

Great God, if once compared with thine,
How mean their writings look!

Not the most perfect rules they gave
Could show one sin forgiven,
Nor lead one step beyond the grave—
But thine conduct to heaven.

Among other means employed in doing good to the heathen, is the circulation of Christian tracts. Near St. Paul's Cathedral, in London, is a building, which we may compare to a storehouse, filled—not with food for the body, but for the immortal mind. This building is the new Depository of the Religious Tract Society. It is like a spring-head, from whence pure and healthy streams flow to refresh all lands. It is a tree, whose boughs spread far and wide, and whose leaves are for the healing of the nation. It is an armoury, from whence the missionary obtains those "weapons," which are "mighty through God to the pulling down of strong-holds." Thousands of Christian tracts and books are sent out from this depository every week. Ships bear them to the heathen in nearly every part of the world, and men and children, of almost all countries have been taught by them the way of salvation.

It is a good day for a heathen land when a chest of books arrives at a missionary station. When the South Sea islanders first saw the tracts that were sent to them, they called them "speaking leaves." In some places in the east they are named "white books," and Christianity is known by the name of the "white book religion;" while in other parts of the world, the missionary is called the "book man," and his tracts the "books of the Lord Jesus."

Sometimes the missionary stands under the shade of a tree, and gives away the books to the people as they pass along the road; or he takes his place on the steps of an idol temple; or he walks along the bazaar, or market-place; or perhaps, he sits on a mat in the porch of his own house, and spreads out his tracts before him. The people

stop, and look at the white books: some begin to read, and then ask questions about what they find in them: they are told that if they wish they may each take one home to read in secret or to their friends. At other times, the missionary gets into a boat, and distributes to the people who crowd the shore, or who stand up to their knees in the water. Then he takes a bundle of tracts, and goes a long journey to the villages: as he travels from place to place, he opens his treasure, and gives one, it may be, to a little boy or girl, who runs home with it to show to its heathen parents.—Soon a crowd gathers around, and then is heard the cry, "Teacher, give me a book! Do not say, no! Have you not one for me?" The missionary now holds one in his hand, and begins to read: he tells them that their idols are vain and worthless, and then speaks of the love of God in sending his Son to be the Saviour of the world.

A missionary, who had spread out his books under a tent, seated himself by their side. It was the season of a heathen fair. Soon a crowd began to collect at a little distance: they looked at the books, and then began to talk one to another. At last one man came forward and said, "Are these books for sale?" "Yes, for those who can pay; but to those who are poor, I give freely." "Do not be angry, sir," said the man, "for I know no better; never were books brought to this fair before, either for sale or to give away." "My good brother," was the reply, "I am not angry with you: sit down and look at my books." The man took off his shoes, and sat down, and said to the people who were standing and gazing, "Come, the gentleman is very good, and speaks our language; come and hear him." The whole crowd now ran to the tent. When all was quiet, a man asked the missionary who he was. He said, "A mussalchy;" which means, "a lamp-lighter." He spoke in this way, because the eastern people are fond of metaphors,