

little Nellie's questions had had more effect upon him than the most powerful preaching he had ever heard in his life.—*Exchange.*

### A GIRL'S HAIR PIN.

What the jack-knife is to the average school-boy, the hair-pin is to the school-girl. She does not use it to whittle with, since girls have a horror of that boyish accomplishment; but she has duties which are just as imperative, and the hair-pin is her ever ready implement. She has no pocket suitable for carrying a jack-knife, but her braids or twists furnish abundant room for stowing away a few extra hair-pins; and it is the handiest thing in the world to take them out, use them, and return them. What does she do with them? Buttons her shoes and her gloves, uses them for hooks, safety-pins and ordinary pins, if the original articles are not at hand; fastens her pictures to the walls, secures her bric-a-brac, adjusts her curtains, fastens her window in whatever position she wishes, renders the lock of her door burglar-proof by thrusting a hairpin into it, or, if she has lost her key or lent it, picks locks, mends broken hinges, repairs her parasol, secures an awkward bundle, and by bending and twisting them makes more handy things than a carpenter could get into a tool-chest in the ordinary line.—*Good Housekeeper.*

One of the statements made at the Convention of Working Girls' Societies in this city last week, was startling enough. It came from the Philadelphia New Century Guild and was to the effect that "a girls' class in stained glass" had been stopped by the Glass-workers' Union. That is an extraordinary statement; it indicates a bit of tyranny almost inconceivable. We can hardly imagine how it could be done except by terrorizing the teacher who may have been a member of the Glass Workers' Union. A Union which attempts to prevent children from learning trades, which fights against its own sons and daughters, is cowardly, and silly as well. The hope of the country rests in the education of its youth into intelligent bread-winning activities.—*N. Y. Independent.*

### WORK IN MEXICO.

[At the Annual Meeting of the C. C. Woman's Board of Missions in Montreal, Mrs. Watkins, from the American Mission to Mexico, spoke. Mrs. Edna Watkins is a daughter of the late Rev. A. J. Parker, so long Congregational pastor at Danville, Que. and sister of the wife of Rev. J. Mc-

Killican. She and her husband have labored in Mexico most of the time for eighteen years. They have been most successful in their work. Mr. Watkins has baptised over 1,500 during that time. He has been the means of bringing many out of darkness into light; has organized a large number of churches, and received several hundred into church fellowship—among them were several who had been Roman Catholic *priests*. The murdered missionary, Stephens, was Mr. Watkins' colleague. If we remember rightly the two families went out together.—Ed. C. I.]

Mrs. Watkins comes fresh from the scenes she described. She spoke quietly and unaffectedly and with the intention rather of narrating plain facts than of creating a sensation. Her description of the degradation, ignorance and brutish superstitions of the Mexicans, fostered for three hundred years by the Roman Catholic Church, and of the persecutions to which the Protestants had been subjected under the direct inspiration of the priests, produced a profound impression upon the Convention. "One lady has spoken about paganism in Egypt," said Mrs. Watkins, "but we have paganism nearer home—almost at our doors. Mexico, you know, is nominally a Christian country; but there is almost as much paganism connected with Roman Catholicism in Mexico as there is in any foreign country to which we send missionaries. The people are steeped in ignorance. This is sedulously fostered by the priests. They say openly that they did not come to educate the Mexicans, but to baptize them and save their souls. They profess their regret that any can read, because they are afraid they will read Protestant literature. I have seen the iron wristlets they wear; the iron thorns with which they pierce their sides till the blood gushes out; the iron chains they wear round their waists. This is for penance. This is to appease an offended God. This is done at the dictation of the priests. Every year there are what are called spiritual exercises for men. Closed up in a church for nine days, men flagellate themselves and each other with iron rods, to which depend what we would call a cat-o'-nine-tails, until the walls of the church are besmeared with blood. (Sensation.) Persecution is not as bad as it was eighteen years ago; but in remote country places it is still rampant. On the day I left for Canada three Protestants were killed and a Presbyterian church wrecked by a riotous mob, spurred on by a priest. The priest said—"We must extirpate this Protestantism." The priest's brother said—"I'll go out and shoot the first Protestant I meet." He carried out his threat to the letter. A mob assembled, and, led on by the priest, two other Protestants were killed, and a beautiful Presbyterian church completely wrecked. That priest was arrested, and I hope