

timate, and who had often discussed with him the differing position of women in their respective sects. As they passed an old veiled figure in the streets, who shrank on one side out of the way, the follower of the Prophet delivered a passing but well-directed kick at her.

"There," said the Christian, "is what I complain of; you kick a woman as we would not a dog."

"That," said his companion, with a look of genuine astonishment, "why, that is only my mother."—*Youth's Companion.*

IDLE TREASURES.

ONE day when Martin Luther was completely penniless, he was asked for money to aid an important Christian enterprise. He reflected a little, and recollected that he had a beautiful gold medal of Joachim Elector Brandenburg, which he very much prized. He went to a drawer, opened it, and said, "What art thou doing there, Joachim? Dost thou not see how idle thou art? Come out and make thyself useful." Then he took out the medal and contributed it to the object solicited for.

Have not some of our readers idle treasures which they could send out to work in Missions at home and abroad?

A ZENANA missionary, in describing a journey in northern districts of India, where no lady had been before with the Gospel message, says: "Over and over again the women said how glad they were to have a Mem to speak to them; that the Sahib came to talk to the men, but of course, they could not go to listen to him, and now they had a Mem all to themselves." As the news spread through the villages round, messages were sent to us, begging us to go to them. Riding through one village, the women came out and called to me as I passed, "Are you not going to stop? Are we not to hear?" Here are heathen women ready to be taught, longing for more light, and there is no one to go to them. There are many villages, very many, all through this district, where no lady has ever been. 'A thousand missionaries!' If only the church were awake to her responsibility, ten thousand would be little to ask for."

OUR PERIL.

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WHENCE is our peril? One danger is that we may fall through the very abundance of our resources; that access may be thwarted by excess; excess of opportunity by excess of ability. Do you not know that all history is written over with verifications of our Lord's saying to His apostle, "My strength is made perfect in weakness?" Not that there is any virtue in weakness of itself, only that it lets us down upon God and into the sway and sweep of His omnipotence. "All things are possible to him that believeth," says Jesus. But this is true only because of that other fact that "all things are possible with God," and the faith couples on our weaknesses to His almightiness. But the danger is that, as God's favor towards us increases, our faith toward God may decrease; like the pupil of the eye which contracts more and more, the more light is poured upon it. This is undoubtedly the tendency of things,—such is the waywardness of human nature,—so that the danger is that our weakness may be made perfect through our strength. An eminent preacher, in recalling the marvellous triumphs of the first century, asks, "Why did the primitive church have such spiritual might?"

"Because," he replies, "they had so little silver money." And I venture to say that if we fail in this crisis, it will not be from a lack of capital so much as from a surplus of capital; i.e., a surplus in the hands of Christians creating a lack in the treasury of the Lord. According to a recent estimate, it is computed that there are \$8,000,000,000 hoarded up in the hands of American Christians—a sum so great that it staggers our mathematics to compute it. Now, making a fair provision for sickness and old age, it is unquestionable that a vast proportion of this sum would still come under the description of our Lord's parable, of money "kept laid up in a napkin." That napkin may be cut according to the strictest pattern of commercial integrity, it may be hemmed with the most rigid rules of political economy; nevertheless, I fear that if our Lord were suddenly to return from that far country whence He has gone, He would shake this napkin clear of its contents, and exclaim, "Thou wicked and slothful servant, thou oughtest to put my money to the exchangers, that at my return I might have had my own with usury"—the usury of saved souls, the usury of evangelized nations, the usury of eternal praise returning to Him who "though He was rich yet for our sakes He became poor that we, through His poverty, might be made rich."

And the most solemn consideration is that our Lord will not take one cent of this hoarded wealth by compulsion or seizure. He who serves no man without his consent taxes no man without his consent. In all God's books I can find but one formula of assessment for His church: "Freely ye have received, freely give." "Will a man rob God?" asks the prophet, in a burst of astonishment at those who had withheld their tithes and offerings. Yes; man may and does rob God, but God never will rob a man. There is but the breadth of a hair between charity and theft if you have ever thought of it, and that breadth is the volition of the human will; but God will never trespass even upon that narrow span. If I ask you for a dollar for missions, and you freely hand it out to me, that is charity; if I were to demand of you a dollar at the point of the pistol, and you were to hand it out, that were robbery. And remember, O ye who have hoarded wealth that belongs to your Lord, remember that your Lord will never confront you as a highwayman, and say, "Your money or your life!" Nay, He will not do it though thousands perish whom that money might save. For our freedom of will is the most sacred thing in the universe—the very crown jewel of manhood; and God will never in any circumstances violate it.

Work Abroad.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS RECENTLY RECEIVED FROM INDIA.

MISS BASKERVILLE writes: "Thank you so much for your last letter in reference to Miss Folsom and the Timpany Memorial School. In spite of ourselves we find that something must be done for the Eurasian people in this country. They are here, natives of the country just as much as the Hindus and we have no right to pass them by, for they can help or hinder the work as the case may be, to an almost incredible extent.

One day (while at Ootacamund) some of us went to visit a Toda village. The Todas are the hill people. Their houses are very strange little butts that look like the cover of a gypsy waggon set on the ground. They are