

excerpts from heathen sages which have been sometimes put forth as rivals of the Bible, bring no very large profit to editors or publishers. The Bible remains a well-spring of spiritual life. The conviction is not likely to be dislodged that within its hallowed pages life and immortality are in truth brought to light. The progress of culture and civilization in the lapse of ages does not lessen the worth of the treasure which they contain.—*The Century*.

LOVE FOR THE BIBLE.

A little girl was one summer's day sitting at her mother's cottage door, reading her Bible. A gentleman who was taking a walk stopped at the cottage to ask for a drink of water. Her mother gave him a cup of milk, and after he had rested himself a while, he set out again on his walk. Seeing the child still at her book, he asked what it was.

"It is the Bible," said she.

"Oh, I suppose you are learning your task for school?"

"Task, sir? No," replied she.

"Then what are you reading your Bible for?" he asked.

"Because I love it, sir."

The gentleman went away; but the little child's words and her evident sincerity laid hold of his mind. "That child," he thought, "certainly did love her Bible. I don't." He resolved to read it again, that he might find out what there was in it to love. He borrowed a Bible that evening from his landlady and continued thenceforward to "search the Scriptures," and found in them Jesus Christ and "eternal life."—*Christian Observer*.

THE WHEAT AND THE CHAFF.

In going my rounds (says M. Forget, a French colporteur), I happened to pass by a stack of wheat, which some men were thrashing out with a steam-engine. I offered them my books; they looked at them and began to insult and mock me. Suddenly, one of them said, "Oh! I shall buy one, and you'll see the fun." He took a Testament, tore it up, and stuck some of the leaves into the cylinder of the machine.

It gave them a moment's pleasure to watch the leaves as they were passing through.

But it so happened that there were two men waiting at the other side to receive the chaff; one of these men lifted up a leaf of my unlucky Testament, read a few verses, and exclaimed, "Well, this must be a fine book, judging from what I have just been reading."

He called me, and immediately bought one of my Bibles, to the great astonishment of all his friends. That single leaflet of the New Testament will perhaps have helped a soul to pass from perdition to everlasting happiness.—*Gleanings*.

CHINA.

REPORT BY MR. J. AMINOFF.

I have been much struck with the difference between the people in Hingwha and at other places in this province. They are evidently religiously inclined, and their well-kept temples show that the people are ready and willing to support their places of worship. In one week I sold out my stock of books and went to Foochow for a new supply, which were also sold before the end of the month. Three more loads arrived from Foochow, and these I am now disposing of as fast as this hot summer weather allows.

It is with much pleasure, and with gratitude to my Heavenly Father, that