

safely out, our little heroine began to take the four, one by one, up the hill, to the house of Miss Hartford, an American missionary, who had escaped though badly wounded.

These bloody scenes were all over in thirty minutes, and the desperate band of Long Finger Nails had fled back to their mountain fastness. They left behind them the burnt and mutilated corpses of eight noble missionaries, besides Mrs. Stewart's faithful nurse and the two children, who died of their wounds, eleven in all.

As soon as the dreadful news reached England, a good aunt of the Stewart children sailed for China, and has carried back with her, Mildred, Evan and Kathleen. People in many lands have read of and admired the bravery of dear little Kathleen, who unconsciously won, and richly deserves, the name of heroine. Indeed, we might more appropriately, perhaps, have called this true story of missionary life in China, "The Little Heroine of Whasang."

—D. C. Rankin, in the Interior.

A LIQUOR DEALER'S WORK.

A prosperous liquor dealer was boasting to a group of men standing near his saloon of the amount of money he had made.

"I have made a thousand dollars in the last three months," he said.

"You have made more than that," quietly remarked a listener.

"What is that?" was the quick response.

"You have made my two sons drunkards. You have made their mother a broken-hearted woman. You have made much more than that, I reckon, but you'll get the full account some day."—*Christian Instructor.*

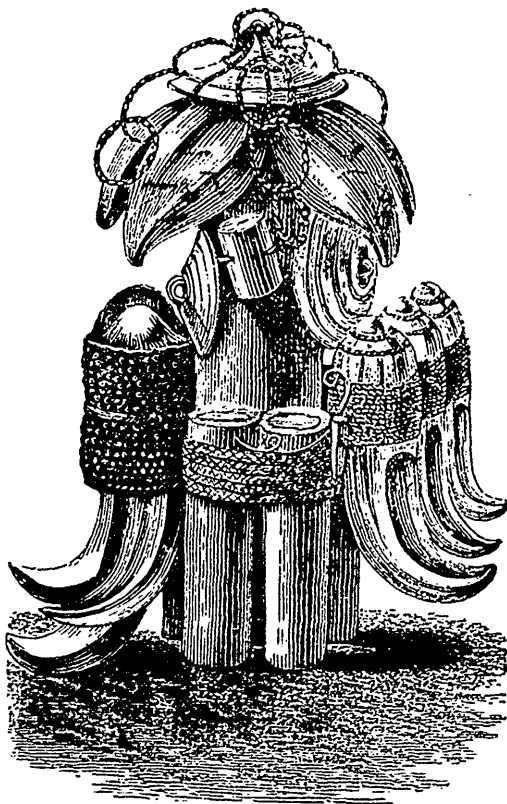
BURIED ALIVE.

There is a story of an Italian nobleman, who took a terrible revenge upon one whom he hated. He set him alive in a niche in the palace he was building, and piled row upon row of bricks and stones about him, until the wall closed over his head, and shut him in his dark and awful living tomb.

Horrible as this story is, it is just what many men are doing with their souls. They are piling bricks and stones about them, walling them in, and leaving them there to die. In the very core of many a great fortune which men have gathered; in the inner

chamber of many a beautiful palace which men have builded; in the deepest shrine of many a temple of honor which men have reared in their own praise; hidden away out of sight, is a grave over which God's angels weep—the grave of a soul.

Many a man has buried his manhood in his business. Many a poor slave has dug a deep grave for his soul with the wine-cup for a spade. Fashion has woven the shroud and pall for many a poor girl's soul. In many a garden of beauty and pleasure, hidden among the flowers, is a grave where innocence, faith, purity, virtue, honor, and truth lie buried.—*Scl.*



Idol God from Madagascar.