

thee," is the only plan of equal giving that will stand the test. People do not prosper alike, incomes are not alike, therefore amounts must differ, in order to be equal. Ten cents a month, twenty cents a month, to missions, as a part of all the giving to various objects that claim our attention, is for some, as much as the Master would exact, but *not for all*. Just consider if to this universal giving which has been established by mite giving, could be added the scriptural plan, what a treasury we would have and how the work would rush forward. What we need to accomplish this is obedience to God's way, instead of to our own way.

We hear a great deal about what could be done if we were only "consecrated" to Christ's work. We pray year in and year out for "consecration" and "zeal" and we wrap ourselves up in ourselves to get warm. If the great Physician were called in to diagnose these cases of coldness, he would make a return of, stagnation for want of work, and give the prescription, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." "Go work in my vineyard." "Pay what thou owest, to the uttermost farthing." "Bring all your tithes into the storehouse," and then thou shalt have life, which is warmth and zeal and growth, and have it more abundantly. This prescription will cure the worst cases of coldness, and is the only remedy. When "Holiness unto the Lord" shall be written on money, time, talents, instead of holiness unto ourselves, we shall be filled, and the earth, not at the present slow pace, should *speedily* be filled with the redeeming, enlightening, saving knowledge of the Lord.

Said a heathen woman to one of our missionaries, "if you believe your religion is the only one that can save us, why do you not send it faster"? Ah! while we wait to fill our empty lamps, and while we keep back part of the price, which we owe to the Master, they are perishing.

When the eye of the inspired Michael Angelo rested upon a block of marble he saw in it the almost breathing statue of a man, and was in a frenzy until with mallet and chisel it was released. When we turn our Christian eyes to the Orient, what do we see? its golden sands, sunny fountains, palmy plains, gemmed palaces and temples, beautiful women reclining in seraglios tapestried with clothes of gold, and "gardens of pleasure where reddens the rose"? Or do we through all this glittering cover, behold womanhood in bondage, mind; soul and body, to false and tyrannous religions? Just what would be our condition, but for the Gospel of Christ? In our hands are the mallet and chisel for their release, and how should we be "straightened" until they are liberated to the full stature of intelligent, Christian women.

"Send the Gospel faster, swifter,
Ye who dwell in Christian lands;
Rock ye not we're dying, dying,
We're in numbers than the sand!
Heed ye not his words—your Master
Go ye forth to all the world!
Send the Gospel faster, faster—
Let its banner be unfurled!"

Sound the trumpet! wake God's people!
"Walks" not Christ amid his flock?
Sits he not "against the Treasury"?
Shall he stand without aid and knock—
Knock in vain to come and feast us?
Open, Open, hearts and hands!
And oh surely his beat blessings
Shall overflow all hearts, all lands.

Harken! Hush your own heart-beating.
While the death-march passes by—
Tramp, tramp, tramp! the best of nations,
Never-ceasing—at thy die—
Die unheeded, while you slumber,
Millions straying all the way,
Victims of our self and "selfness".
Ay, of mine, and thine, to-day!

M. A. CASTLE.

The Fleet-footed Tract.

BY JACOB CHAMBERLAIN, M.D., D.D.

The Gospel river now being turned into India to irrigate its spiritual deserts has been the theme of two preceding articles. In them I spoke of some of the side channels and distributing rivulets for bringing its waters within reach of all her inhabitants, referring particularly to our use of Christian school-books and story-books for the young, and to the use we make of the Gospel in song.

Then there is the all-pervasive tract, that goes wherever the alphabet is known. This is an agency of which we make extensive use. Tracts are issued in every variety of form, on every phase of Christian truth, in all the languages, at all prices and no price, and circulated in every imaginable way.

The leaflet, or single-page tract, is scattered broadcast, printed on a little slip of fancy-colored paper to attract the eye, or on a larger leaf when the subject requires more space, sometimes in prose, sometimes in poetry, some in parable, some in proverb, some in questions, some in brief Bible story, all designed to excite interest and provoke further inquiry, and all sent, like the rain, gratuitously through the towns, the villages, the markets, the fairs. But are they not misused? Yes; they are, very often. Does every clover seed sown upon the field? The leaflet has been used by the bazar man to wrap up snuff for his customer at the fair; and when the customer, in his distant home, has unwrapped his snuff, he has read the wrapper, neatly printed in his own language, and, reading it and pondering it, he has been led to seek for further light; and, through that merchant's use of that leaflet, he has been brought to Jesus.

The tickets which we give the patients at our mission hospitals and dispensaries are really little leaflet tracts. I have lying before me one in the Telugu language, of which I have myself printed thirty thousand and given them to patients that have come for treatment. It is the size of a gentleman's visiting card, and has two leaves. It is printed on thick, strong paper that will not wear out. On the front page, with ornamented border, is printed "Madanapalle Free Hospital," with blanks for number, date, and patient's name. By that number he is registered, and his disease, symptoms and treatment are entered in the book. This ticket is given to the out-patients. Each time he comes for further treatment or for more medicine, the patient must show this ticket. They keep them very carefully, often for years, lest perchance they want to come again and need this as an introduction. As the patient is registered and receives his number, he seats himself to await his turn for treatment, and opens his folded ticket to see what directions it contains inside. As this may be the only glimmering of truth that some will have in the villages from which some of these patients come, a hundred miles away, I prepared the most concise statement of Christian truth I could and printed there. He reads:

"There is but one true God. He created, controls, and preserves all things that exist. He is unseen. But we are filled with sin. He, to take away our sin, sent his own Son, Jesus Christ, into this world as a Divine Redeemer. That Divine Redeemer, Jesus Christ, gave his life as a propitiatory sacrifice, and now, whoever believes on him, and prays to him, will receive remission of sin; and eternal life. This is what the True Veda, the Holy Bible, teaches us."

He turns over to the last page, and finds a quotation from one of their favourite Telugu poets, who wrote six centuries ago. For we like, as did Paul, to clinch a truth by saying: "One of your own poets has said." He reads in Telugu: