

tain more than a hundred pages. But what concern to us, though China should make so many books that the world could not contain them, since not one sentence is there found about man's salvation, and the only Redeemer of the world? They recognize the fact that man is diseased, but present no means of cure; they present the race as impure, but offer no hope of pardon; they speak of sin, but say nothing of a Saviour. Their sages repress the enquiry of their disciples about a coming life and the Supreme Ruler, by saying, why inquire about the future while you have so much to learn about the present; and why ask about the gods while you know so little of men? Among all their volumes, though multiplied by thousands and millions, they have not the book—the Bible.

"Let all the heathen writers join
To form one perfect book;
Great God, if once compared with thine,
How mean their writings look!
O, let the heathen nations read
This book in mercy given,
And look to Him who once did bleed
To fit their souls for heaven."

Dean's China Mission.

A PARABLE.

A certain tyrant sent for one of his subjects, and said to him:

"What is your employment?"

He said, "I am a blacksmith."

"Go home," said he, "and make me a chain of such a length."

He went home; it occupied him for several months, and he had no wages all the while he was making the chain, only the trouble and pain of making it. Then he brought it to the monarch, and he said:

"Go and make it twice as long."

He gave him nothing to do it with, but sent him away.

Again he worked on, and made it twice as long. He brought it up again, and the monarch said:

"Go and make it longer still."

Each time he brought it, there was nothing but the command to make it longer still. And, when he brought it up at last, the monarch said:

"Take it and bind him hand and foot with it, and cast him into the furnace of fire."

These were his wages for making the chain. Here is a meditation for you to-night, ye servants of the devil! Your master, the devil, is telling you to make a chain.

Some of you have been fifty years welding the links of the chain; and he says, "Go and make it longer still."

Next Sunday morning you will open that shop of yours, and put another link on it; next Sunday you will be drunk, and put another link on; next Monday you will do a dishonest action, and so will keep on making fresh links to this chain; and so, when you have lived twenty more years, the devil will say, "More links on still!" And then, at last, it will be, "Take him and bind him hand and foot, and cast him into the furnace of fire;" "for the wages of sin is death." There is a subject for your meditation. I do not think it will be sweet, but, if God makes it profitable, it will do you good. You must have strong medicines sometimes, when the disease is bad. God apply it to your hearts.—*Spurgeon.*

THE UNBLESSSED MEAL.

Thirty years ago a little boy, the son of pious parents, was invited to spend a few days at the house of a friendly family. When dinner came on the table, Philip, though very hungry after his journey, could not be persuaded to touch a morsel of food. Again and again did they urge him to eat, and as often did he look wistfully at the contents of the table, but resolutely declined. At length the lady kindly enquired if there was any reason why he did not eat his dinner. Bursting into tears, and sobbing so that he could scarcely speak, he exclaimed, "You haven't blessed it!" That family ever afterwards asked the blessing of God on their food, and that little boy is now a missionary in Jamaica.