

want you." "My son, my daughter, give Me thine heart." No amount of service can satisfy the love which craves only the heart. "Lovest thou me?" was His thrice-repeated question to His erring disciple.

"He that loveth me shall be loved of my Father," John xix. 21. Devotion of life, earnestness of service, fervency of prayers, are only acceptable to Him as fruits of love. They are valueless without the heart. He says to each of us, as my sainted sister said to me, "I want you."—*Selected.*

FAITH IN CHRIST.

WHY do we not take Christ at His word? Because our faith is too artificial and too high-flown. We have decided that God's great blessings require a magnificent sort of faith. So we compound a sort of alloy of understanding and metaphysics and mysticism and emotion, and try to pass it on to the Almighty for the genuine coin, with something of an idea that we are rendering an equivalent for His blessings. The thing for us to do is to humble ourselves. A simple faith is the only faith. This hears the word and takes it as spoken straightway. God's directions are plain. It is not strange that Satan exerts his utmost powers to ruin human souls just at the point when they are about to enter the ark of safety, and we ought to remember this in time to recognize our spiritual troubles as caused by his malice. If we should collate the scriptural descriptions of faith, we should be charmed by their simplicity and beauty. He who would receive the blessing is to "believe," "come," "follow," "drink," "look," "hear," "open the door," or do some other of the simplest things that enter into our daily life, figuratively applied to our relation to Christ. And they are not complicated in the transaction. It is as easy for a seeking soul to find Christ as for a sobbing child to run to its mother. He is waiting to be gracious.—*Ex.*

THE HERO OF UGANDA.

WHEN the Emin Relief Expedition left the English mission station south of Victoria Nyanza, they left behind them Alexander Mackay, who for fourteen years had borne in savage Africa the hardships of a missionary pioneer. A part of this time he had been the only white man in the region.

Stanley and others strongly but vainly urged him to leave the work for a while. But Mackay answered:

"Surely now, in our terrible dearth of workers, it is not the time for any one to desert his post. Send us only our *first* twenty men, and I may be tempted to come to help you find the second twenty."

From his boyhood Mackay had been interested in the things about him—in the garden, the "glebe," the pony, the workshops. He studied all manner of machinery, and later on became a civil engineer. In 1876, he heard that the Church Missionary Society needed just such practical, efficient men as he in Africa. He gave up a prosperous business, and went. He said, "Many a better man than I has gone to heathen countries before now; why should not I go, too? It is not to make money that I believe a Christian should live."

His first work in Africa was to build "the white man's big road," 230 miles long, from the coast opposite Zanzibar to Mpwapwa. After two years of fevers, toils, and trials, he reached Victoria Nyanza to find the missionary party which had gone on before him all dead. Their stores lay about in desperate confusion, but in ten days Mackay had put together the little steamer they had carried inland, and with three missionaries who now joined him he set out for Uganda, across the lake. They were shipwrecked! They made a tent out of a sail; and Mackay cut out the middle of the broken boat, joined both ends together and started again, this time reaching Uganda.

They found a lovely country, basking in perpetual summer; the mercury being about 60° Fahr. by night and 80° by day. The people were bright, cleanly, and active, and King Mtesa was friendly. Then followed years of patient language-study, translation, and teaching, varied by hard labor with forge and anvil, grindstone, lathe, and printing press. The natives looked on in amazement at the feats of Mackay's engineering skill, and listened the more willingly to his earnest offers of the great salvation through Jesus Christ.

In 1881 there had been great want of water at Mtesa's, the people obtaining only a scanty supply from a hole in the earth. By the use of his theodolite, Mackay calculated that he could obtain water there at a depth of only sixteen feet. He set men at work and reached water at just that depth.

The natives had never seen a deep well before, and would not believe that water could be had on a hillside till Mackay put in a pump brought from London, and they saw a full stream ascend twenty feet high,

and flow and flow as long as one worked the handle. Their wonder knew no bounds.

"Mackay is the Great Spirit!" they cried; "truly, he is the Great Spirit!"

He explained that the pump was only a sort of elephant's trunk made of copper, or like a beer-drinking tube with an iron tongue, that sucked up the water as their tongues sucked up beer through their gourds. Mackay said of his work that he carried it on, "now with book in hand, now with hammer and tongs." He wrote home a short time before his death, "Duty before pleasure," they say; but my duty is a pleasure.—*Missionary Herald.*

ONLY ONE CATERPILLAR.

WHILE I was walking in the garden one bright morning, a breeze came through and set all the flowers and leaves fluttering. Now, that is the way flowers talk; so I pricked up my ears and listened.

Presently an old elder-tree said, "Flowers, shake off your caterpillars."

"Why?" said a dozen all together—for they were like some children who always say "Why" when they are told to do anything. The elder-tree said, "If you don't they'll eat you up."

So the flowers set themselves shaking till the caterpillars were shaken off.

In one of the middle beds there was a beautiful rose which shook off all but one; and she said to herself, "Oh, that's a beauty! I'll keep that one."

The elder-tree overheard her, and called out, "One caterpillar is enough to spoil you."

"But," said the rose, "look at his brown and crimson fur, and his beautiful black eyes, and scores of little feet; I want to keep him; surely one won't hurt me."

A few mornings afterward I passed the rose again. There was not a leaf on her; her beauty was gone; she was all but killed, and had only life enough to weep over her folly, while the tears stood like dew drops on her tattered leaves.

"Alas! I didn't think one caterpillar would ruin me."

So it often happens that one very little bad habit will, in time, grow so much as to spoil the good characters of boys and girls.—*Selected.*

KIND words produce their own image in men's souls, and a beautiful image it is. They soothe and quiet and comfort the hearer. They shame him out of his sour, morose, unkind feelings. We have not yet begun to use kind words in such abundance as they ought to be used.—*Pascal.*