

### Via Dolorosa.

This hymn was written by a native of India. Some of these people, after learning to love Christ, went to a missionary, and asked for hymns which they could *feel in their hearts* more than they did our English hymns. So the missionary sent out word that all who could write hymns should do so. One hundred were sent in, and this is one of them.

#### VIA DOLOROSA.

Whither with that crushing load,  
Over Salem's dismal road,  
All Thy body suffering so,  
O my God, where dost thou go?

#### CHORUS.

Whither, Jesus, goest thou?  
Son of God, what dost thou  
On this city's dolorous way,  
With that Cross? O Sufferer, say!

Tell me, fainting, dying Lord,  
Dost Thou of Thine own accord  
Bear that cross? or did Thy foes  
'Gainst Thy will that load impose?—CHOR.

Patient Sufferer, how can I  
See Thee faint and fall and die,  
Press'd, and pull'd, and crush'd, and ground  
By that cross upon Thee bound?—CHOR.

Weary arm and staggering limb,  
Visage marr'd, eyes growing dim,  
Tongue all parch'd, and faint at heart,  
Bruised and sore in every part.—CHOR.

Dost Thou up to Calvary go  
On that cross in shame and woe  
Malefactors either side—  
To be nailed and crucified?—CHOR.

### The Rope of Three Strands.

When our Society was just born, Andrew Fuller represented heathenism as a deep, and dark, and dismal pit, and asked the question, "Who will go down into the pit?" Carey looked up with a happy smile, and said, "Brother, I will, if you will hold the rope." Now, we want you to hold on to the rope; that is not enough, we want you to have some more ropes, with men at the end of every one of them, a woman, too, at the end of some of them; and we want you to see that the rope you have is a strong one, made of three strands, well twisted together. We want heartfelt sympathy for the heathen as the first strand—such sympathy as Christ our Master felt when he came into this lower world and placed his heart alongside of ours, all throbbing with loving sympathy for us in our misery and woe. We want you to feel Christ-like sympathy in your hearts in a larger measure. Then we want your earnest prayers for the second strand in the rope. We want your sympathy to find expression in earnest believing prayer. "Why, we do pray for Missions." Yes, but I think you do not pray often enough for Missions. We want you to pray every day for them at the throne of grace. Then there is another strand we cannot get along without. We want a great deal more money. Now, if you take those three strands and twist them well together, depend upon it they will be strong enough to do the work, but not otherwise. It is no use to say, "We feel the sympathy and give utterance to that sympathy," unless we put something on God's altar. I have thought

that we get down on our knees sometimes and say, "O Lord, bless the missionaries, bless the mission, give it success, Lord!" and if the Lord were to speak in an audible voice, He would say, "Asking me to bless!—what shall I bless? Put something on My altar and I will bless it; I never bless nothing; I always want something to bless." Now, we have put something there, but the question is, have we put enough of it there—have we placed enough on God's altar to make us feel it, or have we given just what we can spare? That is no sacrifice. God wants us to give until it pinches us, and when He sees we have made some sacrifice for Him and His work, and have laid much on the altar, God then hears us cry to Him for a blessing, and "He will command the blessing, even life for evermore."—*Rev. E. C. B. Hallam, of Allahabad, at Exeter Hall*

### A Missionary Match-Box.

Mary Pruyn, of the Women's Union Missionary Society, gives the following account of how three little girls collected six shillings for foreign Missions:—

"Two little sisters determined they would form a society, and at once tried to persuade others to join them. Only one little Catholic girl consented, and for four weeks those three dear children met each Saturday, read a portion of the Bible, sang some of their sweet hymns, offered the Lord's prayer, and then put their little offerings of money saved, begged, or earned by the most persistent efforts, into a little *match-box*. The teacher, who had been let into the secret, then proposed that once a month they should bring the contents of the box to me, and having told me of the plan, a time was appointed for them to come. I waited a long time, and at last the teacher appeared, bringing me two shillings and sixpence, and saying it had just come to her with a message that little Nellie, the Catholic girl was suddenly taken very ill, and the others would not come without her. That night little Nelly died, and her missionary work was done on earth, but we know that she learned some precious lessons through this little society, for when persuaded to give her money to the priest, she said, 'Perhaps he would not send it to the heathen.' 'Do you think the priest would tell a lie?' said her companion; and she replied, 'He *don't* tell the truth, for he says he can forgive sins, and I know only Jesus Christ can do that.'

"I cannot tell all the results of this beautiful undertaking, but the two little sisters are still keeping their 'society,' and have added to the first sum three shillings and sixpence, and surely it will be said of them, 'They have done what they could.' Will the dear Lord say that of you?"

WORKING AND WAITING.—These exercises should never be separated. Either is useless without the other. Both united are invincible, and inevitably triumphant. He who waits without working is simply a man yielding to sloth and despair. He who works without waiting is fitful in his strivings, and misses results by impatience. He who works steadily and waits patiently may have a long journey before him, but at its close he will find its reward.

BEAR with yourself, but do not flatter yourself. Work effectually and steadily at your faults, yet calmly and without the impatience of self-love:—*Fenelon*.