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Sunday School Banner.

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A Fine Piece of Machinery, but—

THE other night, as I lay on my pillow, a queer dream passed through my cranium. I thought that I had been spending much time and money perfecting an invention, which, at last, was completed and in fine running order.

My friends, learning of my success, came to congratulate me, and to inspect the operations of my machine. They were delighted with its smooth, noiseless motion, its graceful proportions, its speed, its fine finish; and, to tell the truth, I was not a little pleased with it myself.

For days and weeks I lived in a state of gratified contemplation, admiring with great satisfaction my successful invention, and resting from my labors, as having nothing further to attain.

But one day I was rudely awakened from this blissful state by the startling inquiry of one caller more critical than the rest.

"Yes," said he, "it is a finely built machine—scientific in all its principles and accurate in all its adjustments; but what kind of work is it turning out?"

I could only stare at him in inquiring surprise.

"Pardon me; but I believe you designed it for cutting screws. Could you please let me see some finished screws that it has turned out?"

I could not, for it had never cut a single screw. I had not thought to put it to that test, and so I confessed to him, but still urged him to say if he did not think it a perfect piece of machinery.

"Certainly," replied he, "it is a fine piece of machinery, but—"

Just here I awoke, much puzzled to know the meaning of so strange a dream. I related it that day to Mr. B., who listened thoughtfully, and when I had finished, asked abruptly:

"By the way, how many conversions had you in your Sunday-school last year?"

"Why," said I, "you must admit, B., that we have the finest Sunday-school in the county; our opening exercises are so devotional; our children sing like angels; our library beats anything, and we have the most perfect system for managing it; there never was a secretary's book so systematic and complete in all its details as ours, and the whole town knows that our anniversary exercises are the envy of all the schools—"

"But," said he, interrupting me, "I was not asking you about all that. How many of your scholars have been led to Christ?"

Then the significance of my dream flashed upon me. What, to be sure, counted all this perfection of organization and management if, like the machine, it simply ran smoothly, but turned out no finished work? What folly to expend all my energies in perfecting a system and then forget what it was all for!—*Our Teacher's Journal.*

"Go, Work To-Day."

WEARY and famishing far away
Thousands and thousands there are to-day
Hungering for no earthly bread,
For it is not thus that souls are fed;
'Tis "Oh, for the Bread of Life!" they cry,
"Come over and help us, ere we die!"

Weary are they, but no earthly rest
Can soothe the heavily-laden breast,
"Come unto me," said One; and why
Do they pass the loving Saviour by?
Alas! they are blind, they cannot see;
And no one will lead them to Calvary!

Waiting and list'ning for help to come;
Crying aloud, but the heavens are dumb;
Oh! it is painful—nay, 'tis wrong!
Why have we Christians held back so long?
"Give them to eat," was the Master's word;
Surely His children have not heard!

Eyes that have never beheld the light,
Hearts that are sealed in the deepest night,
Souls that have hungered for better Bread,
And are dying now—because hope is dead!
Who will go forth in the Master's name,
And tell them why Jesus, our Saviour, came?