

PRIEST'S HOME AND TEMPLE.

Study the picture. See the water, the little vessel on the left, the great rock rising steep and so high. See the temple on the top of the rock and the buildings where the priests make their home, a little further down, on the side of it. Probably the little vessel belongs to them. It is their way of getting to the shore. It is their carriage and is lying moored at the foot of the rock.



The water is the great river Yang-tse Kiang, China's joy. It is one of the largest rivers in the world, and its great rich valley of 750,000 square miles, is one of the richest and most fertile tracts of country in the world. One thing that makes it of interest to us is that Britain has now some rights in that great rich valley, and perhaps before many years pass, she may have more rights there.

But rich as the valley is it has not the best riches, except in little spots where missionaries have been at work.

The picture shows the way in which their heathen priests like to get away and live by themselves. Perhaps it is just as well for them to do so, for they have not truth to teach to the people,

but the missionaries whom we send have their work in telling the people the glad news of a Saviour from sin. That is what Jesus commanded:—"Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel" to every creature.

By our little gifts we obey that command, and teach these people not to look up to these rocks and the so-called holy men who live there by themselves, but to Jesus Christ who died for their sins, to our heavenly Father who loves his wandering children in China and wishes them to know of Him and to come to Him for forgiveness.

There came a little child to earth

Long ago ;

And the angels of God proclaimed His birth
High and low.

Out on the night so calm and still

Their song was heard ;

For they knew that the child on Bethlehem's hill
Was Christ the Lord.

Far away in a goodly land,

Fair and bright,

Children with crowns of glory stand,
Robed in white.

They sing how the Lord of that world so fair

A child was born ;

And that they might a crown of glory wear,
Wore a crown of thorns.

And forevermore, in their robes most fair

And undefiled,

These ransomed children His praise declare
Who was once a child.

Little Charles R—— had listened very attentively while his father read at family worship the third chapter of Revelation. But when he repeated that beautiful verse, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock, if any man hear My voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with Me," he could not wait until his father had finished, but ran up to him with the anxious inquiry:—"Father, did He get in?"

I would ask the same question of every young person. Has the Saviour got into your heart? He has knocked again and again—is knocking now. Open your heart and bid Him welcome, and this will be the happiest day of your life.