

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

Some day,

When others braid your thick brown hair,
And drape your form in silk and lace,
When others call you "dear" and "fair,"
And hold your hand and kiss your face,
You'll not forget that far above
All others is a mother's love.

Some day,

When you must feel love's heavy loss,
You will remember other years,
When I, too, bent beneath the cross,
And mix my memory with thy tears.
In such dark hours be not afraid;
Within their shadows I have prayed.

Some day,

A flower, a song, a word may be
A link between us strong and sweet;
And then, dear child, remember me!
And let your heart to "mother" beat.
My love is with you everywhere;
You cannot get beyond my prayer.

Some day—

At longest it cannot be long—
I shall with glad impatience wait,
Amid the glory and the song,
For you before the golden gate,
After earth's parting and earth's pain,
Never to part! never again!

THE DEAR LITTLE WIFE AT HOME.

The dear little wife at home, John,
With ever so much to do,
Stitches to set, and babies to pet,
And so many thoughts of you;
The beautiful household fairy,
Filling your heart with light;
Whatever you meet to-day, John,
Go cheerily home to-night:

For though you are worn and weary,
You needn't be cross or curt,
There are words like darts to gentle hearts,
There are looks that wound and hurt.
With the key in the latch at home, John,
Drop troubles out of sight:
To the dear little wife who is waiting,
Go cheerily home to-night.

You know she will come to meet you,
A smile on her sunny face;
And your wee little girl, as pure as a pearl,
Will be there in her childish grace,
And the boy, his father's pride, John,
With the eyes so brave and bright;
From the strife and the din, to the peace, John,
Go cheerily home to-night.

What though the tempter try you,
Though the shafts of adverse fate
May whistle near, and the sky be drear,
And the laggard fortune wait!
You are passing rich already;
Let the haunting fears take flight;
With the faith that wins success, John,
Go cheerily home to-night.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

"OUR EMPRESS QUEEN."

Jubilee Year is being heralded in England by
oyal songs. The following, written by Clement

Scott, with music by Henry Russell, is one of
the best so far published:—

Victoria! Queen of a nation
That governs the heart of the world!
Thy Empire of love is the station
Where liberty's flag is unfurled.
What son would not die to defend thee,
Who rulest our loves and our lives?
The heart of our manhood we send thee;
The blessing of mothers and wives.

CHORUS:—

Victoria! Star of our story!
Thou light of the days that have been!
We cheer for thy reign and its glory,
We pray for our Country and Queen!

Victoria! Hark to our singing,
Awake to our Jubilee Song!
At the foot of thy throne we are flinging
The hearts that have loved thee so long.
The children of Time that surround thee,
The cup of thy joy shall refill,
A maid in thy beauty we found thee;
As mother we honor thee still! CHO.

Victoria! Name that a nation
Has written in letters of gold,
Look down from the pride of thy station,
The wealth thou hast garner'd behold!
It is rarer than jewels or treasure,
It is pure as the starlight above,
It is richer than gold without measure,
The hearts of a people who love! CHO.

OUR OWN CHURCH AND COUNTRY.

NOVA SCOTIA.

PICTOU, N. S.—Our Synod's Committee
on Foreign Missions has been visiting
our Kirk congregations, with much
encouragement, in prospect of under-
taking a Mission to the Heathen, to
be sustained by our own people.

WESTVILLE.—Following is the Financial
Report of the Ladies' Society of St. Philip's
Church, Westville, for the year ending 31st
December, 1886:—

RECEIPTS.

Cash on hand 31st Dec., 1885.....	\$20 10
Quarterly Collections	47 60
Proceeds of Tea Social and Apron Fair..	74 31
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	\$142 01

PAYMENTS.

Deposited in Bank	\$47 20
Paid Charity.....	8 00
Paid Treasurer Session Fund	74 31
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	\$129 51

Cash on hand....	\$12 50
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CHRISTY DUNN, Treasurer.

The late John McLeod, Esq., New Lairg,
willed, before his death, the sum of Twenty