

tinged with blood And this was in 1793, just one hundred years ago. The men who did this thing were men without religion. The churches were profaned by them in the most shocking manner, and they soon became such monsters of crime, that history almost refuses to tell plainly their terrible deeds. This is what happened when infidelity took upon itself to govern. But these terrible things, let us hope, are things of the past. Much has been done to do away with such a terrible state of things, and the power which is gradually killing all distress and wrongs is that of the Saviour of mankind, who gave to the world that Christian religion which it is our bounden duty to support and strengthen in every way possible, and send, with its enlightening rays, to all parts of the earth.

ONE GIRL'S WORK.



FEW years ago a little girl applied to a pastor in one of our large cities for admission into his Sunday-school. She was told that the classes were so full there was no room for her, and that the church was so small that no more classes could be organized. Much disappointed, the little girl began to save pennies—her family was poor—for the purpose of enlarging the church in order that she and other children like her might be accommodated. She told no one of her ambitious purpose, however, so that when the pastor of this church was called to her bedside a few months later, to comfort her in her severe illness, he saw nothing unusual, only a frail child of six and a half years. The little sufferer died, and a week later there were found in her battered red pocket-book, which had been her savings bank, fifty-seven pennies, and a scrap of paper that told, in childish print, the story of her ambition, and the purpose of her self-denial.

The story of that little red pocket-book and its contents, and of the unfaltering faith of its little owner, got abroad. It touched the heart of saint and sinner alike. Her inspiration became a prophecy, and men laboured and women sang and children saved to help in its fulfilment. These fifty-seven pennies became the nucleus of a fund that in six years grew to two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and to-day this heroine's picture, life-size, hangs conspicuously in the hallway of a college building at which fourteen hundred students attend, and connected with which there is a church capable of seating eight thousand, a hospital for children named for the Good Samaritan, and a Sunday-school room large enough to accommodate all the boys and girls who have yet asked to enter it. A fairy story? It reads like one, but happily it is not one. The little girl's name was Hattie May Wiatt, and the splendid institutions des-

cribed are located in Philadelphia.—*Harper's Young People.*

THE LENTEN OFFERINGS.



COULD there be a better work for Sunday-school children than to save their Lenten offerings to help to teach the Indians of our own country? This is what they are asked to do. It was said lately to a converted heathen that it was useless to spend money in teaching them because they were dying out, but the reply of the poor man was as apposite as it was pathetic. It was, "If we are dying, let us die as Christians." This is not an unreasonable request, surely. If our Indians are dying out, should we, not, as believers in salvation through our Lord Jesus Christ, do all we can to help them to die as Christians? This leaves us without excuse. May God implant within the breasts of our children the true missionary spirit!

THE VIA DOLOROSA.

There is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all.



HERE is a road leading from one of the gates of Jerusalem along one of the walls of the city, and it is said that this was the way taken by our Lord when carrying the cross to Calvary. That cross was too heavy for him. Another had to help him carry it. Should we ever forget the cross of our Lord? Every Good Friday we hear all about it. The way that leads to Calvary is in Jerusalem called the "Via Dolorosa," the way of sorrow. And so it was for our Lord. But, after all, was it not a day of joy? It was the way that led to salvation through Jesus Christ our Lord. We should think over it and pray over it. All through Lent we should think specially over it, and try and consecrate our lives to God. Can we not do some good in the world? It is what our Lord wants us to do, and even if it is a "painful way," think of the sorrows of the Lord and all the joy that in the end came from them.

A MISSIONARY UNTO DEATH.



THE *Young Christian Soldier* (New York), thus tells the sad, but beautiful, story of Captain Allen Gardiner:—

One August day in the year 1814, two ships lay off Valparaiso, on the western coast of South America, almost hidden in smoke, out of which flashes of fire broke now and then, while loud reports rolled over the waters of the Pacific. For England was at