

and the car came to a stand. 'Pull,' shouted the priests. Pull they did. The ropes snapped with the strain. All the wheels were examined; no stones were in the way; everything seemed right. The ropes were tied, and new ones added. More votaries caught the ropes. 'All pull!' shouted the priests. All bent to the effort. It would not move.

A pallor came over the crowd. 'The god is angry, and will not let his chariot move,' was whispered along the streets. A feeling of dread shivered through the multitude. 'Yes,' shouted the chief priest from the car, 'the god is angry. He will not move unless you propitiate him. Run, all of you, and bring cocoanuts, and break over the wheels; and as the fragrant cocoanut milk runs down over the wheels the god will accept the libation, and graciously allow his chariot to move on again. Run, and each bring a cocoanut, Run!'

Men and boys ran for the cocoanuts; the residents to their houses, the villagers to the bazaars to buy, or to their friend's houses to borrow. Each came back with his cocoanut, and broke it over one of the wheels. The cocoanut milk ran along the streets. 'Hayi! Jayam!' shouted the priests. 'The god is now propitious.' 'Hayi! Jayam!' 'Joy! Victory!' shouted the multitude. 'Now, pull all!' shouted the priests. The people took heart; dread passed away, confidence came. They seized the ropes, and, with a shout that resounded in the hills a mile away, they gave a pull. Off went the car, and soon, with singing and dancing, they had it back in its wonted place. And as the crowd scattered to their village homes, the news ran through the country: 'The car got set; they could not move it a finger-breadth; but each man brought a cocoanut and broke it over the wheels, and then on it went with a rush to the temple.'

I could not help recalling this incident the other night as I read the statement of the shortage in the receipts into the mission treasury the last few months.

God's chariot is delayed. His chariot of salvation had started in its course in towns of India, and China, and Japan, etc., through the agency of our Board. Have the people lost heart, that it stands still? Has discouragement come upon us?

Run for the cocoanuts. Let each man and boy, let each woman and child, bring what would be to them the equivalent in value of a cocoanut to the poor Hindu as an offering to the Lord, and the chariot will move joyously on.

Had one rich Hindu given a thousand cocoanuts to break over the wheels of the idol car, and the multitude not given any, the effect would not have been at all the same. Each one of the throng made an offering. Each one felt that he had a share in it. Each one took courage. Each one shouted. Each one pulled, and on went the car.

The missionary chariot halts. Many villages are pleading for a missionary or a native preacher. Young men and women, (eight of them), are offering to go out to the different missions. Heathen schools are offered to the missionary to introduce the bible in. Young converts ask to be trained to be preachers to their kindred. Every mail tells our Board of onward steps that should be taken.

Our harvests have been plentiful. Let us put God to the proof. 'Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it.'

Let the cocoanuts come. Who brings the first? What church sends one for every man, woman and child on its roll? Who

sends the cooly load? Who the elephant load? Who the shipload? Please answer soon.

The Lord's Finances.

A BIG INVESTOR AND ANOTHER BIG INVESTOR.

(By William Ashmore, D.D.)

I was in his office. He was a great investor in stocks; he had a huge iron safe of his own to keep his securities in. He owned shares in all parts of the land; in fact, in all parts of the globe, for in addition to bank shares, and railway shares, and telegraph shares, and dock shares, he owned stock in Europe, and was now seeking to invest something in a Chinese venture. He had happy times cutting off his coupons and drawing his dividends. He was considered a very shrewd and prosperous business man, and was reputed two or three times a millionaire in United States currency.

Then there was another man. He was a capitalist, too, but he did not invest in quite the same way. He had no big safe of his own, but he was always investing something nevertheless. He did not hold a lot of paper securities, but he considered that no man ever had such guarantees, or, at least, none that were better, or could be better, though others could have the same. He invested time and talent and money. He owned stock in some fifteen or twenty meeting-houses he had helped build; he owned stock in missions in Mexico, and Alaska, and India and China, and Japan, and Africa, and Germany and France; he had taken stock in about five thousand poor people, to whom he had advanced small sums. Then all around him in his own land and state and neighborhood there was no telling the number of his minor ventures of all sorts.

Well—and how did they come out—these two big investors? I will tell you. One day the first one was taken ill. They called in half a dozen doctors, but they could not do anything for him. He died and went over to the other country. He was a Christian notwithstanding some of his business predilections — and in spite of them. Men are saved by grace and not by works, and that is the reason he got over into heaven at all. But, then, out of all his vast wealth, scarcely a red cent got over with him. He had given to his pastor's salary, and had helped the Sunday-school, and had always put something in the contribution box when it came round, and was quite ready to give out a five dollar bill here and there to charity collectors as they came round, but that was the end of it. He had really transmitted nothing. Add nothing to nothing, and nothing is the total. He stood then as empty-handed as the day he was born. His life had paned out nothing — that is, nothing that counted for anything over there.

But he owned five thousand bank shares and several thousand United States bonds, and had heavy deposits in sterling in the Bank of England, and no end of other securities locked up in his safe. Ah, yes, but the United States currency did not go over there—nor sterling either; they had to be exchanged first into works of beneficence in Christ's name, into saved men's benedictions, into poor people's prayers and thanksgivings—into cups of cold water and all that kind of currency accepted in heaven.

But now that he sees what an awful financial blunder he has made, can he not send back a cheque? He would like to give the Missionary Union a cheque for \$200,000 to pay off its debt with, and another cheque to the

Horn Mission Society for a sum to pay off its debt, and a sum to the Publication Society to pay off its new building. And he would like to endow the Ministers' Home in Fenton, and the Nugent Home in Germantown, and he would like to give to poor struggling churches and ministers—he would just like to divide a million among them.

Stop, redeemed sinner, stop; it is too late. You could have done it yesterday; but you cannot do it to-day. The million has passed out from your control forever. You cannot give a cheque for a cent of it; dead fingers sign no conveyances. You should have done that before you were put out of the stewardship.—Swatow, China, 'Standard.'

A Brief Interview.

A young New England collegian, having finished his college course and spent four years in study in Germany, came back recently to his native village with a lofty contempt for its old-fashioned habits of thought; a contempt which he did not hesitate to express quite frankly.

On Sunday morning he leaned over the gate in the shade, watching his neighbors going to church. When the old physician of the village came up, the young man called to him:

'Hello, doctor! Is it possible that you are still going through the same old routine of religious formalism?'

'Well, yes, Jack,' the doctor said, cheerfully. 'Same old prayers, same old bible. They agree with a man at the end of life. I infer from your question that they don't agree with you,' looking at him keenly.

'I don't agree with them,' said Jack, haughtily. 'There are too many important matters in-life for me to spend my time trying to "find Christ," as the phrase is.'

'What important matters?'

'Science, for one. That is a fact. I can grasp that. Reform in politics; the betterment of the lower classes. These are real things. My generation wants real things. They are not sufficiently credulous to accept a God whom they cannot see nor hear. They devote themselves to science, to charitable works. They have buried this old-time idea of God out of sight.'

The doctor nodded. 'I see,' he said, gravely. 'And yet—science as yet is but a groping effort to understand his laws, and there is not a charitable or noble thought which can come into any of your heads which had not its origin in the old bible. Do you remember the Indian fable of the ant, Jack?'

'No. What is it?' answered Jack, smiling indulgently.

'The ant coming out of the ground for the first time found fault with the sun. Why was it so hot here, and cool yonder? The glare was intolerable; some leaves were parched by it. "I could manage better if I were up yonder," it said, loudly.

'The trees explained to the ant that the sun brought life to the whole world now that winter was over. "It is a big world," they said. "It extends outside of this garden!"'

'But the ant said, "The sun does not explain himself to me. If he will not justify himself to me I will bury him out of sight."

'So the ant crept into his inch-deep hole, and worked there in the dark for a day or two, and then lay dead, while the sun went on shining.'

Jack forced a smile. 'I suspect, doctor, that you invented the fable. It's simply a repetition of the same old story.'

'Yes,' said the doctor, 'old as Christianity, and as necessary to the soul's real needs as the sun is to the flower that draws its beauty from the great source of light and life.' — 'Youth's Companion.'