

And we add below this: "To give us this very purity of heart/spoken of by your poet, our Divine Redeemer, Jesus Christ came into this world. Believe in him."

Fifty miles and more from Madanapalle, as I have been travelling, a man has seen me, run into his house, and quickly come out again holding out one of these tickets, in some instances several years old, as shown by the date, and claimed acquaintance, as a former patient of mine, and that ticket has served as an excellent introduction to my preaching there and then to all the people of his village.

These tickets are read. I met upon the highway, one day as I was travelling twenty miles from home, a Brahmin, who stopped me, and asked if I were not the missionary doctor from Madanapalle. He said that one of my patients had taken home his ticket to his village, eighty miles away, and that he had seen it and read it, and read it again, and now he had come in on foot all that way to ask me more about that "True Veda," and that Jesus Christ set forth in his little ticket. Those tickets pay.

Next to the gratuitous leaflets we have small tracts printed in book form, with colored paper cover, and sold for one pie, or quarter of a cent, or two pies, or three pies each. We sell as many as we can instead of giving them away; for if a Hindu pays cash for a thing, he thinks more of it, keeps it more carefully, and perhaps will lend it more widely, than if he gets it for nothing.

Then there is the series of Bible narratives with full page pictures printed in colors. I chance to have lying before me "The History of Joseph" in that form. There are seven full page colored illustrations and nine pages of narrative. These are sold for one anna, or three cents, each, and are very attractive to the Hindus, who like bright colors, and the Oriental pictures, with the characters in garb, that seem so strange to us, have a home-like look to the Hindus, and make them feel, as they look at these Bible characters, that the Bible is not so very foreign a book after all; and so these colored picture tracts help to popularize the truth, and make the Hindus the more ready to read not only the narratives, but also the teachings of the Christian Bible. Brief pictorial lives of Christ are thus published, and seeing that he was not a white Englishman in stiff English costume, but appeared and was arrayed much like themselves, they feel more drawn toward him, or less repelled.

We have also a series of nicely printed wall pictures of the Bible characters, scenes and incidents. They are on stiff paper, about sixteen by twenty-two inches in size. The pictures are printed in colors in England, the picture covering one-half of the page, and the lower half left blank; and so they are sent out to Madras, where the Christian Knowledge Society prints on the story, or the explanation, in Telugu, Tamil, Canarese, or Hindustani, and mission presses in other parts of India print the same in the languages of their districts. These, thus printed, are sold at six cents each. Some years ago I obtained a number of sets of these pictures, with the story, or explanation in the different languages read at Madanapalle, and hung them around the walls of our Free Reading Room, with an intimation that copies of any of them could be had for two annas, or six cents each. It was not long before the Colporteur in charge came asking me to order another lot, as these had all been sold, and most of the purchasers had been well-to-do heathens, who gladly bought them, in spite of their Bible stories, to enliven the walls of their own houses. And many a time, as I went

to see some patient in a high caste Hindu's home, I found some of these pictures upon the walls, with the Bible story on them, where all the family could read: The Infant Jesus at Bethlehem; the Boy Jesus in the Temple, talking with the gray bearded priests; the Man Jesus raising the widow's son; the Christ Jesus talking with the woman at the well; all in their richly colored Oriental costume, appealed to their sympathies, attracted their attention, familiarized them with Scriptural imagery, and made them the more ready to read the fuller accounts of the same incidents in the "True Veda."

Larger tracts, of fifty or more pages, are yet sold for one cent each. We always sell at or under cost, for our object is to circulate as broadly as possible. We only obtain price enough to secure good usage for the tract. And are these tracts read? Some are not. Some are.

Nearly forty years ago, such a tract called "Spiritual Teaching," written by Dr. H. M. Scudder, and published by the American Tract Society, found its way into a Telugu village, seventy-five miles north-west of my present station in India. It fell into the hands of one of the head men of the village. He was a high cast man, of noted probity of character. He read it, and then re-read it with more attention. It was the first that he had heard of any other religion than Hinduism. He had always longed for some help to get rid of his sin. This opened to him the way to secure such help. He read the tract to his wife and his little boys, and told them it was so good it must be true. He read it to his neighbours, and some of them also accepted its teachings. At last he heard of a missionary who taught similar doctrine some seventy miles away. He went on foot across the then roadless country, through the hills to the town where the missionary was said to live. He found him, told him what he had learned from the little book, and asked if it were true, and if he knew about the God that had given his own Son to save us from our sins. He went back and brought his family with him to hear more of this wonderful news. They were all baptized by the English missionary, and he placed his children in the mission school there, to be educated that they might help make known these glad tidings to his countrymen. In 1861 I buried the old patriarch in a Christian grave. He was a man of strong faith and much prayer. He spent his last breath in sending up shouts of praise to his Saviour for sending this tract out to his village, and through it saving him from his sins.

Two of his sons have since been labouring under my direction as preachers of the same Gospel. The elder was a long time native preacher of the church at Palamanair. In 1884, I stood by his bed and saw him pass through the pearly gates. So much respected and beloved was he by all, that at his funeral, both at his house and at the grave, there was, beside the Christian congregation, a large concourse of heathen and Mohammedans present, and many a tear dropped into his grave with the flower, or the handful of earth that each one, Hindus as well as Christians, reverently cast in. After the funeral a prominent Hindu said to me: "Sir, he was a man who never ceased to tell others of his Saviour. When he was sick in your hospital one of my family was also a patient in the same ward, and I was there a great deal. Every day, and often during the day, he would gather groups of patients and their friends around him, and read to them from his Bible, and talk to them of the love of Jesus Christ and of his willingness to take away the sins of all who would come to him and ask. Yes sir, he was a good man, and we Hindus too mourn over his loss."

This was accomplished by that one tract that found its