

Our Scripture Lesson must be appropriate—not a chapter taken at random just before the opening of the meeting, not a long chapter read to fill up time for lack of other material. We must be so full of our topic that we want to make time, to lengthen out the hour that always seems the shortest in the day. The one thought brought from Christ's words, selected a week beforehand and dwelt on every day and prayed over, often has a more hallowed influence on the waiting heart, lifts it to higher levels, and makes it receptive to blessed impressions. A short prayer asking for a special blessing on the exercises, followed by the Scripture Lesson, and another prayer emphasizing the spirit of the lesson, and a closing prayer, bringing the thought of the hour to Him whose multiplying power can make small efforts mighty in results, cannot fail to send us to our homes with new impulses to increase our knowledge, our helpfulness, and our spiritual power.

Teach us, Lord, Thy cross to bear :  
Reverently Thy plans to share ;  
More than echoes of Thy voice,  
Make us partners in Thy choice :

Lift us up to catch from Thee  
World-encircling sympathy ;  
Arise, strength, and courage give ;  
As Thou livest, let us live !

### THE GOSPEL IN SONG.

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The Hindus, especially the Telugu people, are very fond of poetry and music. All their ancient literature is in poetic form ; their grammar and geography, their arithmetic and astronomy, their works on medicine and science and law that have come down from former ages, are in poetry, which they always intone or chant when they read. Besides this, they have sweet and melodious tunes that have descended from great antiquity, and of those they are very fond. Of these old tunes we make use as a vehicle for the gospel. They have, indeed, been sung to the praises of their false gods, often to libidinous words that no respectable man or woman would listen to without a blush ; but in the desperate conflict that is going on between the powers of darkness and the powers of light in India, we take these old native tunes and convert them by marrying them to Christian words, and again send them coursing through the country ; and many, glad to be able to sing the old tunes to words that do not make them blush, will join in singing the new words for the sake of the old tunes.

I have before me the Nistaratnakara, or "Gospel in Song," issued many years ago in the Telugu language. In it the whole plan of salvation is clearly set forth in song, set to their most loved native tunes ; and many a Hindu who has received this has begun by trying to see how the new words fitted to the old tune, and has sung and sung until he has sung away his prejudices, and has sung the knowledge and the love of God and of His Son, Jesus Christ, into his heart.

Who originated this book we do not know ; it was in use in several of the languages of India, before it was translated into the Telugu ; but we do know that in each of the eight different languages in which it was issued, it has been the means of leading many souls out of the thralldom of Hindu superstition into the liberty of Jesus Christ. There are many other poetical tracts, large and

small, issued with the same intent, which are willingly received and widely sung by those who thus gain their first knowledge of Jesus and His salvation.

The Telegus also readily catch up and become very fond of our livelier American tunes, especially those with a chorus or refrain ; and we make use of them, for the novelty of the foreign music sometimes rivets their attention. Many years ago I translated into Telugu the children's hymn,—

"Jesus loves me ; this I know,  
For the Bible tells me so."

and taught it to the children of our Telugu day-school. It was scarcely a week before, as I was going through the narrow streets of the native town, on horseback, I heard singing that sounded natural down a side street. I stopped to listen, cautiously, where I could, unobserved, look down the street to see and hear ; and there was a little heathen boy, with the men and women around him, singing away at the top of his voice : "Jesus loves me ; this I know." A heathen himself, and singing to them about Jesus and His love.

"That is preaching the gospel by proxy," said I to myself, as I rode away well satisfied to let my little proxy sing over and over the sweet song of salvation.

The tune of "Hold the Fort" is one that catches the ear and rings in the memory of men of every clime. Go where you will in foreign lands, it is hummed and whistled by men, and played by bands who do not even know the words. This seemed a fitting winged messenger to carry the gospel of our song-loving Telugus, and I prepared such a message in their language adapted to the tune, and sent it forth on its journey.

We have a Christian song married to one of the most beautiful of the ancient native melodies, that is known all through the country. Its theme is the insufficiency of human schemes and human help to relieve the burdened soul of sin, and the sufficiency and the love of Christ. Myself and native assistants have sung this song in hundreds, yes, in thousands, of different native towns all up and through the Telugu country. It is one of those tunes that lingers on the ear and prompts a repetition.

The "Gospel in Song"—who can tell its power ? In giving to the superstition-bound Hindus this facility for song and love of music, God has put in our hands one of our keenest weapons. We do well if we use it to the utmost, as we try to do ; for I have only hinted at a few of the many ways in which we use it to bring the matchless love of Christ before the sons and daughters of India.

—From "In the Tiger Jungle."

### HOW CAN I HELP THE FOREIGN MISSION CAUSE ?

A great missionary said : "Know and you will feel, know and you will give, know and you will pray."

I recently asked a bright young girl, a student of the Boston University, who is a Christian Endeavorer, the question : "What kind of work do you think the missionary does in the foreign field ?" She replied : "I don't know ; I have never thought about it, but I suppose that after breakfast a missionary lady takes her Bible, goes out and sits down under a tree, and if people come to her she reads to them." I asked : "And is this all that you think she does ?" She replied : "I suppose that would be all ; I can't think of anything more."