

to her bed by hip disease, had occupied many of her weary hours with quilting a beautiful silk bed-quilt which before her death she desired should be sent to the American Board, to be sold by them for the benefit of the missions. A letter from Dr. Hopkins, accompanying the package and reciting the facts above mentioned, was read at one of the sessions on Thursday; and there were few dry eyes in the assembly when the simple and touching story had been told. An offer of fifty dollars was at once made for the quilt, followed instantly by another of a hundred; and in a moment more a gentleman from New York, always one of the most liberal patrons of the Board, had purchased it for a hundred and fifty. It would have easily brought five hundred, if the purses of those present had been as full of money, as their hearts were of feeling, or if the competition for it had been allowed to continue. But it was felt that the gift of the little patient and dying girl had already wrought its best effect for the Missionary enterprise by the sweet impulse it had given to the hearts of all present, by the fragrance of a holy love with which it had filled the very air of the house; and that the mere question of how much money should be paid for it by the purchaser was thenceforth altogether a subordinate one. So all acquiesced in the disposition which was made of it, and all rejoiced in the better than any priestly benediction which had fallen upon them from the pale face and wasted hands, but the consecrated heart, of the meek sufferer who had thus given her little, her very life-work, all unto the Lord.

THE TRIUMPH OF CALVARY.

For a moment he was concealed from view, and the banner of wrath waved above in triumph. Suddenly the scene was changed. A stream of blood poured forth from his wounded side, and put out all the fires of Sinai. The flag of peace was now seen unfurled, and consternation filled the ranks of his foes. He then crushed with his bruised heel, the old serpent's head, and put all the infernal powers to flight. With his iron rod he dashed to pieces the enemy on the left wing, like a potter's vessel. Death still remained who thought himself invincible, having hitherto triumphed over all. He came forward brandishing his sting which he had whetted on Sinai's tables of stone. He darted at the conqueror, but it turned down, and hung like the flexible lash of a whip. Dismayed, he returned to the grave—his palace—into which the conqueror pursued. In a dark corner of his den, he sat on his throne of mouldering skulls, and called upon the worms, his hitherto faithful allies, to aid him in the conflict: but they replied—"His flesh shall